

Being Mario

“We don't have no fucking milk,” Luigi yells.

“Well go buy some.”

“I can't, I got balls for hands!”

“You dumb motherfucker.”

My fuckhead brother never leaves the house and we can't rub two nickels together. Our faucet leaks, the toilet's full of shit, we're on welfare. Hey guys, it's a me Mario.

“Luigi, c'mere!”

That's my brother Luigi. He's a toolbox.

“Yo Mario, I got balls for hands” he yells. He's pretty retarded.

“Shit, Luigi, can't you string 2 words together? Gawd I swear you were born with anime for brains.”

“I love anime!”

I growl and slam the fridge shut. It falls apart. What a POS.

This is my life, Being Mario. My brother needs a fucking haircut, I need a goddamn job; plumbing doesn't really pay the bills any more. I flop on the sofa and watch TV, with Luigi yelling at his video games from the other room, that stupid motherfucker.

“Quiet!” I yell.

“Fuck off!” comes the reply. Asshole.

Suddenly the phone rings and I answer it.

“Welcome to Mario Brothers Plumbing, you clog em we clear em.”

“Yes, can I get a handjob?”

Nothing is good in my life.

Anyway, I live in Brooklyn, and I'm getting by alright. My girlfriend lives up the block, and she's got massive tits. I get a boner when I'm thinking about her, but you probably didn't need to hear that. One day I get up to go on a walk and this guy starts trying to talk to me about Jesus or some shit. I start getting tense and clench my fists because truth be told I'm a paranoid motherfucker and probably insane. But he leaves and I keep walking. Faggot.

When I get to the convenience store I rub my mustache for a couple minutes and then vomit on the floor because I wanted to. The clerk is pretty pissed but he can fuck off. Here in Brooklyn, that's the way we do it.

When I get home, I go to the bathroom to take a dump and it's red. I wipe my ass with a wad of bills. Fuck you.

I'm at the top of a golden tower having a pretty good time now. We're in love. My brother Luigi is definitely okay now probably. I'm a really good writer, and people like my fiction. I was able to convey the human heart. We're all happy now, the end. cunt cutn cunt cutn cunt cutn ;cunt uent uent ucutn cutn cutn cunt ucntu cntunt ucntutnt ucnttu ncun tuent tuent uent utncutn tu ncun tucnt utncutn tufntu nuent nuentucncu ntucntu nt tn not ncun uent ont nont nnon ntucncnt toto nnnccccc out tnocccunneut nonocccunntnt uucntntnt too

I am Mario
I am not Mario
We are all Mario
Mario
Mario
Mao