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The UNC Law Student Body Examiner Examiner  
*Parkman's Naked Banalities*

# The UNC Law Student Body Examiner Examiner<sup>\*</sup>

*An abstract is an author's only chance to make a first impression on their reader. Therefore, it is crucial that the abstract contain all essential components of the argument, summarized concisely and enticingly. It must be content-rich, specific, and decisive; accordingly, it should be written only after all other substantive content in the text has been completed. Beyond the abstract's benefit for the reader, it enables interested scholars to determine whether and how they will go about engaging with the text in their own work. It also serves a marketing function as the authors seek a journal or review in which to have their work published. The one thing an abstract must not do is "bury the lede"—to fail to clearly announce and emphasize its most important aspects up front. Such a mistake would be a waste of time to the reader, a nuisance to the interested scholar, and fatal to the work's publishability. Likewise, being silly is categorically intolerable in the world of legal academia, as is being emotional, coy, twee, and meta. Finally, the only scholastic sin worse than these behaviors is starting a sentence but forgetting to*

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*“Parodists intentionally inhabit the rhetorical form of their target in order to exaggerate or implode it—and by doing so demonstrate the target’s illogic or absurdity.”<sup>1</sup>*

## INTRODUCTION

It can be difficult to write parody that is both funny and not-cruel. However, in this text we aim to prove that the two are not mutually exclusive. This will require some good faith and cooperation on the part of the reader. Our aim is to keep this comedy kind; your aim will help.<sup>2</sup> Methodologically speaking, we put our Fed Socs on one foot at a time, and we put our Err Jordans on one foot in the mouth at a time, just like everybody else. We attempt to err on the side of being nice, even sappy, since we understand that humor is fickle, subjective, and tricky to achieve consistently, like an erection.

Another aim of ours here is to name a handful of law-school experiences and dynamics, lampooning and critiquing and affirming them in turns, in a way that we hope leaves people feeling safe, included, convoked and chuckalicious.<sup>3</sup> Chuckaliciosity is child’s play. The goal of convocation, however, especially across such a broad swath of students, is a dicey proposition in our current age, which to us feels like an age of ideological entrenchment, alienation, atomization, big trucks,<sup>4</sup> and dissociation.

Nevertheless, we personally feel pretty darn grateful to be a part of the fabric of UNC Law, and we wanted to try to write something that we hope could begin to mend the fraying edges of our community, something warm that interweaves our itchy resentments with our ankle-high respects for the sweat-wicking institutions of our school and our profession. And we’re not just saying that because we’re still thinking about socks after having masterfully landed that Fed Soc sock joke above. We’re saying it from the Bombas of our hearts.

One final note: you’ll notice that, much like a Supreme Court opinion, sometimes the paragraphs here end with serious statements instead of punchlines. Worry not: this text, just like all law review articles, and just like all Supreme Court opinions, was written by a bunch of clowns.<sup>5</sup> Enjoy!

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1. Brief for The Onion as Amicus Curiae Supporting Petitioner, *Novak v. City of Parma, Ohio*, 33 F.4th 296 (6th Cir. 2022) (No. 21-3290), *cert. denied*, 143 S. Ct. 773, 215 L. Ed. 2d 45 (2023).

2. *See humorous urinal signage, MEN’S BATHROOMS, passim.*

3. Replete with laughter, delighted by abundant chuckles. *See STEPHEN KING, IT*, 418 (1986).

4. *See, e.g.*, 100 GECS, *Money Machine*, on 1000 GECS (Dog Show 2019) (“Big boys coming with the big trucks”); J DILLA, *Trucks*, on PAY JAY (MCA 2003) (“Rollin them big-ass trucks, them big-ass rims, Do!”); *see also* TIM McGRAW, *Truck Yeah*, on TWO LANES OF FREEDOM (Big Machine 2013) (“... truck yeah . . .”); LAINEY WILSON, *Heart Like a Truck*, on BELL BOTTOM COUNTRY (BBR 2022) (“Boy I tell you what / You better buckle up / I got a heart like a truck”).

5. As a matter of fact, if you rearrange the letters in ‘UNC School of Law,’ you get ‘Foul Clown Chaos.’ You also get “Such a Clown-Fool.” We rest our case!

## I. THE WHY

### A. *Respectability-Free & Unpublishable*

This text was initially conceived as a response to columns written in a publication called The UNC Law Student Body Examiner (“the Columns”), which were physically posted on the free speech board inside UNC Law School in early 2024. The Columns attempted to do satire much in the same way that Yankees attempt to do barbecue—technically they accomplish their goal, but the result leaves a bad taste<sup>6</sup> in your mouth. Then again, to be fair, the bad taste in your mouth may be a result of drinking the highly leaded water from the water fountains.<sup>7</sup>

In any event, we decided to respond. After all, law school teaches us (1) to act like we know what we’re talking about, (2) to think we know best, (3) to argue, and (4) to make numbered lists. To be fair, it’s not all law school’s fault. Before we ever got here we had been socialized as college-educated-financially-secure people to believe our voices matter—I mean they really socialized the shit out of us—and it’s honestly a wonder that it’s even taken us this long to pen a treatise. And honestly, what could be more natural than ~joining the discourse~ with a big ole jangly jiggly flabby flamboyant buoyant bag of paragraphs of our own?

But could it be that we are succumbing to another one of capitalism’s dirty little flirty little tricks? We worry about the slurry. Let us explain. To us it seems like academia is an opinion-economy that glorifies newness,<sup>8</sup> boiling original thought down to a glossy slurry, then lacquering the antique brassbound ideas of centuries past with that slurry, so that it kind of seems like we’re doing something new while essentially we’re just maintaining the old status quo. In other words, we worry our curried slurry of Tocquevillian TikTok takes will be

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6. “Thank God I am a man of low tastes.” SILAS BENT, JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES 19 (1932). We warn you now, fair reader, that the earthy fare below is not for the faint of tongue.

7. *‘A Big Warning Sign’: UNC Discovers Lead in Drinking Water Fixtures of 125 Buildings*, THE DAILY TAR HEEL (Jan. 11, 2023, 11:11 AM, make a wish!), <https://www.dailytarheel.com/article/2023/01/university-lead-over-100-buildings>. It’s also possible that there’s a bad taste in your mouth from all that boot-licking you’ve been doing. Note, however, that it is our policy here to not kink-shame; please feel empowered to continue licking boot as you see fit, you worm.

8. And before you criticize us for being childish, let us didactically remind you that newness is a byproduct of America’s second-best export: children! It’s one of their least noxious byproducts, in fact. And now we’ll quote from a scientific journal we didn’t read in order to trick you into thinking that what we’re saying is true: “a recent volume on philosophy of childhood argue[s] for a pedagogy that ‘allows for a deeper appreciation of the *newness* that children bring as well as sensitize us to our own ‘being a child as adults’ . . . They elaborate on this ‘being a child as adults’ as follows: ‘childhood is not seen as a developmental state that needs to be overcome, but rather as an existential state of being human . . . childhood is something that inherently constitutes human life, and therefore could never be extinguished, abandoned, forgotten or overcome’ . . . In other words: childhood is . . . independent of age; it remains in adulthood as well.” Daan Keij, *The Risks of a Recurring Childhood: Deleuze and Guattari on Becoming-child and Infantilization*, 56 EDUC. PHIL. & THEORY 218, 219 (citations omitted) (emphasis added). This quote hereby justifies all our childish bathroom and genital and drug humor.

warped and used to upholster the furniture of the hegemony. If we're not careful, the vultures at West Academic will get a whiff of this, bind it in an austere hardcover, stamp it with a stately silver serif title, copy-paste in a few related circuit-court opinions, and start charging 1Ls \$300 for the privilege of using it as an adult coloring book. In order to prevent that from happening, we've included a cornucopia of respectability-free, unpublishable content—from queefs<sup>9</sup> to crack<sup>10</sup>—to ensure our independent verve remains uncontaminated and uncompromised. Also, speaking of contamination, and this is true, one time some of us walked barefoot in the Writing and Learning Resources Center, and ever since then we've had a severe chemical dependency on rigorous writing.<sup>11</sup> Accordingly, we had no choice but to write this text.

#### B. *Rose, Bud, Thorn*

Now let's pivot to a little technique we learned in group therapy: rose, bud, thorn.<sup>12</sup> For our rose, we will say that we like how the Columns attempted to critique real issues that affect the law school, like the shortcomings of our experiential learning program, the phenomenon of law-review culture as exclusive and elitist, the ongoing “free speech” debate, lackluster accessibility policies, high tuition and dubious spending habits by UNC, and the woeful lack of any meaningful comedy-writing training in our curricula.<sup>13</sup>

For our bud, we'd like to see the Columns develop a little reverence for irony and to iron out their irreverence. What we mean is, so far the Columns have gone merely partial-piglet; we'd like to see them go whole-hog. Pithy potshots at activism; punchy, petty grievances against SBA and IT; and terse complaints about wet floors and pest control are all well and good. Bi<sup>14</sup> weekly one-pagers are fine. But have you considered allowing your grades to plummet

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9. See *infra* text accompanying notes 89–90. Unrelatedly, America's first-best export is war.

10. See Section III.C., *infra*. Another kind of III.C. is Corcidin Cough & Cold, also known as “triple-Cs,” a cough medication you can use to get high off of if you're really desperate and in middle school.

11. UNC Law requires its graduates to complete certain number of credit-hours of “rigorous writing experiences” to graduate. For more on “rigorous writing” and how it relates to cry(ing), see, e.g., Andrea Potestà & D. J. S. Cross, *Toward a “Rigorous Writing of the Cry”: The Two Artauds of the First Derrida*, 17 CR: THE NEW CENTENNIAL REV. 127, 129 (2017) ([t]heater and body, writing and cry... suspend sense in a vertiginous and terrible ordeal...) *see also id.* at 133 (“rigorous writing... a universal grammar of cruelty.”).

