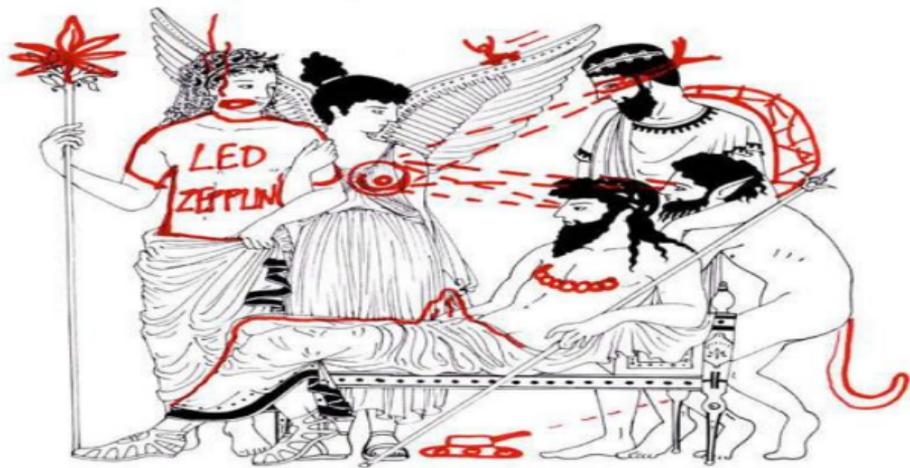


# ZEUS

GRANTS STUPID WISHES

A NO-BULLSHIT GUIDE  
TO WORLD MYTHOLOGY



CORY O'BRIEN

ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH E. MELVILLE

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World Mythology

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**To Tiresias Chang**

*For giving me the idea for this whole thing  
in the first place.*

**And to Christina Sheldon**

*I met you in a bar when I was thirteen  
and promised to dedicate my first book to  
you.*

*You probably thought I was joking.*

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# INTRODUCTION

*(Or, the Part of This Book You Can Safely Tear Out If You Need to Make It Slightly Lighter for Some Reason)*

'Sup, guys.

Here is a book I wrote, and I hope you enjoy it. A lot of what is in it comes from my website, which is on the Internet, but there is a lot of stuff that is only in this book too, like this introduction. So I figure I better use this opportunity to say some things about myths, and the writing thereof.

First off, I think anybody who complains that a retelling of a myth is “inaccurate” doesn't really understand what it means to retell a myth, or probably even what a myth is. (Yes, there are some non-canon additions in this book. I'm sure you'll spot a few.) I

always stay true to the general arc of the story, but my retellings aren't always canon in the obsessive fanboy sense.

I have spent the last three years frantically accumulating mythological knowledge and distilling it into what some have affectionately called "the death of intellectualism." I am proud of this, because I think that lately, myths have suffered from a severe intellectualism overdose. Everybody's always studying them in school, or reading watered-down versions of them to little kids, and what that means is that hardly anybody has the time to actually sit down and look at how fucking *funny* these things are. I mean, for a long, LONG time, the difference between a good story and a bad story was whether a bard could memorize it well enough to not get eviscerated by a mead hall full of drunken barbarians. These things are holy, sure, in a way. But they are *definitely* designed to cater to the lowest common denominator.

Speaking of common denominators, one of the guys who I read a lot of while I was making this book was a dude named Joseph Campbell. He wrote a book called *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, which is both an incredibly sweet title and an incredibly insightful book. One of the things he spends a lot of time talking about is how similar the mythologies of different cultures are, and how that arises out of our innate neurological similarities as human beings (you'll see what I mean when you get a ways into this book).

What I think is particularly interesting, though, and what I wanted to talk about here, is one of the things he says in *his* introduction, which is that a lot of the psychological problems that we experience today may stem from our rejection of mythology. Like, if this stuff came out of our common human brain problems, isn't it kind of dangerous to pretend that they're no longer relevant? I

mean, sure, they're a little outdated, but that's where *I* come in, my friends.

We can rebuild these myths. We have the technology. We can make them snappier, flashier . . . it would be hard to make them sexier . . . But you get where I'm going with this. It's been too long since someone snatched these myths out of the past and pitched them screaming into our everyday lives.

In *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, Joseph Campbell says that the role of the ancient priest, the role of guiding people through their spiritual crises with mythology, has been taken over by the modern psychologist. Well, I'm no psychologist, but I once talked to one for almost ten minutes at a grocery store, so come on: Let me massage your brain with my myths.



# GREEK

Ahhh, the Greeks  
dead longer than America has even existed  
and still invading our lives with their myths.  
If you drive a car you may have bought auto  
parts from Midas.  
If you listen to Internet radio you might be  
acquainted with Pandora.  
If you got laid today you might have spotted  
a Trojan on the condom  
if you use condoms  
which you should  
but if you don't  
then you're probably a lot like Zeus and/or  
Aphrodite  
SO YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THESE MYTHS NO  
MATTER WHAT.

My friends, the extent to which we idolize  
these Greek myths is ridiculous.  
Poets can't stop talking about them  
we carve crazy Greek-looking columns into  
all our national monuments  
we name our planets after (the Roman ver-  
sions of) them  
and NOW  
you are about to get the inside scoop on  
them.

# CRONUS LIKES TO EAT BABIES

So everybody knows Zeus is the king of the gods right?

WRONG.

I mean, he is the king of the gods but first of all, not everybody knows that and second of all he wasn't *always* the king of the gods.

Because, see, for a while there was this guy

Uranus

who was a total asshole

(haha, Uranus)

anyway he was the king of the gods, born out of the sky

or maybe it was the aether?

but either way he was definitely married to Gaia who some sources say *also* gave birth to him so . . . awkward.

**BUT LIKE I WAS SAYING**

Uranus bones Gaia a bunch

because it is basically just him and Gaia alone in the universe

and what else are they gonna do?

And they have a whole bunch of kids

but then Uranus suddenly decides he hates all of the kids

and instead of like

giving them up for adoption or something

he just decides to try and **STUFF THEM ALL BACK INTO HIS WIFE**

like **“THESE ARE NOT THE BABIES I ORDERED**

**I AM RETURNING THEM TO THE BABYSTORE.”**

Which I think demonstrates a really shocking lack of understanding

of how babies are made.

Now, Gaia is the entire Earth, you understand  
so this would be fine if they were like  
*normal*-sized children  
you know, like BABIES or something  
but they are not babies  
they are TITANS.  
OW.

So all these titans are writhing around in  
Gaia's womb going nuts  
and Gaia gets seriously fed up with this non-  
sense and tells one of them  
whose name is Cronus  
“Hey, Cronus  
why don't you and your candy-assed broth-  
ers get out of my womb  
and do something useful, like murder your  
father?”  
and Cronus says “How 'bout I do you one  
better

and saw off his balls?”

and Gaia says “That sounds like a fantastic plan!

Here, have my ball-sawing scythe!”

So one night Uranus is about to get busy with Gaia again

I guess so he can father another baby and then stuff it back into her

but instead of getting sex he gets a SURPRISE PENISECTOMY

Cronus all jumping out from behind a rock like “HAHA, GOT YOUR DICK, DAD.”

Which is something no son should ever have to say to his father.

Then Uranus’s dick falls into the ocean and makes a whole ton of foam and that is where Aphrodite comes from eventually

from dick foam.

You know that painting with her standing on the shell with all the angels and stuff?

*Dick foam.*

*All of it.*

So then Cronus is king of the gods suddenly  
the gods being actually the other titans  
including some dudes called the Cyclopes  
who you probably know about already  
(they are the ones with the congenially poor  
depth perception)  
and also some other dudes called the  
Hecatoncheires  
who are significantly less talked about  
because they have A HUNDRED HANDS  
EACH AND THAT IS TERRIFYING.  
So naturally Uranus especially hated these  
freaks when he was king.  
And part of Cronus's whole campaign plat-  
form for killing Uranus  
was that he was totally gonna free those  
dudes  
but no sooner is he king than he goes PSYCH  
and stuffs them right back into Gaia's cooch  
AGAIN.

So obviously Gaia is pretty sore about this whole thing  
and then to make matters worse  
an oracle tells Cronus that his kid is gonna  
kill him.

and he's like "OH SHIT

WHICH KID?

I'VE GOT LIKE A GAZILLION KIDS

I NEED TO CUT DOWN

MAYBE I SHOULD STUFF THEM INTO

MY—waaaait a second

I'm becoming my father."

So instead Cronus comes up with a more  
sensible alternative

which is to stuff all his kids into his  
STOMACH

but the fact that he is eating his kids

does nothing to stop him from banging his  
wife Rhea

because when you are king of the gods  
banging is what you do.

So she keeps having kids

and he keeps demanding to eat them  
but after a while she catches on to his crafty  
prank

and when she gives birth to Poseidon  
she's like "That's weird, I gave birth to a  
horse instead of a kid. Whoops."

And Cronus has no reason to disbelieve her  
because hey

if Aphrodite can come from dick foam why  
can't Rhea pop out a horse?

So he eats the horse instead of Poseidon  
and then he gets Rhea preggers AGAIN  
and this time she is pregnant with ZEUS  
and when Cronus is like "HEY, WIFE  
SERVE ME UP A DOUBLE-CHILDREN  
CHEESEBURGER

WITH WAFFLE FRIES AND EXTRA  
PLACENTA"

she is super crafty and just takes a big rock  
dresses it up like a baby  
and then feeds it to Cronus

all like “Man, my womb is sure serving up some crazy stuff lately, huh?”

But Cronus catches on to that prank pretty fast

and starts running around putting random parts of the world in his mouth

hoping to find the one that has his son in it

so Rhea is like “Hey, Zeus you know what you should do?

You should go free those freaky mutant titans your dad imprisoned

and use them to murder your dad.”

And Zeus says, “I’ll do you one better:

how ’bout instead of killing him

I make him vomit up all my siblings

and then I just kinda . . .

imprison him somewhere?”

and Rhea is like “Well, it isn’t very brutal

but it is kinda gross. So okay.”

So Zeus and those ugly one-eyed dudes and

the *really* ugly hundred-handed dudes

all siege the crap out of Cronus

and then they stick their fingers down his  
throat

and he barfs up all the gods and goddesses or  
at least a lot of them

(the rest of them get born later)

and then Zeus is the king of the gods

and those titan dudes are still ugly

so Zeus ends up imprisoning them all again.

So the moral of the story

is that if you are not ready to be a father

consider all of your options

before skipping directly to cannibalism.

# **ZEUS STICKS IT TO SEMELE A LITTLE TOO HARD**

So Zeus is just cruisin' around, right  
pickin' mortal women to bone  
and he sees this priestess named Semele in  
one of his temples  
sacrificing this bull  
and then swimming naked in a river (to wash  
off all that blood)

**HOT.**

So Zeus  
who is an eagle right now and also a super  
creepy voyeur  
is like **WHOA BABY**  
**GOTTA GET ME SOME OF THAT**  
and immediately starts having an affair with  
her.

Now Hera finds out about this  
like she always does.

I mean, first of all  
after the number of women Zeus has slept  
with

this chick has got to have like  
spidey senses for infidelity  
not that Zeus makes ANY EFFORT AT ALL  
to cover his tracks

and second of all, why is Hera still his wife?  
I mean is he just so *incredibly unfaithful*  
that it wraps around and he is actually a  
good husband?

Anyway, Hera finds out about this latest  
sexcapade  
and instead of divorcing her husband  
she decides to prank him.

So she goes down to Earth and finds Semele  
and she's like "Hey, I'm Zeus's wife."  
and Semele is like "AAAAH DON'T KILL  
ME"

and Hera is like “Hahaha I’m not going to kill you.

I am fine with my husband’s infidelity for some reason.

In fact I just wanted to let you know that he and I have WAYYYY better sex than you and him.”

And Semele says “I dunno, man we have had some pretty epic boner adventures.”

And Hera says “Oh honey, you don’t even *know*.

Next time you two are doing the horizontal monster mash

ask him to stick it to you like he sticks it to ME.”

So Semele says “Hmm, okay you can’t possibly have any ulterior motives for telling me this.

I’ll do it.”

So next time she and Zeus get busy she is like “Hold on there, bad boy

make love to me like you make love to your  
WIFE.”

and Zeus is like “Aww man, way to kill the  
mood.

Look, if I did that, you would explode.”

and Semele, thinking that he is speaking  
figuratively

is like “Come on, handsome, I can take it.

and anyway, I totally won't believe you're  
Zeus unless you do this.”

and Zeus is like “WHAT? NO, I'M TOTALLY  
ZEUS WHO SAYS I'M NOT?”

and he turns into lightning

and sets her on fire

and she explodes

and Zeus is like “Aww dammit

I knew this was gonna happen.

Now I gotta save the baby I was keeping in-  
side of her

especially since I'm pretty sure my wife is  
gonna try and eat it or something.”

so Zeus grabs the baby

as it flies out of its mother's exploding corpse  
and he thinks real fast and sews it up in his  
thigh

and then after a few months of walking  
VERY awkwardly

and avoiding his wife even more than he  
already does

he goes and hides in a cave

and gives birth to this baby out his thigh

and this baby is none other

than Dionysus

the god of drinking so hard you wake up with

TWO hangovers and then they FIGHT.

And later

when Dionysus grows up

he goes and frees Semele from Hades

and makes her a goddess

with a different name for some reason

(Thyone)

maybe so Hera won't go catfight her ass.

So basically what this story teaches us  
is that when you are having sex

you should never be lightning

but that's not the last tomfoolery Dionysus  
finds himself in the middle of.

Oh no, my friends.

Read on . . .

# KING MIDAS IS: GOLDFINGER

So one day, Dionysus wakes up from a drunken stupor to find his foster father missing.

This surprises no one because, see, Dionysus would not stand for having a foster father who was not some kind of alcoholic satyr and so naturally the two of them just get shitfaced like all the time and Dionysus doesn't even need to worry about being hung over at school 'cause his alcoholic foster father IS ALSO HIS SCHOOLMASTER.

His name is Silenus, by the way. He's awesome.

Anyway, Dionysus wakes up one day and Silenus is not there because he got real hammered and passed out in a rose garden which happened to belong to this king named Midas.

Now, Midas is a pretty good king and I will tell you why: It is because when he finds some drunk satyr passed out in his rose garden he does not get all butthurt about it and call the guards. No, he invites the guy inside and makes him some sandwiches and lets him crash on his couch for TEN DAYS while he nurses his epic hangover at which point he gives him a ride home to Dionysus's place and Dionysus is all "NICE YOU BROUGHT MY DAD BACK. Do you want a beer?"

And Midas is all “No thanks, man, I gotta drive home.”

And Dionysus is like “Well, I want to do *something* to thank you but all I’ve got are these beers and these wishes.”

And Midas is like “I WISH FOR EVERYTHING I TOUCH TO TURN TO GOLD.”

and Dionysus is like “DONE.”

And then he and his dad go off to get trashed again

and probably get lost and end up granting some more ridiculous wishes because that is how they do.

Anyway, Midas gets home and is like “GENTLEMEN

PREPARE ME A MARVELOUS FEAST.”

And he sits down at his ludicrous feast table and he picks up this big ol’ leg of mutton but before he can put it in his mouth IT TURNS INTO GOLD

and he is like “OH NO.

Well, at least I can still get drunk.”

And he picks up his wineglass

which turns to gold, obviously

and he downs his wine

except that when it goes into his mouth it

also turns into gold

and probably chokes him.

Maybe he even throws up in his mouth a

little

but if he does

that shit **TURNS TO GOLD.**

**AWESOME.**

Actually I'm not sure what's keeping all of

Midas's organs and bodily fluids

from turning his body into a California Gold

Rush of suffering

but thank gods for the little things, right?

Anyway, King Midas is pretty hungry and

thirsty

and he can't think of anything to do about

this shit

so he goes into his house and just starts turning everything into gold  
because gods dammit  
if he's gonna starve to death  
at least he is gonna starve to death in a weird  
gold house  
and he gets so caught up in doing this  
that he does not notice his daughter come in-  
to the room  
and his daughter loves him so much  
that she just wants to surprise him with a  
BIIIG HUG  
only she is the one who gets surprised  
'CAUSE HER ASS GETS TURNED TO GOLD  
not just her ass either  
her whole body, and also her clothes.  
Also, she is not the only one who is surprised  
Midas is pretty surprised too  
because he has just accidentally killed his  
daughter  
but also made her like a billion times more  
valuable.

Seriously, who needs kids when you have solid gold statues of your kids?

But Midas doesn't see it that way because he has some kind of weird parent thing.

So he starts crying and his tears probably turn into gold which is incredibly uncomfortable and just makes him cry more but finally he gets ahold of himself and he's like "HEY DIONYSUS COME FIX THIS SHIT FOR ME."

and Dionysus is like "What? Oh shit.

What have you done, man.

What is it with you mortals always starving to death and petrifying your daughters?"

Okay, well, I guess what you can do is go bathe in this river called Pactolus and that will solve your problems."

so Midas does that, and it takes away his superpower

while simultaneously turning all the sand in  
the river gold  
but does nothing to fix the fact  
that Midas's daughter is made of gold  
which was kind of the most important thing  
but whatever.

So you know how when you're eating a food  
you really like  
and then you get the flu  
and you vomit nonstop for like nine whole  
days  
and then suddenly you do not like that food  
anymore?

Okay.

So imagine your favorite food is gold  
and instead of an upset stomach  
your daughter is dead.

Now you understand how Midas feels.

So he turns into a filthy gold-hating hippie  
and abandons his entire kingdom  
and becomes a follower of this god named  
Pan

who is a satyr and is in charge of playing music on some pipes  
and Midas gets taught to play music by Orpheus  
who I will totally tell you about later because he is SO SWEET.

So then one day Pan is talking shit about Apollo the god of guitar riffs and prophecy and saying how he can totally play better music than that guy  
so Apollo shows up and is like “Bring it.”  
and Pan definitely brings it  
and Midas is all clapping his hands and singing along  
but then Apollo just plays a SINGLE POWER CHORD  
and this power chord is so legit that the judge just immediately gives him the win  
But Midas is like “Dude, he didn’t even play a song.  
Try not to choke on that dick, guys.”

and Apollo is all "I'LL TEACH YOU TO LISTEN TO MUSIC CRITICALLY."

and BAM

Midas suddenly has donkey ears.

He gets super-embarrassed and hides his ears under a massive turban all the time but of course his barber knows his secret because even as a filthy hippie Midas is too regal to cut his own hair

and he swears the barber to secrecy

but the secret is TOO GREAT AND

IMPORTANT FOR ONE MAN TO BEAR

so the barber does the only sensible thing which is to dig a hole in the ground and whisper the secret into it.

But then a bunch of reeds grow out of the dirt and start whispering the secret everywhere

like "KING MIDAS HAS DONKEY EARS"

even though it is totally none of their business.

All of which just further proves the old  
adage:

Mo' money

mo' problems.

# **TIRESIAS IS TWICE THE MAN/WOMAN YOU'LL EVER BE**

Let me introduce you to the baddest prophet  
around.

His name is TIRESIAS.

So besides having an awesome name  
Tiresias is this guy who was out hiking one  
day

and he sees these two snakes doing it  
and so he just goes “WHAT?

I DON'T WANNA SEE NO SNAKES DOIN'  
IT UP ON THIS MOUNTAIN.”

and just runs up and beats them to death  
with his trusty walking stick  
LIKE A BADASS.

Now that's all well and good

but apparently Hera was REALLY excited about seeing these snakes do it because then she gets REALLY pissed and says “SO YOU LIKE BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF SNAKES, HUH? WELL HOW ABOUT I MAKE YOU . . . into a woman for some reason.”

So bam, Tiresias becomes a woman for seven years.

He doesn't treat it as a punishment basically at all

and in fact he just shits right into Hera's hands

by becoming the best prostitute the world has ever seen.

S/he invents so many new sex positions that they have to revise gravity to accommodate them.

It is that kind of party.

So after seven years of awesome loveless sex

Tiresias is wandering through the mountains  
again  
and he/she sees two snakes doing it  
and just says "Fuck it" and runs up and beats  
them to death again  
at which point Hera kind of sighs  
and realizes that she is not going to teach  
this motherfucker anything about  
anything  
and turns him back into a man  
because if you are going around beating the  
shit out of reptiles  
what are you, if not the ultimate man?

**CUT TO A FEW WEEKS LATER.**

Zeus and Hera have kind of an argument  
which is not unusual for them.

The argument is about who enjoys sex more:  
dudes or chicks.

Hera says it's gotta be dudes  
presumably because she has never enjoyed  
sex with her awful cheating husband  
and Zeus says it's definitely gotta be chicks

presumably because he has a hyperinflated sense of his own sexual prowess so the two of them yell at each other and throw lightning for a while until finally they're like "Wait a second we totally know a dude who has also been a chick and has had SCADS of sex as both types. Maybe we should try asking him?"

So they go hit up Tiresias like "Yo who has sexier sex, dudes or chicks?" And Tiresias is like "OH MAN I thought you would never ask. Now, I have had some sex in my day I've played naked Twister and Boner Bingo and all the different kinds of Yahtzee but I've gotta say when it comes to chicks and dudes I actually figured it out mathematically and it turns out chicks enjoy sex exactly NINE TIMES MORE THAN DUDES." And Zeus is like "HAH!"

I TOLD YOU, HERA!

JUST BECAUSE I PUT NO EFFORT INTO  
OUR SEX LIFE

DOES NOT MEAN THAT YOUR  
EXPERIENCE IS THE NORM.”

And Hera is like “GODS DAMMIT,  
TIRESIAS

MY HUSBAND DID NOT NEED ANOTHER  
EXCUSE TO NOT TRY IN BED.

LET’S SEE HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY SEX  
WITHOUT YOUR EYESSSS.”

and Tiresias is like “Well, actually the eyes  
are not erogenous zones so . . .

OH SHIT, I’M BLIND NOW.”

And Zeus is like “Hera, why you gotta be like  
that?

Is it because I blackmailed you into marrying  
me and now I only bang whores?

Because if so then there’s no reason to take it  
out on Tiresias.

Yo, T-dawg, I’m sorry about my wife, bro.

Lemme go ahead and give you the gift of prophecy to make up for that.”

And Tiresias is like “Okay that works out pretty well actually.”

And then after that he shows up in a whole bunch of stories

and he is always right about everything he says

and no one ever fucks with him because he is psychic and also probably a sex god.

So the moral of this story is for the fellas.

Fellas

before you complain that pleasing your lady is too difficult

try walking a mile in her boobs.

And as long as we're talking about things Tiresias did . . .

# **NARCISSUS PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE JUST LEARNED TO MASTURBATE**

So this story begins, like all good stories,  
with a hot nymph.

She's blue

literally, her skin is blue.

That's not really important to the story I'm  
just giving you all the facts.

Anyway, one day she's out near some river  
and the local river god Cephisus

who no one has ever heard of

is like "Maybe if I rape this nymph the other  
gods will take me seriously."

So he half drowns poor Liriope by encircling  
her with his winding streams

(wink wink)

and then at that point she really has nothing to do but get seduced so they have a kid.

This kid is named Narcissus.

Narcissus is *gorgeous*.

Like, imagine if someone could *look* exactly like bacon *tastes*

and you have a pretty good picture of Narcissus

(unless you're a vegetarian).

So his mom is like "Oh snap my skin is BLUE and I STILL got raped.

What the hell is going to happen to my kid?

He's not even a year old and already looks like he could suck the red off a fire truck."

So she takes Narcissus to see the baddest motherfucker in the land

who is of course Tiresias

And Liriope is like "Is my son going to get raped?"

and Tiresias looks up from his work

which is beating snakes to death with a stick  
whenever they try to get their freak on  
And he's like "Bitch, please.

Kid's gonna be fine  
just as long as he doesn't COME TO KNOW  
HIMSELF."

And Liriope is like "What the hell does that  
even mean?"

And Tiresias is like "QUIET, WOMAN.  
I THINK I HEAR SOME SNAKES HAVING  
SEX."

Then he runs off, brandishing his stick.

So Liriope is just like whatever  
and Narcissus grows up to be a strapping  
young lad  
so strapping in fact  
that by the time he is sixteen  
every last person in his town wants to bang  
the bajeezus out of him.

But Narcissus is like "Sorry ladies/dudes/  
centaurs

I have unreasonably high standards."

So basically, no one is happy.

Then one day

Narcissus goes walking in the forest  
where bad shit just generally tends to  
happen

and this nymph named Echo sees him  
and of course, being as this nymph has eyes  
she is instantly head over vagina in love with  
him.

There is a problem though  
which is that “Echo” is not just some kind of  
playful nickname

it refers to the fact  
that she cannot say anything except for  
things she has just heard other people say  
because Hera got pissed off about how she  
used to use her silver tongue

to buy Zeus some precious escape time dur-  
ing his adultery runs

and maybe also used her silver tongue on  
Zeus in other ways.

Would that feel good, even?

A silver tongue?

ANYWAY.

So Echo is stalking Narcissus through the  
woods

not able to say anything

but I guess she makes some kind of noise

'cause then Narcissus is all "WHO'S  
THERE?"

and Echo is like "WHO'S THERE?"

and Narcissus is like "NARCISSUS"

and Echo is like "NARCISSUS"

and Narcissus is like "YES"

which Echo mistakes for consent

so she jumps out of the woods like "YESSSS"

and comes running toward him, totally nude

and Narcissus is like "Hey, totally naked hot  
nymph

allow me to introduce you to my unreason-  
ably high standards.

Unreasonably high standards, meet naked  
hot nymph."

So Echo runs back into the woods crying

except she probably can't even cry without hearing someone else do it first  
but anyway she gets pretty butthurt about the whole thing  
and not in the good way that she wanted so she just mopes around the forest until her body actually DISAPPEARS and only her voice remains and then she uses that voice to pray to Aphrodite (or actually Venus because this is the Roman version of the story) and is like "Mess this dude up for me, okay?" I'm not sure how she managed to make up this prayer all on her own but I like to think she probably did it by hanging around the legions of chicks who all wished Narcissus was dead because he wouldn't bone them.

So Venus hears the prayer and is like DONE and Narcissus suddenly gets super thirsty

and the only water in the woods happens to  
be this deep pool  
of crystal-clear springwater  
so he starts drinking out of it  
but then he stops  
because he realizes that what he is drinking  
is the face of the most beautiful man he has  
ever seen.

He falls so in love with this hunk of pubes-  
cent glory  
that he pines after this dude for like, days  
until he realizes

### **PLOT TWIST**

the dude in the pond is actually a reflection  
**OF NARCISSUS HIMSELF**

because apparently  
for the last **SIXTEEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE**  
he has **NEVER SEEN HIS OWN**  
**REFLECTION.**

He has never taken a bath  
or like, had a cup of water

or, you know, stared REALLY HARD at a bald guy.

He has led a pretty sheltered life, apparently.

So anyway he gets REALLY DEPRESSED and like, rips off all his clothes and refuses to eat

which not only makes him more attractive to himself

but also dead

and he goes down to basically the shittiest part of hell

and spends the rest of forever staring at his reflection in the river Styx.

Meanwhile, Echo's voice shows up in the woods and finds Narcissus's body and is like "Dammit.

Wish I'd kept my body.

Can't even fondle his corpse now."

And she kind of feels pretty bad about the whole thing

and makes a flower grow out of his corpse as a kind of a consolation prize for dying.

So from now on  
every time you see a narcissus flower  
just remember  
that if you are beautiful  
you should never drink water  
because it is too dangerous.

# PERSEPHONE IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION . . . No, WAIT . . .

So Persephone is the daughter of this chick  
Demeter  
who is the goddess of like fertility and crops  
and whatnot  
and she is also incredibly hot.  
So hot, in fact  
that Hades is down in the underworld (which  
is also called Hades actually)  
and he looks up one day and he sees her and  
he goes “DAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAA  
AAAAA  
AAAA  
YUM.  
I gotta get me some of *that*.”

So he just pops on up to the world in his black chariot of ultimate wretchedness and he says “Hey, little girl do you want to come to hell?”

and she probably would have said no only he kidnapped her.

Basically Hades is the ultimate ladies’ man. So then they’re kind of hanging out down in hell

and it’s always been pretty depressing in hell but it’s actually a little bit better with Persephone there

because she’s not a little emo bitch like Hades is all the time

even though he has a **WHOLE BADASS KINGDOM ALL TO HIMSELF.**

Seriously, why’s he always gotta be moping? Anyway, Persephone pulls some interior decorating like some spooky feng shui and shit and **WHAM**

hell is a pretty okay place to live all of a sudden.

But all is not well  
because meanwhile, Persephone's mom, De-  
meter, is up in the regular world  
fretting the shit out of herself over her miss-  
ing daughter  
and it does not help at all when she finds out  
that she was kidnapped by the king of hell.  
So Demeter gets real depressed  
and when Demeter gets depressed  
all the plants die  
and everything freezes  
and being alive just kind of starts to suck  
because she is the goddess of like crops and  
seasons and whatnot.  
And see, up to this point no one has even  
heard of winter  
but now they are getting nothing but winter  
nonstop and out of control  
24/7/365  
except actually maybe only for several  
months  
but either way

shit is intolerable.

So Zeus gets fed up  
and he goes and hits Demeter up, and he  
says

“HEY, BITCH, WHAT’S WITH ALL THE  
WINTER?”

and Demeter says “Hmm, I dunno.  
Maybe it’s because your brother is raping my  
daughter in hell?”

And Zeus says “Hmm, good point.”  
So he goes down to the underworld  
and he says “Listen, bro  
I hate to block your cock, but like  
shit is completely intolerable up in the real  
world

and it is downright impossible for me to get  
any quality dick laid down  
at this ball-freezing temperature.  
So give Demeter her daughter back  
and don’t you dare try any funny business  
such as for example feeding her any food at  
all from the underworld

because as you know  
if she eats any of it  
she will be forced to stay in Hades with you  
forever.

'Cause that's one of those dumb rules you  
have when you're a god."

And Hades says "Yeah, bro, for sure. That  
would be a tragedy.

Nobody wants that."

and then as soon as Zeus is out the door  
Hades turns around

all like "Sup, Persephone?"

and Persephone says "Sup?"

and Hades is like "Hey, are you hungry?"

and she says "Well, now that you mention it  
I haven't eaten or drunk a single thing since  
you brought me down here months ago."

(Hades is the consummate host)

So Hades goes "Well, hey

absolutely the only thing we have to eat here  
in the underworld

is POMEGRANATES."

(Which is yet another reason the underworld is awesome and Hades should stop whining.)

So he starts feeding her the pomegranate seeds one at a time

and he manages to stuff six into her mouth when her mom shows up

like “Okay, honey time to go home”

and Persephone says “Okay

I was getting kind of tired of getting raped in hell anyway.”

and Hades says “HAHAHA PRANK'D

I FED HER SOME FOOD SHE HAS TO STAY NOW”

And Demeter is like “ZEUUUUSSSS!”

And Zeus is extremely flustered

because he has probably just been interrupted in the midst of a whole litany of vigorous boning

and he says “OKAY

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GUYS

JUST . . . JUST FUCKING COMPROMISE  
LIKE I KNOW THERE'S A RULE ABOUT  
THE FOOD OR WHATEVER  
AND I DONT EVEN KNOW WHY WE HAVE  
THAT RULE HONESTLY  
BUT LIKE  
I AM LITERALLY FREEZING MY BALLS  
OFF UP HERE  
SO HOW ABOUT HADES GETS HER FOR  
SIX MONTHS  
AND DEMETER GETS HER FOR THE  
OTHER SIX?"

and Demeter says "Fine  
but I'm gonna freeze the shit out of  
everything for the six months my daugh-  
ter is gone."

and Zeus says "Fine  
guess I'm just going to have to double up on  
the amount of banging I do in the  
summer."

and Hades says "Fine

I guess I'll have to double up on the amount  
of banging I do during the winter.”

And it works out in the end  
because both Zeus and Hades know  
that when either one of them is getting laid  
he does not have to ever worry about think-  
ing about the other one having any sex  
and just ruining the mood  
because they both know for a fact  
that they are never getting laid at the same  
time ever.

That's how that works.

So the moral of this story is once again for  
the gentlemen:

Gentlemen  
learn to cook  
one home-cooked meal, and BAM  
she will be trapped inside of your house  
forever  
or for half the year if she has a good lawyer.

# HEPHAESTUS GETS DICKED AROUND A LOT

So one of the most inexplicable things about the Greek pantheon is that Aphrodite is married to Hephaestus. Aphrodite is like the high school cheerleader of the Greek pantheon and Hephaestus is the guy with the gimp leg who is always making historically accurate World War II models. He doesn't actually make World War II models because World War II has not been invented yet but he does have a gimp leg I'm not making that part up.

He got it because when Zeus and Hera first  
had him  
he was SO UGLY  
that they actually THREW HIM OFF OF  
MOUNT OLYMPUS  
and he fell for seven days  
and they only ever let him back up on  
Olympus  
once he showed them that he could make  
them really nice jewelry.

ZEUS AND HERA:  
ULTIMATE PARENTING

Look, the point is that Aphrodite is the god-  
dess of boning everyone all the time  
and Hephaestus is the god of sitting in a  
forge all day  
making armor and swords for all the muscle-  
y dudes  
who go out and murder other muscle-y  
dudes and then bone everyone all the time  
So why the fuck is Hephaestus married to  
Aphrodite?

How did he score such sweet tail?

Well, first of all Hera felt bad about chucking him off a cliff

and her idea of an apology was to GIVE HIM  
APHRODITE.

