

The Invitational Week 42: The 'Hole Story

Write us a funny 'Am I The Asshole' question. Plus winning parodies on the news.

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AND

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OCT 19, 2023



For some reason, we thought this popular Reddit thread would be perfect for a contest in The Gene Pool. See this week's Invitational below.

This Week's Invitational: Are You the Asshole?

This week's contest, suggested a while ago by both Alex Blackwood and Jeff Contompasis, was inspired by a long-standing and deeply vulgar discussion thread on Reddit: Someone writes in to recount a conflict they're having with someone else, describes their own behavior in said dispute, and asks their fellow Redditors: **"Am I the asshole?"** Then others in the "AITA" community weigh in with their judgments.

Often, it is hilariously clear that the aggrieved writer *is* an asshole, a conclusion almost always confirmed by the community. An example we just made up: "I love mackerel in bouillabaisse sauce, and frequently make it for lunch at work,

in the microwave or even the coffeemaker, which works splendidly for that. My co-workers complain it stinks up the office and all coffee subsequently tastes like fish. Am I the asshole?” Obvious verdict: You are.

Sometimes, it is clear that the writer has a good point, as in this real example from Reddit (slightly edited for space):

My boyfriend likes to be called “daddy” in bed. I’ve obliged but it’s starting to creep me out and I’ve decided I don’t want to do it anymore. He is not happy with this, and insists it has nothing to do with the connotation of the word, he just enjoys hearing me say it.

Since he wasn’t budging on the issue, I told him I’d like him to call me “grandma” in bed as a compromise. He didn’t like this option, said it was giving him visuals he would prefer not to have — like ok, join the fucking club.

Anyway, the last time he tried to initiate intimacy with me, I started to say, “Do you like when grandma does that?” etc, and he FLEW off the handle. Said I ruined the mood, made him feel gross and I was being ridiculous.

I think I proved my point but he thinks I’m being an asshole. So AITA?

The full comment thread has been taken down, but the consensus seems to be: Madam, you are NTA, *not* the asshole. HE is the asshole.

Anyway: **For Invitational Week 42: Create a humorous situation proposing a question for “Am I the Asshole?”** It can be “from” a nameless person or a particular real or fictional one. It can be filthy, though we do not officially recommend that. The length can run up to 150 words or so, like the “Grandma” example, or it can be just a sentence or two.

[Click here for this week’s entry form.](#) Or go to **bit.ly/inv-form-42**. As usual, you can submit up to 25 entries for this week’s contest, preferably all on the same form.

Deadline is Saturday, Oct. 28, at 4 p.m. ET. Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, Nov. 2.

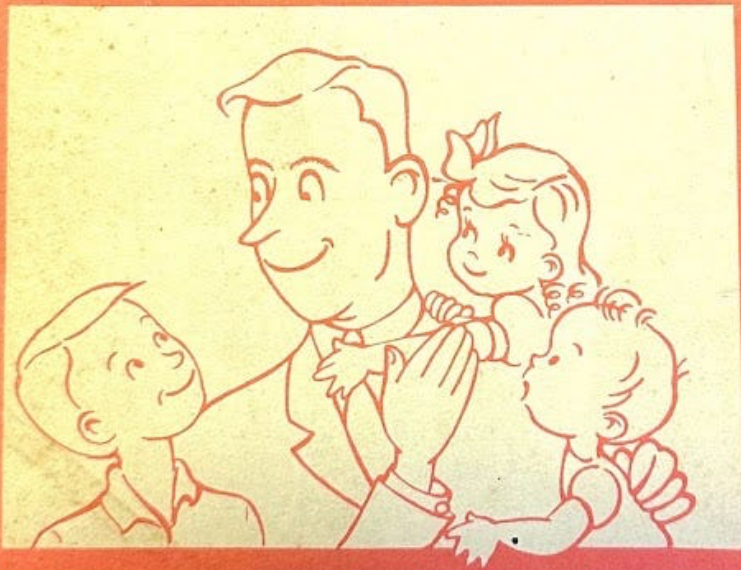
Since we are in advice mode here, the winner gets **the 1950 pamphlet *Making the Grade as Dad***, which was already in its seventh edition when this copy was printed in 1954. Written by child-rearing expert Edith Neisser — whose credit appears after that of her husband, Walter, “an advertising man” — the advice is generally still wise and probably progressive for its era (“It is a good thing for a boy to see his father helping to dry the dishes”) though clearly the product of its times: “Everywhere in the world, boys learn that when they grow up they will have to look after women and children if they are to be considered responsible members of the community. Even when mothers go out to work, fathers are expected to be strong and protective.”