12. Rose, Bud, Thorn is a versatile evaluation technique that is used to guide reflection on areas of success, potential growth, and opportunities for improvement. See *Rose, Bud, Thorn*, UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO, (last visited April 20, 1969) <https://www.colorado.edu/researchinnovation/rose-bud-thorn>. Regarding the subject matter, each participant has an opportunity to share their favorite aspect or most memorable moment (Rose), something that could be further developed (Bud), and a negative element or area that needs to be improved (Thorn). *See id.*

13. See THE UNC LAW STUDENT BODY EXAMINER, Issues 1–4 (UNC Law Free Speech Board, Chapel Hill, N.C.), Jan. & Feb., 2024, *passim? Ihardlyknow'im!*.

14. Bi visibility. It starts here. It starts now. Out of the footnotes and into the streets!

in order to make time to author a yummy-yummy dummy thicc quarter-pounder-length value-menu-quality tome, as we've done here?<sup>15</sup> Have you considered heeding the instruction of Professor Haraway, who said: "Irony is about humor and serious play. It is also a rhetorical strategy and a political method . . ."?<sup>16</sup> To us, that means going all-in on this one Hail-Mary attempt at authoring a lol-scroll prior to graduating law school, all told. Y'all sold? Thought so. Doh re mi? Fa sol. A-hem. Apologies, we had (and plan to continue to have and to memorialize in writing below) a bit of a brain fart.

Moving on, for our thorn, we didn't like that the Columns came off, to us at least, as clumsy, mean-spirited, and a little lazy.<sup>17</sup> Those are attributes best left to Kyle Filipowski. And to the other four starting players on the Duke men's basketball team. And to their bench players, and also all their fans, alumni, allies, sympathizers, people who feel neutral toward them, and the trees on their campus, which, and we can't say why this is exactly, we just don't trust.<sup>18</sup>

### C. *What That But-For*

Still, we're actually grateful for the Columns—because they catalyzed this writing. In that way, the Columns are a but-for<sup>19</sup> cause of us feeling like cool and important writers. Smart, pretty writers whose witty charm and rugged handsomeness belie gentle, kind hearts. The type of writers who do volunteer work but don't mention it to people, who also aren't afraid to shed a tear or land a kickflip or dunk a basketball or sew a whole quilt if to do so would hold appropriate space during a moment of deep listening. Perhaps more importantly, the Columns are a but-for cause of the libel lawsuit that will keep us entangled in bitter litigation for the next decade or so once our identities as the authors of this text are inevitably leaked.

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15. Most of what you'll read here is lies. But one true fact about this text is that a great deal of it was written by the members of our collective *during* law school classes. Let this be a lesson to all you 0Ls out there: it is possible to do exactly one fun thing during law school, though, if you choose to exercise this option, you will flunk out and be doxxed. Also your family will be billed for the lighter fluid used to burn your transcript, diploma, mortarboard, and ultimate frisbee intramural trophies.

16. Donna Haraway, *A Cyborg Manifesto*, 80 SOCIALIST REV. 65, 65 (1985). We should mention here that the binary between serious and humorous writing has been debunked. Thomas E. Baker, *A Review of Corpus Juris Humorous*, 24 TEX. TECH L. REV. 869 (1993) (reviewing JOHN B. MCCLAY & WENDY L. MATTHEWS, CORPUS JURIS HUMOROUS (1991)). We wish we could rebunk the binary between our sweatpants and certain soup-splash stains, but sadly, the two have become one.

17. It should be noted that a few of the authors here thought it would be funny to say that "clumsy, mean-spirited, and a little lazy" was a group of attributes we reserve for when we're administering handjobs. But because this is a classy, family-friendly publication, we declined to make that joke. Also, law school has toxically indoctrinated us to think that anything less than 100 or so hours of white-knuckle clenched-jaw "work" is lazy, which we hate. Work ethic? More like we're, eh, sick...of working.

18. It should also be noted that a FOIA request yielded evidence tending to suggest that Duke has had at least one of the evil trees from the Wizard of Oz on its Board of Trustees for the last 84 years.

19. To all the guys who asked us "what that butt for?" we dedicate this sturdy, luscious dumptruck of a thesis to you.

Another thing to praise about the Columns is that they resist professional culture's stylistic convention of simpering exclamation. You know the one, where you feel an ambient pressure<sup>20</sup> to pepper all emails with exclamation points, emojis, heart-reacts, and thousands of breathless "thanks!" in order to not shatter the email's presumably fragile recipient. We'd like to acknowledge and admit now that as a collective of delicate glass doctrine-receptacles ourselves, we have done our part to contribute to this culture. The Columns' authors, however, have bucked that trend, much as UNC has bucked the trend of offering its students due process rights after they have been accused of crimes.<sup>21</sup>

Actually, real quick, we'd like to return to our discussion of identity above. Our writing, like that of the Columns, is anonymous. To us, this feels like a necessary security protocol. Honestly, we feel like we're under constant surveillance as law students. To demonstrate the truth of this contention, we, like a field goal, would like to make three additional points. First, at Harvard Law School, which U.S. News & World Report recently praised as "having almost completely solved its poop-in-the-urinals problem,"<sup>22</sup> students recently lost job offers as a consequence of exercising their free-speech rights.<sup>23</sup> Second, at Columbia Law School, which touts itself as "The Chuck E. Cheese of the Ivie E. League" on its official website,<sup>24</sup> has had the same fate befall some of its students. Third, and although no one asked him, Stanford Law School's Interim Dean, Paul Brest, remarked, "if this school were a dog, I would shave its butt and make it walk backwards." We tend to agree. Still, the fear of being silenced exists on both ends of the political spectrum; some conservative-minded people and supporters of Israel feel their voices are being censored on campus, too.<sup>25</sup>

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20. You can't spell "professurinal" without "pressure." Or can you?

21. Satchel Walton, *'Free Our Jamie': Protesters Fight Campus Ban of Law Student Charged with Domestic Terrorism*, THE DAILY TAR HEEL (Apr. 14, 2023), <https://www.dailytarheel.com/article/2023/04/university-law-school-terrorism-walkout-unc-chapel-hill-north-carolina>. To all the guys who asked us "what that process do?" we respond: it do very little.

22. Yale Law School was the previous holder of this honor, before its unfortunate loss of accreditation in late 2024 after a ProPublica investigation revealed that each professor who worked at the school was actually the same three kids in a trench coat running from classroom to classroom. See Janey Jimp-Jormp, *Yale Gon' Make Me Lose My Accreditation, Up in Here, Up in Here*, PROPUBLICA (September 34, 2024, 7:77 AM), <https://www.propublica.com/jimpjormp/dmx/yalefail>.

23. Adam Gabbatt, *Leading US Law Firm Says It Rescinded Job Offers to Students Who Backed Israel-Hamas Letters*, THE GUARDIAN (Oct. 18, 2023, 11:07 AM), <https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2023/oct/18/student-palestine-letter-harvard-columbia-us-law-firm-jobs-revoked>.

24. Columbia's previous slogan, "The UNC Law of the North," was discontinued after they learned that the University of Pennsylvania Carey Law School was already using that slogan to describe itself. Still, we let Columbia use our beloved school color, because we are the nation's most generous institution of higher learning, in addition to being its most humble.

25. See, e.g., *10 Worst Colleges for Free Speech: 2022*, FIRE [FOUNDATION FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS AND EXPRESSION] (Feb. 2, 2022), (<https://www.thefire.org/news/10-worst-colleges-free-speech-2022> (listing UNC Chapel Hill as one of the ten worst colleges for free speech)); see also Greg Lu-kianoff & Jonathan Haidt, *The Coddling of the American Mind*, ATLANTIC (Sept. 2015),

You'll note that we declined to dunk on anyone just now. The purpose of that staid dunklessness is to distance ourselves from any mulish ideological entrenchment, and to try to validate the experiences of people across the spectrum—perhaps even to shatter the idea that we could ever be reduced down to individual points that exist on some imaginary axis. Perhaps this will cause us to lose favor among certain political tendencies. But as Professor Kiedis reminds us, that's the “price you gotta pay when you break the panorama.”<sup>26</sup>

#### D. *Municipal Go-Gurt*

Anyways, back to our point: we feel like the Character & Fitness portion of the Bar Exam means we will be called to answer for all media output, social or otherwise, that can be traced back to us. In this way, law school feels a bit like preparing to go before God for final judgment.<sup>27</sup> The difference, however, is that we have some hope that God will forgive us for liking tweets by @dril.<sup>28</sup>

Where does that feeling of constant surveillance we mentioned above come from? God? Cops? Each other? Our bodies? Ourselves? Wherever it comes from, it seems to hang in a thick fog, not unlike the shroud of flagrantly fragrant vapor that garlands a competitive vaper, surrounding us at all times in the law school.<sup>29</sup> The column of space connecting the upstairs and downstairs rotunda is a notorious place to eavesdrop. The rotunda, for that matter, is more

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<https://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2015/09/the-coddling-of-the-american-mind/399356/>; JONAH GOLDBERG, LIBERAL FASCISM: THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LEFT, FROM MUSSOLINI TO THE POLITICS OF CHANGE (2009).

26. RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, *Dani California*, on STADIUM ARCADIA (Warner Bros. 2006).

27. For God's opinion on law, see note 95, *infra*, and accompanying text.

28. @dril is a stalwart denizen of what was once known to some as “Weird Twitter,” on the website now called X. Some examples of his work include: ““im not owned! im not owned!!”, i continue to insist as i slowly shrink and transform into a corn cob” @dril, X (Nov. 10, 2011, 7:20 PM), <https://twitter.com/dril/status/134787490526658561?lang=en>; “another day volunteering at the betsy ross museum. everyone keeps asking me if they can fuck the flag. buddy, they wont even let me fuck it” @dril, X (Feb. 19, 2012, 11:27 PM), <https://twitter.com/dril/status/171450835388203008?lang=en>; “THE COP GROWLS “TAKE OFF TH OSE JEANS, CITIZEN.” I COMPLY, REVEALING THE FULL LENGTH DENIM TATTOOS ON BOTH LEGS. THE COP SCREAMS; DEFEATED” (Apr. 13, 2012, 7:22 PM), <https://twitter.com/dril/status/190943080730472448?lang=en>; “BOSS TELLS ME I CAN KISS MY FERRETS AT WORK, BUT NO OPEN MOUTH. I PUNCH THE FLOOR SO HARD HIS SCREEN SAVER DEACTIVATES” (Oct. 11, 2012, 12:29 PM), <https://twitter.com/dril/status/256431328592011266?lang=en>; hello. im calling to report a misprint at the shirt factory. ordered 700 “shit man” tshirts but they all say “shirt man”. no i will NOT hold” (Sept. 13, 2012, 8:26 PM), <https://twitter.com/dril/status/246404470370615296>; “i am selling six beautifull, extremely ill, white horses. they no longer recognize me as their father, and are the Burden of my life” Aug. 26, 2014, 1:15 AM), <https://twitter.com/dril/status/504134967946141697?lang=en>.

29. To be fair, they've got it way worse than us up at Columbia Law, where trucks literally drive around doxxing people. When will Yankees learn that trucks are for haulin ass in and liftin up and muddin with and lovin in—and, above all else, for embiggening—not for hatred?

or less panopticon-shaped.<sup>30</sup> Conversations in the courtyard echo sonorously off the indifferent brutalist walls and into the tortuous waxen ear canals of lurking professors.<sup>31</sup> Each of us sitting in a non-back-row seat has been careful to curate our laptop screens in class to prepare against inevitable invasion by the wandering eyes of our neighbors. We sometimes use makeup or bandages to strategically occlude skinbound proof of personality, like hickeys or henna or rave stamps or tattoos. We cosplay as professionals to trade in the currency of respectability. We accumulate the lingua franca of the law, littering our documents with Latin words like *parumpumpumpum*<sup>32</sup> and *rumpapapumpum*<sup>33</sup> and *stadium arcadium*<sup>34</sup> just to make ourselves seem erudite and authoritative. We avoid speaking candidly in the bathrooms because we know the toilets are all bugged by the Board of Governors to make sure no one mentions diversity.<sup>35</sup> And, of course, as public university students, we know that our emails are being routinely rifled through by day-drunk Congressmen geeked off heroic, jaw-grinding dosages of Vyvanse, who read our emails derisively aloud in the General Assembly cafeteria, their slurring ridicule braying raucously between gulps of municipal Go-Gurt.<sup>36</sup>

30. The panopticon, sadly, is not a convention for pansexual people to see and be seen. That's PanOpticCon. The panopticon was a conceptual prison designed in the 18<sup>th</sup> century by Jeremy "Hambender" Bentham. The basic principle for the design was to monitor the maximum number of prisoners with the fewest possible guards at the lowest cost. The layout consists of a central tower for the guards, surrounded by a ring-shaped building of prison cells. In the 1970s, Michel "My Bell" Foucault expanded the idea of the panopticon into a symbol of social control that extends into everyday life for all citizens, not just those in the prison system. He argued that social citizens always *internalize authority*, which is one source of power for prevailing norms and institutions. A driver, for example, might stop at a red light even when there are no other cars or police present. Even though there are not necessarily any repercussions, the police are an internalized authority—people tend to obey laws because those rules become self-imposed. This is a profound idea, especially for us law students, namely because the process entails a high degree of social intuition; the subject must be able to situate themselves amidst a network of collective expectations. The crucial point is that the subject's specific role within the network is incorporated as a part of the body and mind, which then manifests as self-discipline. *Internalized Authority and the Prison of the Mind: Bentham and Foucault's Panopticon*, JOUKOWSKY INSTITUTE FOR ARCHAEOLOGY & THE ANCIENT WORLD WORKPLACE, [https://www.brown.edu/Departments/Joukowsky\\_Institute/courses/13things/7121.html](https://www.brown.edu/Departments/Joukowsky_Institute/courses/13things/7121.html) (citation omitted) (last visited by the Ghost of Christmas Past).

31. This is true among both the tenured doctrinal professors, glamorously monocled and caviar-stuffed, slumping under the weight of pounds of platinum jewelry, or the Dust-Bowl poor writing professors in their burlap skirt suits squirreling away leftover Panera boxed lunches to feed their famished families.

32. See, e.g., PENTATONIX, *The Little Drummer Boy*, on THAT'S CHRISTMAS TO ME (RCA 2013).

33. BUJU BANTON, *Champion*, on 'TIL SHILOH (Island 1995).

34. See *supra* note 26. Ha-ha, made ya see.

35. Teri Gross, *Board of Governors Admits to Bugging UNC Toilets, Insists It Was To Listen to Farts and to Pooping and to the Sound of Dookie and Not To Do Anti-Diversity Surveillance*, NPR (Feb. 32, 2025, 6:61 PM) <https://www.noteverycitationincludedinthistextisreal.gov/mostofthemare/butnotall/soreadcarefully>.

36. Go-Gurt is the portable tubular healthy snack that's as fun to say as it is to eat! Now available in Rehnquist Raspberry Razzmatazz, Baby Breyer's Baron Von Boysenberry, Vivid Velvet Vinson, Fizzy Drizzle Cardozomatic Swizzle Twizzler for Men, Scalia's Special "Ratfuck" Sorbet, Caramel

The trick for us, then, is to resist the temptation to be mean<sup>37</sup> that inheres in anonymous writing. Too often, anonymous authors hide behind their anonymity to take potshots at their perceived enemies. Admittedly, we tend to operate under the assumption that we're doomed, but that's more a product of our +☆·*clinical*+°°+☆·+*mental*+☆·+°°+*illness*☆·+ than a reflection of reality.<sup>38</sup> When we're inhabiting our higher minds, our best guess is that most people aren't our enemies, they're probably just looking out for themselves most of the time, doing their best to get by during an extremely stressful life era. Then again we also must acknowledge that there are occasional glimmering exemplars of service and compassion and kindness that repudiate that theory—you people know who you are; please take a moment here to accept our heartfelt thanks. See, we warned you that some of this crap was gonna not be jokes!

Next, in this paragraph, we'll take a stab at some empathy, then try to provide a bit of hope; whoops, we made our topic sentence its own paragraph—fuck.

Anyways, we also think that at any given time a lot of us law students are feeling some combination of sick and tired and scared and excited and agitated and dissociated and traumatized and exhilarated and abused and confused and lightheaded and lighthearted and connected and healing and competitive and hazed and held and withered-but-not-beyond-hope-of-replenishment. To the extent we can hold that multiplicity in our hearts, we can strive also to abandon the idea that we are the enemies of others.

Rather, what we really have is just some tension here, some resentment there, some conflict from time to time, a cascading sense of ceaseless fear, rightful anger and righteous despair as we bear witness to unspeakable atrocities far and near, some periodical instances of being fully controlled by the moon,<sup>39</sup>

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Oliver Waffle Wendell Honeycomb Holmes, Rutledge's Dutch Fudge Plunge, Minton Chocolate Chip, Sandy O's Dropsy Topsy Turvy Purple Turtle Girl Swirl, Sizzle Snap Alito's Loopy Lemon Leukemia, Kagan Caveman Cake Pan, Ugly Mr. Kennedy's Salty Taffy Etouffee Tossup, Zippy-Zoom-Zoom Clarence Thomas' Rib-Tickling Pink-Insulation Cotton-Candy Dust-Bunny Spun-Sugar Deferred-Dream Sugary-Sweet Crustover Supreme, and, of course, Chief Justice Marshall-Mallow. Yum!

37. The text you are at this very moment reading is what happens when people take seriously Justice Swift's rhetorical injunction "Why you gotta be so mean?" prior to acting (while actively ignoring Justice Lavigne's query: "Why'd you have to go and make things so complicated?"). TAYLOR SWIFT, *Mean*, on SPEAK NOW (Big Machine 2010); AVRIL LAVIGNE, *Complicated*, on LET GO (Arista 2002).

38. Being unafraid to state plainly that you have mental illness is, of course, a slay. However, due to the stigma we must here admit that we were just kidding and that our brains are totally normal! We should also note that there is a direct correlative relationship between humor and madness. As old what's his name was probably saying that one time, "whenever a judge, a lawyer, a law professor, or a law student writes something truly funny[,] he or she runs the risk of waking up days later, in restraints and sedated in a little room with a fellow in a white coat holding a clipboard." Thomas E. Baker, *A Compendium of Clever and Amusing Law Review Writings—An Idiosyncratic Bibliography of Miscellany With In Kind Annotations Intended as a Humorous Diversion for the Gentle Reader*, 51 DRAKE L. REV. 105 (2002).

39. See, e.g., menstruation.

some seasonal instances of being at the complete mercy of the sun,<sup>40</sup> and, oftenest of all, moods dictated by our unruly and ungovernable bowels.<sup>41</sup>

But, crucially, we have resolved to believe that we're ultimately safe and taken-care-of in a way that is durable and inexorable and beyond the scope of anything that could be conferred or constrained by a law degree or a lack thereof. Accordingly, may our little parade of sentences here serve as a prayer for protection, or a spell for safety, or an enchantment against encroachment; may this clause satisfy our RRWA teachers as a satisfactory transition from Part I to Part II; and may we always only ever begin paragraphs with topic sentences, for ever and ever, amen.

## II. THE WHO

Law school can be hot, boring, rewarding, challenging, generative, intense, satisfying, disappointing, passionate, sensual, dirty, intimate, bestial, and loving in turns. In that way, law school is like Candy Crush. In fact, that slightly saucy semi-simile offers a silky smooth transition into the substance of this subsequent section, just as that tittering alliteration offered an opportunity to remind you that this is nothing more than a silly and capricious little scrap of jester text.