(Ultimate parenting)

And second of all

Aphrodite is the goddess of boning  
EVERYONE

ALL THE TIME

so it's not like she's gonna actually be faithful  
or anything

and in fact she is sort of making a habit of  
boning Ares the god of war

who is like the quarterback to her slutty  
cheerleader.

She is actually doing this IN  
HEPHAESTUS'S BED when he is out work-  
ing at the forge

probably making armor for Ares even.

But Hephaestus gets wise to their crafty  
scheme

mainly because the Sun is a gossipy bitch  
and he decides to show his cheating whore of  
a wife what's what  
WITH SCIENCE.

So he melts down the armor he was making  
for Ares  
and he uses all the metal to make some  
chains  
and then he uses his mad skills to turn these  
chains into a giant indestructible net  
that is also invisible somehow  
and then he hangs the net over his bed like a  
canopy  
and the next time Aphrodite and Ares hop in  
there for a little bit of wango bango  
Hephaestus leaps into the room all like  
“SURPRISE, BITCH!”  
Except he can't leap because he has a gimp  
leg  
but anyway he drops the net on them  
and it traps them on his bed

BUT THE JOKE'S ON HIM because they had no intention of leaving the bed and they're both like "Welp we're caught.

Might as well continue our boner fiesta in plain view."

BUT THE JOKE'S ON THEM

because Hephaestus invited all the other gods to come hang out in his bedroom today.

So they all start rolling in

and Dionysus is laughing his ass off

because he can totally see nipple

and Poseidon pokes Zeus and says "Would you tap that?"

and Zeus says "Probably I already have."

(I am not making that up.

That shit is in *The Odyssey*.)

But really the joke is still on Hephaestus

because his wife is boning another man right in front of him

and even the best blacksmith cannot repair a broken relationship.

# ORPHEUS ROCKS HARD

Seriously, this dude has all the hookups.

First of all his mom is a Muse  
specifically the Muse of singing.

Second of all, when he is like five years old  
Apollo shows up at his house

all like, “WHAT UP, ORPHEUS

I AM HERE TO BANG ONE OF YOUR  
MOM’S SISTERS

HEY, DO YOU WANT A LYRE?”

For those of you who don’t know  
a lyre is basically a kind of ultraharp.

Pretty much how it works

is if Apollo gives you one then you have a fu-  
ture in the music industry.

So naturally at some point Orpheus just goes  
down to Earth

and starts melting face with his amazing music.

Seriously, this shit is fantastic.

It is so fantastic that when this dude Jason is getting some Argonauts together (Argonauts are dudes who go around on a boat called the *Argo*)

he is like

“I know we are all seriously bad dudes on this ship

with like muscles and stuff

but you know what we need?

We need a dude with a lyre.”

And they get Orpheus.

And then when they sail past the Sirens who sing such sexy music that any dude who hears it *drowns himself* trying to hit that

Orpheus proceeds to solo SO HARD

that nobody can hear the Sirens

and anyway nobody cares

because Orpheus is wayyyy better than those skanks.

So obviously a dude like this is pulling down  
tail left and right  
like he's trying on costumes at the Godzilla  
costume warehouse  
but his favorite chick is this broad named  
Eurydice.

I don't know that much about her  
but probably she was pretty hot  
because, I mean Orpheus was essentially the  
ultimate rock star  
with, like  
additional rock stars taped to each of his  
fingers.

He had his pick of the crop is what I'm  
saying.

But Eurydice is none too bright.

because one day  
when she and Orpheus are out walking  
she steps on a shitload of snakes  
and the snakes kill her, obviously.

This is what happens when you step on  
snakes.

If only Tiresias had been around this might never have happened.

So Orpheus just sits right down and composes THE ULTIMATE EMO SYMPHONY.

It is so incredibly drenched in secret pain that Zeus comes down and is like “Hey, man I cannot get these chicks in the mood with this Linkin Park shit you got goin’ on.

Play some Barry Manilow or something, jeez.”

But Orpheus says “Sorry, man I am just way too bummed.”

and Zeus says “Okay, crybaby why don’t you just go down to Hades and get your lady back, then?”

Orpheus says “I think I will.”

So Orpheus goes to Hades and he just charms the pants off of Hades so hard

with his lyre and his singing that Hades says

“Fine, dude.

Give me back my pants you just charmed off  
and I will give you back your woman  
but only if you pass a ludicrous and arbitrary  
test:

See, your chick’s ghost will follow you all the  
way out of Hades  
but you can’t look at her until you’re both in  
the real world, or I get her for keepsies.  
Make sense?”

and Orpheus says, “Not really, but okay.”

And he starts walking.

And on the way out he sees a bunch of  
demons

So he’s like “Hey, demons.”

And they’re like “Sup, Orpheus?”

And he says, “Oh, just leading my chick out  
of hell.”

And they say, “Your chick? What chick?”  
and then they kind of chuckle a little bit.

So this is making Orpheus nervous like,  
REAL nervous

and he really wants to look  
but he knows he can't look  
so at the VERY MOMENT that he steps out  
of Hades

he turns around to see if she's really there  
and guess what?

SHE IS

but she is STILL IN HELL.

So Orpheus fails the test  
and Eurydice disappears forever  
and he's back to square motherfuckin' one.

This upsets him so much that he vows to  
only screw underaged boys for the rest of his  
life.

So he goes and sits on a hill  
and dyes his hair black and just plays emo  
shit all the time

until one day all of these followers of Bac-  
chus show up

and they're like "Hey, dude, we're having a  
party right here right now.

You still down with Bacchus?"

and Orpheus is like “Fuck no. I only worship the SUN.”

And they are like “Dude, are you sure about that?”

We are a bunch of hot chicks and we are about to have an orgy and only people who are down with Bacchus are invited to the orgy.”

And Orpheus says “Hell no. I only have sex with people’s SONS.”

And the chicks are all like, “Well, okay, if you say so”

and then they tear off his skin

and rape his corpse

and rip his head off

and chuck it into a river

along with his lyre which he is inexplicably still able to play

and he just floats off down the river making awesome music forever.

So the moral of the story is

Unless you can play your instrument with  
your head ripped off  
and your arms and skin missing  
You Are Not a Real Musician.

# FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS BANG COWS

So this dude Minos is having all kinds of problems being king of Crete because his brothers all want to be the king of Crete instead so they are all murdering each other like nonstop until Minos is like “Hey, Poseidon you should make me win.” And Poseidon is all “Okay I am going to send you a bitchin’ white bull. It means you will win but you have to kill it later in my honor.” And Minos says “Sure, okay, just make me king already.” So Poseidon sends this bull

and Minos becomes king  
but then he REALLY likes this bull.  
I don't think you guys understand what hot  
shit bulls were in ancient Greece  
you have to remember Minos didn't have the  
Internet  
so bulls were like THE HEIGHT OF  
TECHNOLOGY  
and this was like the APPLE IPAD OF  
BULLS  
so he decides "How 'bout I don't kill this  
bull?  
What's the worst that could happen?  
I'm already king, right?"  
WRONG.

Well, I mean, he is already king  
but something bad definitely happens  
because Minos has a wife  
and Poseidon goes and hits up Aphrodite like  
"You know what you should do?  
You should make Minos's wife  
fall in love with MY BULL."

and Aphrodite looks up from giving Ares a blow job and she's like "Okay, lemme just finish this."

So all of a sudden Minos's wife is like *mad* attracted to this cow

but the problem is that the cow is not at all into chicks.

Human chicks, I mean.

It's not a gay cow.

Not that that would have been a problem.

Some of my best friends are gay cows.

But anyway Minos's wife has this brilliant idea so she calls up this dude Daedalus

and she is like "I need someone to build me a giant wooden cow suit

so I can fuck cows"

and Daedalus

who is a fantastic genius inventor with no concept of right and wrong

is like "Sure, no problem."

And he makes her the suit

and she puts it on

and she goes out and makes hot animal love  
to that bull  
simultaneously inventing furries  
and getting totally preggers  
and Minos is none the wiser until she gives  
birth to a HIDEOUS COWBABY  
aka THE MINOTAUR.

So Minos does the smart thing and calls up  
the Oracle at Delphi  
because that never leads to bad decisions  
and the Oracle says “Dude, just build a maze  
around it. No harm no foul.”  
So Minos calls up Daedalus  
(the same Daedalus who caused all these  
problems with his excellent cow suit)  
and he hires him to build this awesome maze  
and then instead of paying him with money  
he pays him with years in prison  
locked in a tower over the ocean with his son  
Icarus.  
Minos is a dumbass though

because he has locked a master craftsman  
and his son in a tower  
along with an apparently unlimited supply of  
feathers and wax.

So they make wings with that stuff  
and jump out the window.

But you know who else is a dumbass?

ICARUS

because he does not understand that the sun  
is made of heat

whereas his wings are only made of wax and  
bird hair

so he flies way the hell up toward the sun  
and the sun says “Aw *hell* no”

and Icarus’s wings melt and he drowns  
and his genius dad lives happily ever after no  
longer hampered by his dumbass son  
or else he flees all over the country for years  
trying to avoid Minos

before finally convincing someone to murder  
Minos in a bathtub  
or maybe both

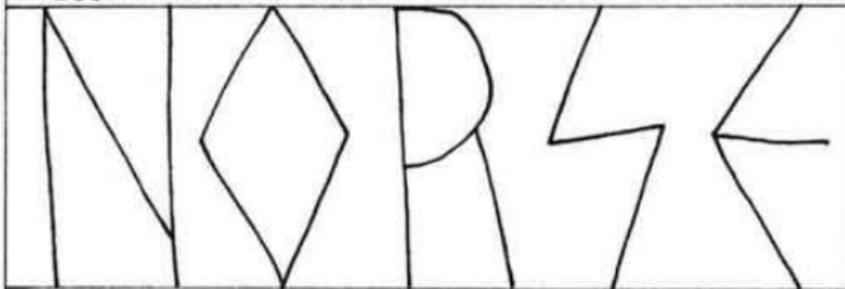
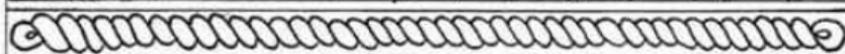
and then it turns out Daedalus even fucked  
up the labyrinth  
because a few weeks later some dick named  
Theseus just rolls in and kills the minotaur  
and then escapes and gets laid a whole bunch  
and then falls off a cliff and dies  
but that's a whole other story and I just told  
you all the good parts anyway.

So the moral of the story  
is don't count your chickens before they  
hatch  
because the chickens might be minotaurs.

TRY TO  
CATCH ME



RIDIN'  
DIRTY



# NORSE

Holy shit, my friends  
this mythos we are coming up on right now  
is the cosmological equivalent of French-  
kissing a battle-ax.

These myths are rude, crude, and probably  
radioactive

they play music too loud and draw disap-  
proving looks from the elderly

they will wake your mother up in the middle  
of the night by driving a Humvee through the  
armoire.

Seriously

any mythology in which the principal charac-  
ters are a suicidal pirate-wizard

and what essentially amounts to a beard with  
a hammer sticking out of it

is the mythology for me

and for you too  
once the Norse get through with you.

# THE NORSE ARE METAL

So you might already know the way the  
Greeks thought the world got made  
and also the Romans because the Romans  
are goddamn copycatters  
and maybe you have listened to some scient-  
ists or some creation scientists  
and you know one or two other ways.

Listen

I want you to forget everything you know  
about creation myths

because this myth

is going to **BLOW YOUR DICK OFF FROM  
PURE WONDERMENT**

and if you do not have a dick it is going to  
**SEW ONE ON**

and then **IMMEDIATELY BLOW IT OFF.**

Wanna know why?

because it's NORSE MYTHOLOGY TIME.  
SHIT YEAH.

So to start out, the world is already pretty  
badass.

It is just two things:

One is a sea of pure all-devouring fire called  
Muspell  
guarded by a dude named Surt who is just  
WAITING

to ride out and murder all the gods and then  
set the world on fire.

By comparison, the other half of the world is  
pretty lame.

It is just a whole bunch of ice called  
Niflheim.

But the best part is that in between Muspell  
and Niflheim

there is a big-ass trench called Ginnungagap  
which is empirically proven to be the number  
one funnest thing to say.

Go ahead and say it. I'll wait.

So Ginnungagap is where shit starts to get  
real

because the cold from Niflheim  
bumps up against the heat from Muspell  
and causes a bunch of vapor to condense  
in Ginnungagap  
to create a frost giant  
in Ginnungagap  
named Ymir

(not Ginnungagap)

Actually, Ymir is more of an ogre than a  
giant

and he is actually more of a wuss than an  
ogre

because what is the first thing this guy does?

He goes to sleep  
right there

in Ginnungagap.

Sleeping and sweating like a motherfucker.

He sweats so hard

that a man and a woman grow out of his  
armpit

and then he sweats EVEN HARDER  
causing his legs to fuck each other  
and have a baby  
so then this cow shows up and starts shoot-  
ing milk everywhere  
and Ymir drinks all of it  
'cause there's pretty much no one else to  
drink it  
other than his legbaby and the armpit  
people.

Then the cow gets bored and starts licking  
ice  
and all of this licking melts away enough ice  
to form the shape of a dude  
or maybe it is just the same dude who ap-  
peared in Ymir's armpit.

(Ymir has mastered the fine art of being a  
neglectful father.)

Anyway, this guy's name is Bor.

He marries Bestla, the daughter of some  
giant.

Maybe the daughter of Ymir, who knows?

Bor is quite a catch because he is the only man in existence.

So Bor and Bestla have three kids

Odin, Vili, and Vé.

Really the only one anyone gives a shit about is Odin.

He is the ruler of all things, essentially and he gets his brothers to help him kill Ymir who is probably still asleep and has definitely not done anything to deserve being murdered

but Odin seems to think that he has become TOO EVIL

which probably just means that he was snoring REALLY LOUD.

Whatever the reason, they kill Ymir.

Nice patricide, Odin.

What are you going to do next

further desecrate your grandfather's body by tearing him apart

and using his limbs as decoration for a universe you and your brothers are making?

Yes.

This is exactly what Odin and his brothers do.

I mean you gotta give them credit they use pretty much every part of this dude. Like, not only do they make his blood into lakes and oceans and his bones into mountains and skin into earth and his teeth into tiny rocks but they use his skull to make the sky which is such a dumb idea that they have to get some cheap slave labor to make it work.

So they go over to Ymir's corpse which is crawling with maggots at this point and they are like "Hey, maggots wanna be a sentient humanoid species?" And the maggots are like "DO WE?" So they turn into dwarves and Odin is like "Great, awesome

how about you repay us by holding up this skull we found.

We wanted to make it into the sky but skulls are not really meant for that.

We'll even name the guys who do it North, South, East, and West.

It will be awesome."

And the dwarves are like "Okay, fine."

But listen, guys

just because they have already used Ymir's skull and skin and bones and teeth and blood does not mean they are finished defiling his corpse

because the next thing they do is they chuck his brains into the air and they become CLOUDS.

Did you think clouds were beautiful fluffy collections of water vapor?

WRONG, ASSHOLE.

BRAAAAINS.

Then they make the stars out of all the sparks coming out of Muspell

and give all the land along the coast to the giants

I guess to say sorry for murdering Ymir and building a world out of his corpse.

But the giants are still pissed and Odin is like “I need a fort to protect myself from all these giants.

What will I build it out of?

Oh, I know

EYEBROWS.”

The fort he builds becomes a safe haven for all the humans, called Midgard.

Also, they drag Ymir’s corpse over Ginnungagap

And Odin makes a place called Asgard using surprisingly few of Ymir’s body parts and he lives there with his wife, Frigga and is startlingly faithful to her and fathers all the other gods, who are called the Aesir.

So the moral of THIS story

is that we need to invent space travel with a quickness because all of Ymir's body parts are about to get REAL ripe, REAL fast.

# THOR GETS HAMMERED

When Odin finally gets done making the world and settles down to get busy with his wife, Frigga the first radical dude to get born is named Thor.

Thor is pretty much the baddest motherfucker you will ever lay eyes on.

In fact, if you ever laid eyes on him he would probably walk up to you and **DESTROY YOUR EYES WITH HIS HAMMER.**

Thor's hammer is called Mjolnir and it was made like so:

So Loki (the god of being a needless prick all the time)

sneaks up on Thor's wife, Sif, one day and shaves off all of her hair like he's one of the guys on *Jackass* or something and Thor really loves hair, I guess so he gets SUPER ANGRY and he chases down Loki and is like "Hey how about I cut off all your FACE?!" and Loki is like "But I need my face for making infuriating smirks with!" And Thor is like "Well, how about . . . I just break every bone in your body?" and Loki is like "No, I need those too. How 'bout instead I have the dwarves make your wife some *new* hair? it will be made of GOLD and it will grow like NORMAL HAIR." and Thor is like "AWESOME."

So Loki goes to these dwarves like "Guys, I sorta promised Thor that you would make his wife the ultimate toupee."

And the dwarves are like "Sure, no problem.

Do you want us to make it out of gold  
or DOUBLE GOLD?

We REALLY FUCKING LIKE GOLD because  
we are DWARVES.”

Hey, by the way I'm sorry if I'm being racist  
against dwarves

but that is just how dwarves are, okay?

Some of my best friends are dwarves.

Anyway, Loki is like “Regular gold is fine”

and the dwarves are like “Okay, okay

well, how about we also make you a boat  
called *Skidbladnir*

which can fit all your friends and all your  
treasure

and always has wind in the sails

and can be folded up and put in your pocket  
when not in use

and how about we also make Odin a spear  
scratch that, an UNSTOPPABLE spear.”

and Loki's like “Damn.

All WE ever did for YOU GUYS was make  
you hold up the sky for forever.”

So Loki brings all this sweet loot back to the gods  
and then he gets this great idea  
which is to bet the dwarves that they can't  
make three more **EVEN BETTER**  
treasures

**FOR FREE.**

But he doesn't have much cash on him, so instead he just bets them his **HEAD**.

And these dwarves named Brokk and Eiti take the deal

because it's not like they have to bet anything themselves

and they go to the forge

and Brokk pulls out this big-ass boar skin and he is like "Okay, Eiti.

It is completely crucial that you crank the bellows *constantly*."

so Eiti starts doin' it

and pretty soon a big-ass fly lands on his hand and stings the shit out of it

but Eiti does not care. He is going crazy with that bellows.

and Brokk makes what he was trying to make.

He brings it to Loki and is like “Okay so we all love boars, right?

But you know what would make a boar even better?

GOLD.

GOLD MAKES EVERYTHING BETTER.

I AM A DWARF AND I COVERED THIS FUCKING BOAR IN GOLD.”

Okay, look, guys, I am just telling the story.

It is not fair to apply our modern conception of racism to a bygone past, okay?

I forget what the term for that is, but don't do it.

Anyway the filthy dwarves still need to make two more things

so Brokk decides to cut out the middleman and just put some gold directly on his forge

and he's like "Hey, Eiti remember what you did with the boar?"

Just do exactly that, because it is totally crucial."

so Eiti starts working the bellows and lo and behold

the same fucking fly shows up and bites him on his NECK

but Eiti just toughs it out and keeps on pumpin'

and Brokk finishes the thing he was making and brings it out to Loki

like "Check this gold ring I made.

I call it Draupnir.

But see the thing is, this is just one gold ring.

Do you think that is enough gold? I don't think that is enough gold

so what I made it do, is every ninth night it shits out EIGHT IDENTICAL RINGS.

There will be SO MANY RINGS.

I can melt them down for their gold and use them to make more rings

that drop out MORE RINGS.

I HAVE CREATED INFINITE GOLD.

This is the dream of every dwarf, because we love gold so much.

Did you know we invented rings so we could have sex with gold?”

Okay, okay, hold on, guys.

If you have any dwarf friends

maybe you should just have them not read this myth

if they have read this far it is already too late we're pretty much done with the gold part and you have lost a friend.

Anyway, then Brokk puts a big-ass chunk of iron on the forge

And Eiti starts pumping that bellows and then this SAME FUCKING FLY comes back and bites his eyelids. His EYELIDS.

But Eiti still just keeps on pumping until blood from the gaping wounds this fly has inflicted trickles down into his eye

and he takes one hand off the bellows to wipe away all the blood and the bellows stops and everything is RUINED.

It was supposed to be a hammer called Mjolnir

but now it is a hammer called Mjolnir WITH A KINDA SHORT HANDLE

and Brokk is like “Dang maybe I won’t get Loki’s head after all.”

But he still bundles up all the shit and takes it to Asgard because quitting is for pussies.

And in Asgard all the gods are like “HOLY DAMN

YOU MADE A RING THAT SHITS OUT MORE RINGS.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A DWARF TO APPRECIATE INFINIGOLD.

Oh, and the boar is pretty nice too.

It could use more gold, maybe.”

And then Thor is like “Guys, this hammer is so sweet. It hits anything I throw it at

and then it always comes back to my hand.  
I mean the handle is a little bit short but that  
doesn't keep it from NEVER MISSING.  
Guys, do you REALIZE how many frost gi-  
ants we can kill with this?

This is the best Norse Christmas EVER.”  
and Brokk is like “Looks like I won the bet,  
Loki

I am going to dip your head in gold and then  
probably fuck it.

That's what I do, because I'm a dwarf.”  
Look, I lied when I said the gold part was  
over.

If you had your dwarf friend just keep read-  
ing because you thought the damage was  
done

then I am really sorry, man  
but you need taller friends.

So Loki starts running as fast as he can  
but Thor just got that hammer that can hit  
anything 100 percent of the time

so he just kind of knocks Loki out and brings  
him back  
and Loki is like “WAIT  
I promised you my head but I never prom-  
ised you the neck it rests on!  
So you can’t cut it off. HAH.”  
So Brokk just sews Loki’s mouth shut instead  
which is probably the best thing for  
everybody.

So what we have learned today  
is that dwarves give the best birthday gifts  
so you should try and make up with your  
dwarf friends  
no matter how short they are, or how bad  
they smell  
or how much they keep eyeing your gold  
earrings  
and licking their lips.

But that’s not the last wacky plan the gods  
come up with to avoid paying for shit . . .

# ODIN GETS CONSTRUCTION DISCOUNTS WITH BESTIALITY

So as our story begins everything is going pretty good

the giants are leaving everyone alone for a minute

and everything is pretty okay

so obviously Odin has to go and fuck it all up by making a shitty deal with a giant.

He is like “Hey, giant

bet you can’t build a wall around my entire city in nine months.”

And the giant is like “What do I get if I win?”

And Odin is like “Well, I’m kinda cash poor at the moment.

How about Freyja?”

(Freyja is the goddess of love and other icky stuff

gifted to the Aesir by a group of identical gods they tried to kill one time.

What Odin is doing is called regifting and it is in poor taste.)

But Freya is way hot, so the giant is like “Sweet, okay.”

And Odin is like “Oh, and if you can’t finish the wall in time, then I get it for free.”

And the giant is like “Sure dude, whatever.”

Now Odin is pretty confident that there is no way the giant can build a wall in time.

I mean, Asgard is pretty much HUGE.

They had to build a six-mile-long feast hall just to accommodate Thor’s LEFT NUT.

So he just sits back and prepares to have a partially finished wall

**TOTALLY FOR FREE.**

You don’t become a god by being bad with money that is a fact.

But this plan is about to backfire SO HARD. The giant and his unreasonably strong horse are putting up this wall like it's going out of style.

There are still several months to go and the wall is almost totally finished. So Odin is like "Oh shit, I might have to pay this giant for all the work that he's doing. UNACCEPTABLE."

So he calls up Loki like "LOKI SOLVE MY PROBLEMS WITH GIANTS."

And Loki is like "What? Why?"

And Odin is like "REMEMBER HOW WE HAVE AN OATH OF KINSHIP THAT MEANS YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY?"

And Loki is like "Oh yeah.

Why did we do that again?"

And Odin is like "NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS. STALL THAT GIANT."

So Loki is like "Sheeeeyiiiiit.

I'm a pussy. I can't stop a giant.

But WAIT!

I can stop his horse!  
WITH MY PUSSY!”

so he turns into a superhot sexualicious  
girlhorse

with her lady parts all distended and  
pungent

and the manhorse gets a whiff of that shit  
and is like “I AM CALLING A TIME-OUT  
ON ALL THIS WORKING.

A SEX TIME-OUT.”

(Feel free to use these in your everyday life.  
I know you were all searching desperately for  
some way to justify dropping everything  
and just having a bunch of sex.

NOW YOU HAVE THAT JUSTIFICATION.)

So then the giant is like “How am I supposed  
to finish this wall without my  
powerhorse?

I feel like I may have been cheated by Odin  
just now.

I’m going to go yell at him.”

So he goes to Odin's room like "ODIN WHAT DID YOU DO WITH MY HORSE?"

and Odin is like "I dunno what you're talking about. It was all Loki's idea."

and the giant is like "FUCK THIS I'M TAKING FREYJA."

and Freyja is like "Who's taking what now?" because apparently Odin completely forgot to tell her about this deal.

So she's like "THORRRR."

and Thor runs into the room like "What?"

Oh, you need me to kill a giant?

Yeah, all right."

So he kills the giant

thus once again saving Odin from the consequences of his shitty actions.

So a couple months later

Loki finally comes back to Asgard

leading the megahorse he seduced and also another smaller horse

but what this horse lacks in size

it makes up for in TOO MANY LEGS.

Yes sir, this is THE OCTOHORSE.

(aka Sleipnir)

So Odin is like “Oh shit, give me those.”

and Loki is like “NUP. I’m totally giving the ultrahorse to Freyja.”

and Odin is like “Can I at least have the octohorse?”

and Loki is like “Only if I don’t have to do what you say anymore.”

and Odin is like “FINE.”

and Loki is like “HAHA, I PRANKED YOU THAT HORSE CAME OUT OF MY HORSE VAGINA.”

And Odin is like “Ew, ick.

I still want the horse though.”

So the moral of the story is that only a sucker pays full price for masonry.

Oh, speaking of which let me tell you about another really gross thing Loki had sex with . . .

# FENRIR IS A DILF

So one day, Loki's wandering around Jotunheim and he sees this chick Angrboða pronounced ANGER BOW THE and he is like "Well, I know she's pretty ugly and her name is kinda like a reference book entry for THE ANGER BOW but you know what? I'm gonna tap that and have three kids with that and all three of those kids are going to be horrible beasts that bring on the apocalypse. I see no problems with this."

So for now, let's just focus on the first kid: a giant wolf named Fenrir.

Now Loki brings baby Fenrir to Asgard and the Aesir all instantly know that this wolf is gonna be the death of them mainly because it is a GIANT WOLF NAMED FENRIR.

But instead of doing anything about it they decide to see if they can just raise it as their own presumably because they don't want to hurt Loki's feelings.

So this god Tyr the god of single combat and being awesome gets put in charge of feeding Fenrir because he's the only person with sufficient testicular mass to actually go near the wolf and Fenrir gets bigger and bigger and holy shit bigger until the gods start to be like "Uhh . . . we should really do something about this wolf."

So what they do is they make a big metal chain.

This chain is so incredibly massive that they don't feel right until they give it a name

that name is Leyding.

So they go up to Fenrir like "Hey, man I bet you totally can't break out of this chain."

And Fenrir is like "Okay, bring it."

So they tie him up

and he pretty much just breaks the chains like cobwebs

and he gets famous because of that

and the gods are like "Fuck, that backfired.

Okay, let's make a better chain."

so they make a chain that is **TWO TIMES AS STRONG**

and they name it Dromi

and they go back to Fenrir like "Bet you can't break **THIS** chain."

And Fenrir is like “I don’t know if I want to let you tie me up again.”

And the gods are like “Don’t you want to be double famous?”

and Fenrir is like “Ugh, okay.”

So he lets them tie him up again and he flexes a little, but the chain doesn’t break

so then he kicks the chain, and it does break and the gods are all like “Okay we definitely need a better chain.

Somebody call some dwarves.”

So the dwarves are like “Okay the mistake you guys have been making is you have been trying to make a chain out of actual things that exist such as metal

instead of abstract concepts such as the sound of a cat’s footfall.”

So what the dwarves do is they take the sound of a cat’s footfall along with the roots of a mountain

the sinews of a bear  
the beard of a woman—  
remember, these are dwarves—  
and the breath of a fish, and the spit of a bird  
so that's why you can't hear cats walking  
around  
and mountains don't have roots  
and fish don't breathe, and birds don't spit  
but I think bears still probably have sinews  
and I have definitely met me some bearded  
ladies  
so I guess the dwarves were not that  
thorough.

But anyway  
somehow they manage to distill all this shit  
into THE ULTIMATE CHAIN.  
Except it's not a chain, it's a ribbon called  
Gleipnir.  
It is thin and pink and soft  
and the gods go and bring it to Fenrir  
and are like "Bet you can't get out of this  
ribbon."

And Fenrir is like “Come ON, guys.  
There is no fame to be gained from breaking  
a little girl’s pretty, pretty princess bow.  
Plus, this is OBVIOUSLY a trap.”  
And the gods are like “A trap? Whaaaat?  
Why would we trap you?  
What do you think we are desperately afraid  
of you or something?  
We just thought  
that if the great wolf Fenrir was too much of  
a pussnexus  
to let himself get tied up by a pretty pink  
ribbon  
we might just go and tell everybody about  
that  
and then they would laugh at you.”  
So Fenrir is like “OKAY FINE.  
But I seriously don’t trust you guys  
so how about I let you tie me up  
if one of you puts your hand in my mouth as  
collateral.”  
And all the gods are like “Um . . . well . . .”

Until Tyr is like “I’ll do it.” Because Tyr is a  
FUCKING BADASS  
moved almost to the point of vomiting  
but what tremendous wusses all his friends  
are.

So then they tie Fenrir up  
and Fenrir flexes  
and then he tries kicking  
and then he tries flailing around like a fuck-  
ing lunatic  
but that ribbon does not break  
and he is like “DAMMIT.”  
And bites off Tyr’s hand  
and everyone laughs at Fenrir  
except for Tyr  
because he just got his hand bit off.  
And Fenrir is all trying to scream and bite  
everyone  
so they jam a sword in his mouth to keep it  
open forever  
and Fenrir drools so much that it makes an  
entire fucking river

called "hope" in Norse for some reason like this is some kind of fucked up morbid motivational poster.

HOPE:

YOU WILL EVENTUALLY ESCAPE YOUR  
HELLISH PRISON  
AND RAIN DEATH AND FIRE UPON  
MIDGARD.

Because actually that is what the Norse prophecy says.

It says that eventually, at the end of the world

Fenrir will get loose and eat Odin.

So I guess the moral of the story is that if your friend keeps bringing home his mutant babies

it is not your responsibility to raise those babies.

Remember this.

## SEX 4 GOLD

Before we go any further  
I feel like I need to tell you a little bit about  
the kind of person Freyja is.

But it is difficult to find a myth about Freyja  
in which her main role isn't just as  
something people give each other.

This is because the Norse appear to treat wo-  
men as currency.

But don't worry, guys

I found one  
(kinda)

So Freyja wakes up one morning  
and she is like "I JUST HAD A WET DREAM  
ABOUT SOME GOLD  
AND NOW I WANT SOME.  
But where shall I get some?"

Oh wait

I live in a world that has dwarves.

WHAT A STUPID QUESTION.”

So she walks over to Dwarfstowne

and while she is walking, Loki sees her and

he is like “Oh man

that chick looks like she is about to get some

TREASURE

I want to RUIN THAT ACCOMPLISHMENT

FOR HER

because I am Loki and that is what I DO.”

So Loki follows Freyja all the way to the

house of these four dwarves

and sitting on their pedestal

is just the most astonishing display of gol-

duggery EVER.

(Goldduggery is exactly like skulduggery

except instead of doing crimes you do gold)

It is a necklace of such INDESCRIBABLE

VALUE

that all the Norse scribes purposefully lost most of the text of this myth and no one actually knows what it looks like or even if it is a necklace really we're kind of just guessing here more or less based on the fact that a necklace is the only form of gold big enough to fit four dwarf dicks simultaneously.

So these four skeezy dwarfs pop out, and Freyja's like "Ew, gross I mean hey, guys, how's it going? Think I could have this necklace or whatever it is?

I'll pay you GOLD for it."

And the dwarves are like "We don't need any more gold."

WHOA, RECORD SCRATCH.

Did you just hear what I heard?

DWARVES

do not need more

GOLD?!

These are clearly not four dwarves  
but rather eight babies in four dwarf suits.  
But that just makes this next part weirder  
because then Freyja is like “Well, gold is  
pretty much all I have.

Credit cards haven't been invented yet, nor  
has investment banking.”

and the dwarves are like “WELL YOU HAVE  
A VAGINA, RIGHT?

HOWABOUT WE ALL USE THAT FOR  
LIKE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS APIECE.”

and Freyja is like “Hmm

...

Okay!”

So each of the dwarves does the teenie-  
weenie with Freyja for a solid day/night  
cycle

and they are very civil about it and no one  
minds getting sloppy seconds

and at the end of the four days the dwarves  
are like “Welp

we're about as sexually satisfied as we are ever going to be in our sad, sad lives.

Here, have this necklace.”

And Freyja is like “SWEET!

This was ALMOST worth debasing myself in this manner!”

And meanwhile, Loki

who, remember, followed Freyja here

is like “DAMN, I WISH I HAD FILMED THAT.

I BET THERE'S A WHOLE INTERNET FETISH ABOUT THIS KIND OF SHIT.

I guess I'll just have to settle for ruining her accomplishment like I planned.”

So Freyja goes home to enjoy her necklace and take a loooong shower

and Loki hauls ass over to Odin's place

and he's like “Odin, Odin, guess what?

