



IT'S
**ALWAYS
SUNNY**^{IN}
PHILADELPHIA

THE **7** Secrets of
Awakening the
Highly Effective
Four-Hour Giant,
Today

THE GANG WRITES A SELF-HELP BOOK

Charlie, Mac, Dennis,
Sweet Dee, and Frank

“The Gang Writes a Self-Help Book”



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CHARLIE,
MAC, DENNIS,
SWEET DEE,
AND FRANK
WROTE THIS
BOOK



DEDICATION

To Jamie Nelson, who's swimming in heaven, and
Dooley, who would've loved our party mansion

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LEGAL NOTICE

Dear Reader,

On behalf of HarperCollins Publishers, I would like to extend my sincerest apologies to anyone who has squandered their hard-earned money on the purchase of *The 7 Secrets of Awakening the Highly Effective Four-Hour Giant, Today*.

At the time of this printing, the “words” that fill this “book” have cost our company roughly \$133,744.55. Our finance department has determined that we must actually publish this title in order to prevent it from costing us much more in extensive legal fees. While I was prepared to face the “authors” in court, it was deemed fiscally irresponsible, even if morally sound.

One advance reviewer of *The 7 Secrets of Awakening the Highly Effective Four-Hour Giant, Today* correctly described it as “less a work of ‘self-help’ than of ‘helping yourself.’” Another called it “the most offensive and unhelpful book since Miley Cyrus’s memoir *Miles to Go*.” The book is, and will remain, a professional humiliation for both our specific imprint, Dey Street Books, and for our parent company, HarperCollins. Even in this so-called digital age, we still pride ourselves on professionalism, attention to detail, and unwavering commitment to publishing quality books that meet the highest industry standards. Sadly, we have fallen short of that goal in this case.

You may be wondering how HarperCollins was compelled to publish something so totally devoid of any creative or artistic merit. I feel it is only fair to proceed with complete honesty, and our lawyers agree. In the spring of 2014 an executive editor (who has since entered a long-term treatment facility for substance abuse) visited an establishment in Philadelphia called Paddy’s Pub. We presume her intent was some sort of social anthropology research.

There she met a custodian named Charles Kelly, who immediately committed the tort of civil fraud by identifying himself as the bar’s proprietor. Over the course of several hours, Mr. Kelly plied said editor with large amounts of alcohol, later estimated to be at least five times the legal limit for the operation of an automobile. In addition, we have reason to believe that significant amounts of nonmedical marijuana were consumed. Also, apparently at the urging of Mr. Kelly, our editor was enticed to “huff” Scotchgard and model airplane glue. While she was thus intoxicated, our editor—who, I should note, was going through a painful divorce at the time—became convinced that Mr. Kelly’s “unique life advice” might translate to a wide commercial audience. She left an impassioned and slurred, voice mail message for me on my office line claiming that Mr. Kelly was a “self-help guru” on the scale of Dr. Oz and she was ready to sign him before another publishing house could swoop in “like a giant blond bird.” In fact, Mr. Kelly is a semiliterate alcoholic janitor with several emotional problems.

Though clearly and severely impaired, the editor, still acting as common-carrier legal agent of HarperCollins Publishers under Pennsylvania law, made the unfortunate and costly decision to offer Mr. Kelly a substantial book deal “on the spot.” Using even more chicanery, Mr. Kelly managed to convince the editor to include several of his cohorts in the misbegotten deal as well. Hence the participation of Messrs. Dennis Reynolds, Ronald McDonald, and Frank Reynolds, along with the individual identified as Ms. Deandra Reynolds. We have since taken measures to secure all publishing

contracts at our central offices in Manhattan and have included a line invalidating any contract signed under the influence of airplane glue.

The 7 Secrets of Awakening the Highly Effective Four-Hour Giant, Today is not in any way representative of the caliber of books our readers have come to expect from us, and for that we are immeasurably sorry. Following the “advice” contained herein could get you arrested, maimed, or killed. I repeat, do not under any circumstances take any of the advice offered in this book. In fact, things will probably go better for you if you just toss it in the trash right now. Don’t even worry about finishing reading this apology. I am not a proud man, and I simply want you to have a full, enjoyable life.

While we cannot legally offer refunds at this time, it may be of some comfort to know that all parties involved in the acquisition of *The 7 Secrets of Awakening the Highly Effective Four-Hour Giant, Today* are no longer in the employ of HarperCollins. As for the “authors,” we offer no comment on their current whereabouts, but based upon the return address of harassing postcards we continue to receive about “\$\$’s O’d 2 us,” we believe it to be Philadelphia.

