

DECEMBER 14TH 2025 19:42 EST

Uncle



THE
MET

Housetop and Bricklayer with Bars quilt
Lucy T. Pettway (American, 1921-2004)
Top and back: cotton and acetate, 91 3/4 x 80 1/2 in., ca. 1955
Gift of Souls Grown Deep Foundation from the William S. Arnett Collection, 2014
2014.548.52

My dearest nephew,
I've made it to Los Angeles. The City of Uncles. Tio town!
You will be relieved to hear that I've kept up the tradition of crashing my car every time I rent one. Suckily, I have no insurance back home so there's no one to charge me higher premiums. And my Amex™ has me covered every time. In the meantime, taxis who refused payment because he "was going that way anyway". No complaints. Please send coins. Please return this postcard as I can't afford paper right now. Please also send the reply you expect me to give.
Man, sometimes I feel more nephew than uncle.
Also, I learned a new word: 'Avuncular'. 9 letters. 'Of or relating to uncles'. I also learned another new word: 'uncle'. An avuncular being or entity. And you can take that to the bank! Boo-ya, Uncle Jean -Sue L.A. CA
P.S. why are you holding this sideways? You look weird right now.

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The Metropolitan
Museum of Art
New York

AMERICAN
EXPRESS

A LETTIDOR FROM THE EDITOR



To my closest 1 million friends,

How am I? I'm glad you asked!

I've had a h*ck of a year. I went to my first bachelor party (or as I call it, a "wife shower"), I hiked in the Himalayas and I moved from Canada to the United States of America.

I also became an uncle the same year! I tried to have my little nephew named after me, but my sister pointed to my long and storied criminal record as well as my inclusion on Air Canada's no-fly list as reasons why that shouldn't happen. I like to think of it like an athlete retiring their number, or how no one is naming their kids Nicolae Ceausescu anymore.

I traveled so much (on other airlines) that Greenpeace classified me as an "Enemy of the Planet". It's not my fault my ex-girlfriend was a flight attendant and every day was bring-your-boyfriend-to-work day!

So, America. This place is AMAZING! Everything costs less dollars. I am unburdened by the tyranny of reciprocal eye contact with strangers and

free from the oppression of a communitarian spirit. The politicians are all comedians, and you never know when they're reusing an old bit or are just trying new material. I'm right where I should be!

I had an exhausting move to Boston where I drove for ten hours straight (with a break for an immigration interview) and I just barely made my appointment with my movers. Luckily, very little investment has been made in regional transit and we were both stuck in Boston traffic and I remembered to check my clearance and not take Storrow Drive² in my comically oversized U-HAUL³. After that, I got some well-deserved rest. My first few days here, I slept like a baby, pacifier and all.

America has multiple unprecedented health epidemics competing for airtime, so I have to take extra good care of myself, so I've been eating healthier than before, too. No more high-fructose corn syrup: I insist on only eating foods with the highest-quality low-fructose corn syrup.

I *have* picked up some bad habits, though. I thought I could quit cold turkey, but I just couldn't. I am still fully addicted to cold turkey.

Also, to address the criticism of exactly one of our Millions

of Readers, who claimed that This Fine Publication amounts to nothing more than "the ramblings of a madman"... I say to you: what exactly is your problem with a madman rambling?

I also have to plug a non-fiction book I'm planning to plan: "Left on Red: Online Dating Horror Stories of Bad British Drivers in America". If you'd like to pre-purchase a copy, how much would you be willing to pay? And if you're a Brit in America, please reach out, and can I have five quid, guvnah?

I'll finish on this note: the fact that original ideas are still being created is evidence that none of us are working hard enough.

Also, the whitespace below is a perfect spot for me to sign an autograph for the only \$25 CAD. If you have an American quarter, I'll take that instead!

Boo-ya,

F. Guy J. Tombs

F. Guy J. Tombs

Chief Editing Officer
Uncle Industries
International Propaganda Division



¹ To our American readers: first of all, congratulations on learning to read! Second, this is a Canadian airline.

² Road in Boston with a 304.8 cm clearance. Plenty of people hit the overpasses with a truck every year, it's an honest mistake!

³ The border guy made fun of me.

