

**THE KRESNIK FILES:
volume 1**

**EXTREMELY
INAPPROPRIATE
VERY FUNNY
STORIES & ESSAYS**

by Joe Cabello

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Extremely Inappropriate, Very
Funny Stories & Essays**

Volume 1

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A Poorly Worded Proposal from a Student Photographer to his High School

A letter from a student in response to the second year in a row of without school photos due to budget cuts:

After being ignored by the school faculty for so long, I've decided to take things into my own hands and execute a school shooting. I've made my choice and this is something I'm going to do. Each and every one of our student body deserves to be seen for who they really were at this school.

They deserve to be shot.

Last year there was no year book due to lack of funding. With things going the way they are now, there won't be a yearbook this year either. Instead of a yearbook, we'll have my legacy. I will shoot every student personally, as well as every faculty member. Then I'll make sure everyone sees it.

I've been amassing equipment for months now, and I have more than enough to take care of all the students. They'll all look like angels when I'm done with them.

I'll shoot Jessica and David together, since they're such a lovely couple. They deserve to be done together. There are others who will get "special treatment." I can't stop

thinking about how I'm going to shoot certain people. I daydream all day about bursting shots during football practice, getting the team when they least expect it.

Please don't try and stop me. I'll do this one by one, little by little, in the shadows if I have to.

Go Spartans!

About the Clown I Hired for John's Birthday

First I want to address that, no, the clown I hired was not an actual clown. I admit that, and I am sorry, but we have to look at the good here.

Was he a clown? No.

Did he do funny tricks, songs or dances, as was expected? No.

Did he hurt anyone? Yes, but it wasn't anyone in our family, so we'll count it as a no.

Was he talented at what he *did* bring to the table? Absolutely.

I agree that he was absolutely not dressed appropriately for the party. He was not wearing clown pants, or pants at all, and what looked like a blonde clown wig from afar was actually a live bee hive, but was that not a sight to behold? I remember the neighborhood kid, Jackson, yelling, "He's got a beehive on his head!" He was so excited. Sure, one, if not many of the bees stung him, and his excitement could have been mistaken for fear due to his severe bee allergy, but that energy was infectious. Soon after he started yelling, everyone else was too.

I truly believe that more people had a good time than a bad time, or at least that there were more people not stung

than there were stung, and that's saying something considering the amount of bees in the hive. I also think you fail to see that our clown in question was not stung once. I for one, thought that was pretty impressive, and worthy of the \$200.

I've heard the things you say about me. I'm the screw-up uncle, I'm a loose cannon, I owe you \$5,000 etc. I know that you think I forgot to book an actual clown, and instead found a homeless man off the street and paid him money to pretend he was a clown, while also urging him to wear the bee hive on his head (even *more* amazing that he wasn't stung), but I assure you that I booked him way in advance, so I was just as upset as you were about the whole fiasco.

I hate to say it, but I fear a bit of racism is what fueled your anger towards the man I hired. We both know he was Italian (or at least looked and smelled Italian) and that's what really bothered you, not that he caused the neighborhood kid Jackson to be stung over 80 times, tried to kiss your wife, and yelled obscenities at all the kids.

Let's agree to split the blame on this one 70(you)/30(me) and call the party a success. Anyways, I'm ready to accept your apology at any time. Maybe you could do it when you pay your share of the clown money and drive me to Jackson's funeral.

P.S. I need a ride to Jackson's funeral.

**Thanks for
reading.**

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