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FROM THE EDITOR 2009 HIGHLIGHTS

It's weird how things turn out. Just a year ago I was sitting in front of this very same computer, this very same keyboard, and this very same... well, it's a new monitor, actually. The one from last year got replaced after I made a joke to our new intern who was helping me get rid of the virus. I said that the virus was actually in the monitor and not on the hard-drive. I said that and went on my lunch break, only to come back and realize that he had pulled the monitor apart and tried to fix it. And that was the start.

The war between me and our poor intern lasted for 4 months. I have a Russian name, and one day he accidentally called me Ivan. This gave me an opportunity to join the politically incorrect war so I started calling him Paco. It pissed him off. Eventually, I wanted to call a truce so I invited Paco to a lunch and said I was buying. Paco and I went to a Greek restaurant not too far from the office where I proceeded to place an order. I ordered some Greek Pita for me and then I ordered "40 tacos for Paco". He just gave me a confused look while the waiter informed me that tacos were not on their menu. I slammed the fist on the table and told them that if they don't give Paco 40 tacos immediately I'm walking out. My 2nd attempt to make peace with Paco also ended badly. After the company's dinner I offered to take him home. My girlfriend was in the passenger seat while Paco took the backseat. Me and my girlfriend started arguing what's pink and what's purple and before I knew it we were at home. Once we got out we realized that Paco was in the back seat, asleep. Not only did we forget to drop him off, but we forgot that he was even there. We just started laughing and left him there. He took a bus in the morning before we even woke up.

Eventually, Paco had enough of it and decided to leave. As a good bye gift he left a gay photo on my computer screen, in which he photoshopped my face on top of a very muscular body that was sitting on a very black penis, the size of Manhattan. My hands were stroking a very pale gluteus of another male who was facing away. Funny, you'd think. Unfortunately, my screen saver had been disabled for a long time and I don't work out of my office the first five days of every month. That was enough time to leave a very strong imprint of that photo on the screen of this very same computer. Now, I don't have anything against a gay picture with my face photoshopped on it. It's just a joke. Staring at it for 40 hours a week, however, makes me question a lot of things. The last 5 issues of Xcitement every ad that I pulled up on this screen had my new "photo" on it. And I had a pretty muscular body. And I was sitting on a penis the size of Manhattan. Every story I pulled up on this computer had a "photo" of me, holding on to two pale buttocks with a "Christmas '04" smile on my face.

Eventually it all started crashing down, my ego first, then my confidence. My subconsciousness was fucking with me and at the end I had trouble performing. After an unsuccessful event in my best friend's mom's bedroom, I grabbed her phone, called up my boss John Cornetta, and demanded that he either buy me some Viagra or replace the monitor in my office. I tried to explain, but he didn't wanna hear about it. "If it's that important - you can have my monitor", he said. I've been working on it ever since, and my best friend's mom is happy too.

So, why am I telling you all this? Because last year Xcitement Magazine left many traces in the lives of the people responsible for running it, our advertisers, our writers, all the places that we visited, all the young girls we interviewed, all the bartenders, bouncers, house-moms and the rest of the industry people that we've met. Everyone remembers something different about it. I'm not sure what it is that comes to your mind when you think about all of the Xcitement issues that came out in 2009, but the first three things that come to my mind are: my fake muscular body, two pale buttocks and a huge black penis. ...the size of Manhattan.

Rogi Blasko