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Front and back covers

Madeleine Lebrun @haricot_jones
madeleinelebrun.com

Caricature

Megan Bierman-Brophy
@wormcrust/wormcrust.com

Photography

Jim: Tank Buzadi
Tie: Linden Simmons,
Tie Photo: @photobymemry

'Fly American' Cartoon

Toby Sherman
@faux_ghost
Contributors
Uncle Paul Ozorak
Aram Pooladian
Mariel Povolny
Margaret Atwood

Logo Design

Rabeea Ahmad
Computer
@uncle.magazine
unclemag.com
editor@unclemag.com

Ask Uncle Jim!

He may not be related to you by blood, but once you read this, Jim is legally your uncle (and your rightful heir!). Also, because of a series of legal loopholes, rabbit holes, and a lawsuit involving Uncle Jim and the Brigham Young Manhole Cover Company in 1989, you can't sue us. All the fun of telling you what to do without any of the liability!



Dear Uncle Jim,
I want to know more about you!
1) What is your astrology sign?
2) What is your Myers-Briggs?
3) Is your address still

████████████████████ ?

I love you,
Rose

Dear Uncle Jim,
I'm in a bit of a pickle. My uncle Rob is the best. He's been my uncle my whole life, and I love him so much. The problem is the following: he's getting married in three and a half months, and then I'll have TWO uncles! How can I possibly love them both the same? I'm very worried.

A concerned nibbling,
Jimmy

Dear Jimmy,
Remember that it's always better to be in a pickle than a pickle jar! Also, hey, same name! It's not every day you meet another Jimathan.

Now, I understand your concern, but I can assure you that your anxiety is not real. When a new uncle enters your life, your heart will grow in appropriate size to accommodate for the new love for your new uncle. No need to consult your doctor when it does.

Dear Rose,
Thanks for asking about me, it means a lot. Now, on to your questions.

1) Well, I like to fish, so I'm probably either a Pisces or an Aquarium.

2) I'm not familiar with that particular brand of hot dog, sorry. Hope this helps!



THE MIGHTY HERCULES

By Uncle Paul

When I was a kid, a very, very long time ago, I watched cartoons. The Flintstones, Spiderman, Bullwinkle and friends, Boris and Natasha, Bugs Bunny, Popeye, The Roadrunner: you name it, I watched it! I couldn't get enough! But out of all of them, my favourite was The Mighty Hercules, produced by Adventure Cartoon Productions from 1963 to 1966. And you can take that to the bank.

The Hercules cartoons were the story of a big strong he-man from ancient Greece who battled the forces of evil (while wearing a very sexy toga) with the help of his repetitious centaur friend, Newton. To foil his adversaries, he made use of neat weapons, such as a magic ring that gave him unlimited strength, along with a horse with a crappy attitude named Pegasus. He had this on-again off-again relationship with the beautiful Helena.

One of the main evildoers of the show was Daedalus. Loser par excellence,

The Uncle Magazine

this evil sorcerer was always scheming to take over the Kingdom of Caledon, whether it was with the help of a potion or some beastie. You'd see him now and then stirring up some concoction in some cave, perhaps a deodorant that he desperately needed for a date with a long-haired mop, accompanied by some mysterious music. Daedalus had a laugh that sounded like something from a can bought at a joke shop. And his sidekick was a dirty-looking lame cat named Dido who was no better in character.

There was also Wilhelmine (more like Willomean!). She too was beset by an inferiority complex of continental proportions. Always up to no good. Willo-meant wore the same dark robe, and she had a squeaky chalkboard-grating voice that was worse than 1970s heavy metal music (and I would know, and you can take that to the bank!).

And then there was the Master Reprobate himself, the Mask. This was an individual who fashioned a mean-looking head-bucket that seemingly made him defeatless. "Nothing can harm me

while I wear the Mask of Vulcan," he would say. The Mask was always coming up with plans he thought were foolproof, only to see them unravel because of Hercules. He might as well have been saying that nothing could harm him while he wore the chamber pot of Vulcan. Frankly, I can think of other things to do with his Mask, and it doesn't involve collecting money for the Salvation Army, and then taking that money to the bank!

Of course, no matter what the bad guys tried, Hercules managed to save the day in every episode. Herc and his pal Newton always had tricks up their non-existent sleeves. None of the stunts pulled by the three malevolent miscreants, these mischievous moronic malefactors, worked because all three suffered from the same debilitating handicap; they were all one slice short of a full loaf. And you can take that to the bank.





The dishes are piling up and you've reached the limit on your credit card (or is it your mom's?).

Why don't you go down to Traitor Joe's, grab yourself some avocado, and make yourself some avocado soup?

You can do the dishes in the morning.