With kindest regards and deepest sympathies,



Ray Curtis
Publisher (Retired)
Dey Street Books
HarperCollins *Publishers*

INTRODUCTION

By Mac



Hello there. My name is Mac and I am the undisputed leader of my “gang” of friends.* In your hands you hold the incredible book we just wrote, and we’d like to thank you for having the good sense to purchase it. Or most of you anyway. If you haven’t purchased it and are just dicking around in the bookstore like a tease, picking up books and bending the covers and getting the pages all creasy, then we’d like it if you stopped reading right now and put this book back on the shelf, you cheap sonofabitch. Way to not change your life, buddy! You should be ashamed.

Are all the cheap sonofabitches gone? Good. Let’s get to the introducing! Reader, meet *The Secrets of Awakening the Highly Effective Four-Hour Giant, Today*. You guys are going to be paid for this. This book will teach you things that will make your life better in literally fives of ways. In fact, you have already learned the first thing this book is going to teach you: that nothing worthwhile in life is free. This book, for example, cost you like \$17 plus tax. (Unless you’re still freeloading in the store. Or you got it as a gift, in which case, why don’t you just move to Canada if you like handouts so much?)

But as I was saying, me and my friends wrote this book to help people.* It’s who we are. We’re givers. Some of you may be wondering what makes people like us qualified to write a self-help book. I’d like nothing more than to get into all that, but as it turns out there’s some litigation pending at the moment and on the advice of Charlie’s uncle Jack I’m not at liberty to talk about certain matters related to how this book came to be. Needless to say, though, we are *totally* somebodies and we’re totally qualified to be book writers and world-renowned fixers of other people’s broken pathetic lives. Otherwise, *ergo quo ipso*, you wouldn’t be holding this thing in your hands, would you? Book executives don’t spend butt-tons of cash churning out a bunch of crap by complete assholes nobody gives a shit about. That’s a TV executive’s job.

Since I can’t talk about how the book came to be, let me break the title down for you. First off, the more observant among you may have noticed that we promise seven secrets in the title, yet the book contains only five sections. The reason for this is simple, but it’s a secret. In fact it’s the first secret of the book. Oh man, you would think it was hilarious if I told you. So ironic, yet so perfect. It’s just *us*, y’know? Anyway, the less questions you ask about the number seven in the title the better, because we’re not going to tell you, and it’s definitely not because people just love the number seven for no rational reason.* Besides, five sections is a *lot* less work than seven, and one of the secrets to finishing what you start is to not start so many things. That’s a bonus secret for you, right up front. I think it’s fair to say that we don’t skimp on the secrets around here.

The “awakening” part is pretty straightforward. Most numbnuts are content to sleepwalk their way

through life, and the only way they're ever going to amount to anything more than human leeches on American resources is if someone blasts 'em in the face with a white-hot load of Truth.* We are those someones, this book is our white-hot load, the words inside are the Truth, and the eyes you read them with are your face. You might want to have a paper towel handy, because you're about to have Truth all over it.

Dennis said we should put "highly effective" in there because it's 2015 and regular old "effective" doesn't cut it anymore. The "four-hour" thing was Frank's idea. He said something about how people want something substantial, and that means it has to take a while, but not so long that they have to spend their whole lives doing it. It boils down to this: Everyone has four hours, but if changing their entire life from top to bottom takes any longer than that, they'll lose interest.

The part about the giant was all me. It's a subtle reference to my physique. It's no secret that I've been bulking up lately, and not just on the glamour muscles. I've been blasting my core like a madman* as an inspiration for all the flabby slobs out there who wouldn't know a deltoid from an Altoid. If that's you, don't worry, we go over the exact difference in the book.* By the time you finish reading this thing you'll be super ripped, just like me. It's all part of the service.

All right, you feeling introduced? Let the healing begin! Besides me, you'll be hearing from my associates Dennis, Charlie, and Frank. You might also hear some high-pitched squawking that sounds like a giant bird trapped in a paper shredder. That's Dee. You'll know her pieces by the typos. It's hard for her to find keyboards big enough to accommodate her massive bison fingers.