I know I'm the god of lying all the time

but you gotta trust me when I say

Freyja just fucked four dwarves for a necklace.”

And Odin is like “Yeah, that sounds like Freyja.

I mean WHAT??

I WANTED TO FUCK FREYJA.

WE ALL WANTED TO FUCK FREYJA.

THAT’S LIKE THE WHOLE REASON WE KEEP HER AROUND

AND ALL WE HAD TO DO ALL THESE YEARS WAS OFFER HER JEWELRY?

UNACCEPTABLE.

GO STEAL HER NECKLACE.”

and Loki is like “Did somebody say STEALING?”

and Odin is like “Yes, Loki, that was me who said that.”

but Loki doesn’t hear him because he is already at Freyja’s place  
STEALING.

So he gets to Freyja’s place and the door is locked

so he turns into a fly and goes in through a crack in the roof.

But then Freyja is sleeping on her back  
with the clasp of her necklace completely  
inaccessible  
so Loki turns into a flea and mauls her  
cheeks until she flips over  
and then Loki turns into Loki and just steals  
her necklace.

So Freyja wakes up  
notices her necklace is gone  
notices her door is open  
and is like "DAMMIT LOKI.

But wait

Loki would be too much of a pussy to do this  
on his own.

DAMMIT ODIN.

But how would Odin know about my  
necklace?

DAMMIT LOKI.

But Loki is probably nine countries away at  
this point.

I'M GONNA GO YELL AT ODIN."

So she shows up at Odin's place, all angry  
and shit

and Odin is like "WELL, WELL, WELL  
IF IT ISN'T SLUT CITY.

HEY, I HAVE SOME BRASS PLATES AND A  
SHINY ROCK.

WANNA GIVE ME A RIMJOB OR  
SOMETHING? THEY'RE ALL YOURS."

And Freyja is like "VERY FUNNY  
ASSHOLE."

and Odin is like "I BET YOU WON'T THINK  
MY ASSHOLE IS VERY FUNNY  
WHEN YOU ARE GIVING ME A RIMJOB.

But seriously, it's because of shit like this  
that we keep trying to sell you to giants.

So I'm going to punish you."

and Freyja is like "Aw Frigg.

What's it gonna be?"

And Odin is like "Well, I'll let you have the  
necklace back

but only if you make all the races of men in  
Midgard fight wars forever.

Oh wait, that's not really a puni—"  
AND FREYJA IS LIKE "YES, DONE, THANK  
YOU."

Then there is war forever  
but at least Freyja looks pretty.

So the moral of the story  
is that apparently women ARE currency  
but the exchange rate of women to gold isn't  
actually that great.

# THOR GETS JACKED

So Thor's sleeping one night  
prolly dreaming about lightning and murder  
and he wakes up like "Man, that was a good  
dream.

'Bout to go make it a reality with the help of  
my trusty OH SHIT  
WHERE IS MY HAMMER??  
LOOOOOKIIII"

and Loki shows up like "I didn't do it.  
I mean . . . Hey, Thor, what's good?"

And Thor's like "SOMEONE STOLE MY  
HAMMER."

And Loki is like "Wow. I actually seriously  
am not responsible for once.  
Here, dude, let me help you find it."

So they go see Freyja

and Freyja is like “Hey, Thor, what’s good?”  
And Thor is like “SOMEONE STOLE MY  
HAMMER.

WAAAAHHHH.”

and Freya is like “Shut the fuck up, man.  
We can solve this mystery.

Loki, did you steal the hammer?”

And Loki is like “Nope.”

And Freyja is like “Well, I’m out of ideas.”

and Loki is like “I know, right?

But how about this:

how about you lend me your cloak of feath-  
ers that lets you fly

so I can fly over to the land of the giants

and ask them where they hid Thor’s hammer

because as you know

if it wasn’t me, it was definitely the giants.”

And Freyja is like “Sure, man  
take my super valuable cloak.”

So Loki takes it

and COMPLETELY FAILS TO STEAL IT all  
the way to Jotunheim.

and he glides right up to some really rich giant named Thrym who is just sitting up on a mountain with some hounds on gold leashes and he is like “Yo, Loki, my man, what’s good?” and Loki is like “You didn’t happen to steal Mjolnir, did you?” and Thrym is like “HAHA, YOU GOT ME I STOLE IT AND THEN I BURIED IT AND I’LL NEVER GIVE IT BACK UNLESS I GET TO MARRY FREYJA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAAA.”

So Loki flies back to Freyja and Thor who are both like “HOLY SHIT, LOKI Did you forget to steal that cloak or something? It’s like you’re suddenly respecting people’s possessions. It’s creepy.” And Loki is like “I KNOW, RIGHT? Look, I can get Mjolnir back super easy. Here, Freyja, just put on this wedding dress

and Freyja is just like “HELLLLLLLLLL  
NO.

What do you think I am some kind of slut  
who trades sex for treasure?

Make Thor do it.”

And Thor is like “NOOOOOOOOO WAY,  
JOSÉ.

What do I look like some kind of cross-dress-  
ing motherfucker?

Bitch you could not find a vagina on me if  
you CUT ONE INTO MY FLESH.

SHIT WOULD GROW BACK.

I AM A VIRILE DYNAMO WITH THE  
HEALING POWERS OF WOLVERINE.”

and Freyja is like “Yes, Thor, we all  
understand.

But if you don't get that hammer back who is  
going to kill all the giants?

Those giants are going to remain woefully  
unkilled.”

And Thor is like “Fine, I'll put on the dress.”

So they pull out ALL the fucking stops

this is like *Pimp My Ride* for drag queens  
right here.

They give him a veil and a dress  
and Freyja's pretty necklace and some house  
keys

'cause apparently there is some Norse wed-  
ding tradition

where they lock you out of a house and you  
have to get inside or else you're divorced  
and Thor just feels SOOOO PRETTY

but he won't let anyone know  
'cause he's Thor, all right?

And then Loki gets jealous of how pretty  
Thor is

and is like "I wanna dress up too."

And Freyja is like "All right.

You can be her—I mean HIS wingman or  
whatever."

Hey, is there a female version of wingman?  
Wingwoman sounds awkward.

I'm coining a new phrase:  
Titcaptain.

Tell your friends.

So Loki and Thor show up at Thrym's place  
and Thrym makes the colossal mistake of in-  
viting Thor to have dinner with him  
so Thor eats an entire ox, and then eight  
salmon  
and all the little cakes and shit they can bring  
him  
and chugs a ton of mead  
until Thrym is like "Whoa, baby.  
Might wanna slow down there."  
And Loki is like "No, man, it's totally cool.  
She hasn't eaten in EIGHT DAYS  
'cause she was SO EXCITED ABOUT YOUR  
DICK."  
So Thrym is like "Oh okay."  
But then he's like "Man I really wanna kiss  
my bride right now"  
so he lifts up her delicate veil and WHAT  
THE FUCK IS THIS?

Here come Thor's furious eyeballs, flaming  
with pure black hatred  
and that is NOT what Thrym was looking for  
and he is like "MY, WHAT BIG EYES YOU  
HAVE"

and Loki is like "No, man, it's fine.

She just hasn't slept for the last eight days  
'cause she was so excited about your dick,  
like I said.

Honestly I don't know how she's even alive  
except for the whole immortality thing, I  
guess."

So then this random chick busts into the  
room

one of Thrym's daughters or something  
and is like "FREYJA, GIVE ME A WEDDING  
GIFT

EVEN THOUGH I AM NOT GETTING  
MARRIED.

GIVE ME RINGS OF RED GOLD."

and Thor is like "Fuck your red gold.

What do I look like, some kind of red dwarf?

Hey, Thrym, I want a wedding gift actually. I want Mjolnir.”

and Thrym is like “ANYTHING YOU SAY, HONEY.”

and goes and digs up Mjolnir and gives it to Thor

and Thor is like “OH, IT IS PARTY TIME NOW, MOTHERFUCKERS.”

So he kills Thrym

and then all of Thrym’s dudes

and then that chick who asked him for gold, just for good measure

and then he’s like “WHO’S THE MAN?

WHO’S THE MAN?

ME RIGHT?

’CAUSE THIS WHOLE THING KINDA MADE ME QUESTION MY SEXUALITY.”

So the moral of the story is if at first you don’t succeed try cross-dressing.





# ALL'S WELL THAT MIMIR'S WELL

Odin is constantly doing weird shit for secrets.

Like every morning, he sends out his two ravens—Hugin and Munin—to go fly around

and then in the evening they come back and tell him what's up.

But DISASTER STRIKES

because one day

instead of telling him all the shit they saw all the birds will say is “OHH SHIT. GOT SOME FOREBODING SHADOWS UP IN THIS BITCH.”

And Odin is like “FOREBODING SHADOWS?”

THOSE ARE THE WORST KIND OF SHADOWS!”

At which point his wife, Frigga, busts in like “HUSBAND, STOP YELLING”

and Odin is like “HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO STOP YELLING

WHEN THERE ARE FOREBODING SHADOWS GOING ON ALL OVER THE PLACE??”

And Frigga is like “Okay, tell you what how about we go hit up these chicks called the Norns

who live at the bottom of Yggdrasil— THE TREE OF LIFE—

and look into their eyes for a bit and see the future?”

And Odin is like “Okay, I GUESS.”

So Odin gets all his buddies together them being Tyr, the one-armed badass murder convention

Baldur the prettiest and best loved of all the gods  
and Thor, who has a hammer.  
They all walk over to this fabulous rainbow bridge  
that connects Asgard to the base of Yggdrassil  
and Odin goes up to Heimdall who is the keeper of the gate of Asgard  
and also has a sweet gold grill  
and Heimdall opens up the gate  
and Odin walks through, and Tyr walks through,  
and Baldur walks through  
and Thor tries to walk through and Heimdall is like “NOPE, NO THORS ALLOWED.”  
and Thor who is the god of getting real pissed real fast  
is all “DON’T MAKE ME COME OVER TO YOUR HOUSE AND BEAT YOUR WIFE.  
OH WAIT, YOU DON’T HAVE A WIFE  
SO I GUESS I AM GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT

UNTIL SOME POOR SKANK FINDS YOUR  
WEAK-ASS GOLD GRILL ALLURING  
AND THEN WHEN YOU ARE CUTTING  
THE CAKE AT YOUR WEDDING  
I WILL BUST OUT OF THE CAKE  
AND CLOCK YOUR NEW WIFE IN THE  
JAW WITH MY HAMMER  
BECAUSE IF THERE IS ONE THING THAT  
DEFINES ME AS A PERSON  
IT IS MY MASSIVE FUCKING HAMMER.”

And Heimdall is like “Actually your hammer  
is kind of the problem  
the weight of your hammer combined with  
the weight of your fat, fat ass  
would break the rainbow bridge.

So I’m sorry, dude but you’re going to have  
to stay home.

UNLESS you want to wade across these two  
smothering miserable cloud rivers  
and meet your bros on the other side.”  
and Thor is like “SOUNDS AWESOME.”

So nine hours later, Thor finally catches up to everyone at the base of Yggdrasil and then Odin goes over to stare at the Norns for a bit.

There are three Norns:

Urda, the old one

Verdandi, the hot one

and Skulda, the emo one

and in their eyes Odin can see the future

and I dunno exactly what it is

but it's apparently pretty depressing

and then Frigga shows up

with Sif (Thor's wife)

and Nanna (Baldur's wife. Lucky bitch)

and she looks at the Norns for a bit

and then looks real sad at Baldur, who is her son

presumably because she saw him die in the future or some shit.

Who knows?

(Spoiler alert: He totally dies.)

So Odin turns around like “Hey, guys I need to go to Midgard for a bit.

I need to drink from the well of Mimir because it is fortified with wisdom and shit and all these foreboding shadows are going wayyy over my head.”

And then Thor has to figure out how to get back home.

So Odin trades in his spear, and all his armor and his eight-legged horse, and his name for a blue cloak and a staff and a big floppy hat

and the name VEGTAM THE WANDERER and he starts walking through Jotunheim looking for giants.

Pretty soon he sees him a giant

So he walks up to this giant like “Hey, bro, what’s your name?”

and the giant is like “I AM VAFTHRUDNIR WISEST GIANT EVER.”

Odin has heard about this dude and he knows that he is not bullshitting

so he is like “Oh damn, I am in luck.  
Wanna hook me up with some wisdom?”  
and Vafthrudnir is like “OKAY, BUT FIRST  
ANSWER SOME RANDOM TRIVIA  
AND IF YOU ANSWER WRONG I GET TO  
CUT OFF YOUR HEAD.”

This may seem strange  
but actually this is just how they play trivial  
pursuit in Sweden.

So Vafthrudnir tosses out a bunch of  
questions  
but his quiz is actually super weak sauce  
because like 100 percent of the answers can  
be readily found on Wikipedia  
so Odin proceeds to hand him his ass  
and Vafthrudnir is like “Aww dang.  
Now you gotta ask ME a question.”  
and Odin is like “How about this one:  
WHAT ARE THE LAST WORDS THAT  
ODIN WILL SAY TO HIS SON  
BALDUR?”

And Vafthrudnir is like “COME ON, THAT IS ENTIRELY UNFAIR ONLY ODIN WOULD KNOW THE ANSWER TO—Waaait a second.

You’re Odin, aren’t you?

You motherfucker.

Okay, what kind of wisdom did you want to get hooked up with?”

And Odin is like “I just wanna know how much it costs to drink from Mimir’s well.”

and Vafthrudnir is like “Oh damn, is that all? You probably could have just asked Mimir.

He generally just charges people THEIR RIGHT EYE.”

And Odin is like “Really?”

And Vafthrudnir is like “Yup.”

And Odin is like “Does he ever charge . . . anything else?”

And Vafthrudnir is like “Nope.”

So Odin is like “Fuuuuck, man I need my right eye for like, depth perception

and keeping bacteria out of my bleeding eye socket.

Maybe I shouldn't go through with this."

But then he remembers that he's not a huge wuss

so he goes to Mimir's well and he's like "Hey, Mimir hook it up."

And Mimir looks at him and is like "You know how much it costs, right?

'Cause a lot of people show up here like 'GIMME SOME WISDOM'

and I'm always like 'Sure. One eyeball, please.'

And they are like 'NOOOO WAYYYYY.'

I mean, I know you're not gonna pussy out because I drink from this wisdom well all the time and I'm wise as shit

but I still gotta ask for legal reasons: You down to give me your right eye?"

and Odin is like "OH HELLS YES."

So Mimir gives him the water of knowledge  
right away  
which strikes me as an incredibly unwise  
move  
because Odin could have just drunk all the  
water  
and then left without giving away any of his  
eyeballs  
and in fact if that water had really given him  
ultimate wisdom  
that's probably exactly what he would have  
done.

But no, he drinks the water  
and he sees what he has to do to mitigate the  
horrible foreboding shadow  
not that it can be stopped or anything be-  
cause Norse mythology is pretty gloomy  
and then he puts down the drinking horn  
and he plucks out his eye  
and he puts his still-warm bleeding eyeball  
in Mimir's well  
proving once and for all

that the Norse may not have been a very  
smart people  
or a very happy people  
but no matter what  
**THEY WERE ALWAYS METAL.**

# THE END OF THE NORSE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

Bad news, guys. In this myth all the Norse gods die.

Yeah, this is the big one:

RAGNAROK

THE END OF THE GODDAMN WORLD.

So basically the first thing that's gonna tip everyone off that the world is ending is this thing called Fimbulvetr

which just means THE WINTER OF WINTERS

and that is exactly what it is.

It is a winter

MADE OF MULTIPLE WINTERS

like, there is going to be a winter

and then once that winter is finished there will be ANOTHER WINTER.

And then after that maybe it will be spring?

Think again, son.

MORE WINTER.

The whole point of this endless winter is just to put everyone in a really bad mood to prepare them for the next stage of the apocalypse

which is CEASELESS WARS.

Which is funny because that is also the Norse idea of heaven.

Like, that is seriously what everyone is doing in Valhalla all the time.

But then finally after that goes on for a while this wolf Skoll

who is one of the sons of Fenrir

is gonna eat the sun.

Then Fenrir's other kid, Hati, will eat the moon, because he's a fucking copydog.

Then the cock Fjalar will crow to the giants

all like "TIME FOR WAR,  
MOTHERFUCKERS"

and the golden cock Gullinkambi will yell the  
same thing at the gods

and then a third cock will raise the dead.

Hehe, cock.

THEN

there's gonna be A WHOLE BUNCH OF  
EARTHQUAKES

and this is going to have the effect  
of finally releasing that evil wolf bastard  
Fenrir

and his bottom jaw is gonna touch the earth

and his top jaw is gonna touch the sky

and his eyes are going to be on FIRE

and there's gonna be a whole bunch of tsuna-  
mis and shit too

because the Midgard serpent, who holds up  
the world

(and is also another one of Loki's horrible  
children)

is going to start having seizures all over the  
ocean

on its way to fuck up the land.

And not only that

but he's going to breathe poison all over  
everything constantly

completely destroying all the air  
and all the land.

And all the waves caused by the serpent  
are gonna set free this ship called Naglfar  
full of giants who are ready to romp and  
stomp everyone

and another ship is gonna set sail from hell  
with all the dead people on it  
and Loki is gonna be driving it

because the gods sure as shit want nothing to  
do with him at this point

and guess who else is coming to the party?

**FIRE GIANTS.**

What are fire giants you ask?

Oh, I don't know, maybe giants **MADE OF  
FIRE**

the sole purpose of whom is to show up at  
this EXACT MOMENT  
led by this guy SURT  
and fucking set fire to EVERYTHING.

So this is when Heimdall is going to blow his  
horn  
signaling that SHIT is finally about to get  
REAL  
and Odin and all the other gods  
and all the elves, dwarves, demons and ba-  
sically just anything ever  
are going to ride onto this one battlefield  
called Vigrid  
which means BATTLESHAKER  
and they are going to tear each other to  
pieces in the following order:  
Odin is going to fight Fenrir  
and Fenrir is going to eat Odin  
and then Odin's son Vidar is gonna be like  
"NOOOO."  
and run up and rip Fenrir's jaw in half

which is pretty appropriate because Vidar is the god of revenge  
not that he has anything to really be vengeful about because Odin is EVERYONE'S dad.  
Meanwhile, Thor is gonna fight the Midgard serpent  
and he is gonna kill it  
but then its poison is gonna kill HIM.  
And Surt is just gonna pick the weakest-looking god  
Freyr  
who is the god of the sun and elves and shit  
and just kill him straight up  
because Freyr is a tremendous pussy  
who actually FORGOT TO BRING A SWORD TO THE APOCALYPSE.  
Then Tyr is gonna look around like "Shit I need to kill someone to prove I'm a badass.  
How about this terrible wolf, GARM?!"  
and he kills it, despite the fact he only has one hand  
but then Garm also kills him. Boo.

Also, Heimdall kills Loki, FINALLY  
but Loki also kills Heimdall, so that will  
suck.

And on top of ALL OF THAT  
Surt is gonna just start chucking fire in every  
direction

burning everything  
so it won't even really matter if you survive  
the epic battle

because everyone is catching fire anyway  
except for these two people

Lif and Lifthrasir

a dude and a chick who will just be sleeping  
in the indestructible forest.

Wait, there's an INDESTRUCTIBLE  
FOREST??

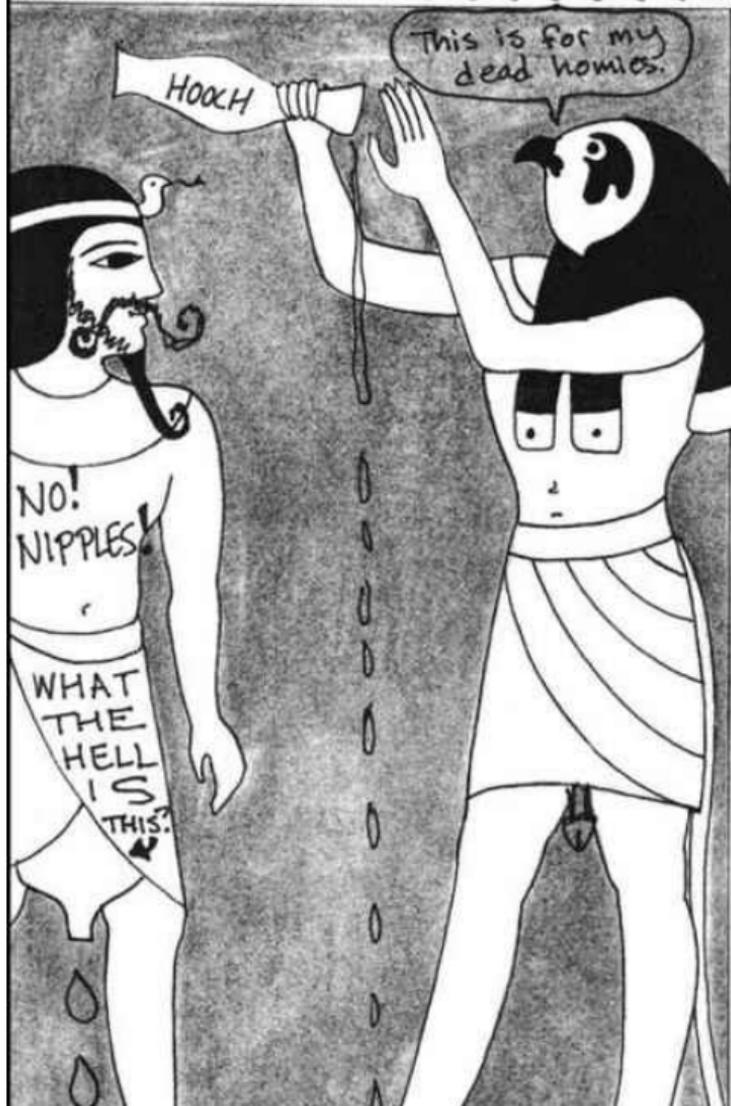
Why doesn't everyone just evacuate there?

That would seriously minimize some  
casualties.

Anyway, when it's all over  
and the earth dives underwater to try and  
put out all the fire

and then comes back up again all fresh and  
new  
Lif and Lifthrasir are gonna repopulate the  
world  
and everything is going to be great forever.

So the moral of the story  
is that when the going gets tough  
the tough get going  
but the SMART get inside the invincible  
forest.



NO!  
NIPPLES!

WHAT  
THE  
HELL  
IS  
THIS?

This is for my  
dead homies.

HooxH

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# EGYPTIAN

You might not guess from their tame 2-D  
cave paintings  
but the ancient Egyptians liked to tell some  
seriously messed-up myths  
they've got all the essentials:  
booze, blood, and jerkin' it  
(if you thought that the essentials were food,  
water, and shelter  
then you, my friend have been reading the  
wrong myths)  
and if any mortals actually managed to sur-  
vive the constant barrage of nonsense from  
above  
Egyptian lore says you had to get your soul  
weighed against a FUCKING FEATHER  
by a pitiless demon with a dog for a head  
and if your soul is heavier than the feather

YOU GO TO HELL.

So I hope you can hear me in hell, every dude  
who ever lived in ancient Egypt  
because I am about to seriously bastardize  
your canon up in here.

# RA HAS SEX WITH HIMSELF

So there is this dude named Ra.

This dude does not exist

At least not at the beginning of the story.

All there is is this totally boring infinite water called Nu

but then Ra

who—remember—doesn't exist

is like “This sucks.

How about I CREATE MYSELF USING  
PURE WILLPOWER!??”

So now Ra is standing around  
except actually he is not standing.

He hasn't invented standing yet and anyway  
there is no place to stand

so Ra is like “Okay, time for some terrain  
features.

Let's start with the ones that look the most like tits."

So he makes a hill  
and he stands on it  
and later someone builds a temple BUT  
LET'S NOT GET AHEAD OF  
OURSELVES.

So Ra gets pretty bored  
seeing as all there is in the ENTIRE  
GODDAMN UNIVERSE is a hill and  
some water.

So he hangs out on the hill for a bit  
waiting for other awesome dudes to will  
themselves into being  
but they don't  
so he's like "MAN, YOU GUYS ARE SOOOO  
LAZY

FINE, I'LL MAKE MY OWN FRIENDS."

But there is a problem  
because, although Ra can make hills  
and also HIMSELF  
he apparently can't make people.

Sexual reproduction is ruining everything, as usual.

But Ra does not even give a shit  
he just goes right ahead and FUCKS HIS  
OWN SHADOW UNTIL HE GETS  
PREGNANT.

THEN HE GIVES BIRTH TO KIDS OUT OF  
HIS MOUTH  
IN THE TWO LEAST CLASSY WAYS  
POSSIBLE. Yes, guys.

If Egypt is to be believed  
you are all either descended from spit or  
puke  
(depending on whether you are a boy or a  
girl).

See, Ra has two kids.  
The phlegm kid is this dude called Shu  
the god of air and stuff  
meanwhile the vomit kid is a chick named  
Tefnut  
goddess of moisture  
not water mind you, but moisture

which makes sense with the whole vomit thing, I guess.

Anyway, Shu and Tefnut get together and by their powers combined manage to be exponentially more bored than even their omnipotent father could have imagined.

So they are sitting around and they are like “Hey

wanna hit each other with bricks?

Oh wait, bricks don't exist. Just like absolutely everything else other than hills.

Fuck it, let's make up some codes of laws and then get lost.”

So they make up some laws and then they get lost in the middle of an endless ocean fiasco which is kind of like SeaWorld

if SeaWorld was everything everywhere and there was no Shamu

and there was no amusement park or hot dogs or whatever.

It is actually just the water part of SeaWorld.

And there are only three people there  
and two of them are lost  
and they are made of spit and vomit.  
Actually, that last part sounds a lot like  
SeaWorld.

So Ra is like “GUYSSSSS  
I fucked my own SHADOW so I wouldn’t be  
lonely.

Come baaaack.”

And then he takes out his one eye  
(by the way, he only has one eye)  
and he is like “Hey, eye  
go find my kids.”

So it does, and it brings them back to Ra  
and he starts crying  
either because he is so happy to have his kids  
back or because now he has to raise kids  
but the myth is not clear on whether he puts  
his eye back in before he does this  
or whether it is just this weird floating sad-  
ness orb  
but that is not important at all.

What is important is that those tears hit the  
hill Ra made  
and they turn into people  
and then Shu and Tefnut start boning  
like siblings do.

They pop out this kid Geb, the earth  
and Nut, the sky  
(those are extremely large babies, no lie).  
Then later, Geb and Nut give birth to all the  
trendy gods  
like Isis and Osiris and whatever  
and things proceed pretty much as would be  
expected  
with a lot of murder and sex and stuff.

So basically what it all comes down to  
is that we are made of tears  
from the disembodied eyeball  
of a guy who fucks his own shadow and sur-  
rounds himself with spit and puke.  
I'm gonna go cry now.  
I hope it doesn't turn it into babies.

# RA AND SEKHMET, OR: HOW BEER SAVED THE UNIVERSE

So Ra creates the world.

Sure, great

but just because you create the world  
doesn't mean you get to just be king of it  
forever.

I mean you get to be king of it for a *while*  
(like for example what Ra does  
is as soon as he's done creating everything  
he turns into a dude and becomes king of  
Egypt)

but the problem with dudes is that they get  
old

and the problem with old dudes is that they  
are constantly getting guff

from ALL DIRECTIONS  
and the problem with being a god  
is that you are constitutionally incapable of  
taking ANY GUFF WHATSOEVER  
so naturally  
when everybody starts laughing at Ra's old  
hair and senility  
he gets *real* pissed  
and when you are a god  
and you are real pissed  
there is only one solution, my friends:  
GENOCIDE.

So basically what Ra does  
is he turns around and gives Egypt the  
world's DEADLIEST STINKEYE  
this eye is so stinky  
it produces an entire brand new goddess  
the goddess is named Sekhmet  
and she is basically like a lioness  
with *chainsaws for legs*  
SEKHMET:  
THE ORIGINAL THUNDERCAT.

Sekhmet's job is simple:

KILL.

EVERYONE.

So that is what she does.

She just tears all around everywhere mauling the ever-loving crap out of people until the ground is like permanent red which is disconcertingly tacky.

Eventually Ra wakes up from his old-man sleep

and he's like "WHOA

WHERE DID ALL THE PEOPLE GO?

Damn, I feel kinda bad now."

Gods are always doing things like this if you haven't noticed.

But the problem is that by now Sekhmet is an unstoppable murder engine.



But the good news  
is that there is ONE THING  
with the power to stop an unstoppable  
murder engine  
and that thing  
is BOOZE.

So what Ra does  
is he gathers up all this really good beer  
and all this really good red food coloring  
and he mixes it all together  
and he dumps it all over the fields that Sekh-  
met has scheduled for murdering the next  
day  
so that when she shows up  
she just sees a big lake of what she can only  
assume is blood  
blood that smells like booze  
so, like  
the blood of really drunk people?  
and she's like "ALL RIGHT  
LOOKS LIKE MURDERING IS DONE  
EARLY TODAY

TIME FOR MY SECOND FAVORITE  
PASTIME:  
DEVOURING THE BLOOD OF THE  
INNOCENT.”

So Sekhmet just dives right in and starts slurping the boozeblood which is such good shit that everybody calls it “THE SLEEPMAKER” and because of that she ends up passing out pretty quick and she wakes up all hung over and Ra is like “HaHAAAA from now on you will be known as Hathor and the only thing you will kill people with is KINDNESS.” And basically whatever Ra says just immediately happens so that’s who Sekhmet becomes from then on.

So obviously the moral of the story is that the best way to deal with a rampaging psychopath

is to get them really, really drunk.

# ISIS HAS BAD TASTE IN JEWELRY

So time passes, and now Osiris is the king of  
the gods  
he thinks he's hot shit, with his godly ap-  
pendages up whole vast swathes of  
blouse.

But meanwhile there's this dick Set.  
That is his name  
Set.

I'm not talking about some kind of dick set  
such as you might purchase for an adult tea  
party.

I am talking about the Egyptian god of the  
desert  
and also storms, darkness, and chaos.  
Basically if you are not having a good time

Set is right there, flipping you off with both  
hands  
while jacking off  
with his third hand?  
Or maybe with a hand he stole  
FROM A BABY.  
What I mean is, Set's a dick.

The reason I mention Set  
is that he gets all butthurt over not being  
king of the gods  
so he has this great plan  
which is he makes this coffin out of wood  
which is like tailor-made for Osiris basically  
and then he calls up all the gods like "HEY,  
GUYS YOU SHOULD COME OVER  
I'M HAVING A WEIRD COFFIN PARTY."  
And all the gods are like "Oh shit, weird  
coffin party.  
We'll be right over."  
So they all get there and Set is like "All right I  
made this coffin.  
Whoever fits perfectly inside it gets candy."

And of course, all the gods think this sounds  
like an awesome idea  
so they all take turns trying to get into the  
coffin  
and they all fail  
but then it's Osiris's turn  
and Osiris is like "I dunno, guys this seems  
like a transparent ruse."  
but then he gets in the coffin anyway  
and it slams shut and locks  
and Set lines it with lead and throws it in the  
Nile river  
and everyone is like "Whoa, major coffin-  
party foul."  
and Set is like "So I get to be king now,  
right?"  
**AND HE DOES.**

So naturally Osiris's wife Isis decides to go  
find him  
so she can at least bury him properly now  
that he has drowned

and she finds out that the coffin has floated  
all the way to Byblos  
(which is actually just Lebanon in disguise)  
and gotten absorbed by an oak tree  
which got cut down  
and used to build a support pillar  
in a palace  
for the king of Byblos.  
Shiiiiit.

So Isis shows up in Byblos like “Hey queen  
my husband is embedded in your palace  
may I please extract him?”  
And the queen is like “Sure, go ahead.  
It’s not like he’s a major structural support  
or anything, right?”  
and Isis is like “Haha, sucker.”  
And she goes and removes the pillar  
WITHOUT DAMAGING THE PALACE AT  
ALL  
thus inventing Jenga.

Except instead of delicately placing the coffin  
on top of the palace  
Isis takes out Osiris's body and drags it back  
to Egypt  
and buries it in the desert  
so he can finally rest in peace  
apparently forgetting that Set is the GOD OF  
THE DESERT.

So Set very quickly sniffs out Osiris's grave  
and is like "Hmm I haven't fucked with this  
guy enough.

How about I tear him into fourteen pieces  
and then EAT HIS DICK."

So that is what he does  
and he chucks the other thirteen pieces all  
the fuck everywhere  
and then Isis is like "What is that noise?  
It better not be my husband getting ripped  
up and thrown everywhere."

BUT IT IS TOO LATE  
IT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED

and Isis finds out and she is like “Seriously? I just buried this guy.

Now I gotta go find all these body parts and bury them AGAIN

even though Set will prolly just find them again and rip them into SMALLER pieces.”

Anyway, she manages to find all the pieces (which have turned into full moons by the way)

except for his dick

because like I said

SET ATE IT

so Isis is like “Maaaaan

Osiris’s dick was like the most important part of his personality”

so what she does

is she makes a GOLD COCK

and she hangs it around her neck

and BAM

Osiris is alive again

with a golden dong

thus laying the groundwork for Mike Myers's cinematic triumph, *Goldmember* and also getting Isis pregnant with Horus because I guess that dick necklace was more potent than she bargained for.

So ladies

I guess the moral of the story is don't wear a cock around your neck because unplanned pregnancy is the WORST accessory.

# THOTH IS JUST GIVING OUT SCORPIONS

So Osiris is back in action and his dick is more blinged out than ever

BUT ALL IS NOT WELL

because as soon as Osiris gets resurrected  
ISIS GIVES BIRTH TO THIS DUDE NAMED  
HORUS.

