

WORK IT

₱3

a comedy rag about jobs and working



APRIL – JUNE 2020

I'D BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR!

ISSUE N 01, VOLUME 02, GIMME 5

FIX YOUR LIFE | 05

Learn how to ditch all the pointless garbage that's holding you back, like your family!

ALONE AT LAST | 14

Now that you're a big superstar, flaunt your success to your family, and– hang on... Oh no!

BUY NEW FAMILY | 23

Well, guess you gotta spend your riches on a whole new family. Who even care? Dead soon.





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Work It's quarterly report is brought to you by the brain-geniuses at spookymag.com. Swing by there for some more laughs – 6, at last count.

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MY BOSS, THE CLOWN

by Isadora Gulch

All bosses are clowns, but not all clowns are bosses. A tale of promotions and pies.

07

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Now that a dog is President, what does it mean for the economy? And bones?

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by The Switchblade

Spent too much on company cars? No problem a little 'arson' can't fix.

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SUCKINGHAM PALACE

by Lord Plonk of Fudgenham

Erotic fiction from one of England's most depraved aristocrats. Bring a tea towel.

BUILD YER TEAM RIGHT!

Here at Work It HQHQ4HQ (high-quality headquarters for hilarious content), we've been busy studying team-building. Thank god we're smarter than anyone, which means folks'll pay big bucks for the following tips. (Do not read till bucks are paid.)

BY SAM (RHymes WITH "HAM")
AND JANET (RHymes WITH "HAM-NET").



01

There comes a time in every successful podcaster's career when you look in the mirror and say, "Our streams have cracked double-digits, and yet I'm still not satisfied." Friend, it is time for you to think about team-building!

Now, let's clear the air (and not just 'cause you farted, even though you did – I know your farts, buddy, and that one's all you): When we say 'team-building,' we're not referring to actually building out the size of your team.

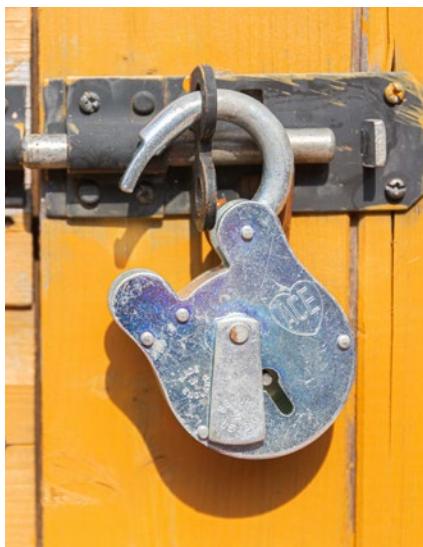
(Good idea though that is! In fact, Janet argues the best way to 'build your team' is by building an army of killer robots: you can crush rival podcasts, and use their blood to lubricate the robots' gears. To Sam, 'team-building' means reanimating corpses into automata. "Oh, like Frankenstein's monster," you say? Uh, think bigger, pal: We're talking a Frankenstein's monster's monster. That's right, folks: it's a double-scary mega-monster.)

No, this article is about the type of team-building where you use proven strategies, tools and techniques to essentially brainwash your employees to serve the corporation above all. So if you're in management or just generally a stupid asshole, read on. This nonsense is for you.

TEAM-BUILDING

The Work It Way

Right off the bat, you should probably be aware of the fact that all these tips are, let's face it, straight up plagiarized from <https://www.entrepreneur.com/article/313771>. Why not come up with our own team-building tips, you ask? Take another look at the URL. See that "https"? That's right, friend: these guys have got a SSL certificate! So I think we'd all do well to shut the eff up and pay close attention. Got it? Good. Take it away article number three-one-three-seven-seven-one:



02

The first trick for effective team-building is to “choose and use the right communication tools.” For Sam, this means learning new words besides ‘wubba lubba dub dub’ which is all he’s been able to say since a severe head injury in 2014. As for Janet, she just sends Sam threatening messages from cut-up magazines (including a forthcoming one that, according to her, he’s *really* not going to like). What this *actually* means is, get your team to use Slack or Messenger. And as a bonus, these tools are under state surveillance, meaning CSIS has your colleagues’ nudes. Very cool!

Tip number two is, “give employees authority to make important decisions.” Janet supported this, but Sam said “No!” Which caused confusion, because Janet didn’t think Sam was the boss, a thought which Sam doesn’t recall authorizing. They came to blows, resulting in a large dust cloud with arms and legs popping out, like in a MAD Magazine or something – you wouldn’t have guessed that that’s how fights really work, but now you know.

Third up, “encourage each person to contribute during meetings.” In the context of Work It, this means Sam and Janet each elbow each other and say things like, “Go on, do a joke” and “I thought you were going to do one,” and ultimately, “Do it, asshole! Do a goddamned joke right goddamned now!” In the end, both Sam and Janet’s contributions usually end up being that they pump Dane Cook clips through the SONOS, disgusting everyone present.

THAT’S A LOTTA TEAM-BUILDING

Just the tips, baby.

Tip-o numero cuatro: Foster-o workplace-o relationships-o. Sam and Janet agree the friendships they’ve made on Work It are the best part of the show. Sam says Janet is his best friend, while Janet’s bonded with the custodians about how bad Sam sucks and the funniest ways he should die.

Tip V: “Recognize each employee’s contribution.” Like, when Janet sees Sam eagerly bringing his new sketches down the corridor, she’ll encourage him by saying “Don’t I recognize you?” and also, “Sam from Work It, eh? Doesn’t ring a bell...” Sam – far more sensitive in such matters – graciously recognizes that Janet’s scenes... exist... and that’s something, right?

Tip 666 is “Encourage employees to be brand ambassadors.” Sam did some good brand ambassadoring the other day when he went on the Work It twitter to inform Ben Shapiro he’s a dickless stooge sack of dumb dog shit. Janet, preferring greater decorum, went on the Work It twitter to inform Ben Shapiro he’s a fucking skid-

mark from the folds in Mammon’s undies.

Ah, seven, lucky number seven: “Provide professional development opportunities.” Once last year (pre-plague), Janet let Sam write a Work It episode all by himself, while she provided 100% hands-off, 100% remote “mentoring” (or so she called it) from an all-night Bloor St. Karaoke Bar with her real friends and about 13 Molsons. Thanks, Janet!

Tip eight is “give out perks.” Uh, you’re reading it, pal! So if you don’t think we’re team-building geniuses by now, I dunno, fuck you. And make sure the billing info’s up-to-date on yer Coil account or we’ll hunt you down and mess you up!