“How’s that?” you ask? “Will you please be quiet, please?” you query? Well, as to the latter, clearly, no. But as to the former, we say simply: what was the question again? Nevertheless—well, ok, sometimestheless—we trudge onward, our dogged<sup>42</sup> commitment to Task Completion unphased by the minor technicality that we don’t know what we’re doing and can’t remember why we started doing it. As Justice Swift admonishes: “I don’t know what I want, so don’t ask me.”<sup>43</sup> What we do know, however, is who some of us law students are.

Some of us like to play games like Candy Crush on our phones to blow off steam. Some of us like to blow off steam from the mouths of our teacups and set the steeped sopping teabags aside on a saucer to soothe our sore souls. Some of our soles are sore from marathon training, trying our hardest to outrun our problems and craving cardio catharsis. Some of us Godly girlies prefer Cathar sects and praising the Most High. Some of us suck cartridges so we can stay stoned to the bone day-in and day-out, earning Highest Honors our own way, safe behind a tranquil vapor membrane, an inhalable veil between our consciousness and the harsh legal-scholastic world,<sup>44</sup> especially

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40. See, e.g., seasonal affective disorder.

41. See, e.g., IBS, IBD, Crohn’s disease, ulcerative colitis, lactose intolerance, celiac disease, Alpha-gal Syndrome, disordered eating, fasting, etc.; *see also* tummy aches.

42. For more on dogs, *see* literally two paragraphs beneath this one, *infra*. Impatient much?

43. TAYLOR SWIFT, *A Place in This World*, on TAYLOR SWIFT (Big Machine 2006).

44. For a quote that makes the legal-scholastic world look like absolute dogshit, *snoop through* the personal papers of a former Supreme Court justice. Letter from Oliver W. Holmes to Felix Frankfurter

important when things are going rough. Some of us are insomniacs kept up by things that go “ruff!” in the night.

Some of us got that dog in us—we willingly, *eagerly* sit, speak, jump through hoops, perform tricks, and obey commands in exchange for a few pats on the proverbial head from our professors, their Milk-Bone praise our manna. Some of us feel like dogs being dragged across the electric grid of the academy, accumulating shocking amounts of knowledge, and, when idle, feeling nostalgic for the thrill of school’s mild electrocution.<sup>45</sup> Some of us return to law school each weekday morning as a dog will return to his vomit.<sup>46</sup> Some of us slinky on our girl’s dog ‘til she bark.<sup>47</sup> Some of us slouch on our man’s Gomorrah ‘till he Bork.<sup>48</sup> Some of us don’t eat pork. Some of us rock Birks and some of us don Docs, some of us frolic in Crocs, some channel energy through crystal rocks.

Some of us always knew we wanted to arrive here, holding marathon dispute resolution sessions to resolve conflicts among our stuffed animals and furtively secreting worn volumes of the Federal Register under our mattresses from an early age. Others might not have consciously known we wanted to go to law school, but those around us could always tell, as evidenced early in our lives by our tendencies to relish chores, to decline recess, and to actively seek out suffering.

Some of us have lost dear loved ones as law students, and have had to do the awful banal calculus of apportioning grief into our calendars, scheduling

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July 15, 1913), reprinted in Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. Papers (1985) (microfilmed on file with the Oscar Mayer Weiner Conglomerate). (“[A]cademic life is but half[-]life—it is a withdrawal from the fight in order to utter smart things that cost you nothing except the thinking them from a cloister.”).

45. See ANNE BOYER, GARMENTS AGAINST WOMEN (2019) (“If an animal is shocked, escapably or inescapably, she will manifest deep reactions of attachment for whoever has shocked her. If she has manifested deep reactions of attachment for whoever has shocked her, she will manifest deeper reactions of attachment for whoever has shocked her and then dragged her off the electrified grid. Perhaps she will develop deep feelings of attachment for electrified grids. Perhaps she will develop deep feelings of attachment for what is not the electrified grid. Perhaps she will develop deep feelings of attachment for dragging. She may also develop deep feelings of attachment for science, laboratories, experimentation, electricity, and informative forms of torture.”).

46. See Proverbs 26:11–12 (ERV) (“Like a dog that returns to its vomit, a fool does the same foolish things again and again.”); see also Proverbs 26:11 (King James) (“As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.”).

47. Overheard in the rotunda spoken aloud by someone who shall remain nameless but who knows who they are. Besides, nobody’s actually cite-checking this so we can plagiarize all we want. We can even plagiarize authoritatively. See, e.g., GUY DEBORD, THE SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE, 110 (“Plagiarism is necessary. Progress depends on it.”); see also SLINKY AND THE DOGS (a real-life rock-and-roll band composed of UNC Law students whose band name inspired this joke).

48. See ROBERT BORK, SLOUCHING TOWARDS GOMORRAH: MODERN LIBERALISM AND AMERICAN DECLINE (1996) (arguing that modern liberalism and the rise of the New Left has caused Western culture to be in a state of decline). Note that Bork is a man widely reviled, so much so that his name has become synonymous with an unfair attack via organized campaign of vilification. See *Bork*, MERRIAMWEBSTER.COM, <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/bork> (last visited ten trillion years in the future but also untold millennia in the past, for time is but a dim and flimsy veil).

sorrow into available timeslots. Others of us know that you don't have to be bereaved to cry at law school, but it helps!<sup>49</sup>

Some of us have had the experience of bringing a new life into this world as new parents, attempting to manage our course-load and extracurriculars along with the new duties of parenthood. Some of us have experienced the terrible joy and unspeakable power of bringing a life into this world as single a mad scientist, and have known the struggle of trying to seek daycares that accept frankensteins.

Others still may have chosen to abort as law students, to forbear rather than to bear, for now, or forever. Sometimes we choose to retain control over our bodies, a choice law regularly attempts to suffocate but a choice that is ultimately beyond law's frail and fickle reach. Some may consider pregnancy termination unacceptable.<sup>50</sup> Luckily, opinions, like assholes, though mandatory, are not persuasive authority.

Some of us rebel against authority. Some of us revere authority. Some of us unravel in Ravel™ View. For some of us oral arguments are a W. Some of us worry that the judge will gavel you. Wobbledy wobble, wo-wo-wobble, wobbin'—screen time so excessive many of our irises throbbin'.<sup>51</sup>

Some of us revel in the opportunity to be tested against our peers and to rise through the ranks, maybe even to the top.<sup>52</sup> After all, law school offers up numerical proof that one person is The Best, on a journal in a class or in a year, and numbers feel empirical and authoritative, even though they are arbitrary, relative, and computed by imperfect, subjective professors overflowing with that ectoplasmic and ponderous qualitative goo we call human emotion.

Indeed, some of us resent what we see as a needless hierarchy and scarcity mindset, wishing instead for a collectivized cooperative approach where we all increase one another's capacity to succeed mutually and also braid each other's hair. Some of us feel like we are constantly battling the desire to abandon the persuasion profession and retreat to our old job back home working as a scarecrow. Some of us have come to terms with the fact, however, that a scarecrow's job is, at the end of the day, to *persuade* crows not to eat crops, so what's the point.

Some of us came here because we were disillusioned, others became disillusioned by coming here. Some of us believe our role is to accelerate the advent of an abolitionist futurist utopia where equity reigns supreme. Others want to use law to restore the world to an idealized past. Some of us aim to make Turtle Island great again by forcing it to cede control of its territories to its indigenous forebears.

49. See, e.g., funny office knickknacks, *passim* ("You don't have to be crazy to work here, but it helps!" "You don't have to be crazy to work here; we'll train you!," and so forth).

50. These are people who have forgotten the ancient collectivist maxim "it's uterUS, not uterYOU."

51. See BIG SEAN FT. NIKKI MINAJ, *Dance (A\$S) (Remix)*, on FINALLY FAMOUS (SUPER DELUXE EDITION) (GOOD Music, Def Jam 2011).

52. Summa cum laude; others climax quietly.

Some of us hope to corrode borders and liberate the planet by decolonizing our minds and tearing down the psychic borders that falsely divide us.

To that end, we seek convocation, as mentioned above. We admit that doing so may be an unrealistic goal, like if Dr. Seuss took a penalty kick. Still, even if it's unattainable, we think it's worth striving toward. To do otherwise is to let hostility build up, and to let hostility build up, we worry, is among the phenomena that causes people to bring weapons to our campus, or to use weapons to terrorize and to kill people here,<sup>53</sup> or to drive cars through The Pit,<sup>54</sup> or to commit suicide in The Forest Theater,<sup>55</sup> or to commit suicide elsewhere,<sup>56</sup> or to murder students in the neighborhoods surrounding our campus,<sup>57</sup> or to generally allow collective memory of institutionalized trauma fall away as the students cycle through and the amnesia accretes. Obviously we should #celebrateourdifferences and our d\*v\*rs\*ty and the unique things that make us individuals. But we think there's something to be said for seeking common ground—maybe even unity—as students, residents, community members, and new members of the profession.

We warned you that there would be a few yuk-less cul-de-sacs, a few deadened dead-ends with no jokes (not even dead-pan), a few hokey text blocks yoked with stoic poetry and soaked in solemn psalms as heavy as an X-Box. This was a stylistic choice—our goal is to do some light comedy, to maybe brighten readers' days with a few silly punchlines, to have some fun and encourage everyone to not take ourselves too seriously, to celebrate all we've accomplished together, but also to try to invite the reader to let their walls down, give their peers the benefit of the doubt, maybe short-circuit some of the old persistent invasive thoughts and inaugurate some gentleness and grace for Chrissake. That verywithstanding, we hereby apologize for our soapboxery, and even though some among us are horsegirls, we will now climb down from our high horse to the cold hard ground floor of the joke factory and give you people what you came here to see: more stupid comedy.