25c

PUBLIC AFFAIRS PAMPHLET No. 157

MAKING THE GRADE AS DAD

BY WALTER AND EDITH NEISSER



Perhaps the designer of the Amazon logo was inspired by Dad's mouth.

Runners-up get autographed fake money featuring the Czar or Empress, in one of [ten nifty designs](#). Honorable mentions get bupkis, except for a personal email from the E, plus the [Fir Stink for First Ink](#) for First Offenders.

Rock and LOL: The songs from Week 40

In [Week 40](#) we put the call out for song lyrics and performances about matters in the news — which happened to be, as you'll see, right when House Speaker Kevin McCarthy was getting his gavel grabbed away. As always, the Loserbards sent us far too many inkworthy parodies and videos to share here; over the next few days Pat will post another dozen or so in the [Style Invitational Devotees](#) group on Facebook; search on #parodies.

Click on the titles of the original songs below to hear the tune so you can sing along — though our winner this week will sing it to you right here.

The winner of [the solar-powered hula dancer](#):

The song's about Sen. Robert Menendez. Lyrics by Jonathan Jensen; performed by Tom Chalkley (center), Bob Friedman (right, on guitar), and Jonathan (on MicroBass). The three Baltimoreans perform occasionally as the Patapsco Delta Boys; Jonathan's day job is playing string bass with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.

YouTube URL: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZEKCm3QR0oI>

I want to live on what you give.
There's nothing finer than a bar of gold.
All these transgressions you must forgive,
I can be purchased for a bar of gold.
And I'm bought and sold
Keeps me working for a bar of gold.
And I'm bought and sold.

I go to Washington, I chair committees.
I'll do your bidding for a bar of gold.
I'll loosen purse strings, and I'll do worse things.
I can be purchased for a bar of gold.
Though I'm getting old
Keep on working for a bar of gold
Yes, I'm bought and sold.
I can be purchased for a bar of gold.

A new Mercedes and a bar of gold.
Half million dollars and a bar of gold.
There's nothing finer than a bar of gold.

First runner-up: Re-Indicted (to “Reunited”)

Those guys were fools to haul me into court —
Each time they do it doubles my support.
Whenever they booked me, then the better things looked.
The base gets more excited 'cause I've got them hooked, hey hey.

Manhattan, Georgia, big one in D.C.,
Each prosecution is a boon for me.
'Cause when I'm arraigned, see all the fans that I've gained!
More charges, more they love me—see, I've got 'em well trained.

Re-indicted and it feels so good!
Charge me more? You know I wish they would.
My poll numbers climb when I get charged with a crime.
The MAGA crowd's united 'cause I'm re-indicted, hey hey.
(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

Second runner-up: (To “Blank Space” by Taylor Swift)

Nice to meet you, where you been?
You can sure do incredible things—
Making catches for the win—
Saw you there and I thought,
“Oh my God, look at that man!
Guess I'm now a K.C. fan.
Love's a game, wanna play?"

New outfit, white and red,
They will talk about us on TV.
Ain't it funny, all that's said?
And I know you think about me,

So, hey, let's hang out
And you can run a deep go route.
On the Internet we'll trend;
I can holler when you score on the weekend.

'Cause we're hot and we're famous,
They'll gossip way too much.
Football's what your game is;
You're awesome in the clutch.
Got a long list of ex-lovers;
We'll say that we're just friends,
But I've got a blank space, Travis —
And I like tight ends.
(Jesse Frankovich, Laingsburg, Mich.)

*Third runner-up: **Donald's Favorite Things:***

Buckets of crispy Kentucky Fried Chicken,
Huge MAGA rallies and candidate-pickin',
Dictators, tyrants, oppressors, and kings:
These are a few of my favorite things.

