

Being Generic.

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

Of course, getting wasted's for high school — after that, parties are discrete affairs, you might as well have the same number of people who can agree on a movie, who doesn't know *that??* Who doesn't know you can't go to the video store with a bunch of people who don't agree. I guess the only solution to that is "going generic," and not risking anything *ever*.

"I guess I went generic when I . . . left college," she said, holding the bottle but then putting it to her mouth to take a sip. She gulped it down and nodded. "I would say it was about then." She wiped her hand with her mouth. "Why bother?" Her companion muttered something not dissimilar. They clinked bottles. "Why bother." They took a drink.

Later on the news, there was a story about twentysomething's™ who'd lost their way. It was called "Generic-Stamped FUCKS," and Walter Cronkite, who had been revived for the occasion (he hadn't died, but been cryogenically-frozen — a fate that apparently awaits us all, although rumor has it Bill Gates is first in line, then Jeff Bezos, then Elon Musk), was particularly *unkind* — swearing up a storm, like he never could during his network-television days, talking about "tits and ass" (the show had been crossed with one of those HBO "Real Sex" programs) and other disappointments, of the lethargy of a generation raised on Nintendo and "South Park" and Doritos, "Cool Ranch™" flavor via the *improbability* of Jay Leno's haircut and continued *stardom* — "they can't even get up to change the *channel!*" he said, pounding his fist into the shabby desk on-screen and making an embarrassing *sound*, that seemed to *give away* it was made of *cardboard*. "They lose the remote, and then they can't even *bother* searching for it, or getting an *erection* to start to *fuck* with!" He looked really disgusted, and then started to *drool*, in fact — rather undistinguished for a renowned newsman revived from the *dead*, itself a *miracle* on the order of what the

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Pharaohs promised, which should have brought about much *rejoicing* throughout the nation — instead of having Adam Sandler, on top of the disappointment and disgrace, butting in from off-camera, with his acoustic *guitar*, " . . . are you *done* yet, Walter?? Can I do my *bit* yet, can I can I oh *please* can I — "

I changed the channel and *I* —

I *died*.

The End