Actually, that is not the bad part  
because Horus is a pretty cool dude,  
honestly.

No, see, the bad part  
is that seeing as Set was totally willing to  
EAT OSIRIS'S DICK

just to prevent him from getting a proper  
burial

all signs point toward he is going to murder  
the CRAP out of this baby  
especially since Horus is totally fated to  
murder Set if he ever gets old enough.

So Isis is pretty careful about keeping her  
baby away from murder  
but then one day, Set is like “HEY, ISIS  
COME INTO THIS SPINNING MILL.”  
and Isis is like “SPINNING MILL,  
HOORAY.”

And then Set is like “Oh, did I say spinning  
mill?

I meant WRETCHED IMPRISONMENT  
FOREVER

I AM SORRY FOR THE CONFUSION  
JUST KIDDING, TOTALLY NOT SORRY.”

So Isis is understandably upset about this  
and so is this super-wise dude named Thoth  
so he comes down and is like “Hey, Isis how  
would you like to escape this prison?”  
And Isis is like “I would like that a lot.”  
so Thoth is like “Boom. You got it.

Here, have some scorpions.”

And Isis is like “WHAT, WHY WOULD YOU GIVE ME SCORPIONS?”

And Thoth is like “Chill out. These scorpions will guide you to safety.

I’m the god of wisdom, okay? I’ve got this handled.”

so Isis takes Horus, and they follow these seven scorpions for like a WEEK.

No one has any ideas where they are going probably because the guides in this scenario are SCORPIONS.

SCORPIONS ARE NOT THE ULTIMATE GUIDES, MY FRIENDS.

THEY ARE FANTASTIC AT STINGING THE CRAP OUT YOU

BUT I FEEL LIKE THEY ARE NOT KNOWN FOR THEIR SENSE OF DIRECTION.

But after a lot of bullshit, Isis and the scorpions and Horus finally arrive in some town

and Isis goes and knocks on the door of some  
rich chick's house  
and the rich chick is like "Oh, why hello there  
HOLY SHIT SCORPIONS.  
NO NO NO NO NO."

But so no sooner has the rich chick slammed  
her door  
than this poor chick is like "Hey there.  
I see you have some scorpions.  
I'm so poor that I have even pawned my fear  
of death.  
Come crash at my hovel."

But then PLOT TWIST  
the scorpions all throw a fit about not being  
invited into the other house  
so they go inside and sting the crap out of the  
rich chick's baby  
and she hears the baby crying and she is like  
"What's that noise?  
I hope it's not the sound of my baby getting  
stung by SCORPIONS.  
OH SHIT SCORPIONS."

And Isis hears all this commotion  
and she is like “SCORPIONS YOU ARE THE  
SHITTIEST GUIDES.

NOW I HAVE TO SOLVE ALL THE  
PROBLEMS.”

So she runs up to where the baby is busy  
dying  
and she is like “Hey, poison, get out of that  
baby.”

And the poison is like “Maaaan . . . fine.”  
and then Isis leaves, like “ANOTHER DAY  
SAVED  
THANKS TO ME AND NO THANKS TO  
THESE SCORPIONS.”

And then she ends up in the marsh she was  
supposed to check out  
and she hides Horus in the mud, like “Okay,  
son

I am going to bury you in marsh filth now  
among poisonous animals some of which I  
KNOW to be irritable scorpions

so just try not to move around too much. I'm gonna go get burgers."

So Isis comes back later

and she is like "Hey, Horus would you like some burgers?"

Hmm . . . you don't seem to be moving at all or breathing or anything.

Oh noooo.

Set, did you turn into a snake and poison my baby?"

And Set is like "Yup."

And Isis proceeds to scream the most heavy metal scream possible

it is so metal that it **STOPS THE SUN** or more accurately, **THE SUNBOAT.**

And Ra is chilling in the boat with all of his hookers and stuff

and it stops all of a sudden

with one of those record scratch noises you hear in bad teen movies

and everyone is like "Whaaaat?"

Thoth, go find out what Isis is angry about."

so Thoth goes down there like “Woman, I hooked you up with scorpions and everything. What now?”

and Isis is like “Look, I know you are itching to get your bone on in the backseat of the sunboat

but could you do me a solid and just revive my son real quick?”

and Thoth is like “Oh yeah, no problem. Done.

By the way, how were those scorpions? Pretty sweet, right?”

and Isis is like “They were a pack of angry scorpions that you gave to a single mother with a child.”

Anyway Horus is alive now

but he and Isis still have to hide out in the marshes

while his balls gather sufficient mass to allow him to murder Set.

So basically the moral of the story is that scorpions are only good for one thing and that one thing is rad tattoos.

# HORUS JERKS OFF IN SET'S SALAD

So Horus grows up  
and Isis is like “Hey, son, remember that as-  
shole Set? The one who you are destined to  
ruin?”

and Horus is like “I mean you never stop  
talking about him

and also he turned into a snake and poisoned  
me to death when I was a baby.

That tends to make people pretty memorable  
when they do stuff like that.”

and Isis is like “Well, why haven't you killed  
him yet?”

and Horus is like “JEEZ, MOM, FINE GET  
OFF MY BACK.

HEY, SET, I'M 'BOUT TO KILL YOU GET READY.”

So Set shows up like “OH NO, YOU DIDN'T.” And Horus is like “HOLD STILL FOR A SECOND. LET ME STAB YOUR FACE.”

And Isis is like “OH SHIT, STOP. I JUST REMEMBERED THAT SET IS MY BROTHER.”

and Horus tries to break her legs but then she stabs him

and Set gets away

and Horus is like “Wow, Mom. Seriously?”

But Isis heals him later so it's fine.

Wait, what am I talking about shit is so un-fine you could coat sandpaper with it and then use it to shave off a goat's face.

Because now Set is thinking as HARD AS HE CAN about how to screw over Horus and finally he's like “I KNOW I will use my SEMEN to solve this problem.

HEY, HORUS, WANNA HAVE SEX?

And Horus is like “Well, normally I would  
say no

but today I am an idiot, so okay.”

and they have a bunch of sweaty sex

but then right at the crucial moment

Horus uses his lightning reflexes to parry  
Set’s manbatter

because apparently it’s not gay if the jizz  
stays outside your butt.

So then he’s got a handful of manana cream  
pie

and he’s like “Eww, what am I going to do  
with this?

I KNOW, I’LL THROW IT IN A RIVER.”

and thus invents hand washing and pollution

SIMULTANEOUSLY

so now HORUS is thinking about how to  
fuck over SET

and he’s like “Hmm . . .

Apparently the name of the game

is ‘get your semen inside of the other guy’s body.’

I don’t make the rules

I just make the jizz.

Let’s make this happen.”

So he sneaks into Set’s house and jerks off in his salad

and then Set eats the salad and Horus is like “HAHA YOU JUST ATE MY SPOOGE.”

Is it just me, or is spooge the single least attractive synonym for dickglue?

Anyway, Set is like “BULLSHIT.

LET’S GO BEFORE THE REST OF THE GODS

AND NEEDLESSLY AIR OUR DIRTY LAUNDRY

IN HOPES OF DETERMINING SUPERIORITY.”

So they call together the other gods

and Set is like “Guys

I totally jizzed in Horus’s butt.

That means I’m better than him, right?

and Horus is like “You didn’t jizz in my butt.  
What are you talking about?  
Go ahead and call for your sperm.  
See where they’re at.”

Yeah, apparently these dudes keep in touch  
with all their sperm.

Talk about being a devoted father.

Anyway, Set is like “FINE.

OHHH SPERRMMMM. WHERE AAARE  
YOUUUU?”

And the sperm is like “HERE WE ARE IN  
THE RIVER.”

and Set is like “Dammit, Horus

Did you block my cock?”

and Horus is like “That is in fact exactly what  
I did.

Now hold on lemme find out where my  
sperm is at real quick.”

And the sperm is like “HERE WE ARE IN  
SET’S STOMACH.”

And Set is like “NOOOO.”

And everyone else is like “Wow.

This is astonishingly stupid  
how about we settle this pissing contest with  
a *reasonable* competition  
like a boat race  
except the boats are made of stone.  
THAT'S PERFECT THAT'S NOT STUPID AT  
ALL.”

So Set and Horus get their boats ready  
but Horus has a secret  
which is that his boat is actually MADE OF  
WOOD

it's just painted to look like stone  
which raises a couple of questions:

First of all  
why didn't anyone check to see if Horus's  
boat was actually made of stone?

And second of all  
since they didn't

WHY DID SET NOT DO THIS?  
DOES HE NOT REALIZE THAT STONE IS  
THE WORST THING TO MAKE BOATS  
OUT OF?

I mean, maybe he thinks they are trying to  
race to the bottom of the lake  
in which case I understand  
either that or he's **SCRUPULOUSLY  
HONEST**  
but we're talking about the god of storms,  
chaos, and evil  
who has been known to do things like eat the  
balls of his enemies  
and then try to kill their babies  
and then when their babies grow up  
try to have buttsex with the very same babies  
so I feel like honesty is not top of his priority  
list.

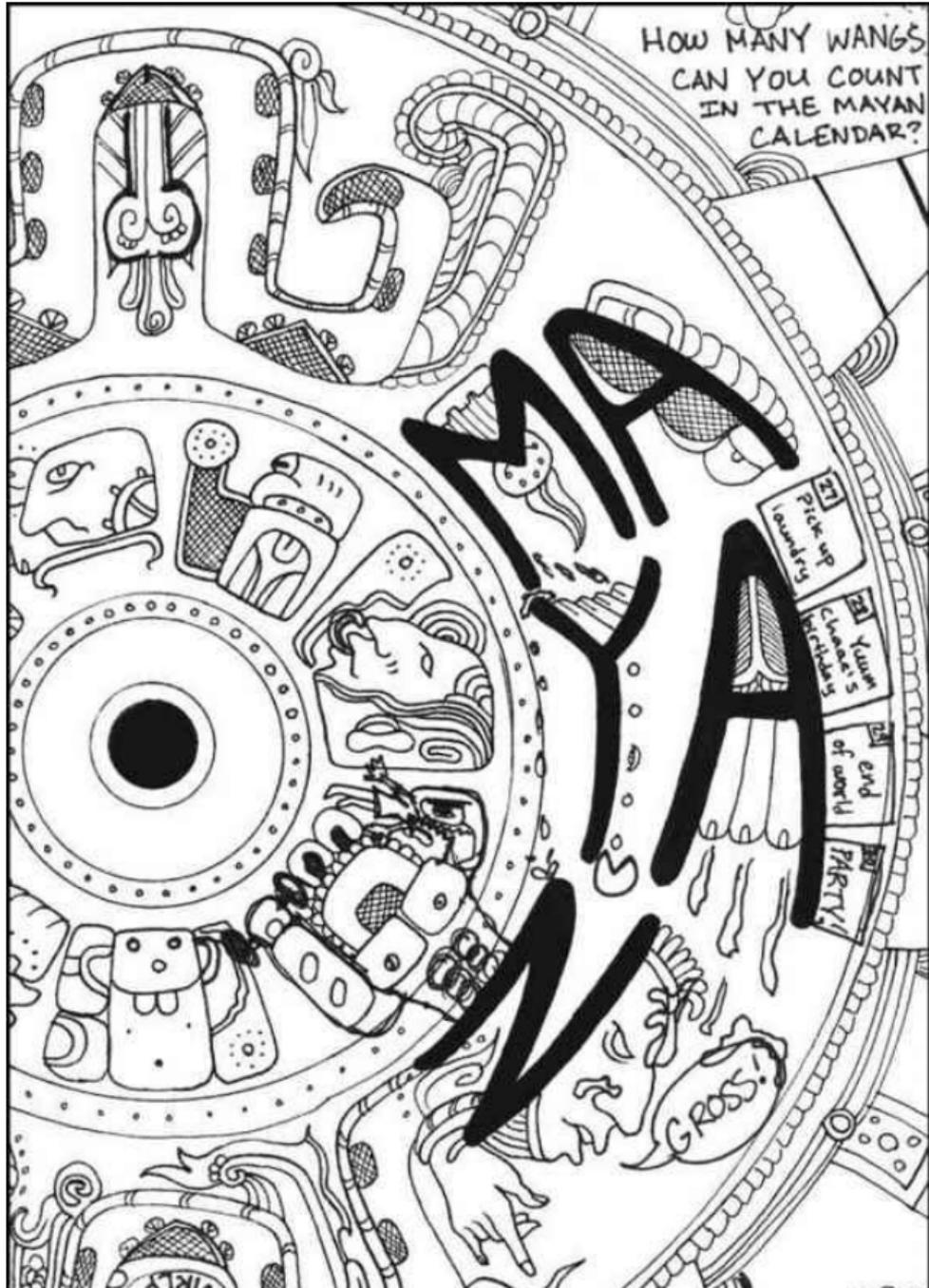
But anyway they have the race and Set's boat  
sinks  
and Horus wins  
and as a result he gets to be king of Egypt  
and Set has to be his bitch forever.

So the moral of the story  
is next time you are jockeying for a sweet  
promotion

consider jizzing in your coworkers' food  
but make sure to also brush up on your boat-  
racing just in case.

HOW MANY WANGS  
CAN YOU COUNT  
IN THE MAYAN  
CALENDAR?

**MAYAN**



# MAYAN

I've never been freaked out by a calendar  
even a little  
just getting a rise out of me with a calendar is  
a feat on its own  
but the Mayans are the MVPs of making cal-  
endars, man.

You have to hand it to a culture that can  
make a calendar SO INTENSE  
that it is still freaking people out  
CENTURIES LATER.

And they didn't stop at just freaking people  
out.

No, see, these dudes wrote a whole fan fic-  
tion for their calendar.

It's called the Popol Vuh  
and it is basically just a super-complicated  
code version of the calendar itself

secretly translated by some Mayan dudes  
around the time that the Spanish were killing  
everybody  
and now  
it is time to take that sacred and clandestine  
work of those brave souls  
and mock the shit out of it.

# THE MAYANS HAVE THE MOST BRUTAL CALENDAR

So there is this one Mayan dude, right?  
he has like fifty goddamn names  
Like Hurucan, and Gugumatz, and Heart-of-  
Sky  
and I'm not even really sure if he is one May-  
an dude  
or like, a collection of Mayan dudes  
because they keep acting like he is two  
people  
but the two people never do anything  
independently  
so they're basically just one person  
or some kind of hive mind.  
Anyway, we're going to call this thing  
Quetzalcoatl.

Quetzalcoatl is bored, because all there is  
anywhere  
is just a whole bunch of water and some sky  
and it's not even interesting sky because  
there is no light  
so Quetzalcoatl is like "Okay, boom."  
And there is some light  
and then he goes boom again  
and there is some land  
but this is still pretty lame because what is  
the point of being able to do this kind of  
shit  
if there is no one around to get freaked out  
by how cool it is?  
Now, this may sound pretty familiar so far  
but here's where it gets crazy:  
Quetzalcoatl's master plan for getting  
worshippers  
is to invent JAGUARS.  
And then he's like "WHOA, JAGUARS  
LOOK, I JUST FUCKING MADE YOU.  
PRETTY NEAT, HUH?"

And the jaguars are all “Rarrrr, we are jaguars.

We can’t talk or be impressed.”

So Quetzalcoatl is like “Aww, fuck you guys. I’m gonna make some way more awesome creatures

and they are going to worship me and you are going to be their SLAVES.”

So he gets some dirt

and he makes dirt-people

but the dirt-people really suck

because first of all, they are made out of dirt

second of all, they only speak gibberish

and third of all, they dissolve in water

so Quetzalcoatl figures that even if they COULD worship him

he would get pretty embarrassed

so he kills all of them by dumping water on them

and then he calls these two other dudes

Xmucane and Xpiacoc

who have names that sound like prescription  
drugs  
designed to treat nasal congestion and  
erectile dysfunction respectively  
and he's like "Hey, is it a good idea for me to  
make people out of wood?"  
And they say "Yeah, go for it."

So he makes people out of wood  
like a whole bunch of wooden robots,  
basically  
and they can speak and walk around  
and they don't dissolve in water  
but they are TREMENDOUS assholes.  
One might even say they have a STICK up  
their asses.

Get it? Get it?

Aw, screw you guys.

Anyway, they totally forget to worship Quetzalcoatl even a little bit  
and he's getting pretty pissed at this point  
because he has seriously made  
**EVERYTHING THAT EXISTS**

and no one is giving him ANY CREDIT  
so he kind of freaks out a little  
and causes fire to rain from the sky  
and burns everything to cinders  
and then makes all of the wood-people's  
cookware come alive and kill them  
and all the animals move into their houses  
and eat them  
even though they are made of wood and  
totally not tasty  
and meanwhile Quetzalcoatl makes a bunch  
of ACTUALLY delicious people out of  
tortillas  
and those people are supposedly us  
and as soon as Quetzalcoatl gets bored he is  
going to make us into burritos  
and then feed us to jaguars or whatever  
and this story was apparently plausible  
enough  
to freak out THE ENTIRE GODDAMN  
WORLD ALL THE WAY THROUGH 2012.  
But anyway, everyone lives happily ever after

except the wood-people  
who get chased into the woods and turned  
into monkeys.

So the moral of the story is  
never set fire to a monkey  
because it is made out of wood  
and you will start a forest fire.

# HUNAHPÚ AND XBALANQUÉ: ULTIMATE BALLERS

So there are these two dudes  
Hun Hunapú and Vucub Hunapú.  
They are twins, or at least brothers.  
Anyway, they piss off the gods of the under-  
world with their constant ball playing.  
Yes, that is right  
they play sports SO HARD  
that it upsets MAYAN SATAN.

Anyway, the gods summon them down to the  
underworld  
(which is called Xibalbá  
because no Mayan story is complete  
without about six thousand proper nouns be-  
ginning with the letter “X”)

and the gods are all “Hey, guys we heard you like ball playing  
GET IT?

WE HEARD.

BECAUSE YOU ARE SO LOUD.”

And the twins are like “What of it?”

And the gods are like “Well if you like ball games so much

how about you play ball with us

FOR YOUR LIIIIIVES?!?!”

And the twins are like “This sounds like THE ULTIMATE RUSH.”

Now, if this was a Greek myth

the twins would use some kind of mad skill or insane trickery to beat the gods.

But this is a Mayan myth.

The dudes get killed before the game even starts for smoking a cigar the wrong way and then they get decapitated and buried under the ball court

except for Hun’s head which they put that on a calabash tree for some reason.

This turns out to be a bad idea  
because some chick named Xquic walks by  
and Hun spits in her hand  
and he is such a true man that this causes  
her to get pregnant and she gives birth to  
TWINS.

Fellas  
think you're hot shit because your penis is  
one and a half inch longer than the na-  
tional average?  
try impregnating a random chick in her hand  
with your saliva  
from a tree  
on which someone has deposited YOUR  
SEVERED HEAD.

Wait, wait, I went and read it again  
it wasn't even his head  
it was just his skull.  
Skulls don't even MAKE saliva  
so . . . I guess when he still had skin and stuff  
he just collected a big glob of spit in there  
and he HELD IT.

WAITING.

I want that shit on one of those posters that says “HANG IN THERE.”

# Hang in There!



So yeah, Xquic gives birth to twins  
they are called Hunahpú and Xbalanqué  
and these two guys are alive for like five  
minutes

before they discover their dad's ball-playing  
gear

and start playing ball SO GODDAMN HARD  
that they piss off the underworld AGAIN

and THEY get summoned down there  
and the gods are like "Hey

you may have noticed that severed head  
hanging from that tree by your house.

That was the last dude who kept us awake  
with his ball playing.

That was also your dad, FYI.

Why the hell do you guys even like playing  
ball this much?

Okay, look, do you want to play ball for your  
lives?"

and the twins are like "THE ULTIMATE  
RUSH."

So they play ball

and see, if this was a Roman myth  
or maybe like a Norse myth  
these guys would totally have won and  
avenged their father(s)  
but like I said, Mayans are assholes  
so the gods win again  
and they kill the twins and bury them under  
the ball court.

But there is a TWIST  
because it turns out the twins are  
IMMORTAL SOMEHOW  
so they dig themselves up and sneak away  
and they come up with a crafty plan  
which is to come directly back to the under-  
world, dressed as traveling performers  
and the gods are like “SWEEET”  
because it is boring in Xibalbá without the  
constant noise of ball playing.  
So Hunahpú and Xbalanqué put on a fant-  
astic show full of amazing feats.  
Maybe they even do an astonishing magic  
trick

where they make their names easier to fucking type.

But anyway, for the finale one of them cuts off the other's head and then puts it back on without any problems. So all the gods are like "AAA AWESOME! DO ME DO ME DO ME."

And the twins are like "Sure, okay." And just go and chop off the gods' heads without any resistance whatsoever because that is how slick they are and then they go dig up their dads and resurrect them and none of them ever forget how lucky they are to be able to use their DICKS to get women pregnant.

So the moral of the story is to ball so hard mothafuckas wanna murder you and bury you under the ball court.

# **ZIPACNA AND THE FOUR HUNDRED BOYS**

No, this is not the title of a hard-core Mayan gangbang porno.

This is an honest-to-goodness myth from the Popol Vuh

that just HAPPENS to have four hundred boys in it.

Let's do this:

So Zipacna is the son of this guy named Seven Macaw

who is basically a rogue sun god who hangs out on Earth and causes problems.

Zipacna is responsible for making all the mountains

and he has a bro named Earthquake who is responsible for PUPPIES.

Wait, no, it's earthquakes.

Sorry, I read that wrong.

Look, none of that is really that important except to establish that Zipacna is the sort of dude who CAUSES MOUNTAINS.

So Zipacna is taking a bath in the river one day

and these four hundred boys waltz by carrying a big tree they just chopped down to make their house with.

They had to chop down a big tree, you see because there are four hundred of them.

They are having some trouble, though because I guess their eyes were bigger than their biceps.

They are just dropping this tree all over the place

and Zipacna sees them and he's like "Dudes let me help you with that."

And then he just picks up the tree all by himself and takes it to the boys' crib-in-progress and doesn't even ask for a tip or anything. Zipacna is a pretty nice dude. He is the only one.

'Cause see, then what happens is the four hundred boys have a meeting and they're all like "Guys Zipacna just did us a major solid. How should we reward him for his altruism? Oh how about WITH MURDER? Seriously, we cannot have any really strong dudes running around being stronger than us. We have an inferiority complex! Or rather we have FOUR HUNDRED INFERIORITY COMPLEXES."

So they come up with this brilliant plan

which is that they call up Zipacna and they're like "Hey, man thanks for all your help with that big log but we have another problem now we need a really big hole for some reason. We need you to come dig us a really big hole and then stay in it while we bury you alive. Okay?"

And Zipacna is like "Anything I can do to help."

But Zipacna is too crafty for their clever ploy! I mean he digs the hole, sure but he also digs a special SIDE HOLE to hide in when the four hundred boys try to bury him.

Actually they don't even try to bury him they just try to drop a big-ass log down the hole and crush him which is dumb, because he just lifted one of those for them and that is why they wanted to kill him in the first place.

But either way, it doesn't matter because Zipacna is safe in his side hole.

So the boys are all up on the surface celebrating their dumb plan

but then they're like "Wait!

If Zipacna was really dead we would have heard his death cry just now!"

And Zipacna is like "Oh, uh . . .

Owwww, I'm dead now."

And the boys are like "PERFECT.

But WAIT!

If Zipacna is really dead

then a bunch of ants will probably show up the day after tomorrow to eat his tasty corpse.

Let's wait for that to happen so we can make sure he's really dead."

So Zipacna just chops off all his hair and bites off all his fingernails

and when the ants show up

he just gives all his hair and fingernails to the ants

and they all scamper all over the place carrying his body stuff  
because I guess ants think hair is delicious?  
Reason number a million not to be an ant.  
Anyway, then the boys are **TOTALLY CONVINCED.**

So obviously they all go get trashed to celebrate their totally bogus victory  
and meanwhile Zipacna tunnels out of his hole  
and then he crushes all four hundred boys inside the house he helped them build.

So the moral of the story  
is that I don't care what your mom says  
biting your fingernails may just save your life.

# Video- christian



# JUDEO-CHRISTIAN

So here's a religion you may have heard of.  
In fact, I am willing to bet that nine out of  
ten of you

when you hear the word "religion"  
think of this one first.

But did you know  
that this popular high-school jock of  
religions  
is **JUST AS SUPREMELY MESSED UP** as all  
the other ones?

Yeah, no foolin'.

And it's even crazier  
because what masquerades as a single holy  
book

is actually more like a short-story collection  
by like a million crazy desert dudes!

I'm mainly gonna focus on the Old Testament in this section  
because the Old Testament God gets up to  
some seriously brutal shit  
but the New Testament  
(the one with Jesus in it and stuff)  
is messed up in a whole other way.  
OKAY, ENOUGH TALK  
LET THE FIASCOS BEGIN!

# **GOD MAKES A LOT OF STUFF**

Okay so God, right?

No, I didn't leave out any letters up there.

That is not a typo.

No, see, in this pantheon

**THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD.**

**I KNOW.**

**PRETTY LAME.**

But anyway, this God guy is facing a problem that you should be pretty familiar with at this point.

The problem is that there is water **AND NOTHING ELSE.**

**ALSO IT'S SUPER DARK.**

So **BAM**, he invents light, day one and then he misses the dark part so he invents night too

and then he's like "Oh, looks like it's nighttime.  
Better go to sleep."

## DAY TWO:

God basically just makes a big divider right in the middle of the water and all the water below the line is earth and all the water above the line is heaven. (This is why angels are traditionally depicted wearing scuba gear.)

Day three is when God finally gets around to inventing dry land.

Seriously?

It took Ra like all of thirty seconds to invent dry land AND HIMSELF.

Is this just not something that occurred to God until he had two nights to sleep on it? Oh, and he makes plants too.

On day four God invents the sun and the moon and the stars

which begs the question

WHERE WAS THE LIGHT COMING FROM  
BEFORE?

And then he's like "Oh shit, the moon.  
Better go to sleep."

This dude needs an awful lot of sleep for an  
omnipotent dude  
which may explain why wars happen.

So on day five, God invents animals.  
ESPECIALLY WHALES.

The Bible is very specific on this point.

By day six, God is pretty pleased.  
He's like "Wow, this is awesome.  
How can I ruin it?"

So he invents mankind  
and also cows

because he forgot about cows.

Then he gets real hammered to celebrate  
and he passes out on Saturday  
and doesn't wake up until MONDAY.

In fact he sleeps through Sunday SO HARD

that NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO DO WORK  
ON SUNDAY EVER AGAIN.

That is a true power nap.

So when he finally wakes up  
he makes this garden called the Garden of  
Eden

and he puts the guy he made in there  
and the man (whose name is Adam) is like  
“God, I’m bored.”

and God is like “Ooh, I know a great game we  
can play.

It’s called name all the animals.

Ready? Go.”

So Adam falls for this transparent ruse to get  
him to do God’s work for him

and he names all the animals

but then he gets done doing that and he is  
like “Still bored, God.”

And God is like “Okay, I got this.”

And BAM

knocks him out and steals one of his ribs.

This is some straight-up Tijuana shit is what this is.

So Adam wakes up in a bathtub full of ice like “Whaaaat happened?”

and God is like “Look, dude, I made you a chick.

She is made of your rib, so she might be kinda dumb

I tried just making one out of clay, like how I made you

but she was harboring all these problematic delusions of equality

so I had to find a workaround

anyway, she’s totally hot, so don’t worry about it.

Oh, by the way, I should warn you guys you can totally eat from any tree in the garden

**EXCEPT FOR THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE  
OF GOOD AND EVIL  
THAT ONE OVER THERE**

THE TOTALLY UNGUARDED ONE WITH  
THE DELICIOUS-LOOKING APPLES”  
and Adam and Eve are like “Okay, whatever  
dude”

(Eve is the name of the chick God made, by  
the way)

and they go off somewhere to bone.

But there is a SERPENT in this garden.

I think he is supposed to be Satan

but really I think he’s just a serpent who hap-  
pens to be a big jerk.

This serpent runs up on Eve when she is off  
on her own

and he is like “Hey, gurl, try one of these  
apples.”

And Eve is like “YOU MEAN THE APPLES  
OF KNOWLEDGE?

THE ONES THAT GOD EXPLICITLY  
FORBID US FROM EATING??

NOOOO WAY.”

And the serpent is like “No, come on.”

And Eve is like “Okay.”

So she eats the apple  
and it is DELICIOUS  
and so she takes the rest of it to Adam, all  
like “Here, eat this.”

And Adam is like “What? No, God said if we  
ate that then we would die or something.”

And Eve is like “Uhhh . . . totally still alive  
over here.”

And Adam is like “Okay, fair point.”

So he eats the apple  
and suddenly both of them realize HOW  
INCREDIBLY NAKED THEY ARE.

THIS IS WHAT THE TREE DOES  
IT LETS YOU KNOW YOU’RE NAKED  
THE MYTHICAL TREE OF KNOWLEDGE  
OF GOOD AND EVIL

COULD HAVE EASILY BEEN REPLACED  
BY A FIVE-DOLLAR MIRROR FROM A  
COLOMBIAN BROTHEL.

So they make themselves some clothes,  
,’cause they’re embarrassed

and then God wakes up from one of his  
meganaps  
and he's like "HEY  
WHO THE FUCK TOLD YOU YOU WERE  
NAKED?"

See, this was his big plan.

His big plan was just to look at naked people  
all day.

Now the plan is ruined so he responds in the  
rational way

which is to put curses on everybody and then  
kick them out of his garden.

He curses the serpent to have to crawl on its  
belly forever

apparently forgetting that that is what  
SERPENTS DO ALL THE TIME

and he curses Eve to undergo tremendous  
pain during childbirth

because apparently he is able to imagine  
some crazy parallel universe

where pushing something the size of a  
screaming football out of your vag

is somehow NOT INCREDIBLY PAINFUL  
and then he curses Adam to toil endlessly  
and Adam is like “Come on!

Couldn't you just curse me to like . . .  
have testicles or something?”

But by then he is already kicked out of Eden  
and there is a big flaming sword guarding the  
door

and there is nothing left to do  
but have a bunch of kids and try to forget the  
whole fiasco.

So the moral of the story  
is to never be naked  
because God is a creepy pervert who inven-  
ted you so he could look at your junk.

# CAIN AND ABEL INVENT THE SIBLING RIVALRY

So Adam and Eve know each other.

Oh wait

I read that wrong.

Adam and Eve totally have SEX with each other.

It's just that the Bible is cagey about shit like that

so instead of writing "Adam boned Eve in a moist, raunchy sex fiasco."

the Bible guys would put "Adam KNEW Eve in a moist, raunchy sex fiasco."

It's awesome once you know about it and now you do.

**BUT SO ANYWAY**

Adam and Eve bang the daylights out of each other

and they have two kids: Cain and Abel  
and these dudes are farmers

because what else are they gonna do?

No one has built any of the cool stuff yet.

So Abel becomes a sheep farmer  
and Cain becomes a vegetables farmer.

Then harvest time comes

(I am guessing that harvest time for sheep is  
whenever they start to piss you off)

and Abel makes an offering to the LORD  
(always in all caps, by the way)

of like, the fattest sheep he owns.

Dude, he could have totally eaten that.

MEANWHILE

Cain makes an offering

of all his choicest vegetables

and God gets all of these things

and he is like “OH SNAP

DELICIOUS LAMB MEAT

THAT I HAVE NO USE FOR BECAUSE I AM  
IMMORTAL AND OMNIPOTENT AND  
STUFF.

GOOD JOB, ABEL.

BUT WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS SHIT,  
CAIN?

VEGETABLES?

IF I WANTED TO EAT VEGETABLES  
WHY DO YOU THINK I INVENTED MEAT  
HUH?

YOU'RE NOT MY DAD, CAIN.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR  
ME.”

So Cain goes and hits up Abel later.

He's like “Yo, bro

God really dug your offering, huh?”

and Abel is like “Yeah, well, it was pretty  
sweet.”

And Cain is like “Yeah . . . yeah . . .

Hey listen, I actually dug something of yours  
as well.”

And Abel is like “Oh yeah, what is it?”

And Cain is like “YOUR GRAVE,  
MOTHERFUCKER!”

Then he stabs him and puts him  
underground  
thus SINGLE-HANDEDLY INVENTING  
MURDER.

Yeah

before this, murder didn't even exist.

Cain is seriously like the Thomas Edison of  
stabbing people.

So pretty soon God comes poking around  
like “HEY, ABEL  
ME AND THE HOLY GHOST ARE HAVING  
A BARBECUE.

GOT ANY MORE OF THAT DELICIOUS  
LAMB MEAT?”

And then he sees Cain and he's like “OH  
HEY, DIPSHIT

NO, I DON'T WANT ANY VEGETABLES  
THERE IS NOT GOING TO BE A 'VEGAN  
OPTION' AT THIS BARBECUE.

HEY, HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR BROTHER ANYWHERE?"

And Cain is like "What? Noooo.

What am I, my brother's babysitter or some shit?

Find him yourself."

And God is like "Oh hold on, I'm getting a phone call.

Hello?

Oh hi, Abel's blood.

What's that?

Cain murdered you and hid you underground

foolishly believing that six feet of dirt would obscure you from THE OMNISCIENT CREATOR?!

YOU DON'T SAY.

CAIN, YOU ARE SO GETTING PUNISHED."

