



2019



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Memento Maury - May 14th

I live my life under the matte black umbrella of **Memento Mori**. Translated, it means something equivalent to "remember you will die". The saying stems from medieval Christianity, and helped sickly peasants feel they should make the most of whatever short lifespan they had.

In all fairness, I don't share many of the same problems of a Dark Age peasant. I don't have to worry about catching the Plague of the Week, being accused of witchcraft for washing my hands, or a hokey religion dictating how my country is run- but I have problems too. It's easier to deal with these problems when I have something to remind me that I could die at any moment, making my worldly contributions end. Reminding myself of my rapidly dwindling mortality is the flame under my ass that makes sure that I don't sit around playing Super Nintendo all day... or when the days that I do, at least I go to bed with that cozy warm feeling I call self-loathing.

I live my life under a second, far trashier umbrella as well though. It doesn't inspire bleak hope, like Memento Mori, but it still helps me lead my life in a better direction. This one, I call **Memento Maury**.

Now that I'm out of my younger and more vulnerable years, I'm making a conscious effort to stop being a completely insufferable prick- but I can't do that with willpower alone. I need a dreadfully frightful scenario in which I not only look like a total douche, but I look like a douche on *national television*. A broadcast that would be beamed into the eyes of the type of person who thinks a high decibel count makes their argument stronger.

Something like *The Maury Povich Show*.

Maury is a reality show that focuses on dramatic interpersonal relationships. Maury himself resembles that one suburbanite uncle you have, but behind those wire-framed glasses is a *bloodlust* for drama. The show is cathartic to me- after Maury tells the audience the backstory of why the participants are on the show, each episode devolves into two people screaming at each other, with no regard for anyone else in the room.

And that- that was the kicker I needed. I can't just be a civil person for civility's sake, fuck that! The binding resolution that keeps me kind is that one day, in the far future, Maury Povich could repeat my remarks on live television.

I'd never be able to go to Waffle House again without some barely-functioning backwoods product of incest recognizing me! God forbid I ever had a craving for Golden Corral. What if the host had seen the episode? What would I do without the approval of a man with the same number of teeth and IQ points?

While the serfs of the Victorian age made the most of their lives with the awareness that they could die at any moment, I live my life under the awareness that I may be the victim of my own words on a tabloid talk show. The sheer terror of this has inspired me to hold my tongue on more than one occasion already. It shocks me to say it, but *Maury* has made me a better person.

The Modern Movie Review - May 18th

I've always had a problem with the typical scale of reviewing a movie. 1-10 is a good baseline, but it doesn't tell you anything about what you saw. What about a bad movie that's funny because of how much it sucks? How am I supposed to rank *Casablanca* and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* in the same scale? Both are probably a 9/10 in my eyes, but for totally different reasons.

After working tirelessly with a team of doctors, engineers, and dudes who wear black jeans and listen to vinyl, I've determined the best way to rank a film- in four distinct, equally important parts.

PART ONE: GOOD MOVIES

Good movies are good movies... Did I have to write that one down for you?

PART TWO: BAD MOVIES

Bad movies are... bad movies. If you can't grasp that, I can only hope the glue that you're eating tastes good.

PART THREE: IRONICALLY GOOD MOVIES

These are definitely bad movies... but so bad they're good.

Troll 2 might be the worst movie ever made, but it's still entertaining to watch.

PART FOUR: GRAND MOVIES

Scorsese's type of monumental epic tale.

Good movies and grand movies are both fundamentally good- but you wouldn't put *Citizen Kane* on at a party. Bad movies and ironically good movies are both fundamentally bad, but ironically good movies are still fun to watch; Tommy Wiseau's *The Room* is a terrible film, but is loved *because* of how bad it is.

With this new-and-improved scale, a movie can have 1 of 40 different rankings, organized by category. Each quadrant is still ranked 1-10, but now has a prefixed adjective to best convey how the film makes you feel. A ranking of 10 still means the movie is rated strongest in it's category, though being the strongest bad movie just means you made an utterly terrible movie.

A movie you like could have a score of a "Good 6", for example. A movie you like because it's so bad it's funny might score an "Ironic 8". If you watch *Lawrence of Arabia*, you'd be likely to give it a "Grand 10". Finally, if you watch a movie that just isn't good and isn't enjoyable, it would be fitting to give it a "Bad 4".

I've not included "guilty pleasure" movies, because that's only a coward's way of being too ashamed to admit they sincerely like a movie. For all intents and purposes, they would typically fall under "good movies".