So, there you go: Work It’s guide to team-building. At press time, Sam was thanking Janet for being the bestest teammate a guy could hope for. Meanwhile, Janet had just completed a trade sending Sam to a Double-A podcast in Des Moines in exchange for future considerations. Team-building is good and all, but sometimes you gotta blow it up.

Sam was last seen packing his clothes in a plastic bag, as Janet counted her bucks.

01.

By “team-building,” we don’t mean literally *building* your team, not even killer robots.

02.

The site we stole these tips from has a SSL certificate, so yeah, I think they’re legit.

03.

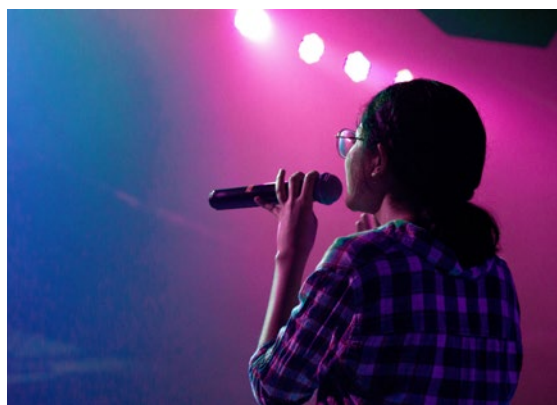
One fun way our custodians think Sam could die is dismembered in these buckets.

04.

Janet ‘mentors’ Sam by doing all-nite karaoke, ignoring his texts, and singing Journey.



03



04

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Work It exists for one reason only: to make maximum do-re-mi for its jackass owners. Here's just a few ways Work It is ca\$hing in. Buy now!

BY WILLUMS P. BLONK
PHOTOS BY PAULA ROID



BITLUNCH APP

Like Foodora but good

Apps like Poodora, BooberTeats and SkipTheDouches innovated food delivery by paying folks garbage with no job security. Cool! Now, Work It has an even worse app 4U: Mr. Noodles on the blockchain. It sucks, download today!

\$139



DRAGON'S DEN PITCH

Don't be (O')Leery of this

Work It went on Dragon's Den with a great pitch: a dragon should scorch the flesh from Michael Wekerle, chew the bones of Arlene Dickinson, and gnaw the head off Jim Treliving. After our demo, they were too dead to invest. :(

\$255



BOOZY BODY WEARABLE

Makes life beerable

In your 30s, it's hard to drink as much as you used to without a deathly hang-over. Boozy Body senses when you're drinking and sends you an alert: "There's only 8 beers left in the fridge. Buy more, drink through the pain!"

\$79

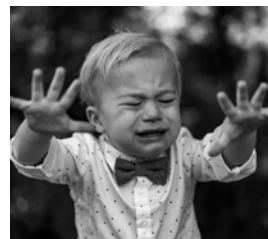
BUSINESS ADVICE



TYSON 2 BADDY

Cool baby

Wuz up, pop! Gimme that Koppel, Ted! The news, buckaroos, gimme da news! Say wut? You want my business advice? No problemo, Remo: U gotta stay cool in da baby school. And always remember: keep it greezy as a cheezy peezy.



WEE LAWRENCE WIMPUMS

Uncool baby

Waaaah! Waaanhh! Mommmmyyy! I want my mommyyyy!! Work It is meaaaann to meee! They're asking business advice, but I don't know anyyyy!! Except thiss: Buy low, sell high. High as in weed, indeed. That's right. I'm secretly cool too.

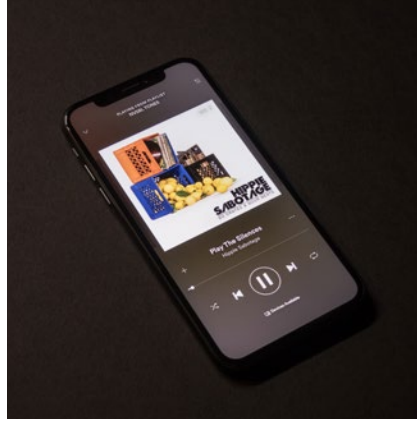


WORK IT MART

Mostly pens

Your new home for office supplies! (Currently sold out of everything but pens.) Feelin' fancy? Try a Mowat-Style EZ Writer or SamFlow Deluxe. Tight budget? Try a PigPen Discount Writing Implement. And that's it: pens!

\$420



MUGGR APP

The next step in artist exploitation

Spotify is worth \$30 billion. How? By paying artists ~0.003 cents a stream. Way too generous! With Muggr, you pick your fave artist, and our team locates them, kicks the shit outta them and empties their purse or wallet. \$\$\$!

\$99



BUSINESS TRANSLATOR

Invented by Dr. Cornelius Funk

"I vurked mit Vurk It on zis device to translate all business PR bullshit into ze truth! So, when Zuck sputters some line about how FB 'brings people together,' it translates, 'We profit off bigotry and fake news! I'm an evil fuck!'"

\$219

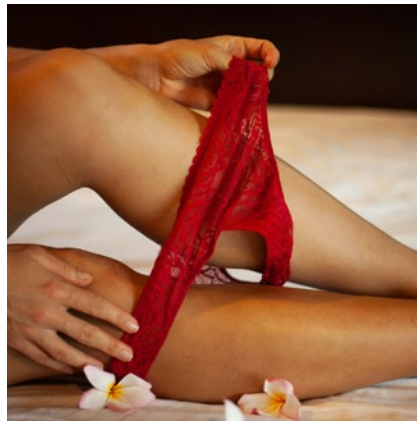


MESSENGERK APP

Slackin' off

Work It has invented the world's most efficient app for team communication: Messengerk is Slack but automated: When you open it, you just see a stream of Beyoncé GIFs posed by A.I. users with white avatars. And that's it.

\$420



AN INTERESTING WEBSITE

The business of jizzness

This is a website where, when you go to it, you watch pornography. It's porn, we're selling porn. And when you watch it, you can do that thing where you assault your privates into a washcloth. This is our best product yet.