Just remember, if you finish the book and your whole life hasn't changed, that's normal. It's normal for you. Just head back to the bookstore and buy another copy and start over at the beginning. Remember, change starts with you . . .*

PART I

Relationships

S.I.N.N.E.D.: The Reverse D.E.N.N.I.S. System

By Dee



There are so so so so many things about my shitface brother that bug the shit out of me, from his delusions of grandeur about his looks to his vain pretensions about his artistic ability to his megadickalomania (that's when you think you have a huge penis but you don't). Dennis is, quite simply, the most grandeuristically delusional dickbag on the planet, and nothing illustrates this better than his psychotic belief in his powers of seduction . . . or what he refers to as the D.E.N.N.I.S. System. It works—or, rather, doesn't work*—like this:

- D----> “Demonstrate Value”**
- E ----> “Engage Physically”**
- N----> “Nurture Dependence”**
- N----> “Neglect Emotionally”**
- I ----> “Inspire Hope”**
- S ----> “Separate Entirely”**

See? Just terrible. It's pretty much the most sociopathic and selfish thing you can imagine. I mean, haven't we evolved just a little as a species from this kind of empty, primitive, rut-oriented behavior? I mean, his system doesn't involve money at any step. Which is probably why he still has a roommate while I'm living fat in my own apartment.* To prove just how stuck in the Stone Age the D.E.N.N.I.S. System is, I came up with a system of my own that works way better than his. Allow me to take the D.E.N.N.I.S. System and turn that frown around. Ladies and germs, I present the S.I.N.N.E.D. System. It goes a little something like this.

Once you've got a target in your sights, take the following steps:

S—“Size Him Up” (His Wallet, Not His Dick). You can do this a number of ways. One of my favorites is pretending to nuzzle his cheek while he’s using the ATM, then “accidentally” hitting the “Check Balance” button. If you have a few days, do a little Internet search on him to get some personal info and order a free credit check. Or hire hackers to break into his bank account. If you get that far, you can just have them transfer out some cash, and you don’t even need to go on the date. Alternately, if you find he’s a broke loser you don’t have to go on the date either. Does your system have early outs, Dennis? Thought not.

I—“Isolate.” You do not want other gold-digging bitches dipping their pans in your river. Once you’ve established he’s solvent and you go on that first date, tie up all of his free time. If you catch him looking at anyone else, fake a sprained ankle. Sometimes you’ll need to go so far as to actually sprain your ankle. Basically the idea here is to tie him up completely for a couple weeks without having sex with him. You’re going to need to be a little creative here, but a combination of injuries and “lady problems” usually does the trick for me.

N—“Now Bang Him.” This is pretty straightforward. At the two-week mark you can finally give in and bang him. This needs to be a spectacular one. Best bang of this guy’s life. Really go hog wild and give him a show. Blast Bad Company and get gritty, because this bozo is going to be paying for it for a while.

N—“Neutralize Sexual Advances.” You’ve given him a taste of the candy; now it’s time to leave him begging for more. That means it’s back to the mystery ailments and yeast infections, but this time, you need to recuperate at his place. They’re painting/fumigating/delousing yours, remember? Play up the pitiful angle and wait for him to trust you enough to leave you alone in his apartment while he’s at work. Sucker.

E—“Empty All Accounts.” While you’re “sleeping off the flu” at his place, you’re actually be scouring his apartment for online passwords and ATM codes. If you run into any snag, go ahead and use roofie hypnosis on him.

D—“Dee Wins!” Because I get all the sucker’s money, and I get out. And I’m happy and well-adjusted and all you turkeys like Dennis can suck it because I know the key to true and lasting happiness with a man. The key is his checking account. Have fun with your vapid and unfulfilling banging strategy, Dennis. Give me a call when you can afford your own apartment.

Discrimination Prejudice

By Mac



First of all, let's get one thing out of the way. This section is not about black people. It's about relationships. If I say it's about black people then I'll get all kinds of static from the PC police about how I'm a racist. Let me just say it once and for all. I'm "not racist," okay? And this piece is "not about black people."

Happy now, black people? Okay, everyone else, keep reading.

There's been an awful lot of talk in recent years about how everyone's equal and no one should discriminate. Well I'm here to tell you that's a crock of shit. And ah-ah-ah-ah, don't get up on your moral high horse, okay? This has nothing to do with race. I tell people I voted for Obama all the time. And by "people" I mean black chicks. And by "voted for" I mean half-contemplated giving enough of a shit to figure out how to vote before moving on to something more important. Like fighting crime. (Oh, what, you love crime now?)