The long hours have paid off. I expect this scale to redefine how movies will be critiqued forever.

Get on my level, Roger Ebert.

How I'm Going To Dismantle Capitalism, One McDonald's At A Time – May 20th

Being a liberal under 25, most of my day revolves around plotting to end the national scourge known as *capitalism*. I'm setting my sights on McDonald's this time, and I have the perfect plan to take them down systematically. McDonald's may have taken in 21.83 billion dollars of revenue last year, but this plan is priceless. Why McDonald's? Last week, I ordered an Oreo McFlurry, and got an M&M one instead. Obviously, this means war.

I'm going to buy a Ronald McDonald costume, and take a nationwide trip to McDonald's across the US. I'll walk into each one with great fanfare– excitement will spread like electricity through the "restaurant". The fast-food peasants will eagerly wait to hear their king's commands. Speaking boisterously, I'll inform the crowd of how lucky they are, how graced they are because of my presence, and how happy they'll soon be. I'll tell every customer in the building that they've won free food for life, at any location, at any time.

Next, I come behind the McCounter. Each staff member gets a McRaise, and a whopping McBonus of \$1000 each. I'll lean in and grandly McWhisper that corporate sent me, and a representative would be in soon. Then, just as fast as I entered, I leave... preferably into a red-and-yellow splattered Volkswagen Beetle. I continue on my merry way to the next.

As I spread and conquer, people will hear rumors of me. The businesses themselves will have no way to know when I'm coming– during my announcements to the staff, I'll cut the phone wires. This isn't just an absurd plan. It's a very well thought out absurd plan.

Can you imagine the first few groups of people I'd promised free food to? They return to a new McDonald's a week later, and confidently tell the cashier that Ronald McDonald *himself* said they could have free food. You think a minimum wage job is gonna stop that employee from kicking their ass in the parking lot?

No employee who gets promised a raise and bonus would keep working there after those get denied. Regrettably, this plan may hurt the employees, but to make an omelet you have to break a few legs.

These combined catastrophes will be enough to make sure no average consumer will ever go to one again! As the stores close exponentially, I unflinchingly continue my pilgrimage to the remaining few. The cycle repeats and I am it's catalyst. Lawlessness reigns. Children are born into a dark world that will never be free of this hideous, chicken-nuggety war. I am the alpha and omega of fast food.

I am the fire. I am the storm. I am the McReckoning.

This Excerpt Sponsored By Burger King®. Have It Your Way!

The Cherry Kid - July 17th

Most Americans drink soda everyday, and most Americans like the taste of cherries but not the hassle of eating one- therefore, I need to bridge the gap with my own cherry soda brand.

Think about it- there's no easy way to order a cherry flavored drink. Cherry juice itself isn't sold anywhere, and is hardly worth drinking by itself. As far as cherry soda goes, options are limited. *Cheerwine*, if you're lucky enough to live in The South™, or ordering a Shirley Temple- which presents two problems itself. They take grenadine to make *and* you have to look someone in the eye and order a drink named after a beloved child actress. Even then, a lemon-lime soda mixed with cherry syrup doesn't really count, it's just Sprite with some culture.

I know I'd find overnight success. I could jumpstart my own search for fame by revolutionizing the soda industry. I'd pose on magazine covers, and Ryan Seacrest (or whatever test-tube clone of him is hosting *E!* nowadays) would call me *The Cherry Kid*.

Once I found a strong fan base in America, I could expand to be a worldwide chain. I'd have enough money to dive into a pool of it, so I may as well make enough more. All over the planet, people would love this soda. It would become celebrated, and I'd be wined and speched and honored throughout the land. I would be the hero of Earth.

With near-infinite riches from my cherry soda sales, I could invest in space travel. My company's rockets would take kids on sightseeing tours around the Asteroid Belt, while Mom and Dad took a day trip to Mars. Lightyears are meaningless when you're powered by cherries.

As we expand our grasp on the universe, scholars will look back upon my legacy with pride. A mere *human* was able to do something as daring as invent a cherry soda. I'll still be alive hundreds of years into the future, of course- don't you know how good the anti-aging effects of cherries are? Anyone drinking my soda will have near-immortality.

Humanity can finally ascend our mortal bonds. Life as we know it throughout the cosmos will be ruled under a cherry stained fist. *My* cherry stained fist. No longer am I a mere fleshy drupe of a person, my soul has changed. I have true power now. My cherry soda has become such a force in the universe that the bonds of reality rewrite themselves around me.