I just hate to see you do this to yourself, man.

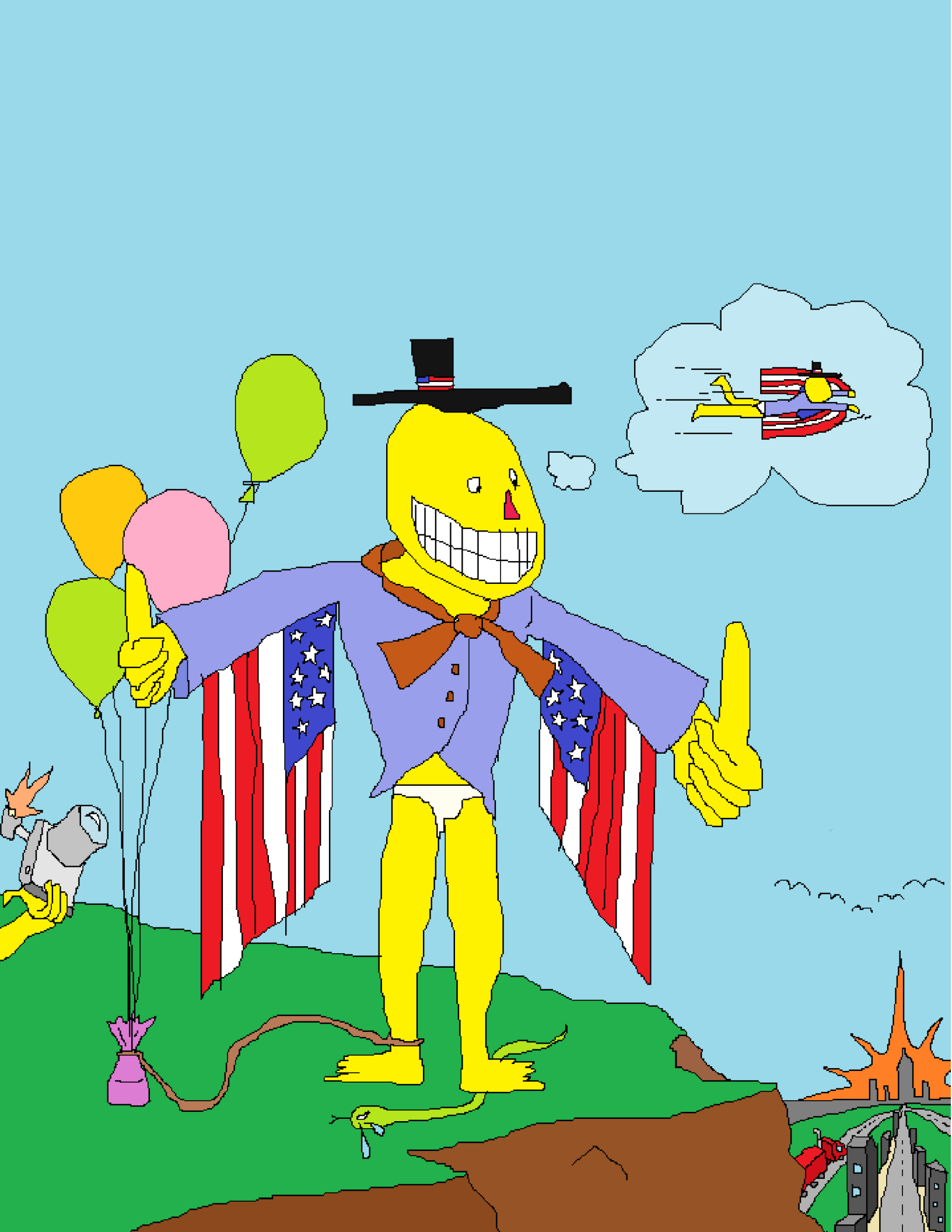
I know it's in the name of the app but this is too much.

We're gonna do some serious thinking about this and rebrand.