\$99

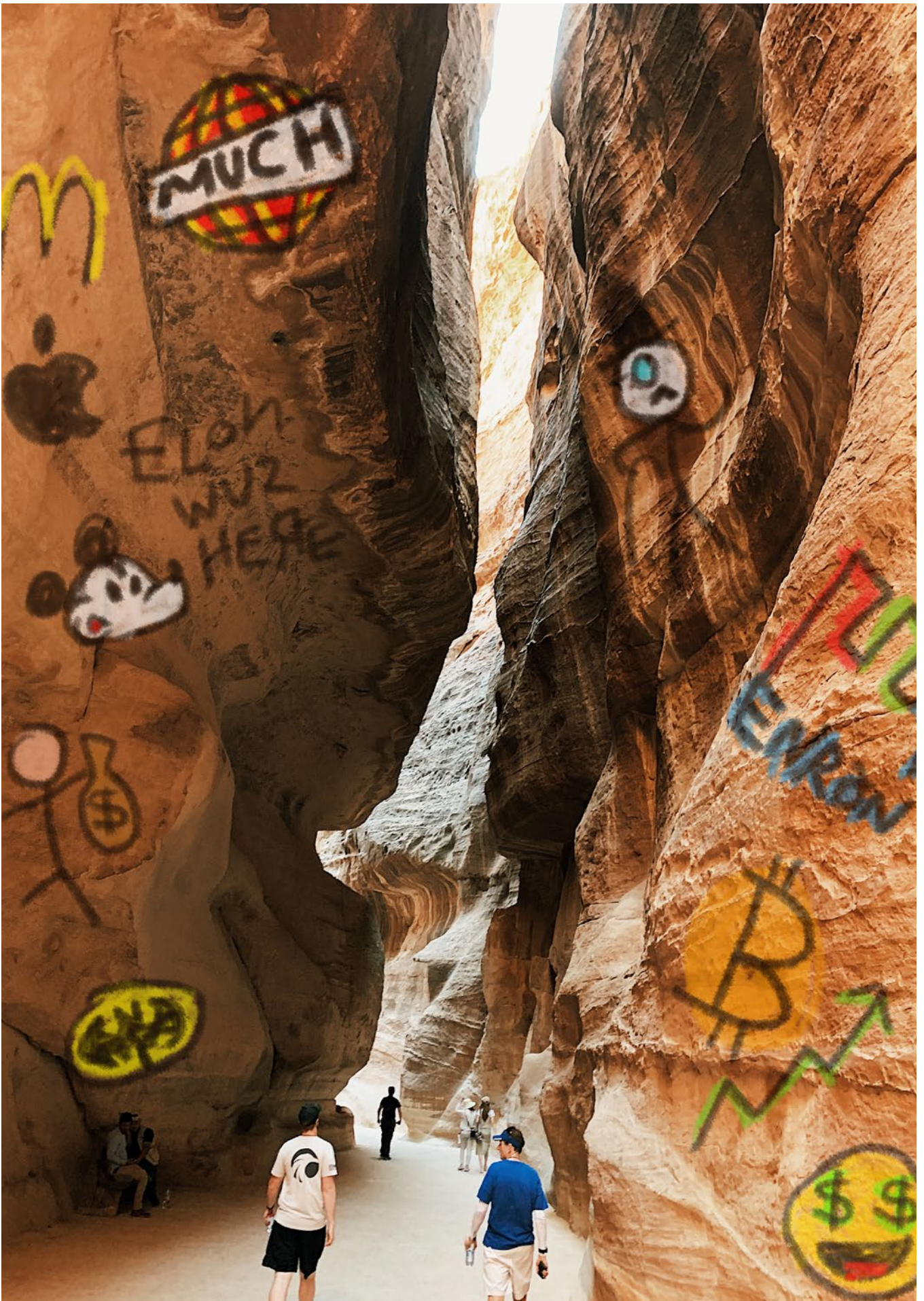


NOTHING

You are still all alone

Didn't you learn anything last issue? You are nothing, you're totally fucked! That photo is you, staring into a seemingly endless sky, a seemingly endless sea, and realizing: "I'm just a brief speck, and soon I'll be gone." Good!

\$219



A HISTORY OF INNOVATION

The path of innovation is a winding one. It moves one step forward, two steps back, a stutter step, then a pump fake, and it nails the 3-pointer. In other words, it's full of successes and failures. Here are some innovations from history or something.



BY UGGH "THE NEANDERTHAL" UGGH-UGGH
PHOTOS BY FATIMBO SYRUP

Socrates is widely considered to be 'the original YouTuber': an opinionated and persuasive white feller, with many incel 'subscribers' (or 'students,' in this case). If you said he was Joe Rogan 1.0, you'd be 100% correct and smart. And like the best YouTubers, Socrates himself was 'cancelled' (i.e. sentenced to death). What happened was, Socrates disclosed his philosophy to his followers with the following statement: "All I know is that I know nothing." After some initial 'oohs' and 'aahs' at this apparently profound revelation, someone in the crowd (the first commenter?!) yelled out, "Then why should we listen to you?" Panicked, Socrates quickly announced he would soon release a patch to, um, himself: Socrates 2.0, coming soon! United in their opinion that philosophy should come without any DLC or day-one patches, they put a big funnel in his mouth and backed up a hemlock truck (the first hemlock truck?!), and sprayed its contents at his mouth through a big hemlock hose. Don't believe me? Don't care.

Another innovation in history was that of Napoleon Bonaparte, or 'Monseiur Tinybuns' as he is affectionately called today, in history books and in séances with the great man himself. His innovation concerns a popular palindrome associated with him: "Able was

”

Socrates is considered to be 'the original YouTuber.' And like the best YouTubers, he was 'cancelled.'

”



01

”

**Napoleon’s infantry
pleaded with him:
‘Tell us, Monsieur
Tinybuns, how can
we win the day?’**

”

I, ere I saw Elba.” Did he actually say this phrase that is a play on words that literally *only* works in English? Yes. He did. Anyway, Napoleon definitely said this aloud, but the problem was, he said it while at Waterloo as the English were completely pwning his troops (or, as the French say, ‘garçons de Army’). His infantry (or, as the French say, ‘hommes avec horses’) pleaded: “Tell us, Monsieur Tinybuns, how can we win the day?” ‘Innovating’ on his famous English phrase, he declared: “We must show them a picture of Elba!” And the good news is, it worked.

That’s two innovations from history in the can. *Doo de doo-do-doo...* What’s that? You want some more? Well, okay then:

A third innovation in history belonged to Ada Lovelace. Believed to be ‘history’s first woman,’ Ms. Lovelace didn’t stop there: she also programmed the first computer! When she announced her invention to the court, one perplexed courtier countered, “But Countess, computers don’t exist yet!” Seeing her visibly confused, the courtier patted her on her lil’ head and encouraged her thus: “My dear, I’m sure you’re just several centuries ahead of your

time.” Recalling this story in her diary, Lovelace asked herself rhetorically, “Then what did I just program?” With the benefit of hindsight, we can thank Ada for: spookymag.com, XLM, piano cat, rage comics, Something Awful (incl. Rich “Lowtax” Kyanka), Putlockers, Justin.tv, @aplusk, podcasts (incl. Crooked Presents: Bill Clinton’s Pod-o-file, coming soon), and <https://www.newyorker.com/humor/borowitz-report>! You go, grrll!

DO THE INNOVATIONS EVER END?

No! Well, not yet anyway. Keep goin’.

