



Fair.

Anyway, dad loved *Terminator* so much, he eventually shelled out the insane, like, \$180 it cost back then to *buy* the VHS normal people just kept renting.



But he basically existed on the couch in front of his TV, so watching Sarah Connor deflower my imaginary boyfriend wasn't going to be an option at the ol' condo.

Finally, after a long weekend, I worked up the courage to sneak the tape home with me.

Tsk.



Oh, my *Mission: Impossible* had just begun.

See, our super-religious mom had confiscated the family VCR after she caught my older brother jerking off to some Anna Nicole Smith flick, so I had to...



Jesus.

Slight uptick in crosstown traffic, huh?

