

### Neighborhood Complaints About Your Behavior on Independence Day

by Baron von Funny

Wednesday was the 4th of July, also known as Independence Day in the U.S., traditionally a day of celebration for Americans. But you just had to push it, didn't you?

### Neighborhood Complaints About Your Behavior on Independence Day

—Your insistence on playing Souza marches at maximum volume all day long, accompanied by exploding garbage cans full of gasoline. (*Jameson*)

—After every explosion of fireworks, you screamed "YEAH! Take that, France!" (*Dan*)

—People enjoyed your mic'd up reading of the Declaration of Independence, but not the constant interjections of the word "TIT-TAYS!". (*Brandon*)

—"Grilling up some dogs" is generally understood to be nothing more than a figure of speech. (*Joe*)

—Many people questioned how walking around wearing nothing but a powdered wig and a tea bag hanging on your dick was a "shout-out to the Founding Fathers". (*Matt*)

—Your drunken rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" concluded with "and the laaaa—aaannd of the peeeeee, and the hoooooomme of the pooooooop." (*Tenessa*)

—Your red, white, and blue G-string does not adequately cover your red, white, and blue-painted penis. (*Jameson*)

—You didn't really seem to be THAT into America. Like you had someplace else you'd rather be. (*Dan*)

—Projecting a loop of the Zapruder film onto the side of your house was a questionable decision at best. (*Brandon*)

—Your naked, drunken "Shooting Fireworks Out My Ass" show in the middle of the street was nothing but an uninspired rehashing of last year's far superior naked, drunken "Shooting Fireworks Out My Ass" show in the middle of the street. (*Joe*)

—You George Washington'd a bunch of utility poles with your axe, and now no one can watch *America's Got Talent*. (*Matt*)

—Your teenage daughter's bikini is not revealing enough. In a related complaint, your thirty-something stepson's bikini is far *too* revealing. (*Jameson*)

—You gave all the neighborhood kids cigarettes to light their

fireworks. (*Dan*)

—The brats you grilled were so huge that they were unanimously deemed "sexually threatening". (*Brandon*)

—Could have lived without the effigy of Queen Elizabeth II hanging from the tree in your front yard. (*Joe*)

—Your snobbish suggestion to anyone who would listen that "you haven't really seen fireworks until you've seen them on the National Mall". (*Matt*)

—You insisted on distributing one Higgs Boson as a party favor to each guest at your annual picnic, and their combined energy tore the universe in half and also knocked over Mrs. D'Angelini's mailbox. (*Jameson*)

—Constantly asking people if they wanted to see your "rocket's red glare" got old real fast. (*Dan*)

—You betrayed your philosophical convictions and switched your vote on whether you wanted a hot dog or a burger due to political considerations. (John Roberts's neighborhood only.) (*Joe*)

—You pretty much killed all enthusiasm for the fireworks portion of the evening by saying "Who wants to see some Roman candles?" and then showing off souvenirs from your recent trip to Italy. (*Brandon*)

—You were serving turducken and cranberry dressing while dressed in a pilgrim hat. (*Jameson*)

—You spent the entire day talking like Jeff Goldblum, and demanding that a clearly uninterested African-American neighbor talk like Will Smith. (*Joe*)

—There just kept being less and less of that Uncle Sam costume on your body as the day went on. (*Dan*)

—Potato chips with no dip?? Does that sound like the "pursuit of happiness" to you? (*Brandon*)

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*Baron von Contributors: Tenessa Gemelke, Brandon Kruse, Matt Kruse, Dan Lee, Joe Mulder, Jameson Simmons*

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