

PART 1: Mr Q Has Breakfast

Mr Q felt fine Monday morning. He was more than ready to escape the confines of domestic bliss and take his rightful part as a productive citizen in the national economy. The weekend, he reflected with some chagrin, had not been perfect, but he had managed to add four pounds to an already healthy and burgeoning beer gut, and this was no mean accomplishment.

Sitting at the kitchen table, the unshaven Mr Q espied his faithful wife, entering so as to make her bacon-provider a hearty breakfast. Feeling thankful for the love she showered so selflessly on him, Mr Q declared.

"Hi, Mrs Q, you old bat! My, but you're looking miserable this morning. Hurry the hell up with that slop so I can get back to that miserable ass-kissing rat hold of a job!"

Mrs Q, reacting with her customary early morning good humour, kindly told her husband to stuff it, and burned the piss out of his toast in revenge.

Soon, the smoke-filled house of the Q's resounded merrily to the sounds of yet another argument.

"How to be, you ignorant slut — you lie around the bloody house all day — for the last 34 years — and you still haven't learned how to cook toast!" yelled Mr Q, with a gleam in his eye.

"Stuff it," rejoined his doting spouse, who was awfully illiterate in the witty comeback field.

As was customary, this minor morning domestic spat awoke Mr Q's three loving children, who immediately rushed into the kitchen, and proceeded to separate two brawling parents with just the amount of force necessary to escape a civil suit.

"Let go of me you pathetic little brats," greeted Mr Q.

"No, Daddy, you'll be late for work again — and if they fire you, you'll hang around the house and make life intolerable for us, like you did the last time," returned the smiling children. Q, hearing the note of pious entreaty in their sweet little voices, rushed out of the house, overcome with emotion.

"Thank Christ he's gone," said Than — at thirty-two the oldest of the three children, "I would've hated to beat him senseless like I had to last time."

The other two siblings, Small and Capital, breathed a collective sigh of relief and agreement.

"Stuff it," moaned Mrs Q, "and get the hell out of here."

PART 2: Mr Q Rides the Bus

"God, I hate riding these blasted buses," thought Mr Q egalitarianly, as he waited at the stop, "they're always full of punks, bums, minorities, and old people — and unproductive college students." Unfortunately, the timely arrival of the bus interrupted his train of thought.

"90 bloody cents," he grumbled assertively to the bus driver, "and they never run on time."

"Look, buddy," answered the driver, "don't bitch at me." Fortified by these words of wisdom, Mr Q retired to his customary seat.

"Just watch," he thought, "some ignorant crippled up old bat'll get on at the next stop, and she'll stand in the aisle, swaying pitifully, until I have to give her my seat."

Fortunately for the fictitious old lady (for Mr Q's chivalrous instincts were not his strong point) this unfortunate turn of events never occurred, and Mr Q was saved from the ever-present threat of exercise for another day.

PART 3: Mr Q Arrives at Work

"Jesus Christ," mumbled our hero wittily as he shoved a small child from his way and stepped off the bus, "I'm fifteen godawful seconds late for work. I should have settled for kicking my wife only once in the head this morning."

Inside the factory, Q's boss paced cheerfully back and forth, his mean, fat little face growing progressively more apoplectic.

"You're in for it today, Q," thought the old man, in crusty and lovable tones, "my car broke down this morning and you're late. Gee, it's nice to be a boss and have a scapegoat!"



A Day in the Life of Mr. Q

By Jordan Peterson

"Hi, boss," remarked urbane Mr Q ingratiatingly as he snivelled into the building, "how's the wife and kids?"

"Stow it Q, I'm not married and I only have one kid. Save the brown-nosing for the foreman — at least he knows who you are. By the way," he continued vengefully, "I'm docking you an hour's pay. If you're late again, consider yourself fired."

"But boss," heroically pled our protagonist, "I had to rush my mother to the hospital this morning!"

"Look, Q, your imbecilic little lies are not helping your situation here in the least. That's the fourth mother you've had to rush to the hospital in the last two weeks!" said the boss, with barely concealed delight — and he left, leaving Q standing alone.

"Yes, sir," said Q, as he thought how one of these days — just you wait — he was going to answer those ads he saw in his Hustler book and take an ICC Correspondence Course in Electrical Engineering and walk in and tell his boss where to put this miserable job.

PART 4: Mr Q Starts to Do His Job

Mr Q, as befits a man of such obvious intelligence and high motivation in a culture like ours, had a difficult and demanding job. After only three years on the job, his superiors had seen fit to promote him to Head Chain Link Greaser — a position exalted by all who worked within the benevolent patriarchy of the factory, and marked by the fact that he had his own stool.

"It would take pages of exceedingly complex technical material to describe all of the manifest ramifications of my job," Q thought proudly, reiterating what some sarcastic wit with a large vocabulary had once told him, "and I mastered it in three months."

