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“A Day in the Life of the Average American According to Commercials”

Adam Frost-Venrick

The Average American will wake up every morning wearing a night-cap and satin pajamas after a refreshing night sleeping with his hands propped against the pillow. The sun will be pouring in through the windows. He will awaken with his wife sleeping opposite him, her back turned. They will not be touching.

He will meander into the bathroom to shower, where he will notice mold growing on the walls and think to himself: *If only there was some way to get rid of all this mold without hours of scrubbing, straining, and stressing over these tiles.* He will then check himself for lumps. If he finds one, he will talk to his doctor. Fortunately, this morning, he does not find one. Meanwhile, his wife will wake the children for school while remembering to fix them a healthy breakfast of orange juice, an egg, toast and a certain cereal that is considered to be part of this balanced breakfast. She will then retire downstairs to use Jane Fonda’s workout tape.

Meanwhile, her husband has stepped out of the shower and is now lamenting his hair, which is thinning as he enters middle age. He will try and be confident about it, but deep in his mind, he will wish there was a topical cream that could regrow up to thirty percent of hair. And now there is!

He will then walk down the stairs and have a frank and honest conversation with his son and daughter about opioids. He’s been deluding himself for too long about those pill bottles he keeps upstairs, anyway. He will then pull his two-point-three-five children, a boy, a girl, and an assortment of skin, hair, and organs bound together in a baby bjorn, aside separately before they leave for the bus and give them “the talk,” explaining in great detail the concepts of sex, nocturnal emissions, and fallopian tubes, which he can’t quite identify, but will soldier through anyway. He will tell his son, freshly eighteen, about the importance of condoms-- the big ones, that are ribbed for *her* pleasure--never considering and thus not preparing the young man for the eventuality that his penis may not actually be that big. And why should he? The Average American’s member is pendulous.

At this point, his wife will emerge from the basement and grab only a single bagel from the fridge, despite the fact that bagels were not being served for breakfast. Then, she will kiss him goodbye, hurriedly and on the cheek so as not to show too much emotion, and will then motion for her children to follow her as she walks out the door to drive them to school.

Meanwhile, on his way to work, the Average American man will be beset with burdensome heavy traffic and struggle with acid reflux from his coffee. Fortunately, he has some relief pills on hand, and after taking them, both the acid reflux and the traffic will miraculously be gone. Also, the sky will be bluer and the music on the radio will be clearer.

Meanwhile, the Average American woman will be out on a jog with her friends. They will propose going to get iced coffee and will give thumbs ups, at which point, after a prolonged, awkward smile, the Average American woman will double over in pain, clenching her stomach and lament that having IBS and/or Crohn's Disease is keeping her from living her best self, and if only there were a pill that she could take once a week that would clear up her stomach troubles.

Meanwhile, at school, the Average American teenage male will look in the bathroom mirror and feel troubled by his newest breakout of acne. After calling his doctor's office and flat out *demanding* to speak to his physician right just then, he will be reassured that acne is merely the result of hormones and that there are many topical creams he can apply that will make his skin clear up. He will then be on the football field for some reason, high fiving his friends.

His sister meanwhile will sit in class, listening to a muffled lecture, turn towards camera and explain that classes with ADHD used to be so hard and that all the drugs she used to be on for it only made her lose her appetite. But *now* there's a fast acting ADHD medication that *really works* and doesn't mess with her appetite, so she can get back to being *her*.

At work, meanwhile, the Average American man will watch, out the window, as a group of smokers take their break and lament that he has tried to give up smoking several times. At which point, the man in the cubicle next to him will reach over and offer him a pack of nicotine gum, which will curb his urge to smoke. He will shake the man's hand from over the cubicle wall and then will go out to use the bathroom, passing, as he goes, a group of financially illiterate adults talking about how they don't know their credit scores.

Meanwhile, his wife will be at the supermarket buying that night's supper, because for some reason, this family buys their groceries one day at a time. As she walks through the store, she will pass the row of potted flowers which are conveniently mere feet away from the meat counter. She will stop to smell the largest and most unnaturally colored flower, and in doing so, lean in and really grind on the flower with her nose, then lament that *she loves flowers, but the pollen always gets to her*. What she needs is a fast acting allergy drug that doesn't keep her awake at night. This will be offered to her by a sentient cartoon bee, with whom she will become friends.

She will then buy a pack of chicken tenders, which came from chickens raised on a humane farm, under humane conditions, with none of those processed, GMO nightmares. Later, she will burn the chicken while attempting a fairly straight-forward recipe.

This will prompt her whole family to go to the nearby fast, casual sit down place, where they will order a variety of Americana dishes, and sit, all facing the camera, with the most attractive or visually striking member of the family looking on, raising their glasses to the restaurant and proclaiming the night a success. They will consume over a thousand calories each this meal. Fifteen-hundred if they get dessert, which they will, because they've had their eyes on that new, tantalizing chocolate-fudge brownie cheesecake pie deluxe.

And Mom and Dad will celebrate the evening gone right with a beer. Or a couple.

But the night's not over yet, because when the family gets home, the children will go up to finish their homework, which is going easier now that the children have found tutors which work around their busy schedules. Then, they'll go to bed, because studies have shown that growing bodies and growing minds need a full night's rest.

After the children have gone to sleep, the Average American man will get into bed with his wife, where he will struggle valiantly against erectile dysfunction. After this is over, they will lie down opposite each other, as they were when their busy day began, but they will not be able to sleep. Fortunately, there's a twenty-four hour mattress store open a few blocks over and they're able to order a new adjustable mattress that can be configured *for him and for her*.

They'll wake up the next morning after a good night's rest to the sound of "Dream a Little Dream of Me" playing non-diegetically and will go downstairs and into the shower to start the process anew.

And in all this, they will never bother to clean the mold.