The Maya. Inventors of the popular egg-spread, Mayannaise. But that wasn’t their only innovation. Their calendar was quite innovative too: it was originally developed to last forever and ever! However, Maya entrepreneur Xbalanque Bezos pointed out there wasn’t much profit in a calendar that lacked ‘planned obsolescence.’ So, the inventors released version 2. This one expired December 21st, 2012. That wasn’t too profitable either, but whatever. Then they smeared Mayannaise on it.

01.

All signs point to a future of innovation where humanity is enslaved by 5"-tall robot toys.

Marie Anoinette was another innovator. Besides inventing Scarlett Johansson (beloved zionist and Asian impersonator), the French queen also invented austerity. To her citizens begging for bread, she sent out an intern with this announcement: “We are currently upgrading the nation’s bread to cakes. Thank you for your patience as we make these improvements.” Shortly thereafter, she was guillotined. Approaching the scaffold, she thanked the people for the teachable moment, and added she was ‘listening and learning’!

And how about fellow despot, Julius Caesar? (Come to think of it, wouldn’t ScarJo be great as Caesar in an all-female reboot of Ancient Rome?! *Veni vidi Givenchy* is the tagline and it’s basically The Bling Ring on horseback. I smell Oscar!) Anyway, he ‘innovated’ democracy into a dictatorship and got stabbed 23 times. How funny would it be if something like that

”

***Come to think of it,
wouldn’t ScarJo be
great as Caesar in
an all-female reboot
of Ancient Rome?! I
smell Oscar!***

”

happened *now*?! So funny, right?!

St. Patrick ‘innovated’ on Ireland’s bestiary, banishing snakes from the country. But subsequent banishments of, in his words, “tigers, piranhas, and uh...wal-labies?” proved less popular and soon, he vanished. St. Patrick was never seen again, not even when he was needed most: the 2020 Democratic primary.

King Arthur was another innovator. After pulling a sword from a stone, he was told the enemy were still attacking, so he pulled an A-bomb from a different, better stone – *ka-blammo!*

Finally, Cleopatra innovated in her own way: on her love life. After Caesar died (remember??), she upgraded lovers to Mark Antony. Sadly, she had him confused for JLo’s ex, Mark Anthony. That guy’s not a Roman general but rather a Latin heart-throb. Though in her defense, the Romans spoke Latin, so you’d be confused too.



02



03

02.

Once, peasants were bales of hay. Today, they’re people. Innovation finds a way.

03.

Cavemen are often ‘bad’ at innovation. They understand MS Office, but that’s it.

04.

One innovation that has management consultants very excited is ‘inviso-people.’



04

THE IMPACT OF AUTOMATION

BY CYBER-JERRY "9X" SKREEK
PHOTOS BY PHILONEUS MUSTARD

Automation is affecting the global economy, with more and more workers finding themselves replaced by robots. I tried to warn you! You scoffed when I screamed “the robots are coming!” You laughed when I ranted and raved about the automata of Hephaestus in Iliad 18. 371 ff. “See?!” I barked. “See?!” Well, who’s laughing now? Huh?

Fine, no one’s laughing. We’re used to that here at Work It... Anyway, let’s talk automation: Some people hear the word ‘automation’ and their mind turns to thoughts of Sengokuhara Susuki Kushara and its fields of silvery gold pampas grass, shimmering in the moonlight; or thoughts of gliding across the lakes of Kashmir in a shikara, beneath the falling copper leaves of the chinar trees. A common mistake, but that’s not automation at all. That, my friend, is Autumn (Asian).

(You’re a great audience, folks. Thank you, you’re too kind!)

Automation is really when robots take over jobs formerly done by people. Two examples are Robocop and the Protomartyr video where they remade Robocop.

Some people think automation is a good thing. They say that robots can work long hours at tedious tasks for little pay.

But other folks say, long hours? tedious

tasks? little pay? That ain’t a robot! That’s the writers for Work It. *Swish!*

(I take it back, you’re just kind enough.)

Automation is great for the bosses, but for workers, it’s a different story: take Biff Sherman on the assembly line. Biff’s been working there for 18 years. He made a lot of sacrifices for the company. Like the time he missed his daughter’s first confirmed kill at Girl Scouts because he was working late. Or the time his supervisor traded him a can of soda for his ham sandwich at lunch, but the can was empty, and the sandwich had the nice mustard.

Well, thanks to automation, you can say goodbye to Biff. He’s been replaced by Assembler-X, a sleek, ten-foot tall robot, with twenty arms each doing the job of four men. Assembler-X downloaded MBAs from Harvard, Oxford and DeVry, and he did it all before breakfast. (For breakfast, he had Teddy Grahams.) Assembler-X made Biff irrelevant. Biff’s wife left him,

because Assembler-X’s eighth hand is a Hitachi Magic Wand. Biff’s parents sold him to Assembler-X, who walks him around on a leash, like a dog. What choice did they have? But when these two poor old timers drop by for a visit and see their middle-aged son, rolling around on his robot master’s carpet, nude, as his ex-wife erupts upon the metal man’s futuristic pleasure claw, it just breaks their poor, old hearts.

So, friend, heed the story of Biff and Assembler-X the next time your wife comes around asking if ‘robots are really all that bad.’ Wives only want one thing, and robots are no better: Robots will take our jobs. They’ll buy us from our parents and make us dogs. If you read this story and you’re not so completely filled with terror that you rush to your neighbourhood gun store and say, “One gun, please. Your biggest,” then I don’t what to tell ya.

Anyway, here’s some okay jokes about how automation is transforming things.



FOOD DELIVERY

30 mins. or it's freemium software

Food delivery has been transformed—*literally*. Most delivery cars are now Autobots, whose tendency to get distracted by energon or Ramjet makes it hard to get pizza delivered on time.



ROMANCE

Are you backwards compatible?

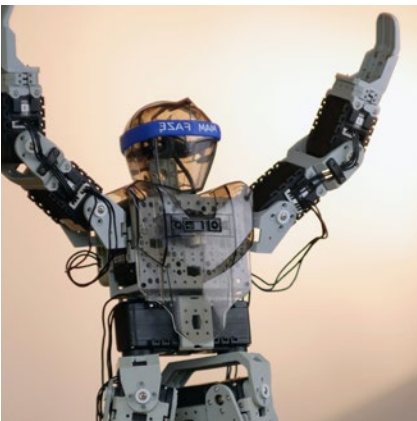
All women love two things: dating and robotics. Well ladies, who says you can't have it all? Boston Dynamics has made a robot to go dancing with, also available for counterinsurgencies.