So let's get something straight right off the bat: Not everyone is equal. It's a basic, but still apparently uncomfortable, fact that some of us are just set apart from others at birth. Is it Calvin Weathers's fault that he is genetically superior to those around him, much like myself? No! Is it Sylvester Stallone's fault that his extra-advanced superbrain was able to produce the script for *Rocky* in just twenty hours (eerily echoing the epic session that resulted in *Lethal Weapon 5*)? Absolutely not! And it's ridiculous that these two great men have spent so much time dealing with the whiners and losers and cripples who say, "Oooh, I'm uncomfortable with these men and their taut rippling muscles. Their perfect physiques make me feel inadequate." When you're truly free of PREJUDICE (yeah, I said it), you realize that it's okay to become aroused at the sight of another man's sick lat, especially when that man is Dolph Lundgren. That kind of excellence should give you inspiration and maybe a half chub. (A fitness boner is nothing to be ashamed of.) What it shouldn't do is make you call the NAACP or the ACLU or NAMBLA or whoever. I can't keep track of all those liberal organizations and their fancy letter-names.

But before we go any further, I have a confession to make: I might have lied to you a little earlier when I said this chapter wasn't about black people. Because I said it wasn't and then I brought up Calvin Weathers (who is openly black) in a positive context. Oh! Who's prejudiced now? You. Against me. Because I discriminate.

That's right. You, my friend, are prejudiced against discrimination. Yeah, I said it.

I went ahead and looked up “discrimination” in the dictionary, and do you know what it means? ~~“The ability to understand that one thing is different from another thing.”~~ Yeah! So apparently if you happen to notice that, say, Sylvester Stallone’s immense, cut bulk is different from Arnold’s insane massed-up physique, suddenly I’m the bad guy? They’re not the same, you guys. Two different giant dudes blasting you in the face is just that—two different giant dudes blasting you in the face. Pretend otherwise and you’re just fooling yourself. No, it is NOT all the same in the dark.

But I can hear the whiners already. “Mac, Mac, you’re ignoring the true meaning of discrimination. The one that has to do with ugly truths about America and its history.” Okay, fine. Let’s go there. I think we all know there’s a deeper meaning to the word “discrimination.” And to see what it is, all you have to do is break it down. There’s three clear parts to “dis-crimi-nation.”

“Dis” is easy. It means you want to dis whatever comes next.

“Crimi” is the Greek root for the word “Cry me,” as in “Cry me a river.” It’s basically sarcastic taunting. A loose translation would be “I’m a little bitch. Watch me cry to my mommy.”

“Nation,” obviously, is this great nation of ours.

Now let’s unbreak it down. Dis Cry-Me Nation. When you use discrimination you’re dissing the idea that someone would tell AMERICA that it’s a little baby that should go crying to its mama. See, I’m proud to be a discriminator. Because I would never tell the United States (the UNITED STATES) that it was some little bitch boy. Because it isn’t. How could it be? This country practically invented getting blasted in the face by big beautiful black men like Carl Weathers. And if hating that is wrong, I don’t want to be right.

If you hate discrimination, you hate America. And if you hate America, you’d better hope you and I don’t ever meet in a dark alley. Because I will pound your ass so hard you won’t know what hit you.

Other People's Children Are Disgusting Shit-Monsters

By Dee



I ran into a friend from high school named Suzette at the mall the other day. Okay, it might be a stretch to call her a friend, since we always had a fairly one-sided relationship. There was me—the most popular girl in school—and then there was homely little Suzette, totally wishing she was me.

The dictionary defines “adoration” as “strong admiration or devotion,” but they really ought to add something about what a total pain in the ass it can be for the ones who are being adored, and also something about how pathetic people like Suzette are. Believe me, when I saw her coming over to me in the food court the other day I just wanted to disappear because I knew I was going to have to stand there and listen to her go on and on about how great I look and how smart I am and how totally sorry she still is for having gotten pissed at me senior year for banging my English teacher. She’s just so touchy about it because it was her dad. Whatever, it was cool and I kind of have a thing for authoritative figures.

But I almost shit myself when I saw the two little brats she was dragging along behind her. Turns out that by some miracle, ugly-ass Suzette got some sorry-ass douchebag to marry her *and* knock her up. So all you lonely trolls out there, take heart. There’s hope for you yet, no matter how shrewd and malformed you are.