This pleasant string of reminiscence was interrupted by the voice of the foreman, a fat, balding, grubby, yet debonair individual in an incredibly ugly green suit.

"Q you ignorant son of a bitch," praised the foreman, "our constant late arrivals are screwing up my production schedule. You

better watch it, moron, or I'll replace you. After all, a retarded chimpanzee could do your job — and he'd probably learn it faster."

The foreman had obviously had car trouble earlier too.

"I'm really sorry, sir," rejoined Q devastatingly, "but I had to rush my . . ."

"Q," interrupted the foreman suavely, "one word of crap about your poor sufferin' mother and I'll beat you to death with a stick."

Three hours after that, Mr Q had lunch.

PART 5: Meanwhile, back at Home

Meanwhile, Than, Capital and Small had finished breakfast and left to pursue their favourite occupations. Than drove down to the local bar, where he was gainfully employed as one of the major reasons for the wealth of the mega-corporation Molson's. Capital and Small skipped school and headed down to the pool hall, where large men dressed in swarthy skin and leather jackets injected marijuana into their innocent veins and told them lurid tales about travelling salesmen and farm girls.

At home, Mrs Q dressed her wounds and settled down in front of the household intelligence vacuum, where she spent the next four hours watching strange families completely unlike her own suffering their upper middle-class trials and tribulations and wishing she was anywhere else.

PART 6: Mr Q had Lunch and Greases Four More Hours Worth of Chain Links

Mr Q, happy to be away from the intellectual and physical strain of his job, ate his lunch, purveyed illegally from the company vending machines, and smoked a cigarette while arguing with some of his worldly compatriots.

"That bastard Trudeau's a communist," he declared philosophically.

"That's for sure," agreed the 2nd in Command Chain Link Greaser, "he's been to China, ya know."

Fortified physically by his Franco-American Spaghetti, and mentally by the

stimulating lunch-room discussion, Mr Q returned to work refreshed in spirit and body, ready to do his best for his company.

"God," he thought, as he wended his way, "I sure wish I was anywhere else."

However, he wasn't, and after four more hours of chain link greasing and a ten minute break (eight of which was spent getting to and from the break-room) he left the factory, caught his bus, and started home.

PART 7: Meanwhile, back at Home (Part Two)

Meanwhile, back at home (just like the title says) Mrs Q was busily making supper for her man. As usual, she was involved in wonderfully creative cookery, and miraculously converted two pounds of left-over baloney into a hearty, man-sized soup.

"Wha's fo' supper, Maw," slurred Than, who had just returned from his job at the bar.

"Baloney soup," replied Mrs Q, "and if you don't like it you can lump it, you filthy useless bum."

Than, who had turned a delightful shade of green following this remark, retired hastily to the bathroom, where he entertained his mother for the next half-hour with a positively talented repertoire of uncommon gastrointestinal noises.

Soon afterwards, Capital and Small ventured home, and, after crabbing at their mother's erstwhile culinary efforts, proceeded to lightheartedly tease their elder brother, who was still quite woozy.

"How would ya like a nice cold greasy fried egg?" inquired Small.

"How about a lovely warm cup of lard?" interjected Capital.

"Some hairballs with grease?"

"Piss off, you little bastards, or I'll brain ya," replied Than, who was brandishing a crowbar with his customary sensitivity.

Soon, supper was ready, and for a time domesticity reigned sublimely over the castle of Q, and the happy little faces of the family lit up in anticipation of the arrival of their provider and mentor.

"I hope that stupid son-of-a-bitch remembers to bring us something," said Small, verbalizing the thoughts of the entire family.

PART 8: Q Catches the Bus Home and Thinks for a While

"God, I'm glad to be out of that place," thought Q with the air of one who was extremely glad to be out of a particularly miserable place. "Supper's sure gonna taste good tonight."

Leaving the bus for the final time that day, Q rushed home.

"I hope that bitch of a wife of mine doesn't have a headache again tonight," he thought amorously.

PART 9: The Q Family is Reunited After A Trying Day

"Hey Dad," shouted Small when Q re-entered his abode, "what the hell did you bring us?"

"Shut up and bring me a beer, you rotten little brat," snarled Q, sending his wayward son on that mission with a well-placed swing of his steel-toed work boot.

"Supper's on the table," quipped his loving wife from the confines of her bedroom, "and don't touch me tonight, I've got a headache."

"I hate bloody baloney soup," thought Q as he wolfed down his portion ravenously.

Soon after, sated with the repast, Q entered his living room, put his books on the coffee table, turned on the intelligence vacuum, and drank himself into a stupor to the sounds of a football game.

Awaking at 11:00 — just after the news — Q entered his bedroom, gazed lustily at his sleeping wife, and collapsed on the bed.

"Maybe I'll quit smoking tomorrow," he thought finally, as the last streams of consciousness fled his brain.

PART 10: A New Day Begins

Much too early the next morning, the alarm clock went off.