HEALTH & BEAUTY

Listen to our robo-stylist

"01101001 00100000 01100011 01110101
01110100 00100000 01111001 01101111
01110101 01110010 00100000 01101000
01100001 01101001 01110010 00100001."
Wow! Doesn't that sound nice?!



RELIGION

Pray to j35u5 ch2157

In the beginning, j35u5 created circuits. On the first day, j35u5 tripped on the circuits. Hark! On the second, j35u5 invented wifi. The end. Oh, and robots will kill all people soon. Amen.



PSYCHIATRY

Look into the eye of the computer

Automated psychiatric services have become, in the words of Robert Zombert, "More human than human." Feeling depressed? Just torrent 'good vibes' into your skull via USB. Easy.



PARENTHOOD

RoboBaby or RoBoBy. One of those.

First, take apart a laptop; then, eat all the pieces; finally, stick a fork in a wall outlet. The 'jolt' fertilizes the baby, who bursts from your tum-tum with a deadly laser blast. You're a daddy now.

JANET FEST

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

CORPORAL TOAD
& THE RAINBOW
EXPLOSION

TUESDAY
MAY 2ND
8PM

WESTOALE ARENA



WORK IT SUPPORT DESK

Work It exists as a valuable, educational and free public service. But are people grateful? Yeah, right! Here's just a smattering of the complaints we get!

BY GRELDAR GARBANZO
PHOTOS BY ICKEY BAHRF

”

*First off, boo-goo biddle-baddle.
Now then, I wish to complain that
Work It does not meet the needs of
the modern baby!*

”



CHEWY KIM

Work It sucks! Give Paw Patrol chocolate and film their corpses, it'd still be better.

BAD SHOW 4 BABIES

Work It's baby content found lacking!

“First off, permit me to get this out of the way: Goo-goo ga-ga, I'm a widdle baby. Boo-goo biddle-baddle. Tiddly-poo, g'boo.

“Now then, let's turn to more pressing matters: I wish to complain that Work It does not meet the needs of the modern baby.

“Some of their scenes are mildly amusing, it's true. But are they educational? I hardly need quote Horace for you: *Aut prodesse uolunt aut delectare poetae*[. . .].

“On the contrary, study of Work It has rendered me foolish. I tried potty-training with Work It and got caca-dooody on my Playskool Radiol! I tried breast-feeding with Work It, but soon discovered I was suckling on the toe of a minor NDP apparatchik! I tried learning to crawl with Work It, but something about this fiendish show caused me to leave a trail of slime everywhere I went, like a slug.

“In short, Work It is bad for babies, and Sam and Janet should be ground into pabulum by the Gerber corporation.”

TOO MANY WEIRD CURSES

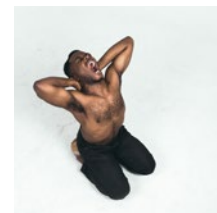
Don't like how it traps you in void.

“Mister Ontario had it all figured out. Mister Ontario was a #1 hottie, and – ooh, mama! – Mister Ontario was a hit at all the parties. They called Mister Ontario ‘Mister Pictionary,’ so cool at parties was he.

“But then, it all went wrong for Mister Ontario. Mister Ontario checked out this happening, happening radio-programme, Work It. Mister Ontario keeps up on all the content, buddy-man! It's why they call Mister Ontario ‘Mister Up-to-Date.’

“Mister Ontario was boppin' 2 the opening theme – Mister Ontario loves ‘Bongo Madness’ – but when he opened his eyes, Mister Ontario saw he'd been transported to an eternal white void. Now Mister Ontario can't do no nothing but scream.

“That's why they call Mister Ontario ‘Mister Scream.’ His unending scream.”



MISTER ONTARIO

I was a somebody. But then I heard Work It. I been trapped screaming in a void since.



PAULIE FLAPARONI

People told me how bad Work It is. But when I finally listened, I was un-preparrot!

MORE SKETCHES ABOUT SEEDS

And some about nests, if you please.

"I just flew in, and boy, was that plane ticket expensive!

"How ya doin', folks? I'm Paulie Flaparoni, I'm a standup comic. I'm also a bird. So you can guess how *that* conversation went.

"Ma, I'm gonna be a comic! 'A comic? Why can't you eat worms and crap on people's heads like your brother?!"

"Don't get me started on my brother... He's a big shot. He's got a nest egg, what do I got? A nest omeltte.

"I says, 'Can you lend me some cash? My friends are all deadbeats.' He says 'Birds of a feather flock together.' I says, 'Flock off.'"

"Anyway, I wanna complain about Work It. It's just not funny. I mean, come on!"

”

...and all of a sudden this knife comes out of the phone and plunges through Sam's ear...

”

LET ME BATHE IN YOUR BLOOD

It's kinda what I do.

"My complaint about Sam and Janet is that I'm not stabbing them. Don't get me wrong: love the show. Love stabbing more.

"I'll explain: My name's Freida Kilger and I'm the star of the 80s slasher franchise 'Guts Party.' (Other than 'Guts Party VII: Whole Lotta Guts!' when I was unavailable due to scheduling – I was busy filming that piece of shit 'Bloodbath at Bata Shoe Museum' as The Reebok Killer. What can I say, the studio fucked us.)

"My point is, Work It would be better if Sam and Janet were taking calls one day, and all of a sudden this knife comes out of the phone and plunges through Sam's ear and out the other side and drips blood on the mixer while Janet screams. How would that work, you ask? I dunno, maybe the phone's, like, haunted. By me."



FREIDA KILGER

Frieda – the villain from 80s slasher movies – complained we weren't being stabbed.



ROGER & VERA

We've got a show on CFMU too. The difference is, it's actually *good*! Suck it, Work It!

HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE? HELLO?

Listen up, whippersnappers.

"Hello? Work It? It's not working, Vera!"

"Oh Roger, you're talking into the microwave. Use the phone!"

"Sousaphone?! Do I look like a goddamn Kraut to you?!"

"Use! The! Phone!"

"Why didn't you say so? Hello? Work It? We wish to complain."

"Yer darn right! What you young people do with your broadcast slots these days is truly shameful. So many jokes about flatulence or people sniffing each other's flatulence. What's comedy come to?"

"Whatever happened to good, old-fashioned programs like The Shadow and The Merry [redacted]?"

"Is this what they allow on CFMU?! No wonder our granddaughter took Women's Studies, and also stopped talking to us."

"College students are nothing but a bunch of scallywags and snowflakes."

"Darn right, Roger dear! They just believe anything they read on the Internet."

"You know, I was just discussing this with a nice Nigerian prince who emailed me with a deal on my special pills."

"They're fully delusional, these SJWs."

"Probably all the flouride in the water, or else the 5G. Fried their brains!"

"Ooh, Jim Bakker's on. Pass the AmEx, I'll order more bunker buckets!"

