

What is Greg "Buns" Mills up to?

Written by Greg "Buns" Mills



I have this friend that I don't get to see as much as I would like. But through the beauty of facebook, I know what he is doing every second.

You can also read him at the [BastardofAANDC](#).

[Greg Buns Mills](#) 's strategy for dealing with the hypercomplexity of late capitalism -- eating corn nuts -- is not working. Must come up with better existential defense.

Greg has cuddle fever and he's looking for a cure, doctor
Greg 's new haircut makes him look like he's planning a putsch
Greg is 100% soft, white underbelly
Greg found domestic bliss today as he read a book and his seven year old daughter sweetly la-ti-da'ed the opening notes of "Iron Man" as she played on the floor.

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Greg just saw former Labor Secretary Robert Reich eating pancakes. Berkeley is like a small Manhattan where every one dresses like crap and there's no good stores
Greg is going to go get a haircut, and is wondering if someone can watch the Weltgeist while he's gone.

Greg is apparently an anarcho-capitalist, which is wrong. He is a moderate anarchist
Greg is just thinking outloud. Jeez, calm down
Greg is wondering if eternity feels like listening to other people listen to their voicemail on speakerphone
Greg is playing [Bowling Buddi](#) es
Greg is wondering if eternity feels like listening to other people listen to their voicemail on speakerphone.
Greg 's little known fact about Sarah Palin: she was a Plaster Caster
Greg is biding his time, waiting for double breasted suit to be in again. Then he is going to blow your groovy little mind.
Greg is working up the self-deception required to betray his dog
Greg hasn't seen the nude man in the apartment across the street, and he's worried about him..
Greg says unto his headphones "Mene, Mene, Tekel u-Pharsin".
Greg 's bad dog is going to prison.
Greg has a bad case of the being awesomes
Greg listened to Judas Priest in the car, and now he feels all Uber-Menschy.
Greg Guantamera! Guantamera! Guantameeeeraaaa! Guantameeeeraaaa!
Greg spent the day deep in the Excelsior, soaking in the true San Francisco accent. (There is one, you know.)
Greg went to the chicken man to buy chard, and he came back with mac'n'cheese. What a clever boy!
Greg is looking for something in a slingback
Greg is shopping for humps.