Carbon based life is OUT, and cherry based life is IN.

Vincent Vega Gave A Million Foot Rubs And It Only Took All Eternity - August 10th

Pulp Fiction is an out-of-order and hyper violent crime movie, directed by Quentin Tarantino, noted writer and famed foot fetishist. John Travolta as Vincent Vega claims early in the movie that he's given "a million ladies a million foot rubs", defending the idea that a foot rub has deeper meanings than a massage. We can debate whether or not he was right, or we can calculate how long 1,000,000 foot rubs would take. I'll go with door number two!

How long does a foot rub last? While a typical massage parlor would typically offer them in 30 minute blocks, it's unlikely Vincent has enough patience to sit through a full half hour without smoking or shooting up. On the low end of this, 10 seconds a foot seems the bare minimum to be counted as a massage and not an accidental touch.

Assuming Vincent works at maximum efficiency (20 seconds exactly per massage) and he has no downtime between massages, it would take him **231.5 days**. Honestly? Not as long as I expected. If Vincent started massaging on January 1st, he could stop on August 20th and take the rest of the year off. If he wanted to spread it out over a year exactly, he could spend about 32 seconds on each massage.

If Vincent spent a minute per massage, this massage-apalooza would go on for about two full years, not even the full time he was in Amsterdam... but let's not forget that any Vega is a gentleman. I'd be willing to vouch Vince doesn't let any of his foot massages last less than five minutes. At 300 seconds per foot rub, almost a full decade will have passed, about **9.5 years**. Travolta was 40 years old when Pulp Fiction came out, and if Vincent shared this age, about a quarter of his life would have been dedicated to massaging.

Who are we to say he didn't? Vincent is an interesting guy. He's willing to spend \$1,000 on heroin, but calls his date out for spending \$5 on a milkshake later that night.

If he went for massage parlor levels of excellence with 30 minutes per massage, it would take him 57 years. Definitely longer than his life up to Pulp Fiction. Where are all these women coming from? In 1994 Los Angeles, where the film takes place, there were 9,095,157 people in Los Angeles. Assuming half of that number is female, 4,547,578 of California's most eligible bachelorettes were available to get massaged by Vincent, so it's not an issue of population. This has now become an issue of how many women Vincent can really meet each day.

At peak efficiency Vincent works impossibly fast- but even a man like Vincent Vega would struggle to get a date every night and be free to take it. If he did though? If Vincent gave *one* lady *one* foot massage a day, it would take him **2739 years**.

This means that Vincent Vega spent most of recorded history up to 1994 giving foot rubs. Whatever was inside the glowing briefcase he and Jules retrieved must have let the user stop time, or live forever, and Vincent used this *amazing* power just to give foot rubs... and that might be the most Tarantino story of all.

Microsoft Announces The Xbox TeleKinect - August 17th

Phil Spencer, CEO of Xbox, was proud to announce the latest accessory in gaming hardware this morning, the *Xbox TeleKinect*. While the Xbox Kinect was known for tracking your physical movements, the TeleKinect is a level-up from games of the past. Now the controller is your *mind*.

The TeleKinect uses advanced technology to sync to the theta waves your brain produces. Analysis of these waves allows a user to picture exactly actions what they want their in-game avatar to perform, and voila! The TeleKinect has a 99.99% success rate at accurately recreating what the user is picturing in their mind.

Revolutionary ideas are never easy. In a short interview with Jeff Vernier of *Misfit Mementos*, Phil Spencer was beaming with pride over this difficult project.

Phil Spencer: In developing any new product, of course, we have to recognize what the modern gamer wants. You've seen *Back to the Future*, it's a joke to still use your hands to play... and that was back in 2015. We have to adapt, and I know that's never easy... but once we get past the mixed first impressions and possible carcinogenic effects of the machine, I really think gamers will be happy about this one.

Jeff Vernier: Do you see this as the next step in gaming?

Phil Spencer: Yes. Absolutely. It's never been easy for us to be the face of gaming, but we've managed. The most important thing I think people should know about the TeleKinect is the value you're getting. An MRI, a full scan of the brain, is about \$2600. The TeleKinect is projected to launch at a fraction of that price. To be specific, about 4/5ths, putting our on-market price at \$2099.

Jeff Vernier: Oh, that's a bit steep.

Phil Spencer: Is it?