So he curses Cain so that the earth will refuse to get farmed by him

and he has to roam forever and everyone will hate him

and Cain is like “But, Godddd  
now everyone I meet is just gonna kill me.”  
And God is like “Oh, good point.  
How about I make a law that says no one can  
kill you  
and I put a mark on you to let everyone know  
that you are a dude not to kill?”  
And Cain is like “Uh . . . *yes.*”  
At this stage of the Bible, God is not very  
good at coming up with punishments.  
Don’t worry, he gets way better.  
But yeah, then Cain goes off to live in the  
land of Nod  
and everyone is either unhappy or dead or  
omnipotent.

So the moral of the story  
is that God hates vegetarians.

# **ABRAHAM IS TOTALLY COOL ABOUT STABBING HIS KID IN THE FACE**

Seriously?

SERIOUSLY?

Okay, here we go:

So one day this guy named Abraham is out working in the fields

and God is like “Abraham! Abraham! Hey!”

Abraham is like “Chill out, I’m right here. What do you want?”

And God is like “You know your son?”

And Abraham is like “My only son? Yeah, you could say I know him.”

And God is like “Okay, here’s what I want you to do:

I want you to take your son up to a mountain that I'm gonna show you and I want you to kill him and set him on fire for me."

And Abraham is like "Okay, well I guess you know what you're doing."

So Abraham goes and gets his son and he's like "Come on, son, let's go on a nice father-son trip to a mountain that God will show us.

We are going to make a blood sacrifice it will be a great bonding experience."

So they start going to the mountain along with some donkeys, and some slaves which God is apparently cool with and Abraham makes his son carry the wood and he carries the fire and the knife and halfway there, his son is like "Uhh, Dad?"

And Abraham is like "What?"

And his son is like "Dad where is the lamb we're gonna sacrifice?"

And Abraham is like “Uh . . . well . . . God is going to provide a lamb for us, son.”

HE IS REMARKABLY CALM ABOUT THIS  
WHOLE THING.

PERHAPS FOR ABRAHAM  
ONE SON IS TOO MANY SONS.

So anyway, they get to the mountain  
and Abraham straps his son down  
and his son doesn't say anything  
presumably because the level of shitty par-  
enting going on here has rendered him  
speechless

and Abraham raises up the knife  
and God is like “WHOA, WHOA,  
ABRAHAM!!!!”

and Abraham is like “WHAT?!”  
I'm kind of in the middle of something right  
now.”

And God is like “Haha, PSYCH!  
I was totally just kidding about the whole  
sacrificing your son thing.  
But, dude, that was HARD-CORE.

Tell you what, man  
I like a man with big balls  
so how about I make it so that your children  
WILL OUTNUMBER THE STARS IN  
THE SKY.”

And Abraham is like “WHAT  
THAT IS TOO MANY KIDS.”

and God is like “Haha, no need to thank me,  
buddy.

Your thoughtless attempted sacrifice of your  
own son is all the thanks I need.”

And then Abraham finds a ram  
which he sacrifices to God instead of his son  
and then I guess the two of them go home  
or actually, they go to a place called  
Beersheba

which is clearly the party city of ancient  
times

and I like to imagine that they partied so  
hard

that afterward they had to go to Bathsheba  
just to wash the stank off

and things are pretty awkward between Abraham and his son from then on but it's okay, because Abraham has a ton more kids.

So the moral of the story is that it's never a bad idea to try to set your kids on fire as long as the voices tell you so.

# NOAH IS ON A BOAT

So God makes a bunch of people  
they fuck up and kill each other  
but then they feel bad about it  
so they have, like, CRAZY makeup sex  
and the next NINE THOUSAND PAGES OF  
THE BIBLE

(depending on how big you make the text)  
are about all the babies people made  
because the Bible predates condoms  
and I think we should all remember this.

So everyone has a bunch of kids  
but it doesn't matter  
because apparently they all suck  
and God decides he's had enough of this shit.  
He's just gonna kill everybody

kinda like that other god in that Mayan myth.

See what I mean about how all this junk starts to run together after a while?

And he totally rips off Quetzalcoatl even harder

because his method of choice for killing everyone

is a GIANT FLOOD

(P.S.:

Did you know that whenever H. P. Lovecraft uses the word “antediluvian”

what he means is “predating the biblical flood?”

Because yeah

apparently H. P. Lovecraft knows EXACTLY WHEN THIS HAPPENED.)

But God can't just kill EVERYONE

because he put a lot of work into this whole humanity thing

so he picks the least sucky dude in the world whose name is Noah

and he's like "YO, NOAH!  
EVERYBODY'S GOING TO DIE, EXCEPT  
YOU  
CONGRATULATIONS.  
HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS.  
GONNA NEED YOU TO BUILD A REAL BIG  
BOAT, BUDDY  
BUT NO FRIENDS ALLOWED ON THIS  
BOAT  
JUST ANIMALS  
SEVEN PAIRS OF EVERY KID OF ANIMAL  
(unless they are really filthy in which case  
you can just get one pair)  
'CAUSE YEAH, I SPENT A LOT OF TIME  
ON THOSE ANIMALS  
BUT I FORGOT TO MAKE THEM SMART  
ENOUGH TO BUILD BOATS  
SO THAT IS YOUR JOB NOW."

So this sounds like a lot of work to Noah  
but hey, it's better than dying  
so he gets some lumber and he gets to work

and somehow he manages to pull it off in  
time

with all his neighbors showing up at his  
house and calling him an idiot all day.

Well, joke's on them.

They all die.

But then, joke's on Noah

because now he has to live on a boat full of  
nothing but animals and his wife.

Nobody wins except for God

who is playing a game called "Do Whatever  
the Hell I Want Because I'm God"

So anyway, the whole world stays flooded for  
**FORTY DAYS**

which is actually just Bible speak for **AN  
ARBITRARILY LONG TIME**

but Noah is patient

because, oh yeah, I forgot to tell you:

**NOAH IS SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.**

Okay, now I'm super impressed.

This six-hundred-year-old dude managed to build a massive boat in just a couple months

AND

MORE IMPRESSIVELY

he managed to live six hundred years on Earth without committing ANY MORTAL SINS.

So anyway, the rain stops eventually and Noah's family and all the animals are getting pretty antsy

no pun intended

because only some of them are actually ants but anyway, Noah's solution is to send birds out to find land.

First he tries sending out a raven but that's useless.

The raven pretty much just flies back and forth a lot.

So Noah sends out a dove and the dove fails to find land so Noah **KEEPS** sending it out

until on the third try it finally brings back an olive branch  
indicating that it found a tree somewhere  
and this somehow became an international  
symbol for peace  
when what it SHOULD symbolize is  
“HOORAY WE ARE NO LONGER  
COVERED IN WATER.”

So yeah, after that everything is pretty straightforward.  
They find some land  
and Noah makes an altar  
and God makes a rainbow  
which is his way of saying “Sorry, dudes  
won’t happen again.”  
And he has kept that promise  
SO FAR.

So the moral of the story  
is that if you are planning on being a terrible  
person your whole life

you can just keep a big boat in your garage  
and you'll be totally safe.

# KING SOLOMON AND THE DISPOSABLE BABY

So there's this king named Solomon.  
It doesn't really matter what he's king of.  
You know how it was in Bible times.  
Kings all over the place.  
But the thing about Solomon  
is that unlike most of the kings who were all  
over the place in Bible times  
Solomon is **INCREDIBLY WISE**.  
Observe:

So one of the things a king used to have to do  
was to sit in a room while people shouted  
their problems at him  
and then solve the problems using his king  
powers.

So one day, Solomon is doing this and two ladies walk in with a dead baby, a live baby and a SERIOUS DOOZY OF A PROBLEM.

One woman is like “Hey, Solomon I gave birth to this healthy baby five days ago but then my bitch of a roommate gave birth to a DEAD baby two days later and she thought it would be a good idea to pull some Indiana Jones shit and switch my live baby for her dead one. Make her give me my baby back.”

And the other woman is like “Nuh-uh! This is totally my baby your baby DIED because you are a terrible parent.”

So Solomon is like “Hmm, this is a tough one.

Oh wait, no, it's not. I have swords.

Hey, guards

cut the baby in half give a piece to each of these ladies.

PROBLEM SOLVED.”

And the first lady is like “Jesus Christ just give her the baby.

What is wrong with you?”

And the second woman is like “DIBS ON THE TOP HALF.”

And Solomon is like “Ah-HAH!

The baby must belong to the first lady because mothering instincts generally prevent people from agreeing to bisect their babies

and even if the first lady ISN'T the mother the baby should still probably go to the woman who is NOT WILLING TO CUT IT WITH SWORDS.

Seriously, lady

what were you even planning on doing with the top half of a baby?

You've already got 100 percent of a dead baby no questions asked.

What are you, making a casserole?

Case dismissed.”

So the moral of the story  
is you should always do a background check  
on all your potential roommates.



# HINDU

No culture before or since  
has so flawlessly combined the disparate  
realms  
of brutal murder  
and epic dance battles  
as did the ancient Hindus  
which I suppose makes sense coming from  
the nation that gave us Bollywood.  
People in Hindu myths are ready to cut a rug  
at the drop of a hat  
and they are also ready to cut other things  
and in fact, maybe the reason that the hat  
dropped in the first place  
was that someone cut off the head it was  
resting on  
and then ate it  
because that's how the Hindu gods roll

but it is not all decapitation and bump 'n'  
grind, my friends  
Hindu mythology gets up to some seriously  
cosmic shit as well.

Observe:

# THE HINDUS LIKE TO CHOP DUDES UP

So back in the days before there was stuff and things there was a dude.

Just this one dude, as far as the eye could see spanning the entire breadth of the universe, plus like ten extra feet for good measure.

His name

was the Dude

but not the Dude from *The Big Lebowski*.

This is a significantly Bigger Lebowski we are talking about here.

This is a Lebowski as Big as the entirety of creation.

He is so big that he exists at all times both before and after his birth

and like a quarter of his body is made up of  
all the animals ever  
and the other three-fourths is all the gods  
and he actually gives birth to a dude named  
Virj  
who then gives birth to HIM.  
WHAT.

So obviously the gods get tired of trying to  
conceptualize this universal dude  
and they're like "Screw this, let's sacrifice  
him."

So they tie him down and cut him up  
and just start flinging pieces of his body  
ABSOLUTELY EVERYWHERE  
and all the giblets start turning into things  
like all the tasty clarified butter they boil off  
him turns into ANIMALS  
even though I thought animals were already  
a quarter of his body.

I guess a quarter of his body was butter?  
Fatty.

Anyway, the gods are pretty much making up ceremonies as they go along so those kind of get written down and preserved for all eternity.

Also, I gotta hand it to these gods it takes some serious effort/*cojones* to kill and butcher something that is 75 percent COMPOSED OF YOU.

But anyway, his mouths become priests and his arms become nobles and his thighs become the general rabble and his feet become the slaves.

His brain turns into the moon and his eyeballs are the sun and the sky comes out of his ears and the ground forms under his peasant feet and the gods make sure to start a whole ass-load of fires

because if you're gonna butcher the universe it might as well also be on fire and those fires turn into the IDEAL SOCIAL ORDER somehow.

No one mentions what happens to the Dude's dong or his chest actually.

My guess is that some creeper god stole that shit and built himself a pan-galactic RealDoll.

So the moral of the story  
is next time you are getting sexed up  
just remember that both you and your honey  
are made out of the same dude  
so basically  
everybody is gay.

# SHIVA CANNOT BE STOPPED

Okay, so there is this dude Brahma, right?  
He is the creator of everything.

So one day  
he takes his mind  
and makes a hot chick come out of it.

This hot chick is his daughter.

But as soon as he pops out this brainbaby  
Brahma is like “OH DAMN.

I WANT TO DO THINGS TO THAT  
THAT HAVEN’T EVEN BEEN INVENTED  
YET.

GOOD THING I AM THE CREATOR  
AND CAN INVENT THOSE THINGS RIGHT  
AWAY.”

And then he goes ahead and gives himself  
THREE EXTRA HEADS

so he can check out his daughter from all angles

thus causing the world to get divided into four directions

because the creator suddenly desires something that is outside himself.

**BUT ENOUGH SPIRITUALITY.**

**BACK TO TITS AND BAD DECISIONS.**

Okay, so Brahma's daughter gets wind of all this exquisite voyeurism going down and she gets pretty embarrassed and since she can't stop being hot she decides to stop being on Earth instead and she goes up to heaven.

So now Brahma is like "AUGH.

**I WANT TO CONTINUE TO LOOK AT TITS BUT MY HEADS ONLY LOOK DOWN.**

**LOOKS LIKE I NEED ANOTHER HEAD."**

See this is the thing about being the creator.

You do not consider options such as

oh, I don't know

moving your neck.

NO.

You grow an extra fucking head  
looking STRAIGHT UP  
and then you send it shooting toward heaven  
all like “NOM NOM NOM, TITS TIME.”

So at this point  
Brahma's daughter is up in heaven  
like “What am I going to do about this en-  
croaching molester head?”  
and this is when Shiva steps up to the plate  
like “THAT IS ENOUGH BULLSHIT,  
BRAHMA.”

Then he chops off Brahma's head  
USING ONLY HIS THUMBNAIL.

But instead of a hearty thank-you  
and maybe some victory poontang  
Shiva gets Brahma's gross skull stuck to his  
hand  
and he is like “AW BALLS.  
THIS IS MY JERKIN'-IT HAND”  
And he transforms into Bhairava

aka THE SHIVA OF ULTIMATE RAGE  
and he is like “HERE IS WHAT I AM GOING  
TO DO:

I AM GOING TO WRECK SOME SHIT  
AND THEN I AM GOING TO *WRECK*  
SOME *SHIT*.”

And Brahma is like “Oh no you are not, son.  
You are going to get banished all the way on  
out of here that is what you are going to do  
and then you are going to roam around the  
land as a mad beggar  
until you get arbitrarily forgiven.”

So this is exactly what Shiva does  
until one day he stumbles upon a group of  
sages  
all sitting around praying the bajeezus out of  
themselves

and Shiva rolls up  
like “HEY HEY, OOGA-BOOGA CRAZY  
HOMELESS GUY HERE, WHAT’S UP?”

And the sages are like “What.”

And the sages' wives are like "OH MAN, I  
WANNA TAP THAT LIKE A KEG O'  
BONERS."

and they all go dance the crazy wango-bango  
tango with Shiva  
and the sages are like "WHAT."

So obviously they send a tiger after Shiva  
and Shiva responds by TAKING OFF THE  
TIGER'S SKIN  
and WEARING IT AS A SKIRT.

So then they send a poisonous snake after  
Shiva  
and Shiva picks up the snake  
and WEARS IT AS A GODDAMN  
NECKLACE.

So then they send an evil dwarf after Shiva  
rightly assuming that there is probably no  
way for Shiva to wear a dwarf.

(That's right, guys.

They have fuckable gold in India too.)

But Shiva just sort of kicks the dwarf over  
stands on his face

and takes his club.

Then he turns around like “COME ON, HOT BITCHES.

FOLLOW ME INTO THE FOREST.”

So they do

and then Shiva (aka Bhairava, remember) goes to Vishnu’s crib

like “Hey, Vishnu, lemme in”

and Vishnu’s bouncer is like “Who are you? You’re not on the list.”

And Bhairava is like “I AM THE GUY WHO IS STABBING YOU TO DEATH WITH A TRIDENT.”

And then Vishnu jumps out of the back room like “OH SNAP

I WILL SHOOT BLOOD OUT OF MY FACE AT YOU UNTIL YOU GO AWAY.”

And Bhairava fills Brahma’s sticky skull with Vishnu’s blood

like “THANKS, SUCKER.

I WAS JUST DROPPING BY TO ASK IF I  
COULD BORROW A CUP OF YOUR  
BLOOD.”

And then he dances off into the forest  
carrying the doorkeeper's body and a skull  
full of blood.

He dances all over everywhere  
until he gets to the holy city Varanasi  
at which point he is pardoned for his crimes  
and gets to go back to heaven  
...?

So I guess the moral of the story  
is if you are ever indicted for murder  
your best bet  
is to do more murders  
and then fill the skulls of your victims  
with the blood from your other victims  
and maybe stage an impromptu dance party  
with some women you stole  
and eventually people will realize that you  
can't be stopped  
and you can go to heaven.

---

Excuse me while I go convert to Hinduism.

# **ANYTHING KALI CAN DO, SHIVA CAN DO BETTER**

So we've established that Shiva's a badass  
but it turns out that his main job  
is to make sure his wife Kali  
who is the goddess of having a thousand furi-  
ous arms covered in knives and murder  
doesn't get too shitfaced off all the blood she  
drinks and destroy the world  
like this one time  
where he lies in front of her on the battlefield  
or this other time  
when he turns into a baby  
like "WAH WAH, TITS PLEASE"  
and Kali is overcome by MOTHERING  
INSTINCTS.

But there is one particular instance of Shiva  
handling Kali's shit  
that is particularly fantastic:

Okay, so this story begins like all stories  
about Kali:

Kali just killed a bunch of dudes.

Probably they were demons  
but really, who knows?

Anyway, to celebrate

Kali takes up residence in a nearby forest  
with a bunch of her asshole friends  
and starts terrorizing the countryside  
stabbing the villagers

then stabbing their stab wounds  
then stabbing the blood in their stab wounds  
on and on, till the break of dawn  
and then after the break of dawn too.

So finally one of the villagers  
who is sick of getting stabbed every day  
and is also a follower of Shiva

comes running up to Shiva like “HEY,  
SHIVA  
CAN YOU HANDLE THIS SHIT FOR US?  
WE REALLY NEED THIS SHIT  
HANDLED.”

and Shiva is like “Dude, can’t you see I am  
busy ripping tigers in half or something?”  
And the dude is like “KALI IS STABBING  
EVERYONE.

SHE MIGHT DESTROY THE WORLD  
EVEN, WHO KNOWS?”

And Shiva is like “Okay, my schedule just  
cleared up.”

So Shiva shows up in the forest  
and Kali is like “HEY, DICKFACE.”

And Shiva is like “Hey, Kali.  
We’ve talked about this.

You need to stop stabbing all the time.  
This right here?

This is what is known as *too much stabbing.*”  
And Kali is like “NEVER STOP STABBING.”

And Shiva is like “That is in fact the opposite of what I said.

All right, this is going nowhere.

How about this:

We have a dance contest

and when I utterly hand you your shit in the contest

you agree to stop stabbing for a while?”

And Kali is like “OH BITCH YOU ARE ABOUT TO GET SERVED.”

So they drag out the boom box

spread out the cardboard

dust off their dopest moves

AND PROCEED TO BUST THOSE MOTHERFUCKERS LIKE TEAR-AWAY PANTS.

These moves they are busting?

Guys:

They are ludicrous moves.

Like, remember the dance contest in *Pulp Fiction*?

This was nothing like that.

John Travolta is terrible at doing the twist.  
This is way better.

But finally, Shiva busts out the **ULTIMATE  
MOVE:**

**THE TANDAVA DANCE**

which is just basically a super-energetic  
dance

and I guess Kali is so tired from stabbing  
that she cannot match his dance moves  
and so she reluctantly agrees to stop murder-  
ing for a couple days and go home.

**AND THUS BOLLYWOOD WAS BORN.**

So the moral of the story  
is that we could end all wars forever  
if we just weaponized **THE POWER OF  
DANCE.**

# **GANESH IS THE VERY DEFINITION OF AN UNPLANNED PREGNANCY**

So Shiva is married to Kali, right?

**WRONG.**

Well yes, Shiva is married to Kali  
but as it turns out

Shiva is **ALSO** married to this other chick  
Parvati

who is a gentle goddess of life and stuff.

**BUT**

as it turns out

Parvati and Kali

**ARE THE SAME PERSON**

**WHOA, SNAP, PLOT TWIST.**

Yeah, apparently she can transform between  
sweet loving life goddess  
and unspeakable hurricane of death  
for ANY REASON  
at ANY TIME.

This is what is known as an exciting  
marriage.

Anyway, in this story Parvati is busy being  
Parvati

which is good news for everybody  
except for Shiva

because now all the time Kali would have  
spent murdering and busting sweet dance  
moves

Parvati spends thinking about having babies  
and Shiva is not ready to be a father.

I mean he kind of created the entire universe  
but he does NOT want to be tied down, okay?  
So Parvati gets sick of bugging him to have a  
baby with her

and she's like "Wait a second . . .

I'm a goddess . . .

Having babies in unconventional ways is what we DO.”

So she just goes ahead and makes a baby all by herself

and she names him Ganesh

and then goes to take a shower and tells Ganesh to guard the door

because apparently her sole motivation behind having kids

is to make sure no one sees any naked boobs while she is washing up.

IT WOULD HAVE PROBABLY BEEN SIMPLER TO JUST LOCK THE DOOR, PARVATI.

CHILDREN ARE A SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITY.

And of course this is the exact moment that Shiva decides to come along

and prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that neither of these people should have kids

because he sees the shower house where his wife is showering

and he's like "Oh man  
what a perfect opportunity for steamy  
shower sex!"

So he just marches on over there  
except instead of getting inside  
he gets some impudent baby blocking his  
path

and Shiva is like "DO YOU KNOW WHO I  
AM?"

And Ganesh is like "No, dude. I'm a baby."

And Shiva is like "WELL THEN  
YOU CAN CALL ME  
THE GUY WHO JUST CHOPPED OFF  
YOUR HEAD JUST NOW.  
ZING."

And OF COURSE  
this is the moment that Parvati chooses to  
finish her shower  
and she comes sauntering out of the shower  
house  
and sees her husband standing over her dead  
baby

and she's like "SHIVAAAA  
YOU BRING MY BABY BACK TO LIFE OR  
ELSE."

And Shiva is like "Or else what?"

And Parvati's like "Or else I'm gonna turn in-  
to Kali

and you're gonna have to chase me down and  
dance me into submission again."

And Shiva is like "Hmm. Good point."



So Shiva sends out some of his dudes  
to go grab the first head they find  
and bring it back to him  
and I guess he has pretty dumb servants  
because they come back with the head of an  
ELEPHANT

and Shiva is like “Guys  
I feel like it would have been easier to just  
decapitate a baby  
rather than a full-grown elephant  
and also you should have figured out from  
context clues what I meant.

But whatever, I guess I’ll make it work.”  
So he just glues this elephant head onto the  
dead baby  
and that somehow causes it to come back to  
life  
and that is why Ganesh has an elephant head  
now  
and also why he is the god of wisdom  
which is bad news for Shiva  
because an elephant

NEVER FORGETS.

So the moral of the story  
is that you shouldn't worry if you accident-  
ally kill your baby  
just kill another baby and glue pieces of it to  
the first baby until it comes back to life.  
Works every time  
or at least  
this one time.

J A P A

N E S E



# JAPANESE

ARE YOU READY FOR DISTENDED  
RACCOON TESTICLES?

NO?

WELL, YOU BETTER GET READY QUICK  
BECAUSE JAPAN JUST CALLED  
AND IT'S 'BOUT TO DELIVER ONE  
WHOPPER OF A BALLSACK TO THE  
BRAINPAN.

I think you may find it comforting to know  
that Japan was no less strange two thousand  
years ago than it is today  
they did not have the technology to build fly-  
ing boobs and hand-job robots  
but weird shit has always been Japan's prime  
natural resource  
as the thousand-plus deities in the Shinto  
pantheon can proudly attest

so have a seat  
get comfortable  
but I cannot assure you  
that what you are sitting on  
is not a raccoon's nuts.

# IZANAMI GETS REAL SORE

So where do we begin?

Oh, I know

HOW ABOUT THE BEGINNING?

DURRRR.

Okay, so apparently there's like a hojillion generations of gods in Japan.

In fact, there are so many generations that it takes seven of them JUST TO GET US TO THE DUDES WHO CREATE THE EARTH.

What the hell were those other generations of gods doing?

Just havin' orgies not messing with ANY MORTALS AT ALL?

That . . . sounds pretty ideal, actually.

Anyway, after seven generations we finally get our two main characters:

Izanagi (meaning “he who invites”)

and Izanami (meaning “SHE who invites”)

(that has nothing to do with how they behave or who they are or anything.

It's not like the entirety of creation is a fancy dinner party.

Just thought it would be a nice detail to include.)

Izanagi and Izanami are probably siblings based on how similar their names are.

(See also: Tweedledee and Tweedledum)

And seeing as this is mythology

their first act is to be like “HEY:

**I MIGHT LIKE YOU BETTER IF WE SLEPT TOGETHER.**

**LET'S LEGITIMIZE IT WITH MARRIAGE!”**

But since all the gods have just been chilling out having nothing but orgies for millennia

no one even knows how marriage WORKS

so Izanagi and Izanami have to make it up  
from scratch

and what they come up with actually makes a  
lot of sense:

Izanagi's like "All right

what I'm gonna do is I'm gonna see you and  
get REEEEEALLY EXCITED

and then you are also gonna get REALLY  
EXCITED

and then we'll be married!"

And Izanami is like "Sounds great!

I mean, normally women are supposed to be  
super passive and not speak unless  
spoken to

but I guess I will make an exception in this  
case

because, bro

I am dying to get my bone on with you, bro."

So they do their crazy marriage thing  
and then immediately get down to business  
and then suddenly Izanami gives birth to a  
hideous mutant leech baby.

BIG SURPRISE, ASSHOLES.

Y'ALL ARE SIBLINGS.

Actually, I want to go ahead and applaud the  
Japanese

for having the first mythos that accurately  
portrays the outcome of incest.

Oh wait

I spoke too soon.

Turns out they had a leechbaby because Iz-  
anami TALKED DURING THE  
WEDDING.

WOMEN AREN'T SUPPOSED TO TALK,  
GUYS.

IT'S UNLADYLIKE, AND THEY WILL BE  
PUNISHED WITH LEECHES.

So they take a mulligan on the marriage  
and this time Izanami keeps her fat mouth  
shut

and then they get bizzay  
and give birth to

THE ISLAND OF JAPAN.

OW.

Not only is that not a living thing  
thus making it even more mutant status than  
the leechbaby  
but just imagine trying to push Japan out  
your ladyhole.

Izanami just gets all kinds of screwed over in  
this story.

Oh, I forgot to say  
they bone so hard in the water that they cre-  
ate bubbles  
and the bubbles turn into all the other land-  
masses on Earth  
which is good  
because it means Izanami doesn't have to in-  
dividually birth EVERY SINGLE OTHER  
PLACE

but even so  
Japan is not the last-level hazard Izanami  
has to scooch out her cooch.

Enter (or rather exit) KAGUTSUCHI  
GOD OF FIRE.  
OWWWW.

This is disgusting, guys.

I am disgusted.

Oh, and that's finally what kills Izanami  
so now she's dead

but it's okay

(kind of)

because when Izanami dies a whole bunch of  
other gods fly out of her corpse

like the god of earth and stuff

and then Izanagi starts crying about it and  
his tears turn into MORE GODS

and then he gets pissed off and cuts Kagutsu-  
chi into pieces

and guess what the pieces turn into

DING DING DING

MORE GODS.

Is there anything anyone can do in ancient  
Japan that does not result in more gods?

Answer: no.

So then Izanami calms down a little bit

(he is cycling through the stages of grief  
mighty fast)

and he decides to go down to Yomi  
which is Japanese hell  
and try and get her back.

So he goes down there and finds Izanami  
and he's like "Sup, gurl  
wanna come be alive with me again or  
something?"

And Izanami is like "Aw shit, bro  
I already ate a bunch of pomegranates or  
whatever and now I can't leave.

Here, let me introduce you to my friend  
Persephone.

I understand she has had the **EXACT SAME  
EXPERIENCE IN ANOTHER  
COUNTRY.**"

So Izanagi is pretty disappointed  
but he decides to chill out in Yomi for a while  
anyway  
except here's the problem  
at some point he lights a torch  
and he sees his wife

and she appears to have traded in her hotness for a lifetime supply of MAGGOTS and he's like "AW HELL NO, GIRL I was gonna ask about conjugal visits in hell but I think I need to change my mind BECAUSE IT JUST SHAT ITSELF WITH HORROR."

And Izanami is like "Come back, bro, don't be a pussy."

And Izanagi is like "HIGGITY-HELL NO."

And Izanami is like "Fine, dick.

How about I kill a thousand people a day for the rest of eternity?"

And Izanagi is like "Okay, you do that.

I will create ONE THOUSAND AND FIVE HUNDRED people every day.

Suck it, uggo.

Or actually, don't suck it.

I don't want to come down with a case of maggot dong."

So I guess they probably have a bidding war for a while

where Izanami ups the number of dudes she  
kills  
and Izanagi ups the number of dudes he  
makes  
and they keep doing that basically forever, as  
far as I can tell  
and that's where overpopulation comes  
from!

So the moral of the story  
is that access to safe and effective birth con-  
trol should be a human right  
because no woman  
should ever have to give birth  
to Japan.

# SUSANOO HAS NO IDEA WHAT HE'S DOING

So I don't know whose bright idea it was to  
have storm gods  
but these guys are nothing but problems.  
We've got Zeus for starters  
(I don't even wanna open that can of phil-  
andering worms right now)  
and then there's Thor  
world-champion ruckus causer  
but as if those two problem machines weren't  
enough  
we also have one of the ultimate prodigies of  
irrational sex and violence.  
Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present  
to you:  
SUSANOO

Now I know what you're thinking  
you're thinking that SUSANOO sounds like  
an overacted exclamation from a bad  
soap opera.

My friends, I assure you that it is not.

It is actually the name of the Japanese god of  
storms

birthed by Izanagi one day when he was  
washing his nose.

So one day Susanoo gets kicked out of heav-  
en for being too rowdy

and on his way out he goes to say good-bye  
to his sister Amaterasu.

Now, Susanoo and Amaterasu are not on the  
best of terms

so Amaterasu thinks her bro might be trying  
to play one last prank on her on his way  
out

but Susanoo is like "No, sis, I just wanna say  
good-bye.

Here, let me prove my sincerity to you

by engaging you in a VERY WEIRD  
CONTEST.”

So what they do  
is they each pick an inanimate object  
and see how many gods they can make the  
object give birth to

because in ancient Japan  
causing unlikely things to give birth  
is a time-honored tradition.

In fact, having babies the normal way is con-  
sidered kinda gauche.

So Amaterasu picks Susanoo's sword  
and she makes it give birth to three chicks  
and meanwhile Susanoo is using his sister's  
necklace to make five dudes  
and then Susanoo is like “Well, I guess I win  
because my sword was what gave birth to  
chicks

and chicks are worth double points.”

And for some reason they don't argue over  
this at all  
and everything is great.

## BUT NOT FOR LONG

because seeing as he is the god of storms  
it takes all of six seconds for Susanoo to start  
making bad decisions.

Everyone is basically just going around  
minding their own business

when WHAM WHAM WIMMY WOZZLE

here comes Susanoo, shitting on everybody's  
rice fields

then he cuts up a pony and throws it at his  
sister's loom

and then kills one of her attendants for no  
good reason.

Basically you can tell he didn't spend very  
long planning this rampage

but even so, it ends up being so horrible that  
his sister crawls into a cave and refuses to  
come out.

So of course now he gets exiled for REAL  
and on the way out he figures he should get  
some groceries

so he hits up the food goddess for some food  
and she hooks him up with all kinds of stuff  
but apparently she is taking all of this stuff  
out of really gross places on her body  
and Susanoo is not okay with that  
so he kills her.

GREAT JOB, DICK.

WHERE IS ALL THE FOOD GONNA COME  
FROM NOW?

But it's okay

because since she is the food goddess  
her whole dead body immediately turns into  
food

so like

silkworms come out of her head

and rice comes out of her eyes

and small beans come out of her nose

and millet comes out of her ears

and barley shoots out of her junk

and then large beans come out of her  
fundament

which is what my sourcebook seems to think  
a butt is called.



So that all turns out okay  
but now Susanoo is FOR REAL TRIPLE  
EXILED

So he's wandering around down on Earth  
when he sees this man and woman crying all  
over their daughter  
and he's like "Whoa, whoa, stop that.  
What's going on?"

And they're like "Well, see we used to have  
eight daughters  
but every year for the last seven years  
one of our daughters has been eaten by the  
YAMATA NO OROCHI."

And Susanoo is like "Uhh, what is that?"  
And they're like "WELL.

It's a snake  
but instead of one head, it has eight  
and instead of one tail, it has eight  
and instead of being normal snake size it is  
as long as eight hills and eight valleys.

ARE YOU BEGINNING TO NOTICE A  
THEME?

Also, moss grows on its back and its eyes are like cherries

I don't know how the world turtle and Santa Claus got mixed in here but HOLY CANNOLI THIS THING IS SCARY."

And Susanoo is like "Pshaw, my friends I am your local god of storms romping and stomping is what I DO. How about you let me have your daughter and I will kill this big snake?"

And the parents (who are names are Foot-Stroker and Hand-Stroker) are like "Okay, sure, sweet."

So immediately Susanoo goes WAZZAP KAGOW

and turns the daughter (whose name is Beautiful-Rice-Field-Princess)

into a comb which he immediately stuffs in his hair

presumably to keep her safe  
but more likely because he has no idea how  
sex actually works.

We are talking about guy who has made a career out of forcing necklaces to give birth.

And then he's like "ALL RIGHT, GUYS  
HERE'S THE PLAN:

I need you to build eight gates  
and eight pedestals to put behind the eight  
gates

and I want you to make eight pots  
full of booze that has been distilled EIGHT  
TIMES

because we're kind of on a roll with the  
whole eight thing

and then I want you to set that all up for me  
and we should be good."

So they set all that stuff up  
and pretty soon the snake comes along  
and it smells the octuple-distilled booze and  
it is like "OH DAMN

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IS HAVING A PARTY.