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53. Nadine El-Bawab, *UNC Chapel Hill Professor Killed in Office Was Shot 7 Times, Medical Examiner Says*, ABC NEWS (October 6, 2023, 4:07 PM), <https://abcnews.go.com/US/unc-chapel-hill-professor-killed-office-shot-7/story?id=103780698>.

54. *Man Sentenced for Driving Jeep into Crowd at UNC Chapel Hill*, WINSTON SALEM JOURNAL (Aug. 27, 2008), [https://journalnow.com/man-sentenced-for-driving-jeep-into-crowd-at-unc-chapel-hill/article\\_583b3b39-7589-5dae-9a15-c9b570d5a78b.html](https://journalnow.com/man-sentenced-for-driving-jeep-into-crowd-at-unc-chapel-hill/article_583b3b39-7589-5dae-9a15-c9b570d5a78b.html).

55. *UNC Police Investigating 1 Dead at The Forest Theatre*, CHAPELBORO (Sep. 4, 2021), <https://chapelboro.com/news/unc-police-investigating-1-dead-at-the-forest-theatre>.

56. *UNC-Chapel Hill in a "Mental Health Crisis"*, THE JAMES G. MARTIN CENTER FOR ACADEMIC RENEWAL (Nov. 8, 2021), <https://www.jamesgmartin.center/2021/11/unc-chapel-hill-in-a-mental-health-crisis/>.

57. *N.C. Man Pleads Guilty To Killing 3 Muslim College Students; Video Is Played in Court*, NPR (June 12, 2019, 10:38 AM), <https://www.npr.org/2019/06/12/731981858/n-c-man-pleads-guilty-to-murdering-3-muslim-college-students; see also UNC Student Asked To Pray Before Murder, Says Witness>, CBS NEWS (Dec. 15, 2011, 7:39 AM), <https://www.cbsnews.com/pictures/unc-student-asked-to-pray-before-murder-says-witness/>.

### III. THE WHAT

Having wholly trolled 3lolod<sup>58</sup> rigmaroled and rickrolled our way through The Why and The Who, while of course interlarding this text now and then with some preachy populist poppycock and sniveling universalist drivel, we now get into The What. The What is what our relatives ask us about desultorily at holiday functions, The What is what fills up the lifestyle content we make and post to YouTube and TikTok and YikYak and JibJab and Farmers Only and OnlyFans in our free time to partially subsidize our suffocating student debt. The What is the substantive material, the actual stuff we learned in classes, as opposed to all the stitious, stitial, superstitious, and interstitial material outlined above. So, without further ado, here is all the stuff we could remember off the top of our head, presented in no particular order, to be used primarily as a warning to future students, and as a stern admonishment to our professors for having made us this way.

#### A. *Law School Generally*

First it's important to set the scene of what it's like to be in a law school class generally. The preferred tactic among professors is, similar to sofa designers and Oreo engineers, to overstuff their product with squishy content. These hurdy-gurdy lectures are so luridly turgid and hurriedly girded that the only possible way to cover all the material is to bombard the class with information, holding forth with the breakneck pace and agitated verve of a freshman on molly, making an ASS out of U and ME by assuming their students have any clue what they're talking about, and, crucially, never responding to questions with any answer other than "it depends."<sup>59</sup> This frenetically paced information avalanche conjures the illusion that the subject matter matters, and keeps students suspended in a hypnotic hypnagogic trance of primordial fear and trenchant ignorance for the duration of the lecture, and, ideally, their lives. In this way, being a law school student is not unlike being imprisoned inside a cursed crystal by a wizard.

Class proceeds according to a little something called the Socratic Method, which means what? What's the problem? Haven't heard of it? If you don't know what it means, don't you think you should? Isn't this a helpful way of doing teaching? Doesn't this feel edifying and pedagogically sound? Are you a lawyer yet? Why does God let bad things happen to good people? If a tree falls in the forest, did it kill Samuel Alito? You talkin' to me? What doth life? You want the truth? Are you not entertained? I'm funny how? Funny like a clown? Who let you in here? What is the appropriate behavior for a man or a woman in the

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58. "3LOL" is to law students in their final year as senioritis is to graduating highschoolers.

59. One exception to this rule is that some professors, after saying "it depends," will dab, then go about the rest of their lecture.

midst of this world, where each person is clinging to his piece of debris? What's the proper salutation between people as they pass each other in this flood?<sup>60</sup>

Just in case that series of questions didn't teach you what the Socratic Method is, here's the dumb baby preschool version for little kids, in non-question form. The Socratic Method is where, when two people hate each other very much, one will, in a fit of misguided rage, take the LSAT, go to law school, and, once there, instead of being taught by the professors, be expected to teach themselves the material before class, and if they don't learn it, they are "cold called," which means they are required by law to get up out of their seat, walk to the front of the class, stand up straight, and let the professor repeatedly smash a folding chair down on them WWE-style until either the chair breaks, their back breaks, or they become more intelligent, whichever's first.<sup>61</sup>

## B. *The Doctrinals*

Now that we've summarized the general approach to pedagogy in law school, and now that we've approached a greyhound pooch to pet-a-doggy<sup>62</sup> out of law school, it's time to dive into "the doctrinals." These are the sour suite of six core courses all first-year law students are required to take at UNC Law: Property Law, Tort Law, Constitutional Law, Civil Procedure, Criminal Law, and Contract Law.

In Property Law they explained to us that the rights of ownership can best be understood as a bundle of sticks, which one of us got a hold of and used to start a fire.<sup>63</sup> Some of us remember them saying something about how important zoning is, but we couldn't remember exactly what because most of the time in class we were zoning out. The reason we were zoning is due to being absolutely slobberknocked off a yummy little local vegan apothecary concoction called Spurell, which, of course, is hand sanitizer mixed with Sprite. We learned that

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60. This quote has been attributed to Leonard Cohen. SUSAN SHAUGHNESSY, WALKING ON ALLIGATORS: A BOOK OF MEDITATIONS FOR WRITERS 103 (1993).

61. Technically speaking, one other possible (but exceedingly rare) possibility here is that, if the wrestler known as The Undertaker descends from the ceiling of the classroom and intercedes on behalf of the student being cold called, that student may return to their seat without knowing the material and without having their back broken. That student then becomes known as Stone Cold Call Steve Austin.

62. For more on dogs, see SEE SPOT RUN (1930), *passim*; see also notes 45–47 and accompanying text, *supra*. Good boy.

63. See the next paragraph. Also, while we're here, we'd like to contend that the under the yoke of the Bluebook's hypertechnical arcane maze of *see* signals, trapped in the hoosegow of intratextual *infra* and *supra* goose chases, and dabbling in the babbling labyrinth of footnotes in general is nothing more than a rarified version of the choose-your-own-adventure genre of children's literature. See, e.g., EDWARD PACKARD, THE CAVE OF TIME [Choose Your Own Adventure #1]; see also *Give Yourself Goosebumps Series*, SCHOLASTIC, <https://kids.scholastic.com/content/kids64/en/books/goosebumps/series/give-yourself-goosebumps.html> (summarizing actual books like "Escape from the Carnival of Horrors," which we propose be the official title of our law school commencement ceremony, and "Return to the Carnival of Horrors," which we propose be the official title of us getting back on Tinder amirite?)

the Rule Against Perpetuities forbids anyone from contemplating infinity. So don't you even *contemplate* trying to drag race our stanced 2011 Infinity G37x with the anime waifu decals and the Squishmallow Domo-Kun, because your ass will get dusted. We learned about how, after a while, squatters are allowed to keep land that isn't legally theirs, which is cool, and which we feel like more people should try. We weren't taught about how all land is stolen indigenous land, but we figured it out on our own anyways. Also one day one of us tried astral projecting in order to adversely possess a cache of certain valuable intellectual property, but all she ended up possessing was a little Catholic girl's immortal soul, which had an abysmally low resale value. When are they going to license emotional property anyways?<sup>64</sup> Because a few of us authors got a depression mansion seated on a hate estate that we keep inheriting, and we want to build a spite fence around it, sell it to an urban professional throuple or quouple or dodecahouette or whatever the fuck, and live out the rest of our sorry days nowhere near that old hurt-yurt. Nowhere near that old abort-fort. And just like that, we rhymed our way into a transition to Torts.

In Torts we learned about "the reasonable prudent person." Then, after class, a few of us found out where the reasonable prudent person lived. We snuck into the bad girl lot, hotwired Old Man Brinkley rusty old jalopy, then we all piled in and drove over to the reasonable prudent person's house. Once we arrived there, we collected dogshit<sup>65</sup> in a paper bag, walked up to the house, placed the bag of dogshit on the porch, rang the doorbell, and then we set the reasonable prudent person's house on fire. There were no survivors ☹. Also in torts we learned this really useful mnemonic, which the professor taught us by having us do a call-and-response wherein the professor would say "res ipsa loquitur" and the class would chant back in unison "we hardly know her!" and then we'd all laugh and then the professor would recline in her chair and crack a cold one and let a fart rip loudly and honestly and without shame, and then

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64. We must mention that, psychotically, someone *has* written about something called "emotional property." Citation omitted, just google the following quote if you really want to roll around in this pig shit. ("Emotional property can be defined as the emotional investment in an act of creation, and the attachment to the creation itself, such that the creator feels ownership of the creation. Now while a company may legally appropriate the intellectual component of a consumer's creation, the creator less easily divests their emotional investment. Moreover, it is the consumer's emotional investment in the creation that drives their subsequent decision making and behavior in response to the firm's actions. As recent research has shown, it is emotional value that is the primary driver of consumer decisions."). This makes us want to tie ourselves to a rocket and embrace the silent permanent vacuum of space.