So now instead of having to endure an ungodly hour of her chewing my friggin’ ear off about how awesome I am, instead I had to pretend to be interested while Suzette gushed about little Shitstain and her brother Asswipe. I don’t know how old they are. I think she said four and six. Hard to tell through all the rolls of chub. You know how they say the apple doesn’t fall too far from the tree? Well, apparently neither do the Twinkies and cheesesteaks and soft pretzels. I wouldn’t say they’re spitting images of their plus-sized mom. It’s more like swallowing images. As in, everything in sight.

Oh, what’s that? You think I’m being mean? On the contrary, I’m just being honest. The fact of the matter is, I’m not alone in thinking other people’s kids suck. Everyone thinks that, even people who have kids of their own. *Especially* people who have kids of their own.

Because everyone wants *their* progeny to be the ones who get rich and famous and get on a reality show and end up best friends with Tom Cruise. Parents think that if they just push her hard enough their delicate snowflake Madyson* will grow up to be a winner. The kind of superlative being who uses fancy words like “progeny” and who would never be caught dead hanging out with some loser like Suzette unless in her magnanimous awesomeness she did it because she felt sorry for her. B

trust me, these parents are living in a fantasy world. In actuality their kids suck as much as everyone else's. ~~If your kids are even vaguely accomplished, they're a threat to everyone's carefully constructed fantasies, which means they suck.~~ And if they're lazy, smelly, whiny little brats (more likely), then they just suck outright. It's really unavoidable.

So unless you can train your kid to carry my groceries, kick my jerkoff brother in the nuts, or score me crack so I don't have to go to neighborhoods that scare me, keep them out of my face and stop telling me dumb stories about them. Of course, if you do end up training your kid to do any of those things, definitely let me know. I've always had a soft spot for kids.

Charlie Kelly: Pursun Ecsput

Hey, guys. Dennis here. We were talking about the relationships portion of the book and Charlie was having a little trouble composing his thoughts on paper. He asked me if I could help him out. Being a natural giver I, of course, said yes. And then he sprung it on me that he wanted the section to be about me! Specifically about what a great all-around person I am and how unfailingly helpful I've been to him throughout our friendship. It weirded me out at first, but it isn't really that weird when you think about it. Anyway, here goes. Hope you enjoy. I know I did.

DENNIS REYNOLDS: BEST FRIEND, BEST PERSON

By Charlie (as told to Dennis)



Dennis is the sleekest, most catlike man ever to roam the earth. Back in caveman times they spoke a prophecy—one day a man would come, not to rule, not to enslave, but to inspire. He would not be an arrogant man. He would not be a wealthy man. He would walk the earth with the grace of a swan and the plumage of an eagle, yet he would mix with the ordinaries for the sole purpose of inspiring them with his cheekbones, his shapely calves, and his innate sense of style.

The prophecy also foretold that one day he would meet me, Charlie Kelly, a lowly janitor at the blessed bar run by the aforementioned incredible chosen one, Dennis, and several other people whose names have been lost to the mists of time. I'm happy to have known you, Dennis. You took pity on this poor, wretched soul by letting me tell people you were my friend. I've never known a better person, and I think I never will.

Oh, hey, what's up, y'all. Sweet Dee at your service with a little help for my buddy Charlie. Seems he got a little overwhelmed with composing all these fancy words and wanted "the smartest person [he] know[s]" to help him out with it. So here I am.

Helping. Cuz that's just what I do. Anyway, he thinks he might not have been clear in the last piece he did with Dennis's help and wanted to make sure his message got across.

DENNIS REYNOLDS: WORST FRIEND, WORST PERSON

By Charlie (as told to Dee)



Dennis is the sleekest, most catlike man ever to roam the earth. Back in caveman times they spoke a prophecy—one day a man would come, not to rule, not to enslave, and, most importantly, not to inspire. He would be an arrogant man. He would be a wealthy man. He would think he walked the earth with the grace of a swan and the plumage of an eagle, yet he'd really just be a lame asshole who secretly videotaped the skanks he banged.

See, here's the thing: Dennis is a dumb-face. His face is actually dumb. Not his brain. His face is dumb like a bag of hammers that never finished elementary school. Stupid like a thing that's really, really super stupid all the time. And mean. Not his face this time, just his whole Dennis. All of the time. Dennis is all of the mean all of the time to all of his sisters. He actually only has one sister, but she's really really nice and only wants the best for him and has always been there, from the beginning, lending him money and doing his homework and calming him down when he came to her to just cry and cry and cry because Maureen Ponderosa dumped him for the fourth time.

