What's up, Book Your Summer Live? I’m The Captain, author of *F*cking History. What this is is a book about real people throughout history that have either learned lessons the hard way or fought for your rights or just made life more enjoyable. I'm gonna read a couple stories out of this for you, but first, I'm gonna top this off [liquid pouring]. Alright.

This first story’s called “The Devil from Ohio”.

If someone calls you “intimidating,” it’s a compliment. It means you’re strong, successful, outspoken, attractive, or, well, maybe you’re just tall—all positive attributes (if you ask me). But for some reason—especially when it comes to dating—being told you’re intimidating is often regarded as a bad thing. Why? People call you intimidating only to deflect from their own lack of independence. Don’t change for them.

Take, for example, Victoria Woodhull, a.k.a. “Mrs. Satan”—a label bestowed upon her in 1872 by one of her many critics. Now, she didn’t get that name because she said dumb stuff like “Coffee as black as my soul.” (Life in the 1800s wasn’t that kind of basic.) She EARNED that moniker by chopping away at the framework of society and all those who built it. In 1870, Victoria and her sister were the first women to trade on Wall Street (they also started their own newspaper). In 1871, Victoria was the first woman to officially address Congress, speaking on behalf of the women’s suffrage movement. AND in 1872, she became the first woman to run for president; however, she was met with heavy opposition from day one and actually spent Election Day in jail. She was arrested just a few days prior to the big ballot day for articles she’d published in her paper. Hmm . . . rather “timely,” don’t you think?

But as much as people tried to stop her, Victoria just kept living her life—her way. Even other women’s rights leaders, including Susan B. Anthony, described her as “lewd and indecent”—likely due to the fact that Victoria was unabashedly unguarded when it came to talking about her sex life. She lived with her husband, ex-husband, AND “flavor of the month” at the same damn time under the same f*cking roof. (Ha. What’s that Jay-Z line? “Ladies is pimps too, go and brush your shoulders off”?)

Needless to say, Victoria was also the first woman to truly fight to keep the government focused on politics and not on a woman’s privates. Anyway, Mrs. Woodhull was clearly the very definition of “intimidating,” and because of that, you’re reading about her today. All hail, Mrs. Satan. (Damn that “Mrs.” title—the good ones are always taken.)

In closing, let this be a lesson: If anyone calls you a “she-devil,” it’s an accolade.
And you f*cking earned it.

I got one in here—one more here for you about rebellious individuals. This one is called, “Fighting for the Right.”

“Free the nipple.” You’ve seen the hashtag, you’ve read the posts. And you know what? I’m totally on board with it. Why? Duh, because nipples are f*cking cool; they’re second only to side boob. (Side boob wins every time.) The way I see it, if you’re happy with the size, shape, and spacing of your milk duds, you should definitely be allowed to share them when and wherever you want (if that’s your thing). It’s a personal choice. Unfortunately, it’s a choice reserved only for men. Which is wrong, because dude nipples are—they’re f*cking dumb and ugly. You can’t even milk a dude. (Yeah, your boyfriend really is f*cking worthless.) However, there was a time when even men weren’t allowed to expose their gumdrops in public.

The Civil War wasn’t the only war fought on North American soil. The Nipple Wars of the 1930s were equally as brutal, but involved far less bloodshed. Thank God. Let’s hear about one of these terrifying battles and the brave men who fought for your right to party with your shirt off. The year was 1936, and it was a particularly hot day up in America’s toupee, also known as. Toronto, Canada. So hot that many men decided to bare their chests at a local beach (ah, f*cking rebels). This rogue move resulted in thirty men being arrested for indecent exposure. I mean, I’ve heard of some pretty crazy sh*t coming out of Canada—like polite criminals and affordable health care—but this story really takes the Canadian cake. Now, in Canada’s defense, men were fighting the same fight in New York City at that time as well. Basically, in the 1930s—oh, sorry about that. I had a couple of these beers before. Basically, in 1936 we were all prudes.

Anyway, shortly after the Toronto Titty Gang members were arrested, the laws were changed, and it was finally deemed acceptable for men to go topless. Thus, the first major victory of the North American Nipple Wars was won.

Fast-forward to today. What’s so offensive about female nipples anyway? I say, free the female nipple, hide the f*cking bro toes. If you want to talk about something offensive, let’s talk about dudes wearing sandals. F*ck flip-flops.

I hope you enjoy the rest of your summer. I’m gonna enjoy the rest of this bath.