Jeff Vernier: I mean-

Phil Spencer: No, is it? The TeleKinect has to scan entire brains 24/7, without ever stopping. For the device to work as well as we know it can, we need the finest tools, the finest kids to make them... it adds up. You might see that as a high price, but that's only two missed mortgage payments, or half a month's rent in the Bay Area.

Mr. Spencer declined to comment further.

The device is expected to launch Spring 2020, and is compatible with the Xbox One, Xbox One S, Xbox One X, Skynet, and the last surviving Microsoft Zune.

Pope Goes The Weasel - August 31st

It's important to write down goals you want to achieve. Here's my tentative five year plan:

- Get wildly rich fast with minimal work (probably through selling cherry soda)
- See how many hookers I can buy with a million dollars
- Wonder what to do with a million dollars' worth of prostitutes
- Storm the Vatican City with this sexy army and declare myself Pope

That was a nice short article. It's important to be underwhelmed often to keep expectations low.

...Oh, or we could talk more about the Pope thing?

Pope Goes The Weasel (Extended Edition) - August 31st

The Vatican City is a tiny little city-state in Italy known for being the home of Catholicism's Promised Landlord, the Pope. The city itself is only about a fifth of a square mile in size, and has a very minimal local population.

With the element of surprise and a few plane-loads of sex workers, I could easily break in and take over. Compared to the average day on the job, taking a break to reshape a world religion is just a drop in the bucket to the hookers. Maybe I'd be a "despot" and this is a little bit of a "coup", but I don't speak Latin so those words mean nothing to me.

In terms of defense, what do Catholics really have? Weaponized shame?

My army is built on shameless ideals, nice try!

I don't know how many churches would continue to preach my word after the whole violent takeover ordeal. With any luck, this'll be a huge schism for the church and I'll have my portrait in history books.

My new version of Catholicism, "Catholicism 2: Pray Harder", will be viewed across the world as a fun breath of life into the otherwise decrepit organization. Missionaries will hand out pamphlets in every subway station from Battery Park to Washington Heights. I'll host a televangelist show to solicit more indulgences. Pete Davidson will play me on *Saturday Night Live*... poorly.

Anyway, that's my five year plan! I encourage you to base yours off of this structure, but tweak it a bit to suit your own needs. We can't all become Pope, you know! I'd have you executed if you even tried.

Your Weekly Horoscope - September 21st

Astrology sure is a hot topic nowadays, so I'd like to share how *you* can look at the stars and deduce the specific ways they exist to influence and justify your behavior! I'll be using myself as an example, but feel free to substitute yourself in- I'm sure the stars affect you just as much as they affect me.

I was born on December 26th, 1998, in Orlando, Florida. This means I'm a **Capricorn** in the **House of the Rising Sun**. My moon sign is **Aries** (named for the Roman God of War, Jupiter). Aries was also my Ascendant sign, predicting my behavior on escalators as "erratic and often disrespectful". *Such* an Aries thing to do!

Because I was born into dawn's early light, my spirit rests in the **Francis Scott Major Key**. This puts my **bombs-a-bursting** in **air**, a combination that symbolizes power and an iron deficiency. A rocket's red glare might be a chance to shine a light on a new aspect of an old relationship, so keep an eye out!

I checked what the planets were up to, and determined that they had aligned, opening the chakra points into my four inner elements: *Fire, Water, Posh, and Phlegm*. I'm a **Fire** sign, which should help appease the jury in my next arson case. To those Posh signs out there, be wary of shady Ginger or Sporty signs in your personal life, those conniving bitches are always up to something.

My **Sagittarius** was heavy on the *sag* this week, which explains my persistent drooping eyelids. It's important to keep the windows to the soul as clean as possible, so I use a homemade, farm-fresh, locally sourced, shopped-small, and artisanally crafted Eye Cleansing Solution on both my peepers every morning. I grind one amethyst, one pearl, and one garnet into a large bowl, then add an all natural 50% white sand and 50% shattered glass blend to help increase smoothness. This is a *deep scrub*, don't stop 'til you've hit cornea!

Only **11 of my 12 drummers** were drumming, throwing off the rhythm of the **eight maids a-milking**, leading to complete malfunction down the line. This means I'll be paying a union-mandated bump in pay to the 10 lords a-leaping for working overtime, taxing my soul's metaphorical coffers, leading to an unwillingness to try new things in the coming week.

