



Congratulations on surviving the pandemic. Your reward is: More pandemic.

What they don't tell you about receiving your booster shot is that it makes you the whiniest, softest little bitch in the whole wide world. My arm hurts. My spine is tender—did you know that your spine can be tender?—and I am crying at the slightest inconvenience. Maybe something else is going on, because I am also crying at 1) Old acoustic covers of 90s rock songs, 2) TV shows about teenage girls coming of age (when am i not), and 3) the sun setting at 4:35 PM on god's green earth, amongst other things.

All of this is going on while miss omicron rears her ugly head. I've already received the "Hey, someone at the party last night tested positive..." and honestly? Part of me doesn't want to know! Keep that shit to yourself! I've had so many Pfizer shots I basically have a bat signal for when Bill Gates is in my area and wants to fuck. I'm doing my best here.

With the stress of holidays, work, and the general....circumstances... I feel myself regressing. I'm playing Pokémon, reading YA fiction, taking shallow baths in the dark, and eating saltines for dinner. In an otherwise bleak childhood, those things hold peak nostalgic charm for moi.

But I digress. HAPPY HOLIDAYS to all 7 of you. Stay safe and healthy.

TV & Movies

- *Emma* (2020) I've read everything Jane Austen has ever written (even Sanditon, plus a biography or two). But I think I need to revisit Emma. This movie was GORGEOUS. Incredible interior design inspiration. Ana Joy-Taylor's face is so ... striking? She is beautiful on camera but I'm sure if I saw her in real life, I would be a little perturbed.
- *Tear Along the Dotted Line – Zerocalcare*. Guys, this was so good. It's like the Italian version of Bojack but in a miniseries. If you can handle the subtitles and fast pacing, I heartily recommend.
- *The Sex Lives of College Girls*: Yes, that is the worst title in the world. But I put aside my disdain because I like whatever Mindy Kaling does. I think this series nails what an actual college campus looks like and the chaos of undergrad schedules, even when the banter rings hollow.
- I am unfortunately watching *Selling Sunset*. I know, I know. But I do love looking inside all these grotesque mansions with floor-to-ceiling marble and the same white linen couch. Oh, you're asking \$43 million for the ugliest compound I've ever seen, with a MASSIVE TV THAT HOVERS ABOVE THE POOL??? Someone will buy, I guess. (And reader, buy they did).

I hate the drama on this show, which I know is like, antithetical to reality TV. But everyone seems so unhappy that it is morbidly fun to watch. Also, I like seeing how the girls' expressions grow more plastic and taunted at the beginning of each season. The fish-faced Kardashian look really is the height of beauty for women in LA.

Books

- I'm almost done with *The Raven Boys* by Maggie Stiefvater. She wrote *Shiver*, which I read at the ripe old age of 12 and remember

not loving it. This one is OK though. I like the set up, and the fantasy elements feel real enough, even when they don't make sense.

These are called “pieces” for some reason!

- Can Alison Roman be blasé and crass? Yes. Is she, at the end of the day, just a food blogger? YES. It ain't that deep, folks. I like some of her recipes. I like that she wastes very little of the products she buys. IDK what is up with internet culture and developing these parasocial relationships with novice chefs from the likes of Bon Appetit but, cut that shit out. (Her [New Yorker profile](#)).
- An oldie but goodie, from the old Deadspin: “[The Future Of The Culture Wars Is Here, And It's Gamergate.](#)”

I leave you with this.



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