

MEDIA OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

Though most surfaces of this paper bag are burned away, one intact face bears legible text. The text reads:

Our lives are spent drowning in a boundless run-on sentence of meaninglessness punctuated by occasionally getting to help an animal achieve orgasm, just like this sub is a boundless train delivering flavor to your taste buds punctuated occasionally by our artisan pickles. We know that you know what it's like to drink half a bottle of whiskey while texting your friends and then roll around on the carpet getting licked on the face by Fido with your belt undone and your pants halfway off, and being obsessed with the way his whiskers feel against your cheeks and nose and eyelids, and we want it to be our job to give you that same feeling in the form of a sandwich. Jason's House doesn't just give you bread with toppings: we understand that you need to be bred, and we're here to help. This might look like a sandwich, but it's something more, it's bestiality. Jason's House: Fuck Dogs.