TIME TO TRANSFER THE ENTIRE LIQUOR CONTENT OF THAT PARTY INTO MY BODY.”

Which is basically what I yell every time I show up to a party.

But yeah, the snake gets absolutely trashed in all eight of its heads

and then they passes out

at which point Susanoo just strolls by

idly decapitating each of the heads in succession

except he only gets halfway

when his sword hits something and **TOTALLY BREAKS.**

Oh wait, it's fine.

It turns out what he broke his sword on is just **A BRAND-NEW SWORD**

so it looks like it all worked out in the end.

Pretty soon after that they let him back into heaven

because who is going to argue with a guy who just decapitated a snake eight times?

So the moral of the story  
is that no matter what shape or size  
drunk animals are ALWAYS hilarious.

# AMATERASU AND THE CRIPPLING DEPRESSION

So, Amaterasu is hiding in a cave.  
She is doing this because this is what you do  
when your brother is the god of storms  
and he does things like tear up ponies and  
shit in rice fields for absolutely no reason.  
This is a problem.  
This is a problem because Amaterasu is the  
sun  
and the sun is important for things, like  
for example  
organic life.  
But no one can talk Amaterasu out of her  
sadhole  
no matter how many funny voices they do

and the gods are all starting to get pretty nervous

because how are they going to have sweet beach parties without the sun?

So they have a big meeting of all the gods and that is quite a thing

because there are about EIGHT HUNDRED GODS.

Yeah

Shintos don't mess around.

And all of these gods sit down and they start brainstorming

and I don't think they ever got more than halfway through brainstorming

because here is what they end up doing:

They get a mirror

and a giant necklace

and some cherry bark

and they put it on some tree they found

and then they get this chick named Ama-no-Uzumi

whose name means “DREAD CELESTIAL FEMALE”

to do a silly dance on a washtub until everybody is just laughing their holy asses off.

Okay, so far it sounds like a pretty good party but where does the plan come in?

Well, see, what happens

is that Amaterasu hears everybody having a good time

and she comes out of her cave like “Hey wait, why is everybody so happy?”

Last thing I remember

some dude was chucking dead horses through everything.”

And all the other gods are like “Oh we are SO over that now.

Now we are all about this new goddess we found.

She is SOOOO much prettier than you it is amazing.

Look, check it out.”

And then they hold up the mirror

and Amaterasu thinks that her reflection is a  
DIFFERENT PERSON.

You heard it here first, my friends  
the sun is on the same level intellectually  
as that puppy you had when you were five  
you know  
the one that kept beating its head against the  
hall mirror because it was trying to play  
with itself.

So Amaterasu is so into her own radiant  
glory  
that she can't stop herself from walking to-  
ward the mirror  
and meanwhile some other gods are creeping  
along behind her  
roping off her escape route so she HAS to go  
back into the sky  
and then she does  
and everyone is free to get as many sunburns  
as they can handle.

So the moral of the story

is don't wear reflective clothing  
because the sun will think you are her  
and then she will incinerate you while trying  
to make your acquaintance.

# TANUKIS HAVE BIG BALLS

So tanukis:

First of all, tanukis are a type of animal that is as adorable as a bullet train full of kittens (assuming that conveying things at high speed makes them more adorable).

Second of all they are a cross between raccoons and dogs making them utterly terrifying ur-bastards of the highest caliber.

Third of all, they have the **BIGGEST TESTICLES POSSIBLE.**

This is not a metaphor.

These dudes were rooting through the bargain bin at Balls City where they unearthed a whole case of super deluxe triple XL men-tronomes

and then proceeded to use the ungodly influx  
of testosterone  
to go EVERYWHERE and cause ALL THE  
PROBLEMS.

Seriously, the Japanese cannot stop making  
statues of these little jerks  
getting wrecked in straw hats then dropping  
ludicrously ill beats  
drummed out on their DISTENDED  
MANBULGES.

Think I'm making this up?

I dare you to put down this book right now  
and go look up "tanuki testicles" on Google  
image search.

Yep

those guys on the second row are using their  
balls to bludgeon large fish to death.

You're welcome.

**BUT YOU DID NOT BUY THIS BOOK TO  
HEAR ME WAX POETIC ABOUT  
RACCOON BALLS**

(or if you did then you have oddly specific taste in literature.)

So here is a myth about a tanuki:

Okay, so a tanuki gets married to a fox and they have a baby

but they are having problems finding food because their forest is WAYYY overhunted.

And they're about to starve to death when the tanuki is suddenly like "Oh wait we have magical shape-shifting powers.

Man, it is so great being a mythological creature."

So the fox shape-shifts into a dude and the tanuki shape-shifts into a dead tanuki

and the fox carries the tanuki into town and is like "Hey, guys, who wants to buy a tanuki?"

And everyone is like "I WILL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED BUCKS FOR THAT TESTICLE DOG."

And the fox is like "SOLD."

Then she uses the money to go buy a ton of food  
and meanwhile the tanuki escapes from the house of the dude that bought him and goes home.

But one of the sucky things about food is that it gets eaten and then it turns into poop  
and so eventually they need to come up with a plan to get more food.  
So the fox is like “All right, well I should probably be the dead body this time because it would be kinda suspicious if I walked into town again and tried to sell the same tanuki.”

So the tanuki turns into a peasant dude and the fox turns into a dead fox and the tanuki carries the fox into town.  
But oh no  
it looks like some of those leviathan testicle veins have burrowed into the tanuki's skull

because this is the point where his balls seize control of his entire brain and start hammering on the button marked "BAD DECISIONS."

See, he gets into town and he negotiates a sale

and then he's like "You know one of the bad things about a wife

is you have to share food with her

so how about I tell the dude I'm selling my wife to that she's still alive

and then he'll kill her and I'll live happily ever after!"

So he does that terrible thing and the guy kills the fox with a brick

and then the tanuki celebrates his newfound bachelorhood by going out and getting TRASHED

and he stumbles back home to his son at like three a.m.

and the kid is like "Hey, Dad what happened to mom?"

And the tanuki is like “Uh, well whatever it was, it definitely had nothing to do with me purposefully getting her bricked to death.”

And the kid is like “Uh, sure.”

But as the days go by the kid starts to get more and more suspicious and also the tanuki is being a huge dick and not sharing any food with him so he’s really got no love for this dude whatsoever

and finally one day he’s like “Yo, Dad you know mom taught me all her magical secrets before she died?”

And the tanuki is like “Bullshit. Prove it.”

And the kid is like “Okay. How about you go to a bridge in the forest and I will shape-shift into something and try to cross the bridge

and if you can recognize me, you win.”

and the tanuki is like “YOU’RE ON, SON.”

So he goes to this bridge in the middle of the woods

and a few minutes later his son shows up but his son doesn't cross the bridge.

He just chills out by the far end of the bridge and waits for his dad to screw himself and sure enough, here comes the local king on his chariot of jewels and human misery and the tanuki is like "HAHAHA, NICE TRY, SON.

YOU THOUGHT I WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU

AS A PROCESSION OF NOBLEMEN AND ALSO A CHARIOT.

ALLOW ME TO RUN UP AND PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE."

And the king is like "Okay, why is a raccoon dog trying to blackjack me with his ballsack?

Guards, I believe you are trained to handle wild animals and their comically large genitals?"

And the guards are like “SIR YES SIR.”

And they throw the tanuki into the river where he proceeds to die like a chump.

After that, I guess the kid starves to death because he just killed his only surviving family member

and now who is he going to pretend to sell to the villagers?

So the moral of the story is that although the temptation may be great you should not assume that everybody you meet is a shape-shifter.

It is almost as dangerous as not assuming everyone you meet is a shape-shifter.

# AFRICAN

God I am so  
sick of all this  
hot giraffe sex.



HEEYYY  
BOY.

HEY BABY



# AFRICAN

Okay, so Africa  
it's a big place  
full of a lot of dudes with a lot of myths  
so it's not like there is this big established  
canon of pure uncut AFRICAN  
MYTHOLOGY

more like there's a bunch of little African  
mythologies scattered all over the place  
but like every single one of my girlfriends has  
told me with a smile and a pat on the back  
“It's not the size that matters  
but if you ARE gonna have a tiny penis, you  
gotta at least be really freaky in bed to  
make up for it.”

Uh  
anyway

what I'm trying to say is that I can't tell all  
the myths from all the mythologies here  
so I'm just gonna pick all the sweetest ones  
in order to give you what I hope is a balanced  
picture of what I think is the main through-  
line of African mythology:  
ordinary dudes  
making ordinary mistakes  
except those ordinary dudes happen to be  
gods so then there's problems.

# OBATALA HAS A DRINKING PROBLEM

So there's this dude Obatala.

He's one of the *orisha*

which are basically a bunch of gods that exploded out of some other god's corpse when one of his slaves dropped a big rock on him.

So, already this story is shaping up to be pretty sweet

but then it hits a major roadblock real fast: Obatala wants to make a world

but he has NO IDEA HOW TO DO IT.

Frankly, I find the realism in this myth to be highly refreshing.

I mean, can any of us honestly say we know the first thing about creating a world?

Oh, look at me, I'm Ra  
let me just will myself into being out of  
nothing  
and then create land with nothing but my left  
nut and PURE GUMPTION.  
NO.

THAT'S NOT HOW THIS WORKS.

You have to SIT YOUR ASS DOWN and you  
have to BRAINSTORM.

So that's what Obatala does.

He hits up his buddy Olorun, the sky god  
and he's like "Yo, Olorun I wanna make a  
world with some people in it."

and Olorun, who is the king of the gods  
is like "Oh man, that sounds great  
but it also sounds REALLY HARD.

Do you have any plans? Like some blueprints  
or something?"

And Obatala is like "Uhh . . .  
I'll get back to you."

So at this point Obatala really only has one option

and that is to go see Orunmila, their resident fortune-teller.

So Obatala goes over to Orunmila's house and Orunmila is like "Duuuude!

I can totally tell you how to make a world.

Let's go into my back room and stare at my nuts for a while."

(He tells fortunes by throwing palm nuts and reading their patterns

but I failed to clarify that because I was looking for an excuse to write "stare at my nuts.")

So after peering intently into his nuts for a while

Orunmila is like "All right, dude here's what you gotta do:

Step one

descend down to Earth on a GOLD CHAIN ATTACHED TO THE SKY.

Oh man

that would make such a sweet album cover.

Uh, uh . . . STEP TWO!

Go down to Earth carrying a hen, a black cat  
a palm nut, and a snail shell full of sand.”

And Obatala is like “What?”

And Orunmila is like “What?”

Sorry, dude, I’m pretty high right now.”

But it’s not like Obatala has any better ideas  
so he goes about trying to make this ultimate  
gold chain

but he doesn’t have NEARLY enough gold  
so he gives the gold he DOES have to the ce-  
lestial goldsmith

and then he goes all over the sky, collecting  
investors.

He’s like “GUYS

GUYS.

Have I got a deal for YOU!

So I don’t know if you’ve noticed  
but there’s a whole world of untapped real  
estate down underneath this sky place.

Why, I ask you

are we totally underutilizing this prime  
acreage  
when AS WE SPEAK  
dudes could be down there *CAUSING  
PROBLEMS??*

Think about it  
a whole world full of wretched, fleshy prob-  
lem machines  
for you to set on fire and put your dicks in.”  
And all the gods are like “SIGN ME UP.”

So Obatala goes back to the jewel smith with  
a big sack full of gold  
but it *STILL* won't quite reach the Earth  
so Obatala is just like “Screw it, man just  
make it as long as you can.

I'll figure something out.  
There's gotta be some reason I exploded out  
of my dad's corpse, right?”

And then he takes the chicken, the cat, the  
palm nut and the snail shell full of sand  
and he starts climbing down to Earth.

I am kinda curious where he got the chicken  
and stuff from  
seeing as there is not really any land or animal  
life or anything  
but I'll let it slide.  
THIS TIME.

So he gets down to the bottom of the chain  
and he can't quite reach the dim, watery  
morass that is the whole world  
so he's trying to figure out what to do  
when here comes Orunmila's voice from the  
sky like "Duuuude:  
Empty out that snail shell."  
So he does, and the sand falls down below  
him and it makes some land  
and then Orunmila is like "Duuuude:  
Drop your chicken on the sand."  
You know what this feels like?  
This feels like one of those adventure games  
where you spend like seventeen hours wan-  
dering around the haunted mansion

with a backpack full of junk and a heart full  
of fury

because you didn't think to stuff the pigeon  
in the jukebox or something.

Like, how was Obatala supposed to figure  
this shit out?

But anyway, he drops the chicken  
and the chicken kicks the sand all over the  
place

and it turns into all the land  
and then Obatala drops down there with the  
cat

but then he's totally out of ideas  
so he just kinda sits there and waits for  
something to happen.

About a week later Olorun sends one of his  
dudes to see what's up  
and Obatala is like "Man, I dunno.

This seemed like a great idea, but it's really  
dark down here and I'm starting to lose  
motivation."

So this message gets passed along to Olorun

who is just like “Oh, no problem. Boom.”

And he makes the sun.

Are you telling me this dude knew how to  
make the sun all along  
but couldn't figure out how to populate the  
damn Earth?

Well, whatever.

What's important is that Obatala gets super  
jazzed by all the sunlight  
and he plants that palm nut  
and it turns into a palm tree  
and then he decides to make a bunch of hu-  
mans out of clay  
because he forgot that that was why he came  
down here in the first place.

So he's working on the hot sun sculpting all  
these dudes  
and he gets pretty thirsty  
so he starts drinking some palm wine  
because it's not like he's **SURROUNDED BY  
WATER** or anything.

So he's sculpting all the dudes

and drinking all the wine  
and by the time he's sculpted the last dude  
he is so tipsy he is basically like a one-man  
teeter-totter  
like if he were to breathe into a Breathalyzer  
the BREATHALYZER would get drunk.  
Dude is triggity-trashed, is what I am trying  
to say.

So Obatala goes and passes out and sleeps  
off all that wine  
and when he wakes up he goes to admire all  
the dudes he made  
but he notices that some of the dudes got a  
little messed up  
because he was so totally plastered when he  
was molding them.  
Actually, they're more than a little messed up  
because this is where shit like POLIO and  
BLINDNESS comes from.  
Great job, Lushy McDrunkenstein  
you invented birth defects.  
Huzzah!

But to his credit

Obatala does feel REALLY bad about all this  
and I don't know whether it's his guilt  
or the WICKED hangover he must be dealing  
with

but he is like "Ugh

I am NEVER drinking again."

And then he doesn't

and he also devotes his life to helping  
crippled dudes

so I guess it turns out okay.

So the moral of the story

is that if you die and it turns out reincarna-  
tion exists

try to come back as a cat

because that little bastard got a free pass to  
Earth and he didn't have to do SHIT.

# LOCAL FATHER DISCOVERS IMMORTALITY WITH THIS ONE WEIRD TIP!

One day Anansi the Ashanti spider-man is  
dicking around in the wilderness outside  
his town

and he gets bored and thirsty

and he sees this house with an old man sit-  
ting on the porch.

Now, when I say old

I mean OLLLLD

this guy makes the Crypt Keeper look like  
Natalie fucking Portman.

So Anansi walks up to this old man

and he's like "Excuse me, you fugly  
sonofabitch

can I get some ice-cold drinking water?"

And the old man doesn't say anything.

So Anansi is like

“I said: CAN I GET SOME ICY COLD  
WATER PRODUCT UP IN HERE?”

And the old man says nothing.

So Anansi is like “Please continue sitting motionless if you want me to go inside and raid your fridge.”

And the old man says nothing

so Anansi goes inside and has a gay old time.

He has such a gay time that he comes back  
the next day

and the next day

just straight up pillaging this dude's pantry.

And I don't know what this dude has in his  
pantry

but whatever it is, it must be pretty good

'cause one day Anansi brings his eldest  
daughter with him to the house

and he is like “Thank you so much for all this  
free food, creepy silent old guy.

To thank you, here is my eldest daughter.

You guys are married now. Have fun.

Also, daughter?

Go inside and make me a sandwich.”

And then he eats the sandwich and leaves his daughter and goes home.

So the next day he goes back for more free food

and maybe to see his daughter, I guess.

But his daughter isn't there.

WHERE DID SHE GO?

He knows she likes to play hide-and-seek so he starts looking all over the house

and finally he goes and looks in the last possible place

THE OVEN

and what does he find in there?

THE WEDDING RING HE GAVE HIS DAUGHTER.

So he runs outside to the old man like “HEY ASSHOLE

WHY DID YOU TAKE OFF MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING RING?

SHIT WAS EXPENSIVE.”

And the old man FINALLY starts talking.

He’s all “Do you know who I am?

I’m Death.

You showed up at my house

you ate all my food

and then you married me to a gross ugly  
spider chick without my consent

so I ATE YOUR DAUGHTER

and now I am also going to eat YOU.”

And Anansi is like “No no no.

I like not having consequences for my  
actions.

This seems like a consequence. This is  
terrible.”

So he starts running.

He figures Death is probably pretty slow giv-  
en how old he is

but no, he’s keeping up

and Anansi starts getting tired, so he climbs  
a tree

and he’s about to jump to another tree

when he looks down and sees Death just standing there

because guess what, guys:

**DEATH CANNOT CLIMB TREES.**

I guess this explains why squirrels are immortal?

So the personification of death itself is just standing at the bottom of this tree

and he starts chucking everything in arm's reach at Anansi

and eventually he runs out of shit to throw and goes to find more shit

at which point Anansi jumps out of the tree and books it for his house, screaming "HEY, HEY

**WIFE AND KIDS:**

**CLIMB UP TO THE CEILING**

**DEATH IS COMING.**

**MY WILD IRRESPONSIBILITY HAS ONCE AGAIN ENDANGERED MY ENTIRE FAMILY**

**AM I, PERHAPS**

THE BEST HUSBAND AND FATHER?"

And his wife is like

"WHAT'S THAT?"

I CANT HEAR YOU OVER THE SOUND OF  
OUR FOUR STARVING CHILDREN  
STUCK HERE ALL DAY WHILE YOU RAID  
DEATH'S KITCHEN FOR YOURSELF."

And Anansi is like "FINE. I'll take them up to  
the ceiling MYSELF."

So he runs into the house and drags every-  
body up to the ceiling  
and Death runs in after him and sees every-  
one up on the ceiling  
and he can't do a thing about it except pull  
up a chair  
grab a burlap sack  
and just sit there  
waiting.

So it's not too long before Anansi's youngest  
son starts losing his grip on the ceiling.  
Wait. Since when has a spider had ceiling  
problems?

Spiders LIVE on my fucking ceiling.

THEY WON'T LEAVE.

The only explanation is that these spiders are like . . . reverse Spider-Man with all the disadvantages of a spider coupled with all the disadvantages of a man. So anyway, this kid is like “DADDY, HELP!” And Anansi is like “HOLD ON, JUNIOR. IF YOU FALL, DEATH WILL EAT YOU.”

So Junior falls

and Death catches him and is like “I’m only after your dad, kid.

But I’m still gonna stick you in this burlap sack.”

Then Anansi’s youngest daughter falls off and the same thing happens

and again and again

until it’s just Anansi up there

and he’s about to lose his grip

when he goes “WAIT!

DEATH!

I am SOOOO FAT

from eating SOOO MUCH OF YOUR FOOD.  
If I fall to the floor I'm totally going to ex-  
plode on impact  
and then what are you gonna eat?  
Spider guts?  
Gross.

What you SHOULD do  
is go get my big barrel of flour from the kit-  
chen and put it under me  
so that when I fall, you get a nice breading on  
me.”

So Death is like “Dur, okay.  
Just let me leave you alone in the room real  
quick.”

And Anansi is like “YESSSS.  
Man, I am such a genius. Holy shit!  
I can't believe I have LITERALLY CHEATED  
DEATH with my sheer genius!”

But by the time Anansi is done congratulat-  
ing himself Death has come back in with the  
barrel  
and Anansi is like “Balls.”

But all is not lost  
because when Death leans over the barrel to  
make sure it's centered  
Anansi drops down on the back of his head  
which freaks him out  
because, you know  
spider on his head  
and in the resulting confusion and flour-in-  
duced blindness  
Anansi is able to grab his wife and kids and  
run out the door  
and he's been escaping Death ever since.  
Actually, that's why those spiders won't leave  
my ceiling.  
It's because Death still hasn't figured out  
how to use ladders.

So now you know, guys.  
The secret to immortality  
is to duct tape yourself to the ceiling

You're welcome.

# **ESHU ELEGBA IS PROBABLY THE LAST DUDE YOU WANT APPROVING YOUR FRIENDSHIP**

Okay, so there's this dude Eshu Elegba,  
right?

He's one of the main gods in the Yoruba  
pantheon

and also a pretty crazy dude.

Basically, he is what it would be like  
if Loki was pretty much allowed to run his  
whole pantheon.

He is associated mainly with roads, trickery,  
pipe-smoking, and dongs.

The last two may be interrelated.

Hell, the last three.

You know what?

Everything is related to dongs.

MOVING ON.

So there are these two farmers.

They are best buds, and they live across the street from each other.

So one day they're sitting out on their respective porches

enjoying the sunshine and each others' companionship

when Eshu Elegba walks by real fast

and the farmer on the north side of the road is like "Dude, did you see that guy just now?

The one with the red hat?"

and the farmer on the south side of the street is like "Uh, I saw a guy

but he was wearing a BLUE AND WHITE hat.

I think maybe you've had too much to drink."

And the first farmer is like "Guess again, shit eyes.

That guy's hat was clearly red."

And the second farmer is like “YOU are the one with shit for eyes.”

And the first farmer is like “I’LL SHIT IN YOUR EYES.”

And just then, Eshu Elegba walks past in the other direction

and the first farmer is like “Holy balls, you’re right.

The dude’s hat IS blue and white.”

And the second guy is like “What are you talking about?

YOU are the one who is right.

That guy’s hat is CLEARLY red.”

And the first farmer is like “YOU KNOW WHAT’S RED?

MY FIST

AFTER I USE IT TO RIP YOUR STILL-BEATING HEART FROM YOUR CHEST.”

And the other guy is all “NOT AS RED AS HIS HAT, YOU SHANDY-PANCAKE.”

and the first guy is like "WHAT THE HELL  
IS A SHANDY-PANCAKE?"

and the second guy is like "I DON'T HAVE  
TO KNOW WHAT IT IS  
TO CUT YOUR FACE OFF WITH IT."

And then the neighbors show up like "Okay,  
guys, enough is enough.

We're gonna take you both to the king and  
let him sort it out."

So they go all the way to the king  
and they get into the throne room  
and then Eshu shows up like "POOF  
KLAZAM, DICKHEADS."

And they see his hat from the front  
because I guess they never tried to look at  
him

while he was RUNNING TOWARD OR  
AWAY FROM THEM

and WHAT DO YOU KNOW:  
IT'S HALF RED AND HALF WHITE/BLUE  
IT IS BASICALLY THE ULTIMATE U.S.A.  
PARTY FEDORA

and Elegba is like “Guess what, guys:  
YOU JUST GOT PUNK’D.

This is what happens when you make a new  
friend without consulting me first  
BECAUSE I’M ELEGBA  
APPROVER OF FRIENDSHIPS.

JK, guys, I actually just kinda wanted to see a  
fight.

CAUSING STRIFE IS MY GREATEST JOY.”  
And then he runs off and everyone is like  
“Wow.

Who put that dude in charge of the  
universe?”

Which is a question I think has been asked  
many times about pretty much every god.

So the moral of the story  
is make sure to eat your carrots  
because good eyesight may just save your  
friendship.



CHINESE

漢堡

# CHINESE

So considering how the current official religion of China

seems to be something like “Stand still while we bulldoze your house to build this dam”

it's hard to put a finger on the relationship between ancient Chinese tales and any specific religion.

In fact

the way it really works

is that wayyy back in the day, some dudes got together and made up some sweet stories but they kinda forgot to attach a religion to them

so then later on, all these other religions came along

like Taoism and Confucianism and  
Buddhism

they were all like “Whoa, these myths are  
pretty sweet!

Let’s steal them!”

So all the tropes of the old myths got repur-  
posed to make the points of all these new  
religions

and meanwhile

a whole bunch of the old myths made it  
through more or less intact

so in this section

I’m gonna try to give you a little taste of all  
the different religions

that bastardized Chinese mythology

just like I’m about to.

# PAN GU IS A PRETTY BIG DUDE

Okay, so Pan Gu, right?

Apparently he was a dude living inside an egg back in the day.

Where was the egg, you ask?

Probably in China

because that is where this myth is from.

BZZ

WRONG.

CHINA DOESN'T EXIST YET IN THIS STORY.

THIS IS A CREATION MYTH

TRY TO KEEP UP.

Actually this egg is pretty much all there is anywhere

and inside the egg is all this cool stuff

like lava and birds and mountains and boobs

and also this dude Pan Gu, like I said.  
But even though Pan Gu literally has access  
to EVERYTHING THERE IS  
he gets pretty bored inside this egg  
and he's like "OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH."  
and he picks up an ax and breaks that egg in  
half LIKE A BOSS.

Then he proceeds to have an EIGHTEEN-  
THOUSAND-YEAR growth spurt  
constantly holding the top of the egg bal-  
anced on his head in the process  
which basically turns the top of the egg into  
the sky  
and the bottom into the earth.  
It is very important that Pan Gu maintain  
proper posture  
because otherwise we're all pooched.

But so yeah then his beard turns into forests  
and whatnot.  
I think his bone marrow turns into rubies  
also

and something about his breath and wind  
and birds.

Whatever.

This dude is literally everything  
so you can kind of assume that if there is a  
thing

it probably came about as a result of one of  
Pan Gu's bodily processes.

But the best part is where humans come  
from

because apparently

humans are the lice that come off this dude's  
corpse when he dies.

Yep

we are all lice, ladies and gentlemen.

So the moral of the story is

never bathe

because it is genocide.

# CHANG'E IS A SUBSTANCE ABUSER

Okay, so you guys know about the sun, right?

It's this big ball of fire and explosions that flies around giving people cancer.

But did you know there used to be TEN  
SUNS?

Yeah

it SUCKED.

It sucked so bad that Di Jun (aka Chinese  
Zeus)

(aka the father of all these rambunctious  
suns)

(Get it? Suns? Sons? It's brilliant.)

had no idea what to do

so here's what went down:

There's this really great archer named Hou Yi  
and he's chilling in his heavenly crib with his wife Chang'e  
and all of a sudden the phone rings and it's Di Jun.

Hou Yi is like "Yo, Di Jun, my man, what's cookin'?"

And Di Jun is like "My friend the entire Earth is cooking.

You could fry an egg on a goddamn glacier right about now  
and it ain't none of this sous-vide bullshit or nothing.

This is honest-to-goodness summer backyard barbecue  
except instead of a big plate of watermelon on the back porch  
everyone's skin is melting off.

Can you solve this problem for me?"

And Hou Yi is like "You got it, buddy."

So Hou Yi grabs his trusty arrows and goes outside

and just kills nine out of the ten suns

and then he stares at the tenth sun real hard

and he's like

“You best behave, sun.”

And the sun is like “OKAY DUDE, NO PROBLEM.”

And promptly dives underground and takes the subway home

and Hou Yi is like “Well, that was easy.

You're welcome, Di Jun.”

And Di Jun is like “WHAT THE HELL, DUDE

YOU JUST KILLED 90 PERCENT OF MY SUNS.

I MEAN SONS.

I MEAN TECHNICALLY BOTH, BUT WHATEVER.”

And Hou Yi is like “Dude, do you even know who you called to solve your problem?

You called Hou Yi the immortal archer.

And you know what they say:

When the only tool you have is a hammer every problem starts to look like you can solve it by shooting your friend's sons.

Ummm, I think I may have mixed my metaphors a little bit.”

And Di Jun is like “DAMN RIGHT YOU DID. I AM HEREBY REVOKING YOUR IMMORTALITY.

ALSO:

YOUR WIFE'S IMMORTALITY.”

And Chang'e is like “Wait, what did I do?”

So now Hou Yi and Chang'e are both mortal and Chang'e will NOT stop bitching about it for good reason.

So finally Hou Yi is like “GRR, FINE.

I will go get us some immortality.”

So he goes all the way to the west

and he finds Xiwangmu, the good witch of the west

who gives him a couple pills of immortality

and she's like “Careful, dude.

This is some heavy shit.

Don't take too much."

And Hou Yi is like "Sure, no problem."

And then proceeds to go home and leave all the pills with his wife

while he goes out to shoot more things with arrows.

Now, different tellers of this story ascribe different motivations to Chang'e here.

Some say she was a greedy twank who wanted all the immortality for herself.

Some say that there were some robbers and she took all the pills to spite them.

Some say she got hungry and confused.

Whatever the reason, the point is that Hou Yi isn't gone for fifteen seconds

before all the pills are in his wife's mouth at which point she proceeds to have THE ULTIMATE OVERDOSE.

But instead of throwing up and then dying which would be SILLY

Chang'e becomes TOO IMMORTAL

and apparently immortality = buoyancy  
so she floats to the moon  
and her husband comes home and sees her  
floating to the moon  
and he's about to take out his bow and try to  
shoot her down  
but everyone is all "NO, HOU YI  
SOMETIMES YOU CANNOT SOLVE  
PROBLEMS BY SHOOTING THEM."  
And Hou Yi is like "Seriously?  
Why did nobody tell me this before?"  
and then his wife lives on the moon with a  
rabbit forever  
and later another guy named Wu Gang gets  
sent there.  
He's like Sisyphus except with a tree instead  
of a rock  
and chopping it down instead of pushing it  
up a hill.

So the moral of the story  
is don't do drugs  
unless you wanna wake up on the moon

with nothing but a rabbit and a deranged  
lumberjack to keep you company.  
Take it from me, man.

Take it from me.

# FEI CHANG-FANG AND THE POOP MYSTIC

Okay, you are about to hear a story about magic and poop and I wish I could say that the magic was the most important part.

So Fei Chang-Fang is a dude who is interested in the Tao from a very early age and then at a slightly less early age he becomes a police officer but then he quits because fuck the police. So then one day he is hanging out at a restaurant and he sees this old man come walking into the town square

and the old man sits down and pulls some medicinal herbs  
(cough cough)  
out of a large gourd  
and proceeds to sell them all day.  
Now Chang-Fang, having just quit his job  
has nothing better to do than sit in the restaurant and watch this dude sell drugs all day  
and at the end of the day  
the old dude puts all his herbs back into the gourd  
and then SHOOP  
jumps into the gourd himself  
and Chang-Fang just sits there like  
“what.”

So he sits at the restaurant every day for a week, watching this guy do this  
and finally he's like “Screw it I'm just gonna go talk to this dude.”  
So he gets up and walks across the courtyard

but right when he is about to get up in the  
old guy's business  
the old guy goes SHOOP SHOOP BA-DOOP  
and jumps into his gourd.  
so Chang-Fang goes and looks in the gourd  
and I will be DAMNED if there isn't an entire  
HOUSE chilling out inside that gourd.  
And the old dude is all up in there  
and he walks right up to the mouth of the  
gourd  
and looks Chang-Fang right in the eye  
and is like "HOW DID YOU SEE ME GO  
INTO THE GOURD?  
ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN LEARN MAGIC  
CAN SEE ME GO INTO THE GOURD.  
HERE. COME HAVE LUNCH IN MY  
GOURD."  
So Chang-Fang jumps into the gourd with  
the old dude and they have a tasty lunch  
and they have many tasty lunches for days  
afterward  
and discuss the mysteries of the Tao.

But one day the old man in the gourd is like  
“Hey Chang-Fang  
I like how your name rhymes  
and also I have a confession to make:  
I am actually a Taoist immortal  
imprisoned on earth for breaking the laws of  
heaven  
they make me sell drugs down here  
to atone for selling drugs up there.  
Anyway, I get out tomorrow and I’m totally  
going back to the immortal kingdom.  
Wanna come with?”  
And Chang-Fang is like “DO I?  
Oh wait, do I?”  
'Cause, see, Chang-Fang has a family  
and he doesn’t want them to worry about  
him.  
But the old dude is like “Boy do I have a solu-  
tion for THAT.  
Here, take this bamboo stick and hang it  
from a tree in front of your house.”  
So Chang-Fang does

and then his parents come outside  
and they see the stick  
only instead of a stick they see THEIR SON.  
HE KILLED HIMSELF.  
THEY ARE SO SAD.

And meanwhile Chang-Fang is standing next  
to them like “Totally not dead, guys.”

But they don’t see or hear him  
so the old man from the gourd is like “Welp  
looks like I just destroyed your only reason  
for not coming with me.”

And Chang-Fang is like “Checkmate, sir.”  
And they journey to the immortal  
mountains.

So the old man leads Chang-Fang into a cave  
and makes him sit down on a slab of rock  
and then he’s like WAM BAM WIZZOW  
and conjures a huge rock over Chang-Fang’s  
head  
suspended by a puny-ass rope  
and then he’s like FIZZANG PACHOW  
BLORB

and summons a bunch of snakes to bite the  
crap out of the rope  
and the rope starts to fray  
and Chang-Fang is just like “Yawn.  
I see you have some snakerope.  
Well done, I guess.”

So the old man is like “NICE!  
You are totally worthy to learn magic and  
divination.”

And then he leads him up a mountain pass  
and then he waves his hands and ABRA-KA-  
GODDAMN-DABRA  
IT'S POOPTIME

Seriously, there is just so much poop all of a  
sudden.

Just a massive pile of poops.  
And do you know what it is covered in?  
not marshmallows  
or peanut brittle.