But does Dennis ever do anything nice for his beautiful sister? No, he doesn't. He just calls her ugly and says she has gigantic thumbs and tells her she should go hang out at the beach because that's where all the other gigantic weird-looking birds are. No, Dennis is a bad man and no one likes him. They only feel sorry for him, and everyone should remember that forever.

Oh man, did I ever have a weird day. I was under the bridge and Duncan got all territorial about the syringe pile again. Like I haven't put any syringes on that pile. Asshole. This is Frank, by the way. Frank Reynolds. Anyway, Charlie grabbed me outside the bar and told me he was worried that Deandra and Dennis have been jerking him around with this whole book thing. Typical. Those two wouldn't know how to do a friend an honest favor if they had a gun to their heads. Actually, you know, that's not a bad experiment. I'm going to have to try that. But let me take care of this first. Charlie asked me to set the record straight about how he feels about friendship.

DENNIS AND DEANDRA ARE A COUPLE OF UNGRATEFUL TWATS

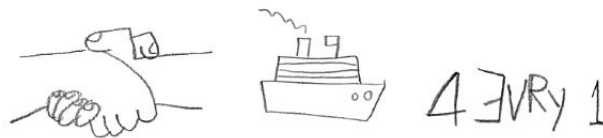
By Charlie (as told to Frank)



Let me tell you about my good friends Dennis and Deandra Reynolds. They are a couple of ungrateful twats. Did you know that Dennis's stepfather saved his butt by buying into the bar he owns and Dennis has never even once said so much as "Thank you," let alone "Hey, Frank, you're more like a father than a stepfather the way you bail me out all the time, come on, let's go down to the warehouse and get you an 'around the world' on me." What a twat.

And Deandra, don't get me started on her. First of all, she's not the most ladylike, but that's probably because she's not Frank's actual daughter. If she were, she'd be more debonair, more worldly, and have a little meat on her bones. Sort of like a female Frank. You know, handsome. In a lady kind of way. And even though her stepfather owns part of the bar and is basically responsible for her having a job, does Frank ever get so much as a how-de-do on Father's Day? Or his birthday? Or when one of his favorite whores croaks? No, it's always "Put down the gun, Frank," "Wipe the mayonnaise off your forehead, Frank," and "No one wants to see your dong, Frank." Everyone wants to see Frank's dong. It's a great dong.

Anyway, they're both ungrateful assholes. And I should know because I'm Charlie Kelly and I wrote this and all Frank did was write everything down perfect, just the way I said it.




BYE CAT



MAC  GOOD MAN

MAC TEACH CAT TO  CAT NAME

 ← CAT

MAC TEACH CAT  CAT

CAT ♡ MAC 4 EVR

CAT ♡ 

CAT ♡ 

CAT ♡ ♡

EDITOR'S NOTE: When we first received the manuscript we had difficulty parsing the sections Mr. Kelly wrote himself until we uncovered a key piece of information. Apparently coauthor Mr. McDonald thought it would be funny to "teach" Charlie to write his name and then told him it was spelled C-A-T. HarperCollins does not condone this type of manipulative behavior and we only reproduce the material shown here due to contractual obligation.

The Gang Answers Your Questions About Love

By the Gang



EDITOR'S NOTE: This chapter was transcribed from one of many audio recordings that were submitted in lieu of actual written copy.

Mac: Okay, hi, we're rolling. This is *The 7 Secrets of Awakening the Highly Effective Four-Hour Giant, Today*, part I, chapter five, in which we will answer your burning questions about love. I'm Mac, and with me are Dennis, Dee, and Charlie.

Charlie: And I'm Charlie.

Dennis: Are you sure it's chapter five?

Mac: Um . . . yeah, I'm positive.

Dennis: I thought the essay I wrote about what I learned from my marriage was chapter five.

Mac: We decided to cut that, remember?

Dennis: What are you talking about?

Dee: We're talking about your terrible essay. Which we decided to cut.

Dennis: I don't seem to remember any discussion about it.

Dee: That might have had something to do with the seventeen beers you had that day.

Mac: Or the fact that we decided it while you were in the bathroom. We figured it was best to just take a quick vote. It was pretty much unanimous.

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