Strip steak that's well-done and slathered with ketchup,
Crazy-ass rants that my speechwriters fetch up,
Women who dream being one of my flings:
These are some more of my favorite things.

Fans wearing red hats who shout, "F.U., Biden,"
Breitbart and Tucker and Elon providin'
Claims that the deep state is clipping my wings,
All the while hiding how Putin pulls strings.

When I'm dogged by DOJ stings,
And it makes me mad,
I think about top-secret classified things

That I can reveal to Vlad.
(Chris Doyle, Denton, Tex.)

Rhythm & Lose: Honorable mentions

Employees React to a Rebrand (To “*Be Our Guest*”)

We’re now X! We’re now X!
Says the guy who writes the checks,
Understanding the rebranding
Raises riddles that perplex.
Why did Musk buy us out?
Why’d he change what we’re about?
When he did away with Twitter,
He consigned us to the shitter.
Is the stock through the floor?
Is the future insecure?
Is the ax about to come down on our necks?
We were a well-run shop, now we’re a dismal flop,
Pay last respects! Clear the decks! We’re now X.
(Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

Two Ballads of Matt Gaetz

I. (To “*My Blue Heaven*”)

A vote that I called, to tell him goodbye,
That motion’s how I screwed Kevin.
Eight votes from the right, now he’s out of sight,
Good night, because I screwed Kevin.
Gone is that weasel face that we’ll replace, up in the chair,
And if there’s disarray, that’s quite okay, ’cause I don’t care!
Now all thanks to me, we’re leadership-free,
So happy ’cause I screwed Kevin. (Mark Raffman)

II. (To “*Stairway to Heaven*”)

There’s a dude who is sure his intentions are pure,

But he's clearly a scumbag to Kevin.
He the Speaker betrayed with a motion he made,
And he's basking in all the attention.
Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, yes, he's clearly a scumbag to Kevin.

He's a Florida man who's a huge Donald fan
And a star among self-righteous whiners.
We're all keenly aware that he's proud of his hair,
And to boot, he gets busy with minors.
Ooh, makes me shudder ... And he's clearly a scumbag to Kevin. (*Jesse Frankovich*)

Biden: His Time

(To *"When I'm Sixty-Four"*)

Some say I'm aging, losing my grip
C'mon, man, not so!
Aren't you all anticipating four more years?
Speak up, folks, I can't hear the cheers!
Asking the old folk, begging the young,
You whippersnappers, you:
Will you respect me, will you elect me,
When I'm eighty-two?
(*Rob Cohen, Potomac, Md.*)

Your House (to "Our House"), written and sung by Judy Freed, Deerfield Beach, Fla., accompanied by Judy Freed and Judy Freed.

[URL of Judy singing in three-part
harmony: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kPrrJL7aPLE>]

You lit the fire. We sit here watching as you burn the whole thing down.
Such an orange fire— Your mess is now ours, as you
pander to the clown who pulls the strings, which we all see.
God help the GOP.

Time's running out. So use your head for just five minutes.
How hard can that be?

Gotta make a choice. The country needs a Speaker and we
know you'll just keep teeter-tottering the whole day through.
What will we do with you?

Your House is a very scary, asinine House.
With Boebert, Jordan, Gaetz -- catastrophe awaits.
Now everything's gone bonkers 'cause of you
and your blah blah, blah-blah-blah-blah-blah
blah-blah-blah-blah-blah-blah...

The Ballad of Sam Bankman-Fried (To “*Be Our Guest*”)

Bankman-Fried! Bankman-Fried!
Tale of hubris, lies, and greed:
Funds invested feather-nested; at the trough his pals would feed.
Stole the loot, took the gains,
Used the dough to fund campaigns,
And his customers in crypto? Off those folks he surely ripped — oh,
FTX took their checks,
Laundered funds (it was complex);
Off to jail Sam went with all deliberate speed;
He seemed a rumpled oddster; now this scheming fraudster
Has been treed—yes, indeed, Bankman-Fried! (*Duncan Stevens*)

Evicted (To “*Busted*” as sung by Johnny Cash)

It started in '20, when orange-face Trump got evicted;
To old Mar-a-Lago, that roach-ridden dump, he was evicted.
He took what he said was all personal stuff;
Jack Smith and the feds have been callin' his bluff —
But one scuzzy 'Pugnican isn't enough
To be evicted.