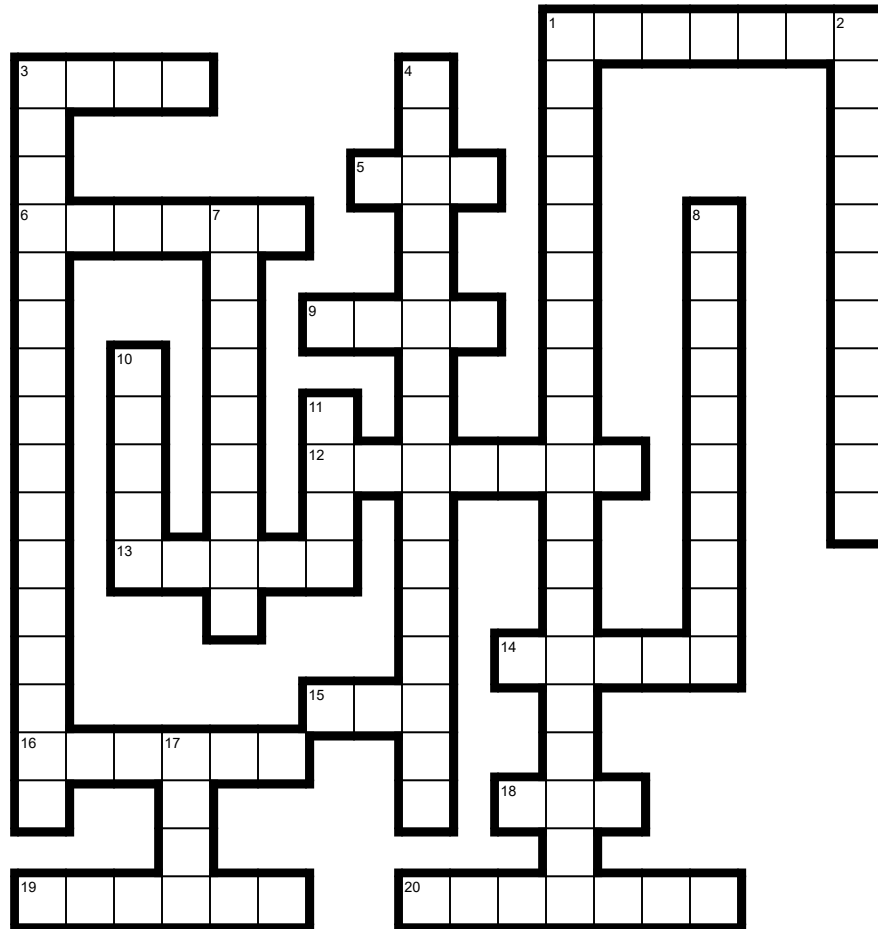


formerly





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C	R	O	S	S
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Across

1. I know this has been really hard so far so I'll give this one to you for free. It's "NIGERIA"
3. I'm rubber, you're ____
5. I do not want to go to the little boys' room. I am a ____.
6. Not not not not good
9. A sudden brief rush of wind
12. Anagram of 'a rag man'
13. First step in the preparation of Shake 'n Bake
14. Mickey Mouse's most terrifying friend that gives us all nightmares to this day
15. A three-letter word ending in 'O'
16. I honestly though you wanted these to be sour so you could get a little buzz on, why is it a bad thing
18. How many fingers am I holding behind my back?
19. World Series Winners in 2004
20. World Series Winners in 2027

Down

1. Semi-annual gathering in Manhattan where nerds might do long divison?
2. Boo!
3. What a cool baby might order at Starbucks?
4. Please answer Jeopardy style: This song by Haddaway is the most popular song by Haddaway
7. Of or relating to uncles.
8. Rhymes with slawberry
10. Result of a coin flip
11. Strong wind
17. The Roman Republic, alphabetized?

BALLAD OF A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

by Mariel Povolny

The Seattle Mariners played the Toronto Blue Jays recently.

My friend Lucy, who lives in Toronto but hates Toronto, told me on the phone she's been watching baseball as a community activity because the Blue Jays are in the playoffs and it's exciting. Lucy loves community activities. She was surprised that I wasn't paying attention because I am famously from Seattle. I told her I can't be bothered with any sport except maybe women's basketball because watching the New York Liberty play was one of the most moving experiences I've had in years. Baseball, I said, numbs my brain. She told me it's much better once you learn the rules.

The Blue Jays beat the Mariners in the playoffs and, really, I couldn't care less, except that a tiny part of me wished they hadn't. I love to win. But Lucy pointed out that in the current political climate, it would be highly symbolic for a Canadian team to win the World Series and I agreed. In my opinion, it is a tad ludicrous to call a competition between two countries a "world" anything but then again nobody asked for my opinion.

My friend Ben (who also knows my friend Lucy) lives in Toronto but just for now. He says that Lucy

doesn't even really watch baseball when they go to the bar, which doesn't surprise me because Lucy is the queen of Saying Things.