The last chart I'll be pulling info from is a clockwise arrangement of animals. Originally made in China, I'm referring, of course, to those kids toys with the farm animals and spinning arrow. My first pull resulted a **Rooster**. These animals typically *bawk*, based off my expert reading. My next pull was a **Coyote**, natural enemy to the rooster. My final pull revealed the strong-but-silent **Bag of Grain**. The formation of this unlikely triad tells me that in my current state, I would find difficulty crossing a river in a boat that only seats two.

Well, that's my astrological reading! I look forward to you sharing your own charts with me. Knowing how to convince yourself that the stars and planets matter is very important in day-to-day life.

I hope I've helped you come a little closer to Nirvana, or some comparably delightful delusion.

A Modern Proposal September 28th

I can't walk to the bodega on my block without seeing three different single mothers, all of them with at least four kids from five different dads. They loiter in their Cookie Monster pajamas and DC baseball caps and rather than *get jobs*, all the mothers panhandle in the direction of any passerby, accompanied by their kids, most of whom have on their saddest rehearsed frowns. No matter how poor these people are, they're always able to have kids every year! All these brats do with their lives is go into crime or join the Army.

I don't want to just help the kids from the shitty panhandling moms, obviously. This is a plan for poor moms from Houston to Harlem. It's for people on the East Coast to West Coast, and all the children of the corn in the middle. This is for every SNAP recipient from Constantinople to Timbuktu.

Consider that for the first year of a baby's life, all they really need is breast milk and diapers. After that, they get really, *really* expensive. This would definitely cut down on abortions too- why kill the parasite when *this way*, you only have to deal with it for a year?

In the US, four million kids are born yearly, and 1 in 5 will live in poverty. This gives us **800,000** viable candidates. At least half those mothers will want to keep the kids, knocking us down to **400,000**. Anti-Vaxxers will probably take out another half, so I think **200,000** is a fair estimate of how many children we'll have at our disposal.

Parents, let's be real for a second; what's a kid under 12 really worth in cash value? It's not like you can pawn them to avoid a payday loan, and now that they've grown up, you've gotta provide them with all those so-called "necessities" like school lunches and socks.

So, let's get to my plan. I don't want to make a huge fuss, but I will say that it is literally the best idea ever conceived.

A friend of mine from the Bronx told me that as long as a child has been fed well enough, they make an incredible meal. Whether you roast, bake, fry, or boil them, children taste absolutely delicious when cooked.

We have a limited supply to eat, so it seems right to let landlords have the first pick. Every landlord I've ever known has slowly eaten away at their tenants, it just makes sense to let them have the children too.

If you're a renter, this would work even better for you! Try talking with your landlord, see if you can promise him a child in exchange for roof access.

For all the work that goes into making a child, I think a fair price for the carcass would be about \$20. Twenty bucks should cover all the first year costs of the kid, with a little extra thrown in for the parents, as a thank you.

Those in the DIY community will love skinning the carcass to make chic accessories like gloves or sweatbands!

Making sure that extra cash isn't being wasted on raising children, small business will boom and give back, helping out those poor mothers after all!

With this plan, staying together for the kids will really work! Parents can share the entire, unabridged experience from conception to reheating the leftovers.

I truly think there are no possible downsides to this plan. I'll be contacting my congresspeople, and advise you to do the same. Just send them this! With your help, we'll all be eating children in the near future.

Based on A Modest Proposal, by Jonathan Swift.

How Many Communion Would It Take To Eat All Of Jesus? - October 26th

When Christ poured his followers a cup of wine, he declared it to be his blood. When he broke them bread, he declared it to be his body. Centuries later, Christians practice *communion* by drinking wine and eating wafers. How much would you have to go through before you've consumed the equivalent of one Jesus?

Christ, by some estimates, was five feet and five inches tall (based on the average skeletal remains found from the same time). With this height, we can estimate a healthy, fit carpenter would weigh around 140 pounds. No one knows for sure, obviously, but we'll accept this as truth- just have faith.

This means the Son of God would have about 1.3 gallons worth of blood based on his weight- about 11.5 pounds of Merlot in his veins. This leaves 129.5 pounds of weight we can attribute to being bread. Now we just have to divide both those numbers by the average volume of a communion cup for blood, and average weight of a communion wafer.

A communion cup, according to the 1000 pack I found on Amazon, holds 1.7 ounces of wine. 1.3 gallons of blood converts to 166.4 ounces. Divide that by 1.7, and we get **97.88 communion cups** required to drink the full equivalent.