Now Kevin McCarthy, the man with no shame, is evicted;
[His aide called Pelosi](#) and told the old dame: “You're evicted!”
Pelosi's a lady; she told him off nice,
With steel in her spine and a voice full of ice —

But I'm sure she was hopin' the whole gang of lice
Would get evicted.

Now listen up, people, and hear what I say about "evicted":
It isn't enough just to hope and pray they'll be evicted!
You Dems who love justice and right in your souls,
A year from November, get down to the polls—
And don't you dare quit till the whole pack of trolls
Is evicted!

(Sharon Neeman, Pardes Hanna, Israel)

Kevin's Lament (To "*You Shook Me All Night Long*")

He was a click machine, made for the TV screen,
Gaetz was the biggest camera whore that I ever seen.
With Eddie Munster hair and a caveman's glare,
Voting me right out of my House Speaker chair.
Taking more than his share, I said I didn't care,
But the schmuck followed through, thought he wouldn't dare.
Congress halls start quaking, my hand is shaking,
My gavel they're taking, and the far right is breaking it
And you shook me alt-right wrong ...

(Leif Picoult, Rockville, Md.)

The Ballad of Sen. J.D. Vance (to the "*Beverly Hillbillies*" theme song)

Come listen to the story of a man named Vance,
A hardscrabble son who would never have a chance,
Except for some folks who would help him on his way...
The same folks now that he loves to betray.
(Coastal elites! Pointy-heads!)

A scholarship to Yale, a degree in law,
A best-selling book 'bout his crusty old Mamaw,
And then California, where a patron said, "J.D.,

Come feed at the trough of our private equity.”
(Start-up techs! Massive checks!)

Well now he’s in the Senate where he plays pretend,
A “man of the people,” but it’s Trump that he’ll defend,
So forget about his money or his fancy law degree,
He’s hiding them to practice demagoguery.
(Candidate — ’28?) (*Mark Raffman*)

It’s **High Noon** for Kevin McCarthy

Do not forsake me, Grand Old Party, on this our votin’ day
I don’t think Donald Trump will save me — Loyal? That’s one-way!
I think I know what fate awaits me
Countin’ the votes says it’s a wrap
The Chaos Caucus gang will Gaetz me
I’m bein’ booted, my gavel muted, guess I’m ill-suited for this crap.

Shoulda been honorin’ my sworn duty
’Stead I helped trample the Constitooty
Trump with his tie so red and long — what a buffoon!
He thinks the Presidency’s hisn, ’cause it can keep him out of prison
I’m not a fan of his but oh — what made me think he should lead me?

Now that you’ve dumped me, Grand Old Party
Some say I’ll quit this carny ride
No, I won’t be a K Street smarty
And my new hobby won’t be to lobby, and if it is? Then hey, I lied!
(*Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.*)

Two songs sung by Clarence Thomas

I. (To “**Wouldn’t It Be Lovely**”)

All I want is a billionaire
Flying me on a jet somewhere
Paying for my air fare
Oh, isn’t it so lovely?

Now I sail on the finest yachts,
I don't sleep in my RV cots
In Walmart parking lots.
Oh, isn't it so lovely?

Oh, so lovely living in the lap of luxury
Paid by lawyers who have lots of cases in front of me!

It will never affect my vote
When a litigant buys my boat
Or pays my mortgage note,
Oh, isn't it so lovely?
(Barbara Sarshik and Andy Pike, Vienna, Va.)

II. *(To “**Let It Be**”)*

When I find myself with time to travel,
Wealthy friends will cover me,
Whispering with their checkbooks,
“Big RV.”

And if I want a yacht vacation,
Sailing on some tropic sea,
There will be an answer,
“It's on me.”