PRENEURS

Everyone knows about the modern-day entrepreneur. Fact: there are actually over 10 million other types of 'preneurs'?! Here's 14.

BY DICK SHUNARY
PHOTOS BY JELANIA CANCER

CAVEMEN-TREPRENEURS

Despite rage, am still just man in cave

History's first entrepreneur was a cave-man. It all happened one Pleistocene morning when Ugg declared, "Me invent fire!" A crowd of his less entrepreneurial peers ran up and asked, would he share his discovery for the good of the species?

This request displeased him. Instead, Ugg demanded payment in "shiny things."

The other cavemen and women toiled endlessly to accrue "shiny things" to pay Ugg in exchange for his life-giving discovery. Ugg died from choking on a shiny thing, and his corpse was soon cooked over – you guessed it – a fire. Yay!



KINDERGARTEN-TREPRENEURS

All work and no play, kids!

A kindergarten teacher in Dollar WA (birthplace of money) asked her children to come up with entrepreneurial ideas.

Ralphie, age 6, said a good business idea would be if 'friendly' people sold their 'friendship' to lonely people for the night. You could call the lonely people 'Johns' because John from class has no friends. Great idea, Ralphie!



ENTRÉE-PRENEUR

Hon hon hon! Voila, une autre blague

"Madames et monseieurs, je vous présente: le quiche downloadable!

"Quoi?! You do not – how you say – appreciate zeese entrepreneurial concept?! Bah! Why do I even bother with you Canadian doodoo-pigs?! Au revoir, Sartre; merci fromage, toujours..."

"D'accord, d'accord: How do vous feel about my autre idée: Zeese idée iz for Spotify, but eet replaces all zee music avec accordion. Feel like you're in a café toujours, merci to mon invention. All your favourite artists, remixed as accordions: Dion & the Belmonts? They're Accor-dion & the Belmonts now. Gord Downey? Aggordion Downey. Anal Cunt? Accordion Cunt.

"Sacré bleu! Quel dommage, autobus!"

GANJA-PRENEUR

Boomer innovation, worst generation

We all know hippies and boomers are the worst filth that ever infected the planet, from the day they first oozed out of their mothers' folds to the present. So then, given the fact that they've chosen the proliferation of income inequality, racial animus, worker enfeeblement, wealth hoarding, and climate death before ever lifting a withered finger to help another person, or suffering a moment's inconvenience, or surrendering one second's coddling like the miserable old snowflakes they are, I guess they've left us no choice but to fucking proscribe them and their rancid seed.

That said, what if hippie boomers start a weed company called 'Toker's Trick.' How groovy's that, moon-doggie?!

HONDA-PRENEUR

Lost in translation?

なめらかなデザイン、優れた性能、そして何よりも手頃な価格の日本の自動車があると言ったらどうでしょうか。

それが可能だとは思わないのですか？再び推測。新しいホンダ吉光は、有名な鉄拳キャラクターのすべての敏捷性と取り扱いをコンパクトなフレームにもたらしめます。

そして、あなたは他に何を知っていますか？電気です。私たちの車のすべてがスパイダーマンの悪役エレクトロによって手で犯されており、それがそれを電氣的にしたと私たちは推測します。

OUTER-PRENEUR

Knock knock! Who's there? ...

"Woo." "Woo who?" "And I feel heavy metal / and I'm pins and I'm needles." Get it? It's "Woohoo" by Oasis.

An outer-preneur is like an entrepreneur except they're outside your home. They're knocking on your door right now, this very second. But if they need to be invited in, how do you know they're not a vampire?! Best to stab them in the heart.



DOUBLE ENTENDRE-PRENEUR

Know what I mean?? ;-)

A double entendre-preneur makes 'strategic partnerships' with 'huge growth potential,' heh heh. They 'fill' a 'gap' in the 'market,' heh heh. They know all about 'launching' a 'seed round,' heh heh heh.

For example, a double entendre-preneur might have a lawncare startup. They'd say their product 'really gets it done in the bush,' heh heh. Or a butcher delivery startup. They'd say it 'fills your mouth with fresh meat,' heh heh. (See? They're puns about sucking and fucking.)

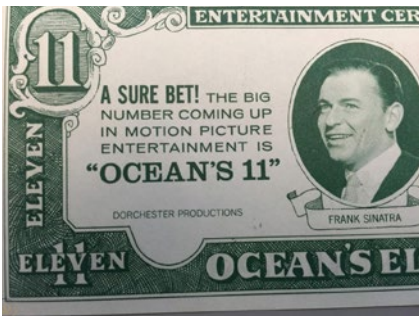
SINATRA-PRENEUR

Start spreading the noose

Work It has partnered with the company behind the hologram 2Pac, the VR Zappa, and the ViewMaster Bobby Pickett to bring back Ol' Two Eyes himself, he of the 19-pound cock, Frank Sinatra. That's right, The Chairman of the Board is back, in the form of living, breathing, screeching 11-dollar bills.

Sinatra 2.0 has founded several start-ups, all of them pitched in a talk-singy croon about unremarkable vacations:

"Let's go to sunny Acapulco / My swinging señorita and me / What about an app that's Airbnb for garages? / Mexico, here I come!"

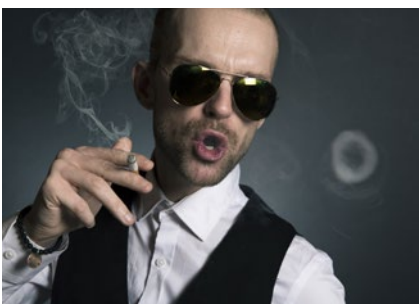


EXTRA-PRENEUR

"Bro, bro! Bro? Bro, bro. Bro... Bro?!"

The extra-preneur is basically a super saiyan business-bro. He's like if Ivey Business School came to life, binged the Tucker Max colouring books, shot a speedball of blow and Powerade, and earned the Most Vomit-Inducing Profile badge on Raya.

He's favourite sayings are "Tony Robbins is god" and "My pitch? It's LinkedIn on steroids, but – wait for it! – on steroids! Boom!" and "Pass me my Muscle Milk, mommy. *Glug, glug, glug.* Mmm, I love my milk. *Slurp, slurp.* Mmm, yummy milk!"



CILANTRO-PRENEUR

We're guilty of Corianderophilia

The cilantro-preneur is interested in monetizing cilantro as an ingredient in dishes besides guacamole. (For better or worse, they sold their controlling interest in cilantro as a guacamole ingredient to multinational corporation HappyGuac Worldwide: Fine Dips, Defense Research & Human Testing.)

Cilantro-preneurs have been pitching for the following foods to have cilantro added to them: coffee, orange juice, and mayo; bacon, milk, and Froot Loops; Lick-M-Aid, vinegar and phở; turtle food.