Nope  
MAGGOTS

# JUST A WHOOOOOLE BUNCH OF MAGGOTS

and the old man grabs three maggots and is like “Here, Chang-Fang.

Here are some maggots for you to eat.”

And Chang-Fang is like “What? No.”

And the old man is like “Aww, man.

I thought you were cool.

Looks like you don’t get to be an immortal now.”

And Chang-Fang is like “I guess I’m okay with that

if being an immortal means I have to eat poop maggots.

Anyway, do you have any magic consolation prizes for me?”

And the old man is like “VANNA TELL THE MAN WHAT HE’S WON.”

And Vanna White doesn’t say anything because she’s not there and the old man is crazy

so then he's just like "Well you can have my  
gourd full of drugs  
and you can have this magic teleporting  
walking stick.

GOOD-BYE I WILL NEVER SEE YOU  
AGAIN."

So then Chang-Fang kind of starts to wonder  
how his parents are doing  
so he teleports home and knocks on his door  
And his dad opens up the door like "OH NO  
A GHOST."

But then Chang-Fang is like "Calm down,  
Dad.

I'm not a ghost.

I just pranked you into burying a bamboo  
stick using magic.

Here, I'll prove it."

So they go dig up the stick

and then everyone is happy again and they  
have a banquet.

But Chang-Fang is confused

because his relatives are all mega old for  
some reason  
and he is like “Mom, why are you guys so  
old?

I was only gone for like a day.”

And his mom is like “WRONG, SON.

YOU WERE GONE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS  
BECAUSE OF CELESTIAL TIME  
DILATION.”

And Chang-Fang is like “Oh dang.

Well . . . I gotta go help people now with my  
magic drugs.

I’ll try to visit sometimes.”

So then he travels all over the place  
healing the sick and capturing demons and  
stuff

and eventually dies

because he refused to eat poop that one time  
although I’m not really sure whether Chang-  
Fang really had a chance

or if that whole poop mountain thing was  
just that asshole immortal's idea of a  
really great prank

which just goes to show  
that you should never eat poop  
or the maggots that live in poop  
no matter who tells you to  
or what they are offering.



FIIIGARO

COME ON  
THIS IS  
TOO EASY

DUDE  
WHAT  
IS WRONG  
WITH  
YOUR  
DONG?!

sneakin' it

# SUMERIAN

A long time ago, there was this place called  
Sumeria

it was a pretty cool place  
or at least, I like to think it was a pretty cool  
place.

There's not really that much to go on,  
honestly.

See, people don't actually know that much  
about Sumeria, because of how old it is  
and also because apparently these dudes  
used to party so hard

that they seriously damaged a lot of the big  
clay blocks they used to keep their writing  
on

so the best we can do  
is to kind of stare really hard at the blank  
spaces on their clay tablets

and make shit up.

For a prime example check out *Snow Crash* by Neal Stephenson.

For a SUPER-PRIME example check out this bucket of nonsense.

# THE ANCIENT SUMERIANS KNEW HOW TO PARTY

So to start out there is this husband-and-wife god-team.

The dude is named An, and the lady is named Ki.

They make the world, blah blah blah.

When I say “blah blah blah,” what I mean is that most of the words about that part got destroyed

probably while some lush of a priest was attempting a prehistoric kegstand.

What I CAN tell you

is that the water is supposed to have given birth to all the stuff that's in the world

which makes sense, because water is pretty important

and also because in Sumerian  
“water” and “semen” are the SAME WORD  
which must have made for some WACKY  
MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

Anyway, once the world has already gotten  
made and stuff  
Ki's son Enlil totally steals her from her hus-  
band/his dad  
which is GROSS, but definitely not  
unprecedented  
and then I guess all the other gods get the  
memo that it is people-stealin' time  
because after another chunk of party-foul-in-  
duced relic damage  
we cut back in to see this chick named  
Ereshkegal getting carried down to the  
underworld.  
So this other dude, Enki  
the god of water and being a huge nerd all  
the time  
is like “I'll save you, Ereshkegal!!!”  
So he gets on a boat

which seems like an unnecessary step for a  
god of water  
but then his boat sinks  
which is DEFINITELY something that  
should never happen to the god of water  
but then later Ereshkegal becomes queen of  
the underworld  
so it all works out pretty well for her.

But that's not all  
because we have yet to address the most  
well-preserved part of this tale of fail:

### HOW THE MOON GOT MADE.

See, there's this chick Ninlil  
(who is the goddess of wind)  
and her mom, Ninshebargunu, is like  
“Daughter

I want you to promise me that you will not go  
swimming in the canal.

If you do, Enlil will see you, and he will  
totally sex you up.

You know how gods are.”

So obviously Ninlil nearly breaks her neck  
trying to get down to the canal  
and then five minutes later, Enlil shows up  
all like “HEY, PRETTY GIRL I JUST  
INVENTED THIS NEW GAME  
IT IS CALLED JUST THE TIP.  
WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY?”

And Ninlil is like “Ew, dude. I’m like twelve.”  
And Enlil is like “Wait, I thought your mom  
told you how this was gonna go down.  
Oh well.”

Then he rapes her in a boat.

So Ninlil gets pregnant  
and everyone gets understandably pissed off  
at Enlil  
and they actually manage to get him banned  
from town as a registered sex offender  
so he leaves  
and Ninlil follows him  
presumably because Enlil conveniently for-  
got to make any arrangements regarding  
child support.

But it turns out that following Enlil is a really bad idea because he is so bummed out by this turn of events that he has decided to walk **STRAIGHT TO HELL** and there is some weird rule that says that if your baby gets born in hell it has to stay there. Now, Enlil knows about this rule and he feels pretty bad about it so he concocts this genius plan:

When Ninlil arrives at the gates of the underworld there is a dude in a guard costume with a nametag that says **“DEFINITELY NOT ENLIL”** and the guard is like “Hey, girl I see you want to get into hell. Unfortunately, there is a cover charge and the cover charge is having sex with me.” So Ninlil is just like “Uh . . . Okay!”

And then they bang and she gets DOUBLE-PREGNANT.

Then she goes to the next gate into hell and Enlil pulls the same prank AGAIN.

Then he does it A THIRD TIME.

Now, it may seem like Enlil is just trying to get his bone on with the same chick in several costumes

but while that is definitely PART of his motivation

this whole zany sexcapade has the effect of filling Ninlil's womb with expendable children

who will stay in hell instead of the first baby who is named Nanna

and is destined to be the MOON.

So that's where the moon comes from.

So the moral of the story

is that any problem caused by sex can be easily solved by MORE SEX.

# ENKI AND NIMMAH PARTY FAR TOO HEARTILY

So when last we left our Sumerian gods they were all busy stealing each other and crashing boats and prank-sexing each other in costumes.

But in the interim things seem to have slowed down a bit.

Now all the gods are working in the fields for minimum wage

just so that they can get something to EAT.

Wait, what?

These are the gods we are talking about the asshole children with superpowers who run the universe

and here they are, SHARECROPPING?

What gives?

Well, that's exactly what all the gods are saying to themselves

when suddenly, it hits them:

This kind of boring shit is what PEOPLE are for

And they **TOTALLY FORGOT TO INVENT THOSE.**

So they get some clay

and they mold it into some dude shapes

and then they stick it in a mother goddess for a while

and **BOOM**

**PEOPLE!**

So now the gods have someone to do all the farmwork for them

and they can get back to the preferred Sumerian pastime:

**PARTYING.**

Everybody gets pretty wasted

especially Enki and this womb goddess named Nimmah.

So they're hitting on each other in the way only drunk people can:

Nimmah is like "DUDE YOU ARE SO WORTHLESS.

WITHOUT MY SICK WOMB SKILLS ALL THE DUDES WOULD BE DEFORMED."

And Enki is like "PISH POSH, MY FRIEND. YOU CAN MAKE DUDES AS DEFORMED AS YOU PLEASE

AND I CAN STILL FIND JOBS FOR THEM."

So obviously this turns into a contest.

Nimmah goes about trying to invent the most messed-up dudes she can

and Enki is passing out jobs like a prostitute on a hot streak.

It's like

Parkinson's?

GRAND VIZIER.

No dick?

ROYAL GUARD.

No eyes?

## WOMAN, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A DUDE BY THE NAME OF HOMER?

So this goes on for a while  
and finally Nimmah is like “Ugh, fine.  
I guess god CAN’T make a dude so messed  
up that even he can’t employ him.”  
And Enki is like “Not so fast, sugarpants. Let  
me try.”

And he picks up the clay  
and he just makes the most utterly hideous  
sack of meat and pain  
ever to grace the flesh circus.  
This thing’s spine is all crooked and its  
hands are shaking  
and its butthole is all caved in and it can’t  
walk without its feet busting open.  
Nimmah tries to feed it some bread but it  
can’t even EAT.

And Nimmah is like “Whoa, dude, what’s  
your secret?”  
And Enki is like “Oh, I just didn’t put it in a  
womb ’cause I don’t have one.

This baby is PREMATURE.”

And Nimmah's like “Oh . . .

Oh god.

It is just now dawning on me how completely gross this all is.

Let's try to never do this again, okay?”

But joke's on them, because that stuff still happens.

Except that as is usually the case when the joke is on the gods  
the joke is actually on us.

So the moral of the story  
is that you should never get drunk when you  
have superpowers.

# GILGAMESH AND ENKIDU: ULTIMATE BROMANCE

Oh my gods and goddesses.

Have you heard about this Gilgamesh guy?  
Seriously, the ancient Sumerians actually describe him

as a dude who is “perfect in awesomeness.”

Also, his dad is some random dude but his  
mom is a goddess who bangs his dad SO  
HARD

that Gilgamesh is TWO-THIRDS GOD AND  
ONE-THIRD HUMAN

THAT’S RIGHT

they bone with SUCH FURIOUS  
DEDICATION that they DESTROY MATH.

But here is the problem, guys:

Gilgamesh is such a badass  
he cannot comprehend how people can be  
ANY LESS BADASS THAN HE  
so he makes all the dudes in the city he is  
king of constantly do feats of strength with  
him  
and also there is a law that Gilgamesh gets to  
bone everyone's wives.  
So everyone's bitching to the goddess Eiru  
like "Hey, Eiru  
can you make a dude who is a bad enough  
dude to cockwrestle Gilgamesh?  
Because we are worried that if you do not  
Gilgamesh will sex us all to death."  
And Eiru is like "WELL I was wondering  
what to do with this rock I have.  
BOOM. NOW IT IS A PERSON."

This guy that Eiru creates is called Enkidu  
and he is basically just Cousin Itt from *The  
Addams Family*

if Cousin Itt had the ability to TEAR YOU IN HALF AND THEN FEED YOU TO YOURSELF.

He pretty much just runs screaming through the forest punching bears, every day until one day some namby-pamby hunter sees him drinking water with all his sweet animal pals

and the hunter is like “THAT DUDE IS SO MANLY HE MADE MY GUN GO LIMP”

And he goes and asks someone else to help him get rid of this hairy dude but the dude he is whining to is like “Dude, chill OUT.

Just go hit up Gilgamesh for one of his many, many whores

and then get Enkidu to bang that whore and then all his animal magnetism will get sucked into the whore.

BOOM. SCIENCE.”

So the hunter goes to Gilgamesh, who hooks him up with an exceedingly legitimate ho

and he brings her back to the ol' watering  
hole

and she flashes her tits at Enkidu

and then they proceed to bang for SEVEN  
DAYS STRAIGHT

and afterward the ho makes Enkidu take a  
shower

which scares away all his animal pals be-  
cause animals do not like hygiene.

So Enkidu is like "Damn, I gotta find me  
the source of all these comely hos."

so he goes back to Gilgamesh's kingdom  
where Gilgamesh is right in the middle of  
trying to bang some dude's wife

and Enkidu shows up like "Dude what the  
hell are you doing?"

WANNA BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF EACH  
OTHER INSTEAD?"

And Gilgamesh is like "YESSSS."

so they punch at each other until they get  
tired of gargling their own teeth and then de-  
cide to be BFFs.

I am not a scientist, but this may be why women live longer than men.

Anyway, their first act as **ULTIMATE BESTIES**

is to walk all the way across the known world to punch Humbaba, the magic tree guardian. Humbaba is not a bad dude or anything he's really more like those hippies that chain themselves to live oaks and whatnot except he has **INTESTINES** all over his face and his breath is a combination of **DEATH** and **FIRE**.

Anyway, Gilgamesh and Enkidu skip off toward this sacred cedar tree **LITERALLY HOLDING HANDS.**  
**IT IS ADORABLE.**

They skip for **LEAGUES AND LEAGUES AND LEAGUES**

and Gilgamesh keeps waking up in the middle of the night like **"BRO, I HAD A BAD DREAM**

IT WAS ABOUT VOLCANOS OR FIRE-BREATHING BIRDS OR LIGHTNING OR SOMETHING.”

And Enkidu is like “Naw, bro, those are totally sweet and appropriate things to dream about.”

BUT THEN THEY FINALLY FIND HUMBABA’S FOREST

and Humbaba pops out like “Sup.”

And then this god Shamash who is apparently the sun god

suddenly shows up and hits Humbaba with ALL THE WINDS.

First there’s the winds you would expect like north, south, east, etc.

Then there’s some kinda reasonable stuff like blizzard, storm, and sandstorm.

But then shit really flies off the handle and we get whistling wind, ice wind, demon wind and just straight up BAD WIND.

Anyway, all those winds immobilize Humbaba in an aethereal *bukkake* throwdown

so Gilgamesh is about to chop off Humbaba's  
head

and Humbaba is like "DUDE WE ARE IN A  
FOREST.

THERE IS WOOD LITERALLY COMING  
OUT OF OTHER WOOD.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO MURDER ME FOR  
THIS SPECIFIC TREE."

But Gilgamesh murders him anyway  
and then he's like "Sweet now I can use this  
tree to make a huge door.

I don't really have a place to put a huge door  
right now

but like my grand-pappy used to say:  
'You never know when you're gonna need a  
really huge door.'



So they're back at home, enjoying this sweet door and also each other's company when Ishtar has to come along and fuck it all up.

(Ishtar, by the way is the goddess of basically everything worth doing: sex, war, and babies.

Wait, I don't mean that you should do babies, though. That is gross/illegal.)

So Ishtar is like "HEY, GILGAMESH I HAVE THIS GAPING HOLE IN MY BODY I'M WORRIED IT MIGHT JUST START SHOOTING OUT MY ORGANS OR SOMETHING

I HEAR YOU HAVE SOMETHING ABOUT THE RIGHT SIZE TO PLUG THIS HOLE *IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.*"

And Gilgamesh is like "Whoa, girl, slow your roll.

Your tits are exceedingly fine but I am aware of a little something called history

and history tells us that every dude you have banged has either caught on fire or turned into a dwarf.

I am sure there are dongs aplenty in this kingdom of mine.

Go nuts.

Just steer clear of MY nuts.”

So Ishtar goes up to Godtowne and she is like “GUYS GILGAMESH WON’T STUFF MY MUFF.

GIVE ME THE BULL OF HEAVEN SO I CAN GO RUIN EVERYTHING.”

Yeah, apparently they keep this bull around for if they ever need to ruin everything and the gods are pretty laissez-faire about how it gets used so Ishtar drags the bull down to earth and Gilgamesh eventually sees it after it’s killed like a million people

and then he and Enkidu are like “BEST  
BUDS TAG-TEAM MURDERCYCLE  
YEAH!”

and they handle the bull to pieces in a matter  
of seconds, and steal its horns  
and then they high-five so hard that another  
thousand or so people die.

BUT ALL IS NOT WELL, MY FRIENDS  
because tonight it is ENKIDU’S TURN TO  
HAVE THE DREAMS.

He dreams that the gods are all sitting  
around talking  
and they’re like “Man,  
Enkidu and Gilgamesh are a two-man meat-  
grinder grindin’ up all our best  
abominations.

We gotta kill one of them, but we can’t kill  
Gilgamesh his name is in the title.

Guess we better kill Enkidu, huh?”

And Enkidu wakes up like “THERE IS NO  
POSSIBLE WAY TO INTERPRET THIS  
FAVORABLY.”

Then he gets real sick and he dies.

Now, we all know about the nine stages of grief or whatever but those are for CHUMPS.

Gilgamesh's grieving process has three steps:

Step one: Cry about it.

Step two: Make everyone else cry about it using your fists.

Step three: SEEK IMMORTALITY.

So he goes and talks smack to some scorpion dudes, who let him walk through a mountain and then on the other side he finds THE WATERS OF DEATH

which is probably not the first place I would look if I were searching for immortality

but anyway, there is an inn there

and Gilgamesh threatens the innkeeper until she tells him how to get across the water

and then he threatens the guy who can get him across the water

and then he has to rebuild the boat he destroyed while threatening that guy

but finally they sail to the other side which is where Gilgamesh was trying to get, apparently.

And there's this dude there called Utnapishtim

and he's like "Whoa, you got some balls coming over here, son. What's your name?"

and Gilgamesh is like "I'M GILGAMESH. MY BEST PAL DIED NOW I WANNA BE IMMORTAL."

And Utnapishtim is like "That is the most weak-sauce reason anyone has given me to do anything.

But anyway, let me tell you my life story:"

SUMMARY:

UTNAPISHTIM IS NOAH

EXCEPT HE SAVES A LOT MORE HUMANS AND THEN HE GETS TO BE IMMORTAL

THE END.

And after his story, Utnapishtim is like "So, you see I busted my ass for immortality

and frankly I don't think the gods are down to do that again.

You may want to just take your punk ass back across the waters of death and go die like a man.”

But joke's on Utnapishtim

because Gilgamesh got so bored of the story that he actually FELL ASLEEP.

But actually, joke's on Gilgamesh

because Utnapishtim bakes a ton of bread and puts it next to Gilgamesh's face

so that when he wakes up SEVEN DAYS LATER

he sees all this moldy bread and he is like “Ew, gross.”

But then I guess Utnapishtim feels bad about his prank

so he tells Gilgamesh about this weird immortality plant that grows at the bottom of the ocean

and then obviously Gilgamesh ties rocks to his feet and sinks to the bottom of the ocean

(Again, this does not seem like the behavior  
of a dude who is trying to not die)  
and he gets this plant  
but then he stops to take a bath on his way  
back home and a snake steals the plant  
and then eventually Gilgamesh gets old and  
dies miserable and alone  
or maybe content and surrounded by  
whores.

The epic is not clear on this point.

So basically

Enkidu wouldn't have died if that chick  
hadn't boned him and then made him  
take a shower  
and Gilgamesh would've had eternal youth if  
he hadn't stopped for a bath  
so the moral of the story  
is that REAL HEROES NEVER BATHE.



IDIOT

BIRD

NATIVE AMERICAN

Ah shit.

I  
WILD  
MEN

I  
❤️  
STABBIN'

# NATIVE AMERICAN

Now the problem with dedicating a section to the whole of Native American mythology is that there were a lot of people living in this country before we showed up and set it on fire and some of them didn't get along too well and they ALL had their own stories so trying to tell a cohesive Native American mythology with only a handful of myths is a lot like trying to cook an alphabet soup using only the letter "A" so I highly recommend that you go online and look up some Native American myths on your own

because there's a TON of them  
and they're great  
but for now

I am going to attempt to give you a small  
spoonful  
of the alphabet soup that this country used to  
belong to.

# WISAKEDJAK IS HIGHLY IRRESPONSIBLE

Now I know I told you there were a thousand  
and one pantheons to choose from here  
but at least as far as creation myths are  
concerned  
all the Native American stories start to sound  
pretty much the same after a while  
so I picked the Algonquin version  
because it is the one with the highest concen-  
tration of hilarious jerks.

Speaking of hilarious jerks, meet  
Wisakedjak.

His name is sometimes anglicized as Whis-  
key Jack  
but that's needlessly confusing

'cause this dude has nothing to do with  
whiskey  
and in fact was around WAYYYY before  
whiskey  
because what kind of creation myth would  
this be otherwise?  
A much drunker one, that's what kind.

But Wisakedjak is not the kind of dude who  
NEEDS whiskey to get down.  
See, he's a trickster god  
who happens to be real tight with the  
creator.  
So basically  
the creator makes the world  
and then he's like "Dude, Wisakedjak  
I am so tired from making this world and  
stuff.  
How about you handle everything else now.  
Like, teach everyone what roots are good to  
eat  
and keep them from killing each other and  
stuff.

You know, pretty much everything I am actually personally responsible for doing but like, the not-fun part of it.”

So the creator goes to sleep and Wisakedjak proceeds to do the exact opposite of everything the creator told him to do

as in, he feeds everyone poison and goes around starting fights.

So then the creator wakes up from like a ten-year nap

and he's like “Whoooooaaaa, dude.

What did I tell you to do?

I'm pretty sure it wasn't that.

You best clean up your act

Or else I'm gonna kill everybody and then you'll be bored.”

So Wisakedjak calls bullshit

and just goes right on doing what he was doing

except like NINE TIMES HARDERRRR

he is running up to dudes like “HEY:

HEYYYYY:

SEE THAT GUY OVER THERE?

HE KILLED YOUR DOG

HE KILLED YOUR PARENTS

MURDER HIM.

EAT THIS CYANIDE.

GO GO GO.”

And he just keeps doing this

until the earth is literally saturated with  
blood

there is nowhere for all this blood to go

it's pretty upsetting

so at this point the creator shows up again  
like “THAT'S IT.

EVERYBODY DIES.”

So then everything floods, as usual

and the only things left alive

are Wisakedjak

(even though he is almost the entire  
problem)

plus an otter, a beaver, and a muskrat.

No fish, apparently

which is something I always wonder about in these flood myths.

Like, a flood seems like a really great way to punish every living creature in the world except for fish.

What the hell is a god supposed to do when all the FISH start being assholes?

Anyway, let's just sidestep that plothole completely

and cut to Wisakedjak sitting in the water with his animal pals

crying and feeling sorry for himself when all of a sudden he has an idea.

He's like "DUDES:

I can't create anything 'cause I spent all my attribute points on being a dick

but I CAN infinitely expand anything that has already been created.

So I need one of you guys to dive all the way to the bottom of this water

and get me some dirt to expand.

HEY, CREATOR IT'S OKAY IF I DO THIS,  
RIGHT?"

And the creator is like "Sure you can make a  
new world

as long as you use all the material I wasted  
on the old world.

I don't wanna have to go out and get a bunch  
of new dirt and whatnot."

Man

the Algonquin people have them one LAZY  
creator.

So Wisakedjak is like "OTTER

YOU'RE SO BRAVE

GO DO IT AND I'LL MAKE SURE YOU  
ALWAYS HAVE FISH TO EAT"

so otter dives down

and comes back up with NO DIRT AT ALL

and he keeps trying until he is too weak to  
dive anymore

and Wisakedjak is like "Wow, dude

I am pretty disappointed in you.

Okay, it's beaver's turn.

Beaver, if you bring me some dirt then I will  
build you a house”

so beaver dives

and I’m pretty sure we all know how that  
turns out

because it’s not like beavers live in five-star  
hotels is it?

So finally Wisakedjak turns to the muskrat  
and he’s like “All right, my man

I do not have high hopes for you.

In fact my hopes for you are practically  
subterranean.

But that may actually work in our favor in  
this situation

so if you make it to the bottom I’ll give you  
infinite roots to eat forever

plus rushes to make a house out of

and you’ll have, like, a billion babies.

Seriously.”

So muskrat dives

and he comes up

and he has

NO DIRT

so he tries again  
and he's gone for a while  
and he comes up real tired  
and he still has no dirt  
but here's the important thing:  
He SMELLS like dirt.

So Wisakedjak is like "Dude, you are so close.

Try one more time."

So the muskrat dives down  
and he's gone for a LOOOONG time  
and everyone is pretty sure he's dead.  
But then they see some bubbles  
so they reach in and pull out the muskrat  
who is pretty much dead  
but he has just a little bit of dirt with him  
which Wisakedjak turns into an island  
and then they finally get to stop sitting in the  
water.

So then in the following days Wisakedjak  
finds some bones

and uses them to make animals  
and he makes trees out of some wood  
and then the creator waits for him to finish  
all this work

and then he's like "All right, dude.

I just decided you don't get to have powers  
anymore.

You just get the power to lie like a  
motherfucker."

So Wisakedjak just uses that power as hard  
as he can for ever and ever

starting by failing to ever reward the muskrat  
because at the end of the day what worse  
punishment is there  
than being a muskrat?

So the moral of the story  
is practice holding your breath  
it's good for more than just weird sex stuff.

# KILLER-OF-ENEMIES AND THE INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF VAGINAS

So this is one of those myths where I almost don't even need to retell it  
I could just transcribe it word for word  
and it would just end up looking like  
something I made up.

Watch:

So there's this house full of vaginas, right?

Yup.

Just a big ol' house stuffed full of vaginas.  
They have actually got vaginas hanging on  
the walls  
thick as wall scrolls in an *otaku's* cave.

My friends, this is the quintessential  
tunaparty  
tacofest  
clambake  
cervical circus  
this place is lousy with vaginas, is what I'm  
saying.

But the lousiest vaginas of all  
are these four girls called the vagina girls.  
They are actually just giant vaginas.  
Giant, shape-shifting vaginas that look like  
girls.  
Oh, also  
there are no vaginas anywhere else on earth  
at this point.  
This place is essentially the Fort Knox of  
vagina  
except the security team is actually just one  
guy  
or actually one monster, named Kicking  
Monster

whose MO is to roll up on any poor jerk who  
enters the vicinity  
and kick him INTO THE HOUSE.

This is not how guards work usually  
but hey

no one who gets kicked into the house ever  
leaves

so Kicking Monster must be doing  
something right

although I think that may have more to do  
with the fact

that this is a house filled with ALL OF THE  
VAGINAS.

But even despite Kicking Monster  
dudes are lining up around the block to take  
a crack at this vagina house

because let me reiterate

this is a house full of ALL THE VAGINAS

That would be like if someone took all the  
well

it would be like if someone took all the vaginas in the world and put them in one house.

I don't know how to make it any clearer than that.

So dudes keep mysteriously disappearing into this vagina house

until finally this one badass rolls up named Killer-of-Enemies

Who is much more popular than his little brother

Killer-of-Babies-and-Small-Woodland-Creatures

and Killer-of-Enemies takes it upon himself to fix this vagina problem.

So he kicks Kicking Monster in the nuts and he busts into the house

and here come the four beautiful vagina girls like "OH MY GOD, TAKE US NOW."

And Killer-of-Enemies is like "That is a tempting offer

but first I gotta ask you ladies

what happened to all the dudes who got kicked in here?”

And the vagina girls are like “Oh we ate them with our vaginas which are also our whole bodies and are full of thousands of incredibly sharp teeth like in a horror movie.

That’s kinda what we do.”

And Killer-of-Enemies is like “WHAT? THAT’S NOT HOW YOU USE A VAGINA.

Look, ladies

I’m totally down for some frisky sexin’ but first you gotta take these drugs I brought with me.”

And the vagina girls are like “FREE DRUGS? COUNT US IN.”

So Killer-of-Enemies feeds these girls sour berries

which are actually just a ton of Rohypnol and ecstasy

and also some kind of tooth-decaying powder to remove their unpleasant vag teeth

and the vagina girls are like “OH MY GOD THIS SEX FEELS SO GOOD.”

And Killer-of-Enemies is like “Dang, girls I ain’t even banged you yet.”

And then later he totally bangs them right in their domesticated vaginas and I guess he probably distributes the loose assorted vaginas amongst the people and no one has to deal with unsightly vagina teeth or women’s rights ever again.

So the moral of the story is that people who live in vagina houses should not get stoned.

# RABBIT TAKES SUMMER FUN TO THE NEXT LEVEL

Summer can be a drag  
but what if you could solve summer  
using VIOLENCE?

Well, my friends, it turns out you can  
as long as you are a mythical rabbit with un-  
limited reserves of CHUTZPAH.

See, once upon a time the sun used to be  
even more of a bastard than it is now.  
It would take a flying leap off the horizon in  
the morning  
and then spend the rest of the day doing  
flaming kickflips of disaster off the clouds.  
But one day Rabbit decides he has had  
enough of this nonsense.

He is trying to get his chill on in the shade of  
a shady oak tree  
but the sun is just pretty much PRYING THE  
SHADOWS STRAIGHT OFF HIM  
and then BAKING CANCER INTO HIS  
SKIN.

Anyway, Rabbit is not about to take guff  
from some puffed-up ball of superheated  
gases  
so he grabs his gun  
and he starts walking.

Yes, of course I can repeat that:  
Rabbit grabs a GUN  
and he starts walking east, to where the sun  
lives  
so that he can SHOOT THE SUN FOR  
BEING TOO HOT.

So Rabbit is stomping his way to the horizon  
and on the way, he *practices*  
which yes, means exactly what you think it  
means.

It means this rabbit is stomping his way to  
the horizon  
shooting *EVERYTHING*.

Rocks  
lizards

other rabbits.

Nothing can escape Rabbit's sociopathic target practice.

But finally he gets to the horizon  
and this is before sunrise, you understand  
so he's sitting there waiting for the sun to  
come up.

But the problem with crossing an entire  
world while firing your gun constantly  
is that it tends to sort of telegraph your future  
plans

so the sun already knows what's up  
and it responds by rising **REALLY FAST** and  
off to one side

which totally fakes Rabbit out  
and by the time he gets a bead on the sun it  
is already too far away to shoot.

But Rabbit is not gonna give up that easily.  
This is a dude who is **SERIOUS** about taking  
naps under trees.

So he sits there for **DAYS**  
while the sun continues to fake his ass out.  
Sometimes it rises to the left  
sometimes to the right  
sometimes it does barrel rolls and cartwheels  
and all this time, Rabbit stays right there  
**WAITING** for the sun to fuck up.

It is terrifying to me to imagine that the sun  
is capable of **EVER** making mistakes  
but that is exactly what it does.

Maybe it comes up a little too slow or in the  
wrong place

but whatever it is, Rabbit is ready for it  
and he shoots it **RIGHT IN THE FACE**.

So hooray, right? The sun is wounded and we  
have all learned a valuable lesson.

**NOT SO FAST.**

See, the thing about the sun—

and you would think that Rabbit might have considered this—

is that it is a giant ball of superheated hatred that BLEEDS FIRE.

So while Rabbit is busy congratulating himself on his expert marksmanship the sun is busy bleeding a geyser of piping hot apocalypse all over the world.

Now, Rabbit is not about to pull off the greatest drive-by in history

just to get barbecued by a celestial body so he starts running for cover

and the first cover he finds is a big tree

so he comes running up to the tree, like “Quick! Tree! Hide me under your branches!”

And the tree is like “Dude, I am a *tree*.

I am made of *wood*.

Have you considered hiding under *nonflammable* things?”

So Rabbit keeps running, asking all the trees to shelter him

and they keep saying no, because they are  
*trees.*

But finally, Rabbit manages to con this bush  
into sheltering him  
and then the sun's fire passes over them  
and all that happens to the bush is that the  
leaves turn kind of yellow forever  
which isn't that bad, all things considered.

But there *are* real consequences to this  
cavalcade of tomfoolery.

For one thing, Rabbit is afflicted with a seri-  
ous case of PTSD  
which is why rabbits are total wusses  
nowadays.

The sun survives the ordeal somehow  
But it's hard to do your job  
when you're worried someone is gonna shoot  
you every time you clock in  
which is why the sun rises really slowly and  
cautiously now  
and also why it is so bright:

It is so that you cannot get a good bead on it  
with a sniper rifle.

So the moral of the story  
is that we don't need to worry about global  
warming  
as long as we have guns.

The end.

# THE MOON IS MADE OF MEAT

So there's this place in Idaho or Montana or something, and it has no moon.

Everyone hates it, because how are they supposed to have sexy late-night disco parties?

Electricity has not been invented yet, my friends.

This is what was once known as BAD TIMES FOR DISCO.

So everyone gets together and they're like "Guys we need a MOON.

Then we can truly boogie

ALL NIGHT LONG

without someone tripping and putting his face through a disco ball like LAST TIME.

I mean, whose bright idea was it to bring a disco ball to a party WITHOUT ANY LIGHTS?

But okay, let's see . . . What do we have a lot of that we're not using?

Oh, that's right.

ANIMALS."

So they call up all the animals, and they are like "Okay here's how it's gonna be:

One of you is going to crawl up into the sky and curl up into a ball and reflect sunlight at us while we boogie

ALL NIGHT LONG."

And Fox

who is dumb and eager to please

is like "OH MAN, GUYS I WILL BE THE BEST MOON."

So he runs up into the sky

and he curls himself up into a ball

and he starts reflecting the PANTS off that  
sun

which is quite an achievement because I didn't know the sun wore pants.

But here's the problem, my friends:

Fox is WAY TOO GOOD AT HIS JOB.

It's like straight-up daylight all over the place.

Everyone caught with their wangs out on the dance floor

totally embarrassed.

So everybody's like "Sorry, Fox

but we need a little more mood lighting for this sexy party we're having.

Gonna need you to step down from the sky."

And Fox is like "Aww, okay."

And then Raven is like "OH SNAP NOW'S MY CHANCE.

NOTHING IS SEXIER THAN BLACKLIGHT."

So raven flies up there and balls himself up but as everybody but Raven already knows black is TERRIBLE for reflecting sunlight

so pretty soon everyone is right back to putting various parts of their anatomy through disco balls.

**DID YOU KNOW:** Disco balls are not actually in this story and I am just making that part up.

Anyway, everybody gets their shit straightened out and cleans all the blood off their faces and wangs

and then they're like "Okay, Raven

I know we said we wanted someone to be less good at their job

but we did not mean for someone to come in and drive the failbus straight off a cliff."

