

Forum:[Hack Forums](#)

Thread: [The chili, the bald and the naked](#)

junooo - September 4, 2026, 4:13 am

Hello guys!

Yesterday I made chili.

I make chili almost every week. I make one large pot and then eat one bowl every evening because I need a strict chili-based routine to remain sane. Sometimes I eat it with bread when I am feeling extra fancypantsy. I live quite the extravagant life.

This time I was in the store and for some reason I bought a different pepper. I did not know what kind it was. I also did not have gloves, but I handled it with my bare hands like a real man because I am not a coward and because I did not yet understand the consequences of my actions.

While cutting it, my fingers started burning slightly. I thought wow..... this pepper is quite spicy. Then the burning disappeared, so naturally I assumed I had defeated it.

I had not defeated it....

About an hour later, both my hands suddenly caught fire. Not literally, unfortunately, because then somebody might have actually helped me. They just felt like they were on fire. Holding my phone hurt. Touching one hand with the other hurt. Washing them hurt. I would wash my hands, briefly experience peace, touch something I had contaminated earlier and immediately restart the entire fucking situation. I had pepper-sprayed my possessions. My phone was spicy. My kitchen was spicy. And I was spicy too.

Enough about the pepper: let's change it up.

I went to the gym regardless of my kerfuffle. Circling back to the pepper: this was not a good decision because almost every gym exercise requires hands. Every time I held a machine, the pressure made the burning worse. I managed about six repetitions before releasing it because it felt like I was removing my fingerprints through exercise. Focus!

There is also a certain man at my gym. He is a tiny bald man who is somehow also very large. He is about my height, but built like someone dragged the width slider all the way to the right. Built like a wardrobe like forreal. A few weeks ago, I saw him screaming at another man for taking too long on the arm-curl machine. I genuinely thought he was going to attack him, so I called the police. Since then I have avoided eye contact because I am brave... but only in like an administrative sense.

I usually just go to a different side of the gym than him. Unfortunately, the bald man uses approximately eight machines at once. He marches from one machine to the other and if he thinks that you are taking one of his machines he will suddenly spawn behind you. There is no part of the gym where he is not present and as soon as I try and walk away he follows you like a nasty fartsmell. Wherever you go, the tiny bald man eventually arrives.

He also screams during every repetition. Loudly too. Like a monkey. I think its because he is always angry. The guy is bald. Life has taken everything from him except lateral mass. I would scream too.

Yesterday, when I was at the gym with my burning fingerhands, he was screaming at a group of minors. I do not know why. He spent approximately five minutes walking backwards and forwards, shouting and acting as though he might hit them while they casually laughed at him. Nothing makes a man look more powerful than unsuccessfully threatening children and them laughing at you.

Eventually though, he left. I was relieved because I could finally return to my peaceful but painful exercising.

After the gym, I walked home in the dark. On the way, I encountered another anomaly. An extremely fatty fat man was standing completely still in the road in nothing but a pair of loose boxer shorts. His stomach was fucking enormous. It hung completely over the front and sides of his underwear. At least they were loose boxers, which helped the situation slightly. But it still felt like either I shouldn't have seen that.

We looked at each other while I was walking past. I did not ask why he was standing nearly naked in the road because I was afraid he might tell me. He remained completely still, with his enormous stomach hanging freely into the night.

So after all of that I really wanted to text anyone about this. I felt like I was in a fever dream. But I couldn't hold my phone because then my fingers would hurt. And also my phone was spicy. There was little pepper particles on my phone. If I touched it then my struggle was for nothing. And finally when I arrived home, my hands were STILL burning. They had now been burning for approximately six hours. I also urgently needed to pee.

This, as you can guess correctly, presented a SERIOUS logistical problem.

I knew that if I touched myself with my pepper hands, I would simply move the emergency to a more important location. So while nearly passing out from needing to pee, I washed my hands three times for one minute each using three different kinds of soap. I was holding in piss so hard that my entire body was shutting off. And when I finished washing my hands they..... still burned. Eventually, I accepted that I had no other choice. I went to the toilet. It burned. It burned extremely badly. I had now successfully transferred the pepper to my ham wallet.

At this point, my hands were burning, my tightly packed kebab was burning, my stomach hurt from holding in the piss for so long, I had been frightened and couldn't tell anyone because holding a phone hurt too bad and I was tired AS HELL. I wanted to shower, but I was afraid I would touch my face or scalp and continue expanding the affected territory.

I showered anyway. I washed my hair using only the three fingers that burned the least. This is very difficult and also does not get your hair particularly clean.

Then I went to bed. Everything was still burning. I didn't even try and wipe the beef curtains because I did not want even more pain. I just sat through it. All because six hours earlier I bravely had made chili without gloves.

I genuinely thought I would not be able to sleep. But I was so fucking tired, I fell asleep in 10 minutes.

This morning I woke up. My hands were still burning. They are still burning while I write this. It's 13:12. My hands have been burning for 17 hours. I don't know what to do anymore.

I make a damn good fucking chili though.

Sift - September 4, 2026, 5:40 am

Jesus what a day for you to experience.

As someone who has been pepper sprayed in the face I can only imagine having the burning pain all over.

Raijin - September 4, 2026, 7:20 am

You could have sat down on the toilet to pee.

junooo - September 4, 2026, 8:18 am

(Sep 4, 2026 07:20 AM)Raijin Wrote: [CITE](#) You could have sat down on the toilet to pee.

I did that is what im saying. and then i had to wipe. and then it was all up inbetween my clamshell