Ben recently fell in love with my friend David from high school at my cabin in Northern Ontario.

Interlude: Cabin/Cottage

Nomenclature in the North

In Canada, I've learned, a "cabin" refers to a rustic, second-home structure: wooden interiors, minimal amenities, etc. A "cottage," on the other hand, especially in Ontario lake country, can mean anything from a tasteful two-bedroom to a multi-million-dollar compound on a private island.

~

Secondary interlude:

Perceptions of North in the North

My cabin is on Lake Panache, about an hour north of Sudbury, Ontario. If you zoom in on Sudbury with two fingers on Google Maps, it's not even a quarter of the way north, but even real Canadians call it Northern Ontario. Ben said it's the furthest north he's ever been. I once drove to the 35-Mile Roadhouse, a diner sitting on the border between Alaska and the Yukon, just thirty-five miles from Haines. It was my twentieth birthday, and I dipped two toes into the Yukon. I think that's the farthest north I've ever been in Canada.

~

But anyway, ever since Ben and David fell in love at my cabin, Ben has been coming to New York which is great for me. The last time he came, the two of them went to Rolo's and David had to buy dinner because the Seattle Mariners lost to the Toronto Blue Jays.

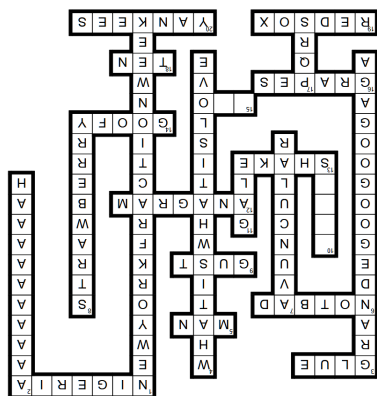
One time years ago, David and I drove up to Squamish, BC to visit our friend Caroline at Quest University—Canada's first and only liberal arts style private university where you could take a class like "Queer-

ing Sylvia Plath from an Ecological Perspective". Quest later went out of business and it's probably a climbing gym now. We met lots of people who sourced their clothes from the local "dump" but had a mountain bike that cost 5 grand.

Our next trip to Canada was last spring, when David and I went to Montreal to visit my friend Chelsea. I met Chelsea on my first day at McGill. I was sitting in my dorm with the door closed and she was chatting with her friend from high school who lived across the hall. She read the nametag on my door and said, "Ooh, Marielle" (using the French pronunciation). I remember rolling my eyes at my dad and pretending to be annoyed, but then I opened the door, and I loved her, and we've been friends ever since.

In Montreal, everything is free, and all the apartments have crown moldings and very few cockroaches, and you can work at a clothing store twice a week and still go to restaurants three times a week. Chelsea's apartment is so beautiful that when I visit her, I'm afraid to sit down. She lives with her boyfriend, Natan, and they have invisible shelves on their white-speckled walls that hold beautiful bottles of wine they don't drink all at once—because once you live in a perfect apartment and eat only at your nice wooden table and not on the couch or in your bed, you suddenly can drink in moderation and use nice wine as decoration.

The first apartment I ever had was with Chelsea and our friend Colette, who has the face of Keira Knightley if she were a porcelain doll. The apartment was in a building called The Greenhouse. Apartment buildings, I think, don't deserve names unless they possess some pedigree, which The Greenhouse did not.



The Greenhouse had a neon green LED sign in the entryway.

The apartment in The *Greenhouse* had an enormous kitchen, a beautifully furnished living room, and a rain shower, and bedrooms that were smaller than prison cells. Our lease started in May, but we had gone home for the summer and sublet the place to a group of young Irish men who were model tenants until we returned in August and found a microwave full of maggots and scattered bloody Q-tips. We all screamed and threatened to throw the microwave away, so my dad cleaned it instead.

Later, in a fit of youthful impatience and because we were twenty minutes from the nearest grocery store and thirty from anywhere we wanted to go, we sublet the apartment again, this time to a group of

Chinese exchange students who, I feel fairly confident, did not use Q-tips at all.

Tertiary Interlude: On the Irish in Canada

A piece of the Canadian cultural character that's lost on some Yankees, is a subtle but ever-present sense of belonging to the Commonwealth. I learned on one of my many summer visits to Chelsea and Colette in Vancouver, BC where they're both from that the Irish come in droves to work for the summer in major Canadian cities, as they once came to ours. Apparently, it's a common practice to fit seven people into a three-bedroom apartment. At least, that's what happened in our case.