65. Dogshit is edible. PINK FLAMINGOS (New Line Cinema 1972). And filth has its place. *See id.* However, eating dogshit, like writing this dog-doo doozy of a lol-review article, is both an exercise in poor taste and a crucial means of expressing of who we are. Cf. DOMINIQUE LAPORTE, HISTORY OF SHIT (2000) (debunking all humanist mythology about the grandeur of civilization, suggesting instead that the management of human waste is crucial to our identities as modern individuals—including the development of capitalism and the mandate for clean and proper language—and arguing that we are thoroughly mired in muck, particularly when we appear our most clean and hygienic.). But remember, we warned you about this! *See supra* note 6 and accompanying blech.

she'd put her feet up on the desk and spark a fat blunt and pass it clockwise, and before you knew it the desks would be pushed aside and we would all be standing in a big circle, heads bobbing, doing a freestyle rap cypher, 90s boom-bap instrumentals thrumming from the classroom's built-in ceiling speakers, and then this shy taciturn 1L with glasses would start going absolutely apeshit, lyrically that is, spitting with jubilant abandon, interpolating pop culture references with the Restatement of Torts, Second, in a smooth Kweli-style flow, bar after bar after bar, until all of us were lost in the vibe, our egos falling away, our individualities slowly disintegrating into a single collective consciousness, cohered by rap music and rap lyrics, all under the watchful eye of a 70-year-old fully tenured distinguished professor who was day-drunk, zooted off loud and a little coke, her plenary, grandiloquent, expressive flatulence caroming off the portraits of long-dead deans and intermingling with her students' impromptu intentional-tort rhyme compositions as it echoed down the hallowed halls of our sacred institution. And who did that shy 1L grow up to be? Why, it was none other than George Santos, the most talented flim-flammer since Joanne the Scammer.<sup>66</sup> Who was Joanne the Scammer? She was the finest con artist of our generation. And you can't have con art without...

Con Law! That's right, we took a class called Con Law, which is short for "the Constitution is a big Con job used to dupe people out of their dupe-process rights and I Con't stand how Con-descending these Conty justices are in their opinions, Con you? I'd rather be staring at Con-trails reading Immanuel Cont listening to A-Con's album Con-vict Music and serving Cont at the ball then Con-tinuing to be Con-fined in this prison of Con-sciousness we call Con law." In Con Law we noticed SCOTUS's locus is out of focus and most of their magnum opuses are totally bogus. And you know this. One particular thing we learned is that there used to be this influencer, Ruth Baddie Ginsburg ("RBG"<sup>67</sup>), who really shit the bed by not retiring in time to pass her seat on to another liberal justice willing to carry on her jurisprudence (which was characterized by authoring such famous radical ultraleft anarcho-communist opinions as "wimmin r ppl 2"). We learned about how, upon RBG's death, then-President Donald "Rumpshaker" Trump issued a three-word executive order—"thank u, next"—which replaced Ginsburg with Amy Coney Barrett, a woman who had become independently wealthy via used-gamer-girl-bathwater arbitrage and who had risen to fame by being the most successful grave robber of all time. We learned that Amy's maiden name, Coney, came from when she married the Coney Island Cyclone, which she did because she had (and has)

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66. Find her on any popular social media platform, her handle is @joannethescammer.

67. Some have speculated that RBG also stood for "Riddim-selectah Bad Gyal" due to RBG's famed love of Jamaican dancehall music and her brief stint as a DJ-clerk for dancehall progenitors Duke Reid and Harry "Junjo" Lawes during the 1970s prior to her ascendancy to the Supreme Court.

that thing where she's romantically attracted to inanimate objects.<sup>68</sup> We also learned about a shameful lifestyle choice called "textualism," which unfortunately we can't say more about here because of the Don't Say Gay bill. Also, in Con Law, instead of having a final exam, we had a strict scrutinanny hootenanny. So, in summation, law school is a school of contrast. It has pros and cons. Its main con is Con Law. Its other main con is Civ Pro.<sup>69</sup>

"Civ Pro"<sup>70</sup> is the moniker we law students use to save time instead of wasting hours and days saying "Civil Procedure." Now isn't learning our legal lingo a unique and sneaky little peak behind the curtain? Anywho, here's how a typical Civ Pro class would civ go. As soon as you walked in the classroom, the professor would walk up to you but not dap you up. The two of you would then square shoulders. "What's Gucci?" the professor would enquire in a livid, desperate whisper. You, of course, knew better than to dignify that with an answer, because if you did, you'd be liable to leavin' with a fat lip.<sup>71</sup> Then, after what felt like an eternity of turgid silence, you would open your mouth and the professor would open its<sup>72</sup> mouth, and simultaneously each of you would bite the other's tongue. This part, known as "the ritual of jurisdiction," is standard at all law schools. The next part varies regionally. On the West Coast, the rule is, whoever flinches first, that person becomes the student, and the one who didn't flinch, whoever they were to begin with, now that person is the professor, and that change is permanent and unappealable. In the Midwest, the student may summon a bird or up to three earthbound vermin to attempt to get the professor to flinch, though if the bird or vermin menagerie fails, the student owes the professor a pop.<sup>73</sup> On the East Coast (including at UNC Law), if either ritual participant can get the other to look at their hand, and their hand is below their waist level, and their hand is forming an "OK" sign, then the hand's owner may punch the looker's shoulder as hard as they want.<sup>74</sup> At that point the looker must lay down on the ground on their back, unless or until a third party could, on the looker's behalf, and on the first try, flip an empty disposable plastic water

68. Dominic Smith, *Meet the Woman Who Married a ROLLEROASTER Called Bruce - Their Relationship Has Its Ups and Downs*, MIRROR (Jan. 15, 2015, 5:47 PM), <https://www.mirror.co.uk/news/weird-news/meet-woman-who-married-rollercoaster-4984994>. See also Hannah Frishberg, *Woman Says She Found True Love, Had Children with Rollercoaster*, NEW YORK POST (Mar. 12, 2021, 11:52 AM), <https://nypost.com/2021/03/12/woman-says-she-found-true-love-had-children-with-rollercoaster/> (making same "ups and downs" joke).

69. Footnote 69? Nice.

70. It's also short for "Civilization Provides no refuge and our only salvation will come from a return to the savage wilderness and total sabotage of all computerized machinery and other tallismans of industrial society."

71. LIMP BIZKIT, *Break Stuff*, on SIGNIFICANT OTHER (Flip, Interscope 1999).

72. It can be a gender-neutral pronoun. It can also dress as a clown and lurk in the sewer.

73. In the Midwest, "a pop" means a soda, a soft drink.

74. See, e.g., *Circle Game*, DICTIONARY.COM, <https://www.dictionary.com/e/slang/circle-game/> (last visited Marptember Eleventeenth, Nineteen Eighty Frog) (describing rules and history of game).

bottle up in the air, have it complete no fewer than 720 degrees of vertical Y-axis revolutions, and have the bottle land and stand up on their desk.<sup>75</sup> This is what is meant by the phrase “*stare decisis*,” a doctrine foundational to civil procedure and, therefore, to the United States justice system itself.<sup>76</sup> Speaking of the justice system itself, if, right about now, you’re saying to yourself, “Self, the notion of ‘justice’ is imbued with oppression and domination, and hobbles true restorative practices,” and “Self, problematic narratives of justice can undermine restorative initiatives to address issues in the United States criminal justice system,” and “Self, oughtn’t I explore the impact of such narratives on the creation of new social knowledge and praxis in restorative initiatives toward the dismantling of toxic western individualist neoliberal tropes and in favor of true radical community solidarity and healing?”<sup>77</sup> If you’re saying that to yourself you’ll be interested to meet our little friend, Criminal Law, which will shit all over those stupid stupid snowflake thoughts.

Criminal Law, which most law students call “Crim,” was the class where we waded through untold reams of copaganda,<sup>78</sup> occasionally surfacing to hear a meaningful critique of the ascendancy of the white supremacist militarized police state, but more commonly finding ourselves reading ghastly narratives about how police misconduct should be excused in the name of law and order. In Crim we learned about *mens rea*, but not about men’s rights? And so how, *pray tell*, are we supposed to guard against the coming feminist insurrection?<sup>79</sup> Or should we say feminist ins-her-rection? Now if you’ll excuse us, this subreddit isn’t gonna moderate itself. Ahem. Now that those guys are gone, we soldier on. In Crim we got to talk about insanity, which made some of us feel

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75. See, e.g., *Bottle Flipping*, WIKIPEDIA.COM, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bottle\\_flipping](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bottle_flipping) (last visited by a lad named Paultario during the magic hour of a summer solstice precisely one generation ago) (surveying history of bottle flipping, describing it as both “trend” and “feat,” and stating, importantly: “The bottle flip is often combined with the Dab after a successful flip.”). For more on “the Dab,” see *supra* note 59 and/or anybody celebrating anything in public circa 2016.

76. “*Stare decisis*” is pronounced “starry duh sigh sis;” it’s called that because while you’re on your back laying down waiting for the homie to flip a water bottle to get you up, you’re often staring up at the starry night sky, which is just so, so pleasant, and then suddenly you decide you don’t want to be cis anymore, hence, “*stare decisis*.”

77. All these quotes are either directly lifted from or inspired by the abstract of a piece of woefully unfunny scholarship by Hollyce Giles called *Toward a Theory of Justicecraft: Language, Narratives, and Justice in Restorative Community Conversations*. 22 CONTEMP. JUST. REV. 257 (2019).