Get it free, get it free, gave a spree, Justice T.!
Ethics can be damned, sir,
Get it free! *(Mark Raffman)*

From “The Lauren Boebert Musical” *(To, once again, “**Be Our Guest**”)*

Feel our breast, feel our breast,
Then we'll let you grope the rest.
Let your fingers run across us, dear, and you will pass the test!
In the House, we're a Rep,
So you better watch your step:

As they say, “You go and hump her — just don’t piss off any Trumper.”
You’re okay, it’s a play,
We’re in public every day,
And our voters trust that we know what is best.
So follow Trump and Jesus, do your thing and please us.
Feel our breast! Yes, our breast! Feel our breast!
(Neal Starkman, Seattle)

Speaker of the House (To “*Burning Down the House*”)

Ahhhhhh Watch out! You might get what you’re after
Big babies—estranged and getting stranger
Appoint an ordinary guy
Speaker of the House.

Hold tight, wait till the Party’s over
Hold tight, we’re in for nasty weather
There’s got to be a better way
Speaker of the House

Vote your ticket, back your flag, it’s time to behave overboard
The aggravation is here.
Close enough but not a czar, we’re not what we think we are
Fighting on a high wire ... ah!

All White, we might need a scapegoat,
Break down, don’t discuss much in daylight.
Too many palms for us to grease.
Speaker of the House....
(Barbara Turner, Takoma Park, Md.)

The Major Maniacal Dictator’s Song (To “*The Major-General’s Song*”)

I am the very model of a master of autocracy;
My name is known throughout the world (albeit for hypocrisy);
I have a lust for power, and my mission’s to expand my reign,
And nothing’s going to stop me (once I finally smash that damn Ukraine).

I had a private army called the Wagner Group (you may have heard);
It's said I killed their leader — bah, I tell you, that is just absurd!
He led an insurrection but I'm never one to hold a grudge;
That plane crash was an accident! Was I involved? I'll be the judge!

My latest message to the world (I say this quite sadistically):
I have some brand new nukes, and they can reach your home (ballistically!).
So use some common sense: don't try to mess with my autocracy,
'Cause Xi and Kim Jong Un could help me polish off democracy!
(*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

RNC's Ronna McDaniel Watches the GOP Debate (To *"If I Only Had a Brain"*)

Trump will never just surrender — there's nary a contender
Whose path he didn't pave.
They're on stage to audition for a Cabinet position,
Not the job they truly crave.

Some could win the right-of-center, defeat their chief tormentor,
Who's brazenly depraved.
With ol' Joe's numbers sinkin', we don't need another Lincoln
For our party to be saved.

Oh, I could tell you why we're in such disarray.
Ron's a wonk whose claim to fame is "don't say gay,"
And the rest have no cachet.

In debates they're bellyachin', and red-state heads are shakin',
Reviews have not been rave.
Where to find someone saner who's a highly skilled campaigner?
Let's raise Reagan from the grave.
(*Steve Smith, Potomac, Md.*)

The Elon Song (To *"I'm Too Sexy"*)

I'm too X-ey for that name, too X-ey for that name,

Twitter? No, that's just lame.
I'm too X-ey for ol' Zuck, too X-ey for ol' Zuck—
What, "Threads"? What a schmuck!

Get blue checks-ey, pay the fee, blue checks-ey, pay the fee,
Show you're loyal to me!
I'm a mogul, you know what I mean,
And the techie staffers say, "What a prat," walk.
Have a spat, walk, grab their hat, walk.
The site is breaking down after that walk.

Not too X-ey, though, for Nazis, too X-ey, though, for Nazis,
Racist bilge quite a lot sees.
You're objectsy to your feed, objectsy to your feed?
Then I'll cap what you read.

I'm a mogul, you know what I mean,
The employees hear me tell them all "Scat," walk—
"What a brat!" walk, "brain of gnat!" walk,
A site-will-now-frequently-go-splat walk.
Too X-y for my, too X-y for my, too X-y for my, too X-y for my
[TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES] (*Duncan Stevens*)

The headline "Rock and LOL" is by Chris Doyle; Chris also wrote the honorable-mentions subhead.

Still running — deadline 4 p.m. ET Saturday, Oct. 21: **Our Week 41 contest to "discover" new terms by snaking through a word search grid.** [Click here](#) for the grid and directions.