

REDD FOXX TOLD YOU
TO WASH YOUR ASS
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“I wouldn’t necessarily call it an epidemic,” Ingo said, “but I think it’s, frankly, a little concerning to me, if I’m being honest. Namely—this item that’s quite concerning to me,

well, it’s this trend I’ve been noticing during my visits to my local gym, just routinely getting my workout in on the gym’s equipment—it’s these attractive enough females

who just refuse to wipe down their equipment after use. Attractive girls, Dave—girls I know for a fact you’d look at and, in all likelihood, want to have sex with—who just leave

their sweat all over their fucking machines! Sure, I think they’re attractive enough, these girls, but do the rules somehow not apply to them anymore? Example:

There was an attractive African-American girl on the stairmaster walking next to me just the other morning, just for example, and she hops off the damn machine,

right next to me she hops off, and the next thing you know she's on the leg press! She's not actually doing anything on it—no, she's scrolling through her phone on the leg press,

not pressing the weight with her legs—no, she's just scrolling through her phone on the leg press, and the stairmaster she was just walking on remains unchanged right next to me,

completely unwiped! Is that appropriate, Dave?—to just leave the machine without even a cursory wipe down? Sure, she was cute, but do I want my palms to hypothetically

just fucking sink into her personal perspiration on the bars of a stairmaster that wasn't even remotely wiped down? Should attractive strangers just toss buckets

of their own perspiration on top of me when I'm minding my own business, simply attempting to get my daily workout in as quickly as possible? No, frankly—frankly Dave—

I think it's a bit of a bush league move!—regardless of whether or not you're physically attractive,

regardless of whether or not I'd want to have sex with you. Me personally?—

I always make a point to thoroughly wipe down my equipment after use, even if a person is so desperate to mount a machine after I finish on it that they approach it

before I perform my wipe down, I'll still halt them and just say, 'Yeah, just one second? I'm just gonna wipe it down real quick?' and then I'll wipe the machine down thoroughly

right in front of the person, then turn back to the person and say something like, 'There you go!' I just don't feel comfortable—even as an attractive man, Dave—

I don't feel comfortable having other strangers inadvertently wear my personal sweat all around the gymnasium. I've never felt like my perspiration is a gift that people should

massage all over their body. Oh, you don't sweat, you say? So you don't need to wipe down your equipment, you say? Hmm, well, I find that just a little hard to believe!

And, just to wrap this whole thing up here, this wasn't the first good-looking female I've seen do this on the stairmaster! No—this is a trend I've noticed. Never mind the other machines,

Dave—the stairmaster alone is enough for me to make a legal case out of this. It's just fucking wholly lacking in tact to me, man! It's devoid of tact! I'm sorry. That's all.

I'm just, yeah, I'm slightly offended by it. Wipe down your fucking shit! I'm sorry, but your pussy lips aren't comprised of rose pedals and potpourri, honey—no, it's just a little sickening, that's all.”

“You can only hope these girls wash their asses better than that!” a sentient tic tac shaped UFO named Dave replied, “Ugh! It's like? What? Do you wash your hands after you go kaki?”

“The Book of Truth notes a general disgust with man and a predilection toward a singular purpose as characteristics of those in a close relationship with what's Most High,” Ingo continued,

“and perhaps that's part of where I'm coming from here, Dave? Maybe—I'm actually thinking

now—maybe my disgust with this pretty girl perspiration is actually, net-net, good?—

that if I was just like, ‘Oh yeah! Let me lick their sweaty seats!’—that that would be indicative of a spiritual defect on my part? Yet, even with that said, I’ve actually recently considered

going up to one of these girls—in fact, maybe the next girl I see not wiping her shit down—and just being like: ‘Hey. Yeah, you. What’s the deal over here?’

What’s possibly so important in your life that you’re in such a rush that you can’t wipe down your equipment? Especially considering I’ve seen you scrolling through your phone

mindlessly on the leg press for the last ten minutes, doing jack shit on the fucking leg press? I’ve actually gone through three-fourths of my own workout, you know?—

I’ve done about eight sets of machine work, and I still see you scrolling through apps and messages on that leg press, not even pressing any weight.

Yet, no, wiping down your sweaty machine? No, that would be a little too much to ask, right?' That's what I'd say to them, right to their face, Dave."

"Ingo," Dave replied, "if you did that, honestly, you'd be doing the public, collectively, a damn favor!" "What," Ingo said, rhetorically, "you don't wipe your ass after you do a doo-doo? The fuck outta here!"