78. Pro-police publicity; cop propaganda. Rearrange the letters to “propaganda” and you get “pagan coda,” which sounds like the concluding section of a nontheist art activity, something we feel would be far superior. Rearranging letters always elucidates meaningful truths or advice—“anagrams never lie” = “reveals a renaming.” See, e.g., “New York Times” = “monkeys write;” see also “when in doubt” = “bet hound win” (a useful little tip for dog-track gambling). *But see “Slot machines?” = “Lost cash in ‘em.”*

79. See, e.g., VALERIE SOLANAS, SCUM MANIFESTO (1967) (arguing that men ruined the world and that it is up to women to fix it by eliminating the male sex; SCUM may stand for Society for Cutting Up Men; Solanas later went on to attempt to murder noted soup fan and man, Andy Warhol); see also THE INVISIBLE COMMITTEE, THE COMING INSURRECTION (2007) (hypothesizing the imminent collapse of capitalist culture, but, sadly, discussing neither cum nor erections).

right at home. We also talked about inchoate crimes, and as wet ink hoses ourselves, that made us feel very seen. In Crim we also learned about the guilty hand, which it turns out means something other than flicking the bean, which is fun. Flicking the bean, we mean, is fun. Learning about criminal law is not. Also in Crim we learned about homicide, which of course means “to kill a homie.” And there’s nothing fun or funny about that. And just to prove it, we’re going to kill this paragraph.<sup>80</sup> It may take some time to grieve the death of this little text chunklet. The critical and final stage of grief is acceptance. One other thing whose critical and final stage is acceptance is: a contract.

Yes, Contract Law. It’s the final doctrinal, Molecular Lionel,<sup>81</sup> and we’ve got all contract components downloaded into our spinal. Cord. Ahem. The shorthand in law school for a contract is a “K.” A K consists of offer and acceptance. There must also be mutual assent,<sup>82</sup> a lack of foul play<sup>83</sup> (like duress, misrepresentation, unconscionability, contract written in invisible ink, etc.), and a lot of other super important stuff that we forgot due to our deliberate intentional and continuous decision to dedicate roughly 98% of our brain’s available memory and processing power to storage of, and access to, Minecraft facts. That being said, here’s what the other 2% has to say about Ks. Promissory estoppel is when a promisee detrimentally relies on a promise unambiguously made by a promisor who should have expected the promisee to reasonably rely on the promise and injustice can only be prevented by enforcing the promise, even absent a formal K. Believe it or not, this is an actual thing we learned, stated pretty clearly, and is one of the less-complicated legal doctrines out there. If that made any sense to you, may God take pity on your soul. We also learned about warranties, enforceability, nonperformance, frustration of purpose, good faith and fair dealing, clickwrap, the statute of frauds, and the parol evidence rule. We mention all these without jokes to emphasize just how truly ghoulish the doctrinals are and how they instilled in us the abysmal, abyssal boredom and profound vexation that led to the production of this text. Finally, we talked a lot about mistakes and misunderstanding—an area where we clearly shine. Another thing that shines is The Shining by Stephen King. The way he was able to write that book was by writing. Writing is discussed in the next section.<sup>84</sup>

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80. Another transition from Crim to Contracts is that this texticide was a contract killing.

81. Molecular Lionel can be found on vinyl. LONGMONT POTION CASTLE, *Molecular Lionel*, on LONGMONT POTION CASTLE 11 (D.U. 2014).

82. Not to be confused with mutual ascent, where two angels climb a mountain and then get high on big blocks of angel weed smoked out of a rococo crystalline celestial bong upon reaching the summit.

83. Fowl play, however, is instrumental in understanding contract law. See, e.g., *Frigaliment Importing Co. v. B.N.S. Int’l Sales Corp.*, 190 F. Supp. 116 (S.D.N.Y. 1960) (discussing action by buyer of fresh frozen chicken against seller for breach of warranty, holding that buyer failed to sustain its burden of proving that the word ‘chicken’ in contract referred only to chickens suitable for broiling and frying, and did not include stewing chickens). For all you Charlie freaks out there, here’s the bird law you’ve been waiting for. CHARLIE KELLY, BIRD LAW (2015), *passim*.

84. Another based rare and categorically bussin transition yeeted and completed.

### *C. Reading, Research, Writing, and Advocacy*

In addition to the six doctrinals, first-year law students at UNC are required to take a reading, research, writing, and advocacy class each semester. We call those classes RRWA 1 and RRWA 2, pronounced “rah wah,” though some say “rah rah” would make more sense, and to them we retort: sis-boom-bah.<sup>85</sup>

The first thing we learned in RRWA was CRAC, which, aside from being triggering for those of us who used to smoke crack, was a technique for how to effectively structure written legal arguments. CRAC was an acronym. What did it stand for you say? That’s easy. We learned it and it’s easy for us to remember because we use it all the time. It’s super easy to recite what it means because we never once let it completely fill our mind with a profound irresistible interminable craving for crack that replaced all other thoughts in our minds. CRAC the acronym stands for as follows. It stands for “Couldyouperhaps Requisitionforme Abit of Chalkcoloredcrack?” No, obviously it wouldn’t have stood for that, shit, just give us a second to think. It stood for “Crack, Robustly Aspirated, Comforts.” No that’s not it either. CRAC stands for “Crystalized Rocks of Andean Cocaine.” Fudge, wrong again, gall durn it. Ah yes. We have it now, it stood for “Co-op-mode Roblox And Crackismyidealnightin.” Sorry, let us start over.

The first thing we learned in RRWA was CRAC, a fine and neutral acronym (or, if you will, cracronym) that is perfectly normal and non-drug-related. CRAC is a mnemonic tailor-made for all law students to help us to keep in mind how the law works and how to write about her.<sup>86</sup> CRAC reminds us that the world, ideally, would be a gynecoCRACy. But, however, because we live in a CRACKed andro/demo/techno/“merito”/bureau/auto/kleptoCRACy run by wiseCRACKing simulaCRA Captains and slack-jawed Slack-addicted CRACKerjack jackanapes and Johnny-come-lately jackaninnies running around in lyCRA Capes, in order to not CRACK under the pressure of that unbearable weight, we should all just relax with a nice refreshing hit of crack. Sorry we had it there for a moment and got off crack. Off track. Crap. Let us give it another shot.

The first thing we learned in RRWA was how to freebase cocaine using a common sheet of aluminum foil, a glass cigar tube, and a modified Scripto lighter with the fluid governor removed, all of which fits neatly and discretely

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85. Sis-boom-bah, ONLINE ETYMOLOGY DICTIONARY, <https://www.etymonline.com/word/sis-boom-bah> (“cheerleading chant, by 1924, originally (1867) an echoic phrase imitating the sound of a skyrocket flight (sis), the burst of the fireworks (boom), and the reaction of the crowd (ah”)).

86. Yes that’s right, the law is a girl. She’s hot. And she’s 4,124 years old. See, e.g., *The Code of Ur-Nammu*, WIKIPEDIA, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Code\\_of\\_Ur-Nammu#cite\\_note-1](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Code_of_Ur-Nammu#cite_note-1) (“The Code of Ur-Nammu is the oldest known law code surviving today. It is from Mesopotamia and is written on tablets, in the Sumerian language c. 2100–2050 BCE. It contains strong statements of royal power like ‘I eliminated enmity, violence, and cries for justice.’”).

inside a single hollowed out volume of the Federal Reporter. Fuck. Give us one last try here. Let us take one more crack at it.

The first thing we learned in RRWA was how to organize our writing using the stylistic construction of “repetition with variation,” a technique particularly well-suited to satire writing because it enables the writers to set and then subvert the reader’s expectations in such a manner as to surprise, confuse, and, hopefully, delight. De light from a Bic lighter is then applied gingerly to the un-burnt mound of off-white “wet” nestled snugly into the glass lip of an eyedropper, cushioned with a wire-mesh Chore-boy backstop to prevent crumbled crack crumbs from escaping their fate, which is to be smoked by us. Aw nuts, we beefed it again.

Can’t Really Articulate CRAC’s meaning, sorry! End of section.

#### D. *The Joint Journal Competition*

The summer after our first year we all had the “opportunity” to participate in something called the Joint Journal Competition (“JJC”), which was a contest where we were all required to smoke a joint and then journal in our diaries continuously for one week straight.<sup>87</sup> The way you win this competition is if you have the best penmanship.<sup>88</sup> If two people have equally good penmanship, then the tiebreaker is whoever’s journaling is the most emotionally honest, which obviously is computed by the standard metric: vulnerable soul-truths per paragraph multiplied by life-insights per page.

However, it turned out the JJC committee was also secretly considering peoples’ GPAs in addition to their penmanship and diary depth. This caused a controversy, and led to scrutiny and criticism about how the JJC was elitist and exclusionary, tending to favor privileged wealthy white straight cis males over more diverse contestants. Accordingly, this past year, for the first time, the six journals at UNC Law, including the illustrious North Carolina Law Review,<sup>89</sup> all agreed that, if participants did not wish to submit their GPA, they would have the option to keep that information secret without being penalized, and in lieu of submitting their GPA, they could instead participate in a queef contest to see who could queef the best. However, due to due to scrutiny about how the

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87. People who didn’t already have a dedicated journaling practice were, of course, expelled.

88. As determined by a panel of upperclassmen and forensic handwriting experts from the FBI (which recently changed its typeface convention from FBI to *fbi* to come off as warmer and approachabler). People who had penwomanship or penthemship were also, of course, expelled.

89. “Law reviews are to law what masturbation is to sex. They are a form of self-gratification for law professors and law students. They do not satisfy the needs of others.” Thomas E. Baker, *Tyrannous Lex*, 82 IOWA L. REV. 689, 712 (1997).

queef<sup>90</sup> contest was elitist and exclusionary<sup>91</sup> (tending to favor people who grew up in ZIP Codes where Kegels were readily accessible and who were raised in cultures where pussy popping was considered meritorious), all the journals, including the nation's preeminent queef quarterly, the North Carolina Law Review, agreed that, if participants did not wish to participate in the queef contest, they were welcome to kick rocks and apply to med school or try to get a master's in public policy or learn to code or whatever, but the one thing they better not do is they better not show their face around here no more lest the JJC committee visit their countenance with the business end of a Bluebook.

#### IV. THE FUCK?

At this point you may be saying to yourself: why would anyone spend this much time writing such a useless, toothless, goop-fisted Seuss-myth?<sup>92</sup> Why scribe thine pile of scribbledygook?<sup>93</sup> What kind of sociopaths would try to lodge this hodgepodge of hog-jawed frog spawn into the reader's doggone logjammed unmowed mind lawn? Why peddle this puddle of gavel-babble when our squirrelly war-ravaged turd world's hurtling toward the terlet<sup>94</sup> faster than a Scrabble-loving rare-candy-geeked Squirtle toward a fire-type Wordle?