~

Colette lives in Toronto but she thinks it lacks je ne sais quoi, and her apartment is quite beautiful, but Toronto doesn't quite have it like

Montreal. People there get paid salaries, and you can't have it all.

I'd like to go to Medicine Hat even though Alberta is the Texas of Canada, and maybe to Yellowknife even though Joni Mitchell didn't claim Saskatchewan. I'd like to go to Lake Louise even though I'm not partial to canoeing. Chelsea always says she's not partial to things, and I'm not sure if that's Canadian or just Chelsea. But what is Canadian is to say, "Grade 9" rather than "Freshman year," and "Paa-sta" rather than "Pasta," and to say you're "writing" an exam rather than taking one, and to call your sneakers "trainers."

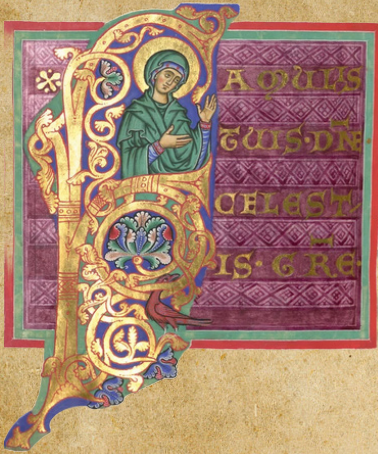
And for all these reasons, Mr. President, I cannot take up arms against our northern neighbors.

How to play

Sum up one through nine
Rows and cols contain no dupes
Nor the nine subgrids

Sudoku Easy

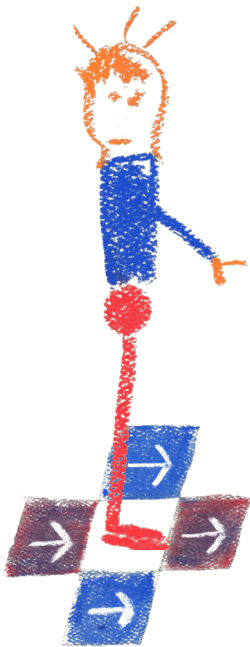
2			9					
							6	
					1			
5		2	6			4		7
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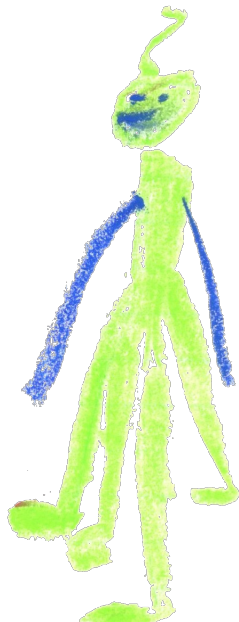
or the knight who hath
everything...
Finely crafted chainmaille.
For both nightlife and
your knight's life.



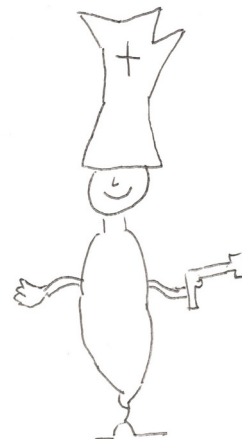
Dance Dance Evolution



"How did you say this game worked again?"



Margaret Atwood Drew This One.
Might Be The Pope With A Gun?



How about you draw this one for a change, if you're so much better than me.



"Cinderella Clown Shoes"

SSYNSE

THE CARTOONISHLY LONG TIE.



You will no longer be mocked for having a small tie. You will no longer get clowned on for wearing Patagucci. This is how you get revenge on all those who wronged you.



You are your own tripping hazard. You have the power to sue SSYNSE if this gets caught in the escalescaletator.

You have the power to go to court. You have the power to be called to jury duty in your own case. You have the ability to do a Mrs. Doubtfire routine where you are the plaintiff and the foreman of the jury and you switch back and forth. You have the wherewithal to not get caught.



Because you have taste. Because you know that you have to be right-wing now because it's cool, and chicks dig it!

Unfortunately, you don't have the power to buy this. If you could buy this, you would.



This isn't Thom Browne. This isn't Tom Ford. This isn't Tommy Hilfiger. This isn't even Canadian landscape artist Tom Thomson.

This is SSYNSE.
Genius, unmonetized.



Tie fabricated by Linden Simmons.



I WANT YOU
TO READ UNCLE MAGAZINE