

In This Neo-Liberal Society, We Are All Julia Roberts

by XXXX

When he was 24 he ran away with a girl, forgot about his little office job in the city, went with her to the mountains, just the two of them, to live out a life of romance that a chalk box like the metropolis can't give you—a life with vibrant fruit, fresh vegetables, fucking at noon, dinner outside, and other nonsense that you wouldn't be able to think of if you spent your time doing anything productive.

They watched a lot of Julia Roberts, but those were only two hours, and they spent maybe a week doing all that before they realized they were running out of money and things to do and while they both thought it was fun when she rode him in the bathtub they were also sure that humans like them needed to eat, and one time while she was riding him he hit his head on the tub so hard that he started to bleed, but he didn't want to ruin the moment so he just went on with it, and when she saw the red in the bubbly water she said, “Oh I'm having my period,” and she went to stand up but she slipped and hit her own head and stubbed his cock with her pussy and it was a mess.

So they went back to the city. On the way back they realized that they made this decision under incorrect assumptions. For example, Julia Roberts rarely makes sense in films. It was just her hair. Her hair distracts you from the reality of her situation, that she always plays pathetic women who can't stand up for themselves and are completely out of touch with reality. This is what they have become. Over the course of the years, in reaction against the frivolity of their lives, they have become Julia Roberts. So he said: “We need to take a

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break.” He had a patch on his head. She had a tampon that she placed in the freezer for a while because she thinks she pulled something down there.

When he got back his job wouldn't accept him back. Something about loyalty. He tried to say something like, “I'm just a boy, standing in front of a company, asking it—” but he was escorted out of the premises before he could finish. As for her, she kept wearing floral and listening to indie music and eating vegetarian, kept wearing those glasses that were way too large for her face and those stockings that look as if someone dragged them through her spiny pubic hair. She remains a slut and a cunt.