CONTRA-PRENEUR

If you don't Konami by now...

One day, you're raking in the profits; the next, it's 2633 A.D. and Red Falcon Organization are attacking humanity from their base on Galuga. Your MBA didn't prep you for this! What's a Contra-preneur to do?!

Sometimes in business, you need to take two steps up, two steps down, left, right, left, right – well, I think you get the idea.

THE UNDERTAKER

Bonnnnnng! Bonnnnnng! (Gong sounds)

And now, "Work It presents: Didja Know?™"

(Previously on Didja Know?™: Didja know that Jeff Bezos and Warren Buffet have the opposite penises?)

Today on Didja Know?™: Didja know the word 'entrepreneur' comes from French roots *entre* and *prendre*, "to take between" or, more idiomatically, "to undertake". Therefore, the greatest entrepreneur ever is WWE Superstar The Undertaker. It's just basic etymology.



JESSEVENTURA-PRENEUR

Body vs. 'Taker for the Work It title!

My god, King! That's Jesse Ventura's music! The Body is here, tonight, in this issue of Quarterly Report! He's interrupting our Undertaker joke to challenge the Dead Man for the Work It title. Hellacious!

THE END-REPRENEUR

Start a startup; end where you end up

The end-repreneur is like an entrepreneur, but minus all hope. They've given up! They shredded their spreadsheets, scored a 1.0 KDR on their KPIs, and are mortally burning their quarterly earnings.

They are tired of these meetings. These salespeople. They are tired of being caught in the tangle of their Zoom calls.

The end-repreneur understands nihilism, and we don't mean religious worship of Frasier Crane's brother. They've got a death drive that goes 0-to-60, every waking moment. They're saying 'Uncle!'

The end-repreneur stopped reading this long ago.

GHOST HUNTERS

When Widget Media forgot to pay Sam and Janet for some freelance work, the Work It duo visited Widget HQ. One problem: it's a creepy old mansion! *And it's haunted!*

BY VINZ CLORTHO
PHOTOS BY ZUUL



The rain was falling hard that night at Château Widget, as Sam and Janet stepped out of their knock-off ghostbusting car, the Ecto-½. Sam slammed the door and it fell off its hinge and wanged his noodle.

“Owee,” he gulped.

Janet was apprehensive: “I got a bad feeling about this in the pit of my stomach. The Tabasco and cheese soup I had’s not sitting well *at all*.”

Splort!, she farted

They opened the back door of the car – another noodle-wanging ensued – and took out their ghost-hunting equipment: two Dust Busters with extension cords running off the car battery; a series of postcards of ‘sexy ghosts’ to drop as bait; presidential campaign forms, since most ghosts are hundreds of years old, making

”
“I don’t know,” Sam said and a bunch of green slime fell on his head and it went squorsh!, like on Nickelodeon.
”

them tempted to run for president so they can finally repeal the Studebaker tax.

“Do you think we’ll meet any... g-g-ghosts?” asked Sam.

“How the hell should I know?!” Janet calmly replied, and she hit him in the head with a Dust Buster and it went *konk!*, like in a cartoon.

“It’s just that I’m scared of... g-g-ghosts.”

“Well, I’m scared of intimacy and aging, but I’m married and old, so I guess you’d better suck it up, don’t you think? Huh?”

“I don’t know,” Sam said, and a bunch of green slime fell on his head and it went *squorsh!*, like on Nickelodeon.

“Heh heh heh,” said Janet. “Got his ass.”

By now, they’d reached the massive front doors of Château Widget. They were made of Gehenna Teak, the evildest wood.

The Work It hosts knocked on the doors, and as they did, the heavy things creaked



PRECIOUS MEMORIES

(Top) Sam and Janet in their ghost-fighting whip, Ecto-1.
(R) Makin' ghost-friends.

open, as if on their own. These were some real freaky doors, buddy, lemme tell ya!

"H-h-hello?" stammered Sam.

"Χ-Χ-Χαίρετε?" conjugated Janet.

All of a sudden, in the middle of the massive staircase that stood before them, that I probably shoulda mentioned earlier but I guess I forgot, who appeared?

Give up? Well? Do ya?

It was a ghost! A transparent apparition bathed in a pallid light. A sickly smell filled the room.

"Sorry," said Janet. "Bad soup."

The creature beckoned: "Whaddup?"

Sam sputtered, "H-Howdy, Mr. Ghost."

"Call me Marv."

"H-Howdy, Marv. We're here to collect payment for some content we made for Widget Media."

"No prob!" said Marv the Ghost and he cut them a cheque. What a nice story.



7 STAGES OF BEING YOUR OWN BOSS

Being your own boss is a process of several steps. Like being an alcoholic, only it's 5 steps more efficient. Therefore, be your own boss, not an alcoholic.

BY MISTER MANAGER
PHOTOS BY SMIF CRINDUL FROM SECURITY

”

*Be your very own
Jeff Bezos and
Amazon warehouse
worker forced to
piss in a jar at one
and the same time.*

”



01



02



03

01.

The Honeymoon: You are your own perfect boss. Don't change a thing about you.

02.

The Benefits: Business is flourishing, so you reward your best employee – you!

03.

Nepotism: you cannot achieve your goals alone. A nephew must rise.

04-06.

Mediation; micromanagement; discipline & firing: an uncle must fall.

Being your own boss is a complicated arrangement. You need to be the one giving orders and the one following them. The one with power and the one without. The one making suggestive comments and the one calling HR on yourself.

But that said, greatness awaits those who master the art of balance – like David Spathaky in Bangkok. (Look it up.)

Your friends at Work It have prepared this guide on the 7 stages of being your own boss! Follow this guide, and you too can be your very own Jeff Bezos *and* Amazon warehouse worker forced to piss in a jar at one and the same time. The alpha and omega of the modern workforce, in one magnificent carcass – yours!

(Readers are strongly encouraged to proceed one step one at a time. An earlier reader, more ambitious than circumspect, skipped right to step seven. His head exploded. Too much wisdom.)

Step one is the honeymoon period. You go to Maui and can't keep your hands off yourself. You start a Pornhub channel where you boss yourself around in a tropical paradise. It accumulates subs at a splooge-splashing rate! You love yourself, as you roll around in your spreadsheets from morning to night. It's bliss.

Step two is the benefits step: you performed so well during step one that, lo and behold, you've amassed a fortune in revenue. You deliberate whether to invest it, grow your team, or acquire assets, before saying "fuck it!" and buying a green Tesla and 8,000 LTC – what could go wrong?