Well excuse us! Sorry for trying to eluct the ineluctable. God dom it, we tried to domit the indomitable. Aw shoot, we tried to scrut the inscrutable. We didn't mean to do it, but we ended up trying to dubit the indubitable. We stupidly tried to super the insuperable. Our bad for trying to eff the ineffable.<sup>95</sup>

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90. It's fine for us to be talking about queefs. For, after all, while the word and indeed the act both may be considered distasteful, it is "nevertheless often true that one man's vulgarity is another's lyric." *Cohen v. California*, 403 U.S. 15, 26, 91 S.Ct. 1780, 1789, 29 L.Ed.2d 284 (1971) (holding that it was fine for some guy to display the words "F—k the Draft" on his jacket while inside a courthouse).

91. Critiques included the use of quantitative (e.g. queef decibel levels, QPM (queefs per minute), QPSI (queefs per square inch), etc.) rather than qualitative (e.g. queef character, queef spirit, queef grit, etc.) criteris to determine the queef contest's winner.

92. Like basically Seuss because it's full of nonsense rhymes like Dr. Seuss books are, and myth because it's full of lies. And not the profound and insightful queer feminist autonomous collective lies contained in the LIES Journal (<http://www.liesjournal.net/>) nor the minimalist outsider techno house tracks contained in albums put out by Long Island Electrical Systems Records (<https://liesrecords.com/>). And not those little guys they check for on your head in elementary school either, <https://headlice.sad>. Just patent falsehoods and gibbering nonsense dressed up in law review stylings for comedic effect.

93. Scribbledygook is written gobbledegook. *FUTURAMA, That's Lobstertainment!* (2001).

94. "Terlet" or "turlet" is an American dialect variant for toilet. *Turlet*, URBAN DICTIONARY, <https://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=turlet> (last visited this morning after a second cup of coffee).

95. The phrase "eff the ineffable" was stolen from Thomas E. Baker's 1997 law review article, *Tyrannosaurs Lex*. See *supra* note 89, at 690. That's also where we found the quote in the next footnote.

What the eff are we talking about? Well, if you want to know the truth, we're kind of worried that there's way *way* too many laws already,<sup>96</sup> that the good they do is far outweighed by their true purpose: to keep lawyers employed, and that we've sunken three years into what amounts to a professional death cult wherein we fear we will spend the rest of our natural career-lives trying to convince ourselves we're "doing good" when really all we want is to do live in the amniotic comfort of six-figure yuppiedom as the rest of the world deteriorates around us like so much stomach lining after a lifetime of Mountain Dew consumption.

Beyond that, you also may find yourself asking: "Wait a second. Isn't this paper perpetuating precisely the same lie perpetrated by all courts in the judicial system, namely, that objectivity and neutrality are somehow possible?" Presently you may be pondering: "Perchance I shall protest this putrid paper, which pricks and puckers mine droopy peepers like pickled peppers with its pestilent prevarications and prim positionless postulates. Perhaps I shall prosecute those puny punks whomst penned it, flummoxed lumoxes who proffered nary a plausible postulate nor potable potion nor portable portal through which to climb out of the profuse and proliferating problems about which it opined." Instantly you may be inquiring inwardly: "I don't idealize ideology, do I? Nay I say! Only idiots incline in such a way. Having assayed the content asinine, I intend to inquest until ignominy against these anonymous ideamongers, inveigh against these IQless invaders, and, if I may, initiate an injunction *in medias res* so I may end and exit this unnecessary essay early, *ese*."<sup>97</sup>

To that absolutely snatched dandy of an internal dialogue, we have no good answer. Sorry zaddy; UwU. The truth is, we beefed it. We felt like doing something, we got started doing it, we got too hyper, it completely went off the rails, it became apparent almost immediately that it was manifestly pointless, it was obvious that it would likely be read only by the most depraved degenerates, it seemed at least possible it might somehow get us in trouble, and yet, *alwaystheless*, we decided to complete it anyways.<sup>98</sup> Yes, we're full of excuses.

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96. At least one scholar has intimated that God *herself* hates laws. GRANT "WORLD'S #1 GILMORE GIRLS FAN" GILMORE, THE AGES OF AMERICAN LAW 110–11 (1977). ("Law reflects but in no sense determines the moral worth of a society. The values of a reasonably just society will reflect themselves in a reasonably just law. *The better the society, the less law there will be*. In Heaven there will be no law, and the lion will lie down with the lamb. The values of an unjust society will reflect themselves in an unjust law. *The worse the society, the more law there will be*. In Hell there will be nothing but law, and due process will be meticulously observed.") (emphasis added).

97. *Ese* is a Spanish slang term that can be used to mean comrade, pal, or friend. William Sayers, *Mexican Slang Ese "Dude, Buddy" and Its Iberian Caló-Romani Antecedents*, 138 STUDIA LINGUISTICA UNIVERSITATIS IAGELLONICAE CRACOVIENSIS 135, 136 (2021), <https://www.ejournals.eu/pliki/art/19551>.

98. In our defense, this is the same narrative arc as most law review articles, most graduate degrees, the conception of most children, and, obviously, America. So actually, come to think of it, we're not in great company, we're just strung out toxic completionists, and this doesn't really offer up

No, they don't make up for what we've done here. Still we'll lumber onward toward some sort of "conclusion" since that's what this genre (more like yawn-ruh!! 😂) calls for.

## CONCLUSION

Here's a handful of things we wanted to say with a little extra emphasis, and also we couldn't figure out where else to put them. We've been playing around here but like, at the end of the day *we* chose to go to law school. So it's up to us how we want to carry that decision. We can be cruel or cynical or earnest or even perhaps some secret fourth thing. Our attitude, we think, has more to do with furnishing our interiority, our day-to-day lived psychic experience, than it has to do with getting at any sort of "objective" "truth." We live inside our heads every day, so it makes sense to try to spruce up the joint. But we also want to get outside our heads and visit yours. To that end, we hope this text might facilitate some interpersonal interplay. The possibility of you maybe chatting with someone—someone you know and like, or don't know that well, or feel neutral or unsure about, or even someone who you think you hate—about this bizarre narrative, and finding a bit of common ground, even if that ground is your mutual hatred of this dreck, that sweet little Skittle of a possibility is enough to make us hopeful about this whole droll rigamarole.

The rarified air of the page is not reality. We do not speak the way we write. Academic texts are fragile arrangements of cryptic glyphs that we as students have been given the tools to decode. Law review articles are mostly only read by narrow channel of society: lawyers, law students, law professors, legal academics, maybe judges. We spent three years taking ourselves a bit too seriously, and so we had to do something to let our hair down, discursively speaking. So we took a whack at humor.<sup>99</sup> Though many of the attempted jokes were likely vexing, we hope we brought a glimmer of joy and silliness to your life. This text belongs beside a toilet, or collecting dust wedged behind a bookshelf, or beneath a profusely condensating glass of iced coffee on a hot summer day. You belong on this earth. You are loved even if you don't realize it or believe it. We hope you had fun! Thanks for reading.

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much of a defense on our behalf, like a freshly ego-dead goalie for whom the DMT has just really started to hit, who whose only "goal" now is being subsumed into the transcendent oneness of The All.

99. We were shocked to learn that there is actually a substantial body of legal humor writing and unserious law review articles out there. If you are the kind of sick puppy that read this far and still wants more, we offer the following citations to help you wet your naughty little whistle. Edward J. Bander, *A Survey of Legal Humor Books*, 19 SUFFOLK U. L. REV. 1065 (1985); Edward J. Bander, *Legal Humor Dissected*, 75 LAW LIBR. J. 289 (1982); James D. Gordon III, *A Bibliography of Humor and the Law*, 1992 BYU L. REV. 427; LAWHHAHA, <https://lawhaha.com/> ("your one-stop trustworthy source for large archives of legal humor in a variety of categories"); see also Baker, *supra* note 38, for a comprehensive bibliography of clever and amusing law review writings, compiled in 2002.

## PARKMAN'S NAKED BANALITIES\*\*

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\*\* Parkman's Naked Banalities is named after this man we saw at the park one time who was berating passersby for their blind adherence to what he called "naked banalities." While we didn't care for Parkman's aggro attitude toward average park-enjoyers, we did like his phrase, and so we appropriated it for ourselves as a collective moniker. And though it pains us to have to spell it out since this should be abundantly clear already, we're gonna do a disclaimer here. This document is satire! It was created strictly for humor purposes, and it didn't even achieve that goal, so just leave it and us alone. No part of this text is intended to represent, describe, reference, or reflect anything in reality. No part of this text is intended to form any part of any contract. The views expressed in this text are not necessarily the views of its authors, their employers, their God(s), the company that employs their God(s), that company's directors (the Titans), its C-Suite officers (the Lovecraftian Old Ones ripped from the eldritch dimensionless chthonic Cthulucene), its employees (the Cenobites from Hellraiser), or anyone else. Whoever wrote this asked us to write right here that they make no representation or accept any liability for its (in)accuracy or (in)completeness, unless expressly stated to the contrary in which case they say all burden then shifts to the reader in terms of liability and truthability. Also, and this is important, this whole thing, it turns out, has been one of those old-fashioned chain-letters, where if you don't make ten copies and distribute it to ten of your closest parasocial acquaintances on LinkedIn, you're in big trouble. This message is not intended to be relied upon without subsequent written confirmation of its contents. This collective therefore shall not accept any liability of any kind which may arise from any person acting upon the contents of this text without having had written confirmation from all of us. Your smileage may vary. Ask your doctor before reading any of this. All is dust. Have some grievances to air? Get in touch! Our email address is parkmansnakedbanalities@gmail.com