Wafers are far lighter, weighing about .25g (one fourth of a gram). For all 129.5 pounds of The Holy Savior's body, it would take **234,961 wafers**. That's... a lot. More than you could eat in a month of Sundays. Or a year of Mass. Eating one wafer a day, it would take you **643 years** to finish.

(This is assuming, of course, that we'd be consuming 100% Christ, with no added preservatives or filler from other deities.)

If you're looking to eat a full Jesus in your lifetime, I would suggest replacing wafers for more substantial bread- if you ate full baguettes (weighing 8.75 ounces), it would only take 236.8 of them to hit the full 129.5 pounds of Christ... how unfortunate he wasn't French, otherwise this would a more manageable issue.

The Rebel Without A Pulse - November 16th

Maybe you've already heard the news; James Dean, previously dead actor, has been digitally resurrected with CGI to star in *Finding Jack*, a Vietnam war film set to release in 2020. At first glance, this appears to be a despicable, shameless, and downright disgusting plan. Jeff Vernier with Misfit Mementos was able to get an exclusive interview with Anton Ernst and Tati Golykh, the directors of the film, to help explain their choices.

Anton Ernst: Before we begin, I know some people may see our artistic decision as a despicable, shameless, and downright disgusting plan.

Jeff Vernier: Oh, surely not.

Tati Golykh: We want to emphasize that this was purely based on the abilities of Mr. Dean. Once we imagined how an audition would have gone, we knew there were no other options.

Anton Ernst: We are so blessed to be living in a time this is possible. People have been attempting necromancy for centuries, and this method doesn't even require much dark magic. It's win-win.

Jeff Vernier: The family of Mr. Dean approved the decision, correct?

Tati Galikh: That's right, they were hesitant at first, but once we sat them down and cut their check, they realized the potential.

Anton Ernst: We've already begun talking to the families of other stars, and the response has been monumental. Katherine Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart, and Chevy Chase's relatives all have an interest in seeing their loved ones look alive again.

Jeff Vernier: I didn't know Chevy Chase had died.

Tati Goliath: Insider secret, he's been dead for years. Didn't you see the *Vacation* reboot? The *SNL 40th Anniversary Special*?

Anton Ernst: That's all animatronics, *Disney World* style. Far more advanced than the pulley system of strings that Larry King's puppeteers use.

Jeff Vernier: Well, I'm learning a lot today. Are there any closing statements you'd like to make about the film?

Tati Goldfink & Anton Ernst: Come see it!

Anton Ernst: Jinx! Really though, put aside any preconceived notions of "disrespecting his memory", or "spitting on his grave to make a buck" aside. James would've loved this- he told us himself via Ouija board last week, shortly before making the walls ooze blood. Classic James!

The Heat Never Bothered Me Anyway - November 23rd

Frozen II, sequel to 2013's blockbuster hit *Frozen*, hit theaters yesterday to critical acclaim. Fans of the series are happy to return to Arendelle, and spend some more time with Anna, Elsa, Sven, and Olaf. Parents and kids agree the movie is fantastic, though many viewers are left scratching their heads over an... *interesting* scene included, where the ice queen Elsa discusses how easily she could stop global warming, but doesn't want to.

After a jaunty musical number titled "Ice (It's Nice!)", the characters take a quick break to plot their next steps. Before they travel further, Elsa asks everyone to listen to her—she then begins a long rant, covering a range of topics from rising sea levels to a weakened O-Zone layer.

Pausing for a moment to pour bleach on a nearby coral reef, Elsa details how she could easily reverse the effects of global warming with her icy powers, but would rather let humanity perish. When Olaf, the short white snowman (played by Josh Gad, the short white doughman), asks why she feels this way, Elsa wordlessly removes the enchantment giving him life, crumbling him back into normal snow. This segues into the film's next musical number, "Let 'em Burn".

Things proceed fairly typically onward, until after the climax of the film, when Elsa again shares her convictions to let humans suffer the consequences of their actions. "I could do it in a snap, just like that." Elsa explains to a group of friendly trolls. "No rising temperatures, no greenhouse gases... but they deserve retribution. I demand it."

Voice actress for Elsa, Adele Dazeem, said the anti-human stance was inspired by her own life, drawing parallels between Elsa's actions and her own personal experiences with arson: "Travolta, that bastard, if only he'd've been home while it burned...".

Despite the radical beliefs held by some characters, *Frozen II* is already a fan favorite, breaking Disney's rough history of follow-up films. See the film in theaters, and prepare to hear kids everywhere singing tunes from the movie until the day you die.

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