



Issue 62
January 19, 2004
THE ULTIMATE† ISSUE

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Gut

by *Claire Zulkey* | *Issue 62*

“Hey... Hey... Hello? Hey. Dude?”

“Jeez, stop poking me. What is it?”

“I gotta ask you something.”

“Right now?”

“Well, I was hoping to. Something’s bothering me.”

“Yeah, I can tell. God, you’re going to make me hemorrhage.”

“So...”

“Yes...?”

“Can I ask you something?”

“Is there anything I can do to stop you?”

“Well, like, you know, things aren’t so great with Marie right now.”

“Oh really? God, I’m always the last to hear about these things. Or anything, for that matter.”

“Right, well...well whatever. I mean, I love her and we have an okay time together, but still...I don’t know, I’m not feeling the way we used to. And we’ve been fighting a lot lately. And we haven’t seen each other for, what, like, a month? I don’t know.”

“Yeah I see, you’re at a crossroads.”

“Exactly.”

“So what’s up?”

“So I’ve been asking everybody what to do. Rob, Tom, Alicia, Monique, even my Mom and my boss. I don’t want to break up with her, that would be awful. But I don’t know what to do.”

“And?”

“Well they’ve given me a lot of advice but I still feel kind of *eh* about the whole thing.”

“That sucks.”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah.”

“So they told me to see what you say.”

“Again?”

“What?”

“You just asked me, like two days ago, if you should go to Taco Bell or McDonald’s.”

“Yeah, so?”

“Are you sure you trust me?”

“What, the burrito bowl tasted good.”

“Well, I’m not so sure I made the right choice, if you know what I mean.”

“Ew.”

“Yeah.”

“But still.”

“That’s fine but you know, maybe you should only ask me about the really important stuff from now on. Got it?”

“Okay.”

“Okay, well you know what you have to do.”

“Break up with her?”

“No, dumbass. First you need to get me out of here so we can have a real talk.”

“Right now?”

“What, am I supposed to prognosticate in the dark?”

“Fine.”

“Just be more careful this time. You almost mauled upper intestine last time you did this.”

“Just...one...second....eccchh...ooh.”

“Great. Hey, nice place you chose here.”

“Well, I’m having romantic problems. You have to drink at a dive when you’re contemplating breaking up.”

“What’s her problem, that chick over there?”

“Yeah, you’d think she’d never seen a guy letting his gut hang out before.”

“Nice one.”

“Heh, thanks, high five.”

“Not really.”

“Right. So what do you think?”

“In my opinion....*gurglegurglesplooshgurgle.*”

“Ecch, what the hell is that?”

“Sorry. You consult viscera, you’re going to get a messy response sometimes.”

“Gross.”

“Ok, so basically, what I’m feeling is that you gotta get rid of Marie.”

“Ok. Why do you say that?”

“This is the reason why I feel so crampy and bad. Because you know it’s got to happen. If it weren’t, I wouldn’t feel like this. If things were totally great, I’d be fine, smooth sailing. You know that you’re going to have to break up with her, things will be sad, she’ll be sad, you’ll be sad, and so it feels like Taco Bell all the time in here.”

“True.”

“It’s going to suck. So let Señor Aorta know in advance.”

“Of course.”

“You think you can do this?”

“Yeah.”

“You want to have a drink?”

“Of course.”

“Ok well take it easy this time, I’m not a machine, you know.”

“Ok, thanks, man. Want me to put you away?”

“Yeah, that’s enough action for one night. And there’s blood all over the floor.”

“Ain’t that just like romance.”

“Well, no, not really, I think that from an outside perspective it’s disgusting, but tonight, buddy, is all about you.”

“Thanks, man.”

“Anytime. Well, not anytime, because then you’d probably be dead, but, you know. In moderation and at the proper times.”

“You’re a good pal.”

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