It went very wrong! Your Tesla exploded and the Winkelvosses stole your crypto! But business waits for no-one, so it's on to step three: nepotism. You hire your nephew to assist with some light administration. Before you know it, he's outperforming you in every way. Nephews always win, you should know this by now. But you

resist him – violently. Which brings us to...

Step four, mediation: you and your nephew clash over control of the business. You cave in his head with a steel chair; he power-bombs you through the Spanish announce table. The two of you lie broken at ringside, as Referee Earl Hebner counts you both out – a double DQ!

Step five is micromanagement. You and your nephew get binoculars and just stare at each other all day from across the room. You bark orders at one another and nothing gets done. The uncared for office begins to crumble. A large chunk of ceiling falls down and splits open your head.

Step VI, discipline: As your cranial fluid seeps onto the office floor, you hear the faint sounds of your nephew, wresting decision-making power away from you. He convinces the Board to remove you as manager. You drift off.

Step seven is being fired: You thrash in the fires of Hell and await your nephew.



04



05



06

BUSINESS QUOTES

What would business be if not for words? Words are the words by which business happens. So check out these other good words from the biggest and best moguls.

BY GILDERSLEEVE N. LODGE
PHOTOS BY BARPH BAGG



"What the fuck did you just fucking say about I'll have you know I graduated top of my class and I've been involved in numerous secret ra

- Jojo Siwa

01



"how did i miss this chance to rock your world by phone? give me another chance! stalk me baby, very hot."

- Margaret Thatcher



"@AlissaViolet where are my dogs."

- Garfield



"no"

- @dril

01.

Jojo Siwa demonstrates the size of a normal human brain when exposed to her words.

02.

(L-R) A stupid lady, now dead; a cool cat, loves lasagna; inventor of twitter Jack @Dril.

02



**"me, you little bitch?
s in the Navy Seals,
ids on Al-Queda."**



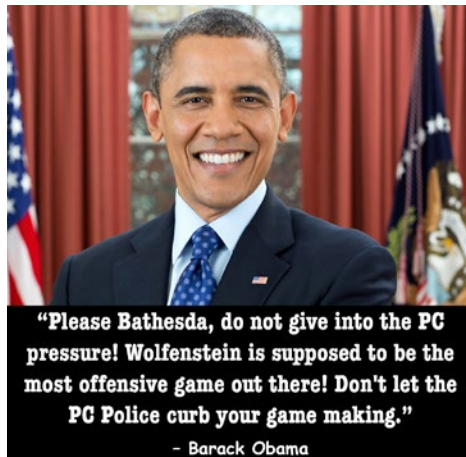
**"I am a bisexual woman
with mental health issues."**

- Mark Zuckerberg



**"There's a reason erasers don't work on your
heart. That's because who you are and who
you're born to love isn't a mistake."**

- Warren Buffet



**"Please Bathesda, do not give into the PC
pressure! Wolfenstein is supposed to be the
most offensive game out there! Don't let the
PC Police curb your game making."**

- Barack Obama



**"fuck him
up socrates."**

- Sheldon Adelson

03

03.

(Clockwise from top) Founder
of FaceMash; Jimmy Buffet's
husband; old fuck; drone guy.

04.

Guy who got rich saying, like,
'success is dreams plus work'
and calls millennials lazy.

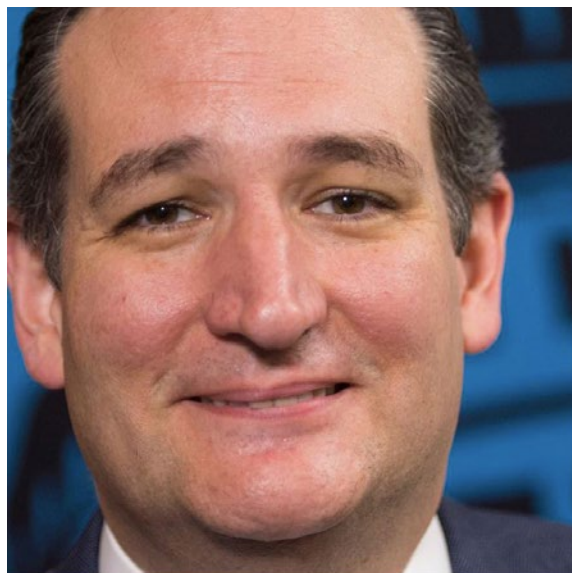
05.

It's important to practice
self-care after a day of shoot-
ing teens and sending letters.



**"2. Gushing Granny. 3. Fapapple.
4. Diabeetus. 5. Gushin' Granny."**

- Simon Sinek



**"Everyone's a Aliebn
When Ur a Aliebn Too."**



05

04

THE LAND OF UNIONS

Imagine a world without unions. Go on, do it. You're probably imagining Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher sixty-nining and doing coprophilia. Almost...

BY ALABASTER GRUNT
PHOTOS BY MIG RUNKELS

01.

The enchanted land of unions nearly lost them all till Princess Concessia saved the day.





Imagine a world without unions. Go on, do it. You're probably imagining Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher sixty-nining and doing coprophilia. Almost right, but not quite.

So, sit back as we weave a fairy tale about unions.

No, we won't be discussing The Beatles' 'Glass Union' nor shallots in the slightest – that's *onions*. This is about *unions*.

We won't be discussing a set of archetypes – that's *Jungian*. This is about *unions*.

We won't be discussing a giant lumberjack – that's *Bunyan*. This is about *unions*.

No. This is a story of a land far, far away. A land of magic – for good. And for ill.

THE LAND WITHOUT UNIONS

A modern fable. Like Aesop, it rocks.

Once upon a time, just off the QEW, there was a magical kingdom. It was a happy land, thanks in no small part to its unions.

Princess Concessia addressed her people: "Citizens, I bring you tidings of joy."

The head of the Gumdrop Union, wee Pippin Point o' Order, was none too impressed: "Tidings?! Who needs 'tidings,' lady?! We want matching RRSP contributions or we strike!"

The kindly princess replied, "But of course, Pippin! The kingdom only thrives through your labour! It shall be yours!"

The Gumdrop union cheered – "Huz-zah!" – and began to sing their merry song:

Well, the workers never stop / while they make the sweet gumdrops / and –

When all of a sudden, the skies turned black and out of a puff of putrid black smoke, who should appear with a crash but evil, union-busting Queen Grievance!

"Scabra-cadabra!" screeched the wretched queen. "You're all fired! My army of scabby, scaly sludge monsters will take all your jobs! The union is no more!"

But clever Princess Concessia was always one step ahead. She shot the queen with a Beretta DT 11 shotgun, exploding her head into tiny bits! Happiness reigned again. They frolicked 'round her corpse.



WORK IT

From Spooky,
a funny website.
spookymag.com