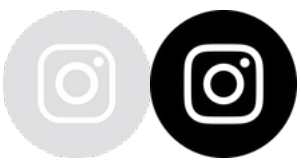


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The World Champion of B.S.

If anyone were to ever ask me, “Hey Macee, what were you doing on New Year’s 2006?” I could say without hesitation or shame, “I was watching the Rock, Paper, Scissors Championships on ESPN with my Grandpa.”

You see, that New Year’s, I can vividly recall getting dressed to go meet my friends and my now ex-boyfriend at a party, when I walked into the living room to show my absolute favorite person in the world —my Poppie—my new New Year’s Eve cocktail dress. I was like, “*Hey Pop, what’s that on the TV?*” And he turned to me and said, “*It’s the stupidest thing! Can you believe they have a Rock, Paper, Scissors Championship on ESPN?*” And that was all it took...

Two seconds later, my phone was on silent, I left my friends hanging, and had the best New Year’s of my life ringing in 2007 with my Grandpa—eating popcorn and watching grown-ass men nervously perspire—sweat dripping down their brows—as they tried to decide between throwing paper or rock on live television.



Until this week, I thought the Rock, Paper, Scissors Championship of 2006/2007 would always be the most ridiculous “sport” that has ever aired on TV—and that’s including the much-loved National Spelling Bee Championships which I also ironically watch on ESPN. Let me tell you, as a dyslexia survivor who never spelled one single F-ing word right during all of the stupid spelling bee competitions that I was forced to participate in throughout my elementary school days, I now get immense pleasure out of watching the National Spelling Bee Championships every year. I just love seeing those nerdy little proficient spellers crack under pressure when they realize that hearing the word “alopecoid” used in a sentence isn’t going to save them.



But I digress... so as I was saying... until this week, I thought that the Rock, Paper, Scissors Championship of 2006/2007 would always be the most ridiculous “sport” that has ever aired on TV. That is, until today, when my friend Adrian sent me a video of a Stick Horse Riding Competition, and my head almost exploded with joy!!! Check out that gallop!



So all of this got me thinking... maybe I can be a world champion of something completely absurd, and that can be the mark I leave on this world. Forget doing good for humanity! One day when I’m dead and gone, my grandchildren will all sit around the dinner table talking about the time that I was the fastest shoelace-tier in all the lands, or some crap like that.

Therefore, I developed this short list of all the extremely useless skills that I possess—which I fully intend to turn into some kind of world record by this time next year cause I’m a freaking winner, damn it! So here we go... wish me luck.

- Driving with my feet
- Wearing my contacts *far* past their expiration date (without ever removing them)
- Beating that really old-school Minesweeper computer game
- Losing my car keys 100 times a day
- Bending my fingers backwards at the middle knuckle
- Knowing all the words to every Nelly song out there
- Picking off nail polish—even gel—in record time
- Having an impressive number of Tinder matches
- Doing drunken cartwheels
- Cooking absolutely anything (via the microwave)
- Being able to lift slightly more than one would think
- Sleeps well on airplanes—even crappy RyanAir flights
- Responding appropriately to conversations that I haven’t actually heard a word of
- Skilled at picking up stuff with my toes
- Comfortable in the outdoors for up to six hours
- Scoring well on standardized tests—I’m a bubble master
- Proficient at sleepwalking
- Moderately ambidextrous
- Dating a record number of men with commitment issues
- A somewhat OK parallel parker
- And shaving while simultaneously brushing my teeth in the shower

If you can think of anything that I’m leaving out, feel free to add it in the comments. And as I begin my journey to become a world record holder, I will end this post by leaving you with my all-time favorite Spelling Bee video. Enjoy!



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