

Matt, on Wheel of Fortune, sums up his Portland origin story in fifteen seconds or less: hopped on a cheese truck with his best friend ten years ago, said goodbye to Brown Deer, Wisconsin and never looked back. Also, he lost his virginity at sixteen, having clowned his way into the pants of Samantha Kernes, who happens to look *just* like Vanna - It was messy and fast and in a barn. He laughs at the cliché, shakes his head and Pat Sajak's hand. His first job was at a Dairy Queen where he spit into the Blizzards of asshole customers, but he puked the first time he bagged a nine point buck.

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Matt solves, spins the wheel like he's hefting a bale of hay, thinks of his mother, the Packers and Jesus. Pat wants to know how Matt will die, wants to know if Matt has ever pictured himself swan-diving into a grain silo full of corn, inhaling the corn, suffocating on corn, getting crushed by the weight of corn. Corn, like a symbol of the new world, hulled and hard.