

The mystery crank.



The scene in the middle of the credits.



This beard, this big, Victorian beard.



The linden tree's sweet, distinctive scent.



The funny wheels on that penny-farthing.



The bright side of life.



Your pelvic sorcery.



Twelve percent of the credit.



The most real, authentic, hysterical laugh of my entire life.



Bunch of jackasses, standing in a circle.



That guy's leg.



Pining for the fjords.



Hello Kitty's face on every damn thing you own.



Pretending you care what a first round draft pick is.



Finding another excuse to not play football with the guys.



Falling asleep to a baseball game.



Pretending apple picking is fun.



Instagramming your pumpkin spice latte.



Playing chess without a board, or pieces.



Freddie Mercury riding on Darth Vader's shoulders.



**Dogs and cats,
living together,
mass hysteria!**



**The nearest
convenient
parallel
dimension.**



**The statute of
limitations on
spoilers.**



Peace in our time.



**The Dorothy
Everytime Smurf
Girl Trophy for
Excellence in
Female Stuff.**



**Network
connectivity
problems.**



**The completely
plausible existence
of multiple desert
planets in one
universe.**



**Bea Arthur
singing.**



**Realizing Doc from
Fraggle Rock is the
guy with Tourette
syndrome in
Boondock Saints.**



**Idolizing a mass
murderer.**



**Picking up a
lightsaber and
just winging it.**



My mind palace.



Your OTP.



**Clueless parents
bringing children
to see R-rated
movies.**



**You son of a
motherless goat.**



**A big, dangerous
guy who wants to
kill us.**



**Riding eternal,
shiny and chrome.**



The Green Place.



**An electric guitar/
flamethrower.**



mumblecough



<p>My dead mother Martha.</p> <p></p>	<p>Live tweeting this dumb ass conversation.</p> <p></p>	<p>A Wikipedia rabbit hole.</p> <p></p>	<p>The ear-piercing screech of a dial-up connection.</p> <p></p>
<p>The RSS Boaty McBoatface.</p> <p></p>	<p>A fourth wall break inside a fourth wall break.</p> <p></p>	<p>Maximum effort.</p> <p></p>	<p>White girls who know all the words to Salt N' Pepa's "Shoop".</p> <p></p>
<p>A crisp high five.</p> <p></p>	<p>My authentic Klingon Bat'leth.</p> <p></p>	<p>People who refer to their favorite sports team with words like "we" and "us".</p> <p></p>	<p>Trying to catch 'em all.</p> <p></p>
<p>Walking into traffic to catch a rare Pokémon.</p> <p></p>	<p>Old Glory Robot Insurance: for when the metal ones come for you.</p> <p></p>	<p>An app that tricks nerds into going outside.</p> <p></p>	<p>Learning how long a kilometer is.</p> <p></p>
<p>Finally evolving your Magikarp.</p> <p></p>	<p>Just wanting to be the very best, like no one ever was.</p> <p></p>	<p>These salty parabolas.</p> <p></p>	<p>My everlasting love for Jillian Holtzmann.</p> <p></p>

**Barely passing the
Bechdel Test.**



MRA horror.



**My ruined
childhood.**



**To protect the
world from
devastation.**



Two tons of irony.



**The five Ds of
dodgeball.**



**The American
Dodgeball
Association of
America.**



**A poopie-flavored
lollipop.**



**A room full of
nightmares.**



**Passing the
Turing Test.**



**Failing the Turing
Test.**



**More Harley
Quinns than you
can count.**



**Captain
Blondbeard,
Space Pirate.**



**The greatest
botanist on Mars.**



**The Hoary Hosts
of Hoggoth.**



**A big red cape
with a mind of its
own.**



**Unfinished
business.**



**An all-syrup
Slushie.**



**The No Homers
Club.**



**The Stone of
Triumph.**



The Stone of Shame.



Your magic pixie drink.



Getting wax in your mouth.



Kermit the Frog memes.



Microtransactions and the people who pay them.



Running outside to catch the pretty white flakes on my tongue.



The darkest timeline.



Playing Fallout in an actual fallout shelter.



The Beforetimes, in the Long, Long Ago.



Mister Doctor.



One horse-sized duck.



One hundred duck-sized horses.



The agonizing inner turmoil of a white billionaire superhero.



The Five Point Palm Exploding Heart Technique.



A desperate battle against incredible odds.



Our parents' imperfect understanding of technology.



Some kind of thermal oscillator.



Energon cubes.



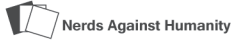
“Bah weep granah weep ninni bong.”



Putting some tape over the “Death” button.



An 800-foot statue of Pac-Man with Skeletor and Heather Locklear.



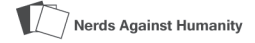
Mary Poppins, y'all.



The poison. The poison for Kuzco, the poison chosen especially to kill Kuzco, Kuzco's poison.



The epitome of hyperbole.



Seven "What's New Pussycat?"s in a row.



One "It's Not Unusual".



The Salt and Pepper Diner.



Men yelling indistinctly.



The memes.



Dad jokes.



Puzzlement that borders on alarm.



When the Fire Nation attacked.



Executive Producer Dick Wolf.



None pizza with left beef.



The police who investigate crime.



The district attorneys who prosecute the offenders.



A 30% chance that it's already raining.



An overwhelming surplus of diggity.



Safe passage through the anus.



A friend from work.



Going subatomic.



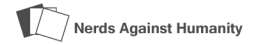
What the French call a certain "I don't know what."



Planned obsolescence.



Snake clowns.



Dinosaurs without feathers, like we're used to.



The whole deal the British have with boarding schools.



Wonder Woman eating ice cream.



A Social Justice Paladin.



A big ol' pupper.



The Corellian Bloodstripe.



One pointy boi.



Two Grace Jones-looking chicks.



The Tolkien white guys.



The Year of the Doggo.



The Russian pornbots.



Your compromised data.



A targeted ad that's just a bit too specific.



Putting a Post-It over your webcam.



Your biggest bucket of bullets.



Face-swapping with things that aren't faces.



Allowing people to be wrong on the Internet.



A moon-faced assassin of joy.



Creating another new email address to get another free month of Hulu.



A reasonable ratio of wontons to broth.



The absolute heroes who saved your favorite show from cancellation.



(Screaming internally.)



Ice T just naming examples of things you could be addicted to.



When someone plays too many scratchy lotteries.



That time Loki really, truly, actually, 100%, no tricks, for real, died. We think.



A horse in a hospital.



Conversations with your symbiote.



The Snapocalypse.



This armless, legless, faceless thing, rolling down the street... like a turd... in the wind.



Female presenting nipples.



Troy and Abed in the Morning.



Non-denominational Mr. Winter.

