

What Does Obama do to Relax?

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Olivia says she was the last one to take a shit – I’m glad she didn’t go into the details, I don’t particularly need that mental image in my head. I mean, we’re going to be creating enough disturbing material ourselves anyway in a moment. Anyhow, that means she gets to ask the first black card: “What does Obama do to relax?”

I look at my hand and see what I have to work with: “Diabetes” (not that that would make much sense – how does one do diabetes?); “Kool-Aid” (nope, let’s not go there. That will not tickle Liv’s sense of humour; that will just make her go “no”); “The offspring of Donald Trump and his orangutan ancestor” (now we’re getting somewhere. This is the sort of response that could work here. Certainly it would make Liv cringe at the mental image and laugh in despair); “Rabies” (another nope, unappealing, unfunny, let’s not go there card for this question); “Young boys” (this would be another hilariously disturbing answer to the question. Obviously, it would be horrific if it were actually true, but for a game of *Cards Against Humanity*, it would be a perfect response. I think I’ll consider it along with the Trump-orangutan card); “Daniel Radcliffe’s Immaculate Anus”.