So Raven slinks back down to earth, all humiliated

because at least Fox only got fired for being too GOOD at his job

and it is at this point that Coyote decides to make his move.

He shows up like "GUYS, LOOK AT ME.

**MY FUR IS EXACTLY THE RIGHT COLOR.**

THIS IS ONE JOB SITUATION  
WHERE RACIAL PROFILING IS TOTALLY  
OKAY.”

And everyone is like “Well, we are uncom-  
fortable with your rhetoric, but okay.”

So Coyote gets his ass up in the sky and curls  
into a ball

and it's perfect, it's great.

Everyone is dancing up a storm  
but not a literal storm.

(That would be bad and probably interrupt  
the dancing.)

No, this is a figurative storm  
composed of gyrating pelvii and windmilling  
dangly bits.

It's great. You would have loved it.

But then Coyote gets all bored  
'cause this dude has some serious ADD  
so he starts using his privileged position up  
in the sky

to get all up in everyone's business.

He's all peeping in the ladies' windows

like “HEY, EVERYONE  
SUSAN JUST INVENTED THE STAR-  
GROPE.

COME LOOK.”

And everyone comes and looks  
except for Susan, who doesn't come at all  
because a screaming busybody moon is the  
ultimate mood killer.

Coyote also uses his moon powers to keep  
homeless guys from stealing food and to  
cheat at cards.

So everyone gets pissed off, and they decide  
to fire him.

But he's like “HAHA, YOU CAN'T REALLY  
FIRE ME.

I'M THE PERFECT COLOR.”

and everyone is like “Dude  
there are pretty much a hojillion animals  
with the same color fur as you.

Case in point: Rabbit

and Rabbit is not such a fucking spaz either.”

so they send Rabbit up to be the moon

and Rabbit ends up being pretty chill about  
the whole thing

FOREVER.

And that is why Coyote is always howling at  
the moon.

It's because he just cannot get over that stuff  
that happened that one time.



So the moral of the story  
is that we should seriously consider firing the  
moon  
because I didn't know we could do that  
and I bet we have the technology now  
to genetically engineer a WAY BETTER  
MOON than some dumb rabbit.



# UNITED STATES OF AMERICAN

So first, a quick disclaimer:

Throughout this section, I'm gonna be calling the United States of America "AMERICA"

and you are going to deal with this because America is just flat out easier to type than "The States"

or "The U.S. of A."

or "That Big Basket of Jerks under Canada"

But second off, don't you think it's weird that of all the myriad ethnic groups we have shoehorned together in this wide western world of ours

our predominant mythological tradition

is tied to a bunch of ancient dead dudes whose religion no one even worships anymore?

Now, I'm not denying Greek myths are super sweet

there is nothing better, if you want to watch a bunch of children boinking and killing each other.

But I feel like it is my duty as an American to raise awareness

of some goddamn AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY UP IN HERE.

But there's a problem:

America is not very old, my friends.

We have not had time to develop a really spectacular cast of magical jerks to talk about.

Oh snap, wait a second.

I totally take that back.

We've got a whole pantheon of crazy dudes to choose from and they are called

## THE FOUNDING FATHERS

but I could write a whole other book about  
those guys

and maybe someday I will

so for now, you're gonna have to settle for a  
whirlwind tour

OF THE MYTHOLOGY WE'VE MADE SO  
FAR.

# THE CREATION MYTH . . . OF AMERICA

Now, normally in these creation myths we start out with a vast ocean and then some guy comes along and puts land in it.

America is no exception.

This time, the ocean is called the Atlantic Ocean

and the guy is called Christopher Columbus.

The only difference is that Columbus doesn't MAKE the land

he just finds it, on his way to go find something else

because apparently some gods put it there a long time ago and forgot to tell anyone about it.

There are also already people in this America place but that's not a big deal because people are pretty easy to get rid of.

See also: the biblical flood.

Anyway, for the time being Christopher Columbus names these people Indians because that is the name of the people in the place he was supposed to be looking for and he is still laboring under some misapprehensions.

Time passes and a bunch of Christopher Columbus's friends show up a whole pantheon of legendary bastards called the conquistadors and they populate the land with themselves while depopulating the land of everybody else.

Then even MORE time passes and some other guys start showing up from this place called the **BRITISH EMPIRE**

which sounds like it must be a pretty nice place.

Like, the sun never sets there so it's basically an eternal beach party all the time but with more fog.

But even so tons of dudes keep getting on boats and leaving and sailing across a **WHOLE OCEAN** to get to this hip new America place everyone is talking about because Britain is nice and everything but it is totally played out.

Amongst the British dudes who show up are a bunch of people who are practicing this crazy souped-up version of Christianity. In this scenario, they will be our **CHOSEN PEOPLE**.

They meet all the requirements:

- (1) They are the dudes who ultimately get the promised land
- and (2) They get the promised land by killing a **WHOLE BUNCH OF PEOPLE**.

Yeah, basically what happens is that they're hanging out in America for a while when suddenly, the king of England (who is named George) starts being a TOTAL DICK.

He's like "I PUT ALL YOU PEOPLE IN THIS NEW LAND.

NOW YOU HAVE TO PAY TRIBUTE TO ME."

But all the American dudes are like "No way!"

And then instead of killing them with a massive flood

like a REAL divine emperor would have

King George tries to kill them with an army of really flashily dressed guys.

But as we have already established guys are REALLY easy to kill

and they are even easier to kill when they are covered in bright red dress-coats

so the Americans just get a whole bunch of guns and shoot at England until it goes away

and then they shoot at the conquistadors until they go away too.

Then they shoot at the natives and then when they run out of natives they shoot at each other.

Then they've still got a lot of bullets left over so they have to keep finding more people to shoot.

Also, I think someone writes a constitution? Anyway, that's where America comes from.

So the moral of the story is that the primary ingredient for a successful nation is guns.

# **JOHN HENRY WAS A STEEL-DRIVIN' MAN**

I SAID, JOHN HENRY WAS A STEEL-  
DRIVIN' MAN.

Do you guys know what that means?  
That means that he was a dude who worked  
on a railroad  
and his job  
was to KILL MOUNTAINS.  
Now, the way he did this  
was that some poor sonofabitch named Little  
Bill  
would hold a steel drill in place against the  
rock  
while John Henry BEAT ON IT AS HARD AS  
HE COULD

WITH A TWENTY-POUND HAMMER  
and Bill had to keep turning the drill after  
every strike  
and eventually the drill would get dull  
so he had to swap it out  
for another drill  
that someone would hopefully hand to him  
at about that time

WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT  
and then they would bring the old drill to a  
blacksmith  
so the blacksmith could fix it  
and then bring it back to Bill so he could  
switch it out AGAIN  
and meanwhile John Henry's hammer is just  
whistling right past Bill's junk  
or face, or ribs, or wherever he has to hold  
the drill  
in order to make sure the rock is getting bru-  
talized in the right direction.

Meanwhile, John Henry has it easy.

All HE has to do is heft a TWENTY-POUND  
HAMMER  
over and over again  
with perfect accuracy  
all day  
through solid rock  
never stopping, never getting tired  
under constant threat of rockslides and  
disfigurement.

So this is this guy's job.

Now John Henry works for a pack of rat bastards called the C&O Railroad Company. I know they are rat bastards because one day John Henry's railroad team rolls up on this big, big mountain and the railroad crew is all like "Oh wow, bummer.

Guess we better start going around this mountain, huh?"

And aforementioned rat bastards from C&O are like "NOPE.

GOIN' STRAIGHT THROUGH THE  
MOUNTAIN.

IT IS ONLY LIKE A MILE AND A HALF  
THICK.

YOU GUYS LIKE HAVING JOBS, RIGHT?  
SO *DO IT*."

So they do it  
most of these guys are freed slaves  
so they don't exactly have their pick of the  
crop as far as employment opportunities go.  
This goes double for John Henry  
who is not only a freed slave  
but also an UNSTOPPABLE BADASS WHO  
NEVER QUILTS.

So every day all the steel drivers go to work  
and they fling themselves mercilessly at this  
mountain  
and like twenty people die  
but John Henry just keeps abusing that  
stone  
making a solid ten-foot tunnel every day, at  
LEAST.

So, you know, great for him  
but all his friends are still dead  
and the dicks at C&O are getting impatient  
so when this traveling salesman shows up  
with a steam-powered drill machine  
they are like “SIGN US UP.

P.S.: Everyone who works for us is fired now.  
ESPECIALLY JOHN HENRY.”

Now John Henry is the kind of man who  
takes absolutely no guff from anybody.  
It is unreal how little guff this man takes.  
Like, if there were a great big pile of guff by  
the side of the road  
and John Henry walked by  
that pile would remain completely  
undisturbed  
because he would take none of it.  
So when he sees this guff coming his way he  
just sidesteps the lot of it  
and then he turns around like “Hey, travel-  
ing salesman

I bet I can drill harder, better, faster, AND stronger than your candyassed machine.”  
And the traveling salesman is like “YOU’RE ON.”

So the next day John Henry lines up next to this machine along with his trusty shaker Little Bill and TWO twenty-pound hammers and they get. to. work.

So John and the drill are staying pretty much neck and neck

even though the drill doesn’t have a neck. Maybe the drill is even doing a little better but then it gets STUCK in a hole in the rock and John Henry just goes grunting and flailing and sweating

FOURTEEN FEET INTO THE HEART OF THAT MOUNTAIN.

BAM CLINK CACHANG POW BOOM PEW PEW PEW.

I DON’T KNOW WHAT SOUND A HAMMER MAKES.

So, final score:

Newfangled steam drill: nine feet.

One man armed with nothing but sweat and hammers: fourteen feet.

Oh wait.

Did I forget to mention

that since John Henry is using two hammers,  
he drilled TWO HOLES

while the steam drill only made ONE??

So really, the score was nine to TWENTY-  
EIGHT.

Yeah.

But there's some bad news too.

See, as soon as he finds out his score

John Henry puts down his hammers and  
dies

because he just hammered that rock so hard  
he gave himself a stroke.

It doesn't say in the ballad

but I like to think that his last words were  
something like

“. . . Damn right.”

Anyway, then he's dead  
so I think they end up using the steam drill  
anyway  
although they have to cancel work for like a  
week  
because everyone is convinced that John  
Henry's ghost lives in the tunnel  
also later on it turns out that the tunnel is  
notoriously unstable  
because it is a bad idea to use contests to  
construct structurally delicate railway  
tunnels.

But none of that matters  
because the real hero of this story  
is Little Bill  
who held two drills  
right next to all the tenderest parts of his  
body  
against a solid stone wall  
while an absurdly muscular dude repeatedly  
charged toward him  
flailing two twenty-pound hammers.

And he kept holding those drills  
and turning them  
and shaking out the stone debris  
and switching out the drills when they got  
dull

FOR THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES  
AND TWENTY-EIGHT FEET  
and he *didn't* have a stroke  
or even poop himself a little.

So let's hear it for Little Bill  
the real American hero.

# PAUL BUNYAN WAS A LOG-DRIVIN' MAN

We all know that lumberjacks are badasses.  
But have you ever stopped to wonder *how* we  
know that?

I'LL TELL YOU HOW.  
PAUL BUNYAN IS HOW.

Because that dude  
was *big*.  
HOW BIG WAS HE?

He was SO BIG  
that it took three storks to deliver him to his  
parents.

He was SO BIG  
that when he was old enough to laugh and  
clap his hands

he DESTROYED HIS HOUSE.

He was SO BIG

that one time he dragged his ax behind him  
when he was walking  
and made the Grand Canyon.

This guy was BIG.

But all of that is baby stuff, compared with  
the time he tamed the Whistling River.

So the Whistling River

is a river that has somehow come into pos-  
session of some rudimentary intelligence  
and a WHOLE LOT OF GUFF which it hands  
out to all comers

because as you may have noticed  
guff is America's chief natural resource.

See, this river likes to rear up at random  
times throughout the day  
and let out a piercing whistle that annoys the  
crap out of everyone for MILES  
AROUND.

This river is also a total dick.

It breaks up log rafts

it drowns loggers  
it does everything a river is not supposed to  
do and laughs about it  
or whistles about it, I guess.

But then the river makes a crucial mistake  
because one day Paul Bunyan is sitting by  
the river, eating some flapjacks  
when the river rears up  
and chucks FOUR HUNDRED AND  
NINETEEN GALLONS OF MUDDY  
WATER  
INTO HIS BEARD.

Now I'm sure I don't have to tell you  
that a lumberjack's beard is NOT TO BE  
TRIFLED WITH

but Paul Bunyan gives the river a pass.  
He just goes back to his pancakes and figures  
the river will behave itself.

But that river rears up  
and chucks FIVE THOUSAND AND  
NINETEEN MORE GALLONS

AND SOME TURTLES AND SOME FISH  
AND SOME MUSKRAT  
DIRECTLY INTO PAUL BUNYAN'S  
ALREADY SOAKING WET BEARD

plus his flapjacks are pretty wet.

This is the kind of thing any self-respecting  
lumberjack cannot ignore.

So what does Paul Bunyan do?

Does he get up and move someplace where  
the river can't soak him?

NO.

Instead, he decides to TAME the river.

But how?

Well, Paul Bunyan settles down to do some  
serious thinking

and the way lumberjacks think

is they sit down and they eat popcorn  
for DAYS.

Paul Bunyan eats so much popcorn

that after a week, the ground is covered with  
eighteen inches of popcorn scraps

for THREE MILES AROUND

and animals that wander into the area immediately think it is winter and freeze to death before they have a chance to actually think about what they are doing.

Anyway, finally Paul Bunyan leaps up like  
“AHA!

I bet if I took all the bends out of the river it would straighten up and fly right.

So I'll just tie it to Babe, my massive blue ox and she'll tow it straight.

Oh wait, it's made of water.

How am I going to attach my ox to it?

HMM.”

So Paul Bunyan and his ox go to the North Pole

and he makes a box trap baited with icicles and then goes and plays fetch with Babe for a while using GLACIERS

but he has to stop because he floods Florida.

Then he goes back to check on his trap  
and finds that he has caught SIX  
BLIZZARDS.

Man, I wish I had a box big enough to catch  
six blizzards.

I'd open up a blizzard stand  
and no one would buy any  
BECAUSE BLIZZARDS ARE A THING  
THAT NOBODY WANTS.

But Paul Bunyan doesn't see it that way.  
He grabs two of those blizzards and he takes  
them back to his logging camp  
and has his friend Ole—  
who is not a lumberjacking matador but  
rather a big Swede—  
make two huge logging chains to attach to  
the blizzards.

Then he goes to the river and jams the bliz-  
zards into it  
which freezes it FOR SEVENTEEN MILES  
then he hooks the river up to Babe  
and it is GO TIME.

But that river is TOOOO ornery  
it won't budge  
even though Babe pulls those chains into solid iron bars  
and digs ruts into the solid rock she is running on.

But that's when Paul Bunyan just cuts straight through the bullshit  
by grabbing the chains and pulling them so hard  
that he and Babe drag the river free of its banks and through the prairie.

When finally they stop running and turn around  
they see that the river has become **TOTALLY STRAIGHT**

but it is also somehow much shorter  
because all the elbow joints that made the bends are now scattered across the prairie.  
So Paul Bunyan packs up all the extra bends and uses them later, when he needs to float logs in the middle of the desert

even though that's not how that works and there aren't even any logs in the desert because you get to ignore physics as long as you are really, really big.

Anyway, then the river refuses to whistle because it has basically just undergone the river equivalent of traumatic castration and strangely enough, this makes everyone really pissed off at Paul Bunyan because it turns out that everyone was using the river as an alarm clock and they need to wake up early because trees are easier to cut down when you catch them snoozing.

But luckily this dude comes along named Squeaky Swanson who has a speaking voice that is never above a whisper but a shriek that can physically LIFT THE BLANKETS off of everyone in camp.

So every day, Squeaky Swanson wakes up at the crack of dawn

and shrieks everyone awake  
thus solving every problem forever.

So once again  
the real hero of the story is not Paul Bunyan  
who actually ruined the whistling river  
and broke physics  
and littered a lot of popcorn scraps all over  
and flooded Florida  
but rather an unassuming man  
with some kind of weird voice problem.

So God bless America  
home of the little guy  
as long as the little guy can yell really loud.

# **PECOS BILL WAS A CATTLE-DRIVIN' MAN**

All right, my friends.

It is time for you to hear about a man whose  
ass is SO BAD

other asses cower at the mere mention of it.

The owner of this ass is named PECOS BILL.

But Pecos Bill was not always named that.

For a while he was just named Bill.

This dude was not alive more than, say, ten  
seconds

before he started chewing knives and riding  
horses

and then crawling out of his mom's wagon  
when she wasn't looking

and wrestling BEAR CUBS

and WINNING.

But as if that wasn't enough  
the way Pecos Bill gets the Pecos part of his  
name  
is that one day his family is crossing the Pe-  
cos River  
and Bill falls out of the wagon into the water  
probably because he was trying to bust out  
and wrestle bears at the wrong time  
and his family is like "DAMMIT.  
HE WAS GONNA BE SUCH A BADASS."  
And then his mom dies of being sad.

But it's okay, guys  
because Pecos Bill gets fished out of the river  
BY COYOTES.  
THAT IS A REASSURING THING TO HAVE  
HAPPEN, RIGHT??  
Actually, yes  
because in this case, the coyotes make the  
incredibly un-coyote-like decision

to raise this delicious human baby as one of their own for fifteen years.

Yeah, that's right. He's one of THOSE kids.

But then after fifteen years, Pecos Bill is drinking from the river that bears his name when his brother comes along

punching cattle, like people do in Texas.

(I think punching cattle is an expression meaning to herd cattle or something

but I really prefer to imagine

that Pecos Bill's brother is just SOCKING

COWS IN THE FOREHEAD

ALL ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.)

Anyway, he sees Pecos Bill squatting by the river

and he's like "HEY

Aren't you my long lost brother?"

and Pecos Bill is like "NO.

I AM A COYOTE.

AWOOOOO."

And his brother is like "Bullshit.

If you are a coyote, then where's your tail?"

And Pecos Bill is like “Hmm, tough question. Well, I definitely have fleas, AND I howl at the moon.”

And his brother is like “Son EVERYONE in Texas has fleas and howls at the moon.

Also, you clearly speak English and walk on two legs both of which are suspiciously un-coyote-like even in Texas.

Now cut the bullshit put on this hat and come be a cowboy like me.”

And Pecos Bill is like “Okay, you talked me into it.”

So he becomes the best cowboy ever.

He invents branding cattle and also sitting on cattle until they behave and also the lasso

and his brother is like “Not bad for some crazy asshole who thought he was a coyote for fifteen years.

Keep practicing, kid. Some day you'll be a great cowboy."

And he turns out to be **TOTALLY RIGHT**.

Which just goes to reinforce the point I've been making

which is that Pecos Bill is clearly not the hero of this story

(just like Paul Bunyan was not the hero of his story

and John Henry was not the hero of HIS story)

because without his brother

Pecos Bill would have farted around that river with a pack of rabid coyotes

until some poacher found this naked dirt-streaked thing

fucking a she-coyote in the underbrush

and put an end to his special crazytime.

See, this is what the United States of America is all about.

You can wrestle a thousand bears

and chew on a billion knives  
but in the end, you are only as good  
as the dude who stops you from dying of a  
gunshot while fucking a coyote.

# DAVY CROCKETT TALKS A BIG GAME

DAVY  
DAAA VY CROCKETT  
HE'S GOT A DONG THAT'S EIGHT MILES  
LONG  
HE KILLED LIKE A MIIILLION BEARS  
AND HE'S SUCH A BIG PIMP THAT HE  
GOT HIS OWN SONG.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen  
you are about to hear about the rootinest,  
tootinest  
alligator-shootinest son of a gun  
ever to be a *United States Congressman*?  
Yep, I'm talking about Davy Crockett,  
apparently.

It's okay, I didn't know he was a congressman either  
but I guess it's not particularly surprising  
given our history, re: guns.

We'll get to the politics part later, though.  
Right now, let's talk about this guy's  
childhood.

So first of all, it is a well-established, canonical fact

that Davy Crockett killed his first bear when  
he was **THREE YEARS OLD**.

Then they tried to put him in school  
but he ran away

because he was afraid that he might mistake  
his fellow students for bears  
and then **MURDER THEM**.

Just kidding

Davy Crockett was never afraid of anything  
he just had trouble fitting his massive balls  
through the schoolhouse door.

Anyway, his dad gets pretty mad at him after that mainly because he's jealous of his son's megaballs so Davy Crockett runs away and kills more bears maybe he gets raised by wolves or maybe he raises some wolves himself and that is why wolves are so hard-core now but either way he eventually comes back home just in time to handle his dad's shit for him because his dad sucks at business. Then he runs for Congress and WINS (on his second try). He remains a congressman for several terms, on and off during which time he does nothing but make threats and animal noises. Seriously, here's a quote: "Who-Who-Whoop—Bow-Wow-Wow-Yough."

This is the kind of stunning oratory Davy  
Crockett's constituents come to expect.  
And eventually people get tired of this, and  
Davy fails to get reelected  
so he tells everyone to go to hell  
(including his wife and kids)  
and then HE goes to the next best place:  
Texas.

Now at this time, Texas was kind of a fiasco.  
It was this great big swath of furious gunfire  
trying real hard to be its own country  
and Mexico was making this real hard by  
supplying a large amount of the gunfire.  
Remember I told you about the gunfire  
before?

Yeah, this is one of the places where the gun-  
fire is happening.

So Davy Crockett shows up with thirty well-  
armed bad boys ready to take on the  
world

or at least Mexico, which is really what they  
need in Texas at that moment

and he makes some speeches to his adoring  
public  
like about how he can “walk like an ox  
run like a fox  
swim like an eel  
yell like an Indian  
fight like a devil  
spout like a geyser  
make love like a mad bull  
and swallow a Mexican whole without  
choking  
if you butter his head and pin his ears back.”  
Wait, never mind. That’s just another one of  
his speeches from Congress.

Speeches or no speeches, it’s not too long be-  
fore Davy Crockett ends up at the  
ALAMO  
and we all know what happens at the Alamo,  
don’t we?  
Wait, you don’t?  
Are you telling me YOU DON’T REMEMBER  
THE ALAMO?

Well basically, there's this bad, bad dude  
called General Santa Ana  
and he is romping and stomping his way  
from Mexico into Texas  
to make Texas into Mexico  
and right smack-dab in the path of Santa  
Ana's army is this old church called the  
Alamo  
which has been turned into a fortress and  
filled with Texan dudes.  
The Texan dudes aren't doing too well,  
though because there aren't that many of  
them  
so Davy Crockett sees this as a perfect  
opportunity  
to back up some of that ridiculous game he's  
been talking  
and he brings his thirty guys to the Alamo  
and they put up a good fight but they still all  
get killed  
including Davy Crockett, who dies surroun-  
ded by **SIXTEEN DEAD MEXICANS**

only one of which he appears to have stabbed so I imagine he just stared all those other dudes down.

Then Santa Ana's troops keep on marching but they are so demoralized by having removed such a legit badass from the world that they are pretty easy to kill after that. Later, Disney makes a movie out of Davy Crockett's life!

So the moral of the story is by all means, talk the talk but think twice before you walk the walk because you might get shot.

# **THIS IS WHAT TOM CRUISE BELIEVES IN**

So there's this guy Xenu, right? He is this seriously bad dude who also happens to be the emperor of a MASSIVE GALACTIC EMPIRE.

The empire is made up of like twenty-six stars and seventy-six planets one of which is Earth except we can't call it Earth because that doesn't sound dumb enough.

No  
let's call it Teegeeeack.

So this galactic civilization is pretty much like Earth from the '50s and '60s in fact, it is basically exactly the same.

Everyone wears the same clothes and they have cars and buses and stuff.

Not a very advanced galactic civilization, actually.

**BUT WAIT:**

Xenu is about to get deposed for being a seriously bad dude all the time but then he realizes that if he just kills all the dudes who want to depose him, he can't get deposed!

Here is the problem with that plan, though:

**EVERYONE WANTS TO DEPOSE XENU.**

So he's like "Well, I guess I'd better kill everyone.

But I'm going to need some help.

**HEY, PSYCHIATRISTS?**

I need you to trick all these people or rather, all these THETANS

(because that is what these guys are called) into showing up to my place for a tax audit or something."

And the psychiatrists are like “We have no problem with this, because we are evil.”  
So all the Thetans show up to get their taxes audited . . .

Actually, hold on.

Why is it

that everyone in the galaxy shows up  
for an INCOME TAX AUDIT?

Especially if we are postulating that these  
guys have the technology of the 1950s  
which did not include faster-than-light travel  
as far as I can tell

so people are traveling HUNDREDS OF  
YEARS

in their shitty, explosion-prone spacecraft  
for an INCOME TAX AUDIT.

Now if it had been a free-puppies-and-  
cotton-candy audit, maybe I could see  
this working

but if you want to depose a guy  
and then he is suddenly like “HEY HOW  
'BOUT THOSE INCOME TAXES.”

Your response should not be “RIGHT AWAY, SIR, CAN I CRADLE YOUR BALLS AS WELL?”

Where were we?

Oh yeah.

As might be expected, this whole thing turns out really badly for the Thetans.

I mean, as soon as they show up

Xenu freezes them in alcohol and takes their souls

and then he puts them in some spaceships and takes them to Earth

wait, wait, no . . . sorry . . .

TEEGEEACK

and he stacks them around active volcanoes.

But active volcanoes are not naturally dangerous enough for Xenu.

so he drops HYDROGEN BOMBS in all of the volcanoes

vaporizing all these Thetans but . . . keeping their souls intact?

Then Xenu forces all these Thetan souls into a massive 3-D movie theater where they watch a thirty-six-hour movie encompassing all future religious symbolism. And where is this movie theater located exactly?

Hawaii.

OBVIOUSLY.

Only a true evil mastermind would stage a massive campaign of subliminal mind torture

in the future birthplace of PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA.

All right, you with me so far?

Good.

So when the Thetans get let out of the movie theater they are so crazy disoriented that they just start grab-assing at any body they can find

turning perfectly functional human beings into worthless sadness engines bent on self-destruction

and THAT'S why we all suck so bad, see?  
It is because a supervillain put bombs in volcanoes and then evil spirits laid eggs in our minds.

This is an actual religion, guys  
made up by an actual dude.  
His name is L. Ron Hubbard and he is actually a science-fiction writer  
and he calls this religion SCIENTOLOGY  
and this religion makes something like five  
hundred million dollars a year.

But the worst part is that if you try and learn  
all this stuff  
without first preparing yourself to learn it by  
paying a lot of money again and again  
the shock will be so great that you will get  
pneumonia.

So the moral is  
don't read this myth unless you want to get  
pneumonia.

# CONCLUSION

## *The Prevailing Creation Myth*

Here's one more to go out on:

So back in the back in the back in the back in  
the back in the day

there was this tiiiiny ball of all the matter in  
the universe, and that's ALL there was.

But don't be fooled by its size, my friends.

This matter  
was DENSE.

Denser than the beats issuing from the most  
legitimate of subwoofers.

Denser than the skull of world headbutt  
champion Maxx "The Russian Concus-  
sion" Headbutts

Denser than the cream of a coconut banana  
cream pie

on the face of a clown who is going for the  
world record for most pies to the face.

This matter was DENSE.

Where did it come from?

Who knows!

That's not important right now.

What's important is that at some point  
all this matter gets REALLY sick of hanging  
out with the same matter all the time  
so it does what matter does best  
or at least, most awesomely:

IT EXPLOOOODES.

Now, friends

I have seen some explosions in my life.

All of them were sweet.

Some of them I might even call DOUBLE  
SWEET

but nothing can top an explosion SO  
INTENSE

that it is still going on ALMOST FOURTEEN  
BILLION YEARS LATER.

That is why, to this day, if you look through a telescope you are going to see the rest of the universe hauling ass away from you. Anyway, lemme backtrack a little.

So after exploding as hard as it can for a real long time all the matter turns into particles called electrons, protons, and neutrons and all these particles get a little lonely and start looking for other particles to hook up with.

And when they get together they pull some Voltron shit and turn into  
ELEMENTS

like hydrogen and helium and stuff.

Then all the hydrogen gets together and is like “Hey

I know we were all just exploding as hard as possible a minute ago but you know what would be cool? If we exploded **EVEN HARDER.**”

So they turn into STARS  
and then their explosions produce a bunch of  
other elements, which form big clouds  
around them  
and then those clouds get hit by MORE  
explosions  
from when other stars became TOO  
EXTREME  
and they start spinning so fast  
that the elements get all frisky with each other  
and turn into less explode-y balls of stuff  
like planets, mainly  
and one of those planets is EARTH.

But Earth was not always sweet beach  
parties and rock-and-roll music, my  
friends.

No, Earth used to be 100 percent MAGMA  
with volcanoes going off ALL THE TIME  
AND THEN AN ASTEROID SLAMS INTO IT  
AND RIPS A BIG CHUNK OF IT OFF INTO  
SPACE  
AND THAT is where the moon comes from.

But then Earth gets older and chills out a little  
and forms an atmosphere out of steam and volcano spit  
and it gets a bunch of water by being constantly bombarded by GIANT BALLS OF ICE  
and for some reason, all of this adds up to make it a hospitable place for things to live.

So little things start living there they come from space, or from Earth depending on who you ask.  
They mainly start out in the big water parts (which cover most of everything just like in the Native American creation myths and the Egyptian creation myth and that part in the Bible where God gets real pissed)  
And these little things learn this really neat trick

which is how to make more of themselves using CHEMICAL REACTIONS

except . . . chemical reactions aren't always accurate

so sometimes they make really gross, messed-up versions of themselves

and sometimes they make PROTOZOIC SUPERHEROES.

So the messed-up versions die and the superheroes get to make more superheroes

and eventually someone figures out how to have legs

and then they get curious about this whole land thing and they crawl onto it

and then there are DINOSAURS, but they die

and then later, people!

Now, I know what you're probably thinking:

You're probably thinking "Wait a second, this isn't a myth.

This is science!"

Well, yes and no.

See, this  
is a story  
and like most stories, the most important  
thing isn't whether it's true or not  
the most important thing is whether it gives  
us a satisfying explanation of what we see in  
the world  
and maybe some rudimentary means of pre-  
dicting what will happen next.  
That's all any of these myths have been try-  
ing to do:  
to take a huge, terrifying phenomenon  
something you can only stare at and go  
"whoa"  
and turn it into something more our size  
something we can fit inside our puny brains.  
Something really cool, even:  
a story.

Me, I don't see much of a difference between  
Science and Religion.  
First off, in order to successfully *apply*  
science

there are always going to be certain things  
that you're taking on faith  
like that the universe behaves rationally or  
that the accumulation of knowledge is a good  
thing.

Without those assumptions you end up like  
that Descartes dude  
unable to prove anything except that you ex-  
ist which is just boring.

And I mean, the first natural philosophers  
(the Greek dudes who are widely credited  
with getting the whole science thing  
rolling)

were offering theories that sounded a lot like  
myths.

“The world is a bunch of islands floating on  
water!”

“We live on the back of a space turtle, in  
space!”

And those explanations were discarded as  
more satisfying ones came along

just like how no one really worships Zeus  
anymore  
because they've found gods more compelling  
than a big adulterer who shoots lightning.  
Some people say that it's that willingness to  
reject discredited views  
that willingness to *change*  
that makes science different from religion.  
I'd say that that willingness to change is just  
a tenet of the religion of science.  
Hell, voodoo's gone through an awful lot of  
changes too  
and a Taoist monk systematically unlearns  
his world knowledge  
as fast as any scientist can learn it.

Now, I'm not trying to undermine the im-  
portance of science  
personally, I'm all about it.  
And I'm not saying I think Creationism and  
Evolution should be taught side by side in  
schools.

Largely because Creation Science is taught as an aggressive argument against evolution as opposed to something that stands on its own.

Plus it misuses a lot of the methodology of science in a very misleading way without accepting most of the founding principles which would be a lot like coming up with a basic theory of Christianity based on the assumption that God doesn't exist and that anyone who thinks he does is an asshole.

No, see what I'm trying to say is that I watch people organizing themselves into these neat little conflicts:  
Atheists versus Christians  
Jews versus Muslims  
Fundamentalists versus basically everybody  
and I feel like a kid in a broken home who can't get Mom and Dad to stop fighting.

The assumption that every one of these groups is making—  
and I think it's important to acknowledge that *every group*, from scientist to Sikh, assumes this—is that they are right. That they are somehow *behaving rationally*.

But the fact that we can get so angry about this stuff means that it's *not* rational and I think we could get a hell of a lot further by synthesizing these beliefs than by finding more and more nuanced ways to call each other dicks.

So I guess the moral of the story is that all you religious people need to stop hating on the scientists, and vice versa because at the end of the day, we are all united by our desire for sweet explosions.

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# THE END.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**Cory O'Brien** (aka Ovid Naso)

is a dude who likes myths a whole lot. When he's not writing them in books he is usually yelling them at people in bars or posting them on his website [better-myths.com](http://better-myths.com).

He grew up on top of a hill in Los Angeles, California

where there are basically no myths at all but where one time a guy got shot in the leg outside his friend's house and broke in to use the telephone.

Now he lives in Chicago, Illinois where it is much colder

but on the other hand no injured people have broken into his house. Yet.

He is currently doing an MFA in writing at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago not that it shows.

Also, birds really freak him out.

They're like tiny, winged sociopaths.

Seriously, have you ever looked at those things?

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