



Yawny's Digest



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"The more one is hated, I find, the happier one is." - Louis-Ferdinand Céline

June 2018, End Times

The Fuck Is This?

B.S. Manifesto

People are always like "this Yawny's Digest thing is really tiresome, everything is so predictably scorched earth." Or: "negative energy." Or, you know, "you and your friends, you go to the bar and you just rip on everything, do you ever say anything nice?" Listen. It's called comedy, dillhole, and if you don't like it you can go back to church. No offense. But think about it: when you're a kid, what are the three funniest things? One, a smelly fart. Two, somebody falling down. Three, "zing" noises. Is any of that "nice"? Not particularly. Then you grow up and you learn how to roast on the stuff that sucks, because ultimately we all want a better world. Right? It's like, the people who complain the most are actually the *optimists*, because they have a vision of a world that doesn't suck quite so badly.

MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Now, it's true that from time to time you might hear someone roasting on the weak or innocent, in which case *they're doing what they're not supposed to be doing*, which automatically makes it funny. See, when you question cultural mores by leaning into discomfort, that's like meta-comedy which is a special case that we all understand and respect because we're grownups, yes?

But just to demonstrate that my heart is in the right place, I will openly and unabashedly declare my boundless love for tagetes lemonii, biking without water, NSAIDs, and every day spent on earth without cancer. Now do you see how great life can be?

OLD TESTAMENT QUOTE #6

Exodus 8:2

"Thus saith the Lord, Let my people go, that they may serve me.

And if thou refuse to let them go, behold, I will smite all thy borders with frogs:

And the river shall bring forth frogs abundantly, which shall go up and come into thine house, and into thy bedchamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thine ovens, and into thy kneadingtroughs."

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME ???

I Got Your Whistle Right Here

Why is it that so many whistleblowers resemble cast members from an Eastern European production of *Silence of the Lambs*? Julian Assange looks like the kind of guy who carries cyanide *and* chloroform on him at all times. Chelsea Manning is so fucking creepy. And Edward Snowden has that whole I-eat-human-body-parts vibe. I know we say not to judge a book by its cover, but I think these people might be more effective in calling out corporate malfeasance if they looked a little bit more like corporate malfeasants, and a little bit less like Kurt Cobain's reanimated corpse.

Really Fantastic Old People Shit That I Can't Wait To Get

There damn well *better* be consolation prizes for those of us enduring joint pain, slowness of movement, and post-meal fatigue syndrome.

- ★ A long-handled **scrub brush** for the shower.
- ★ A **cane**. But only if you need it; carrying a cane as an affectation is a pretty suspect practice. Like Jack White probably carries a cane now.
- ★ Senior citizen **discounts**. Kaiser alert!
- ★ **Hip replacement**. w/Vicodin
- ★ **Dentures**. Easy to clean. Put 'em in a glass
- ★ **401(k) and Social Security**. \$2000 a month goes a long way in Mexico, ese

The Road to Hell Is Paved.

I was standing in line at the FoodsCo, which is like a very downmarket Safeway, if you can imagine such a thing. There was this old dude in front of me, short and barrel-chested with huge arms. He was buying spinach, onions, two giant steaks, and Swedish meatball spice mix. I was like, holy shit, this guy's like a real-life Popeye. What if he thinks he actually IS Popeye? Because we do have a fairly good number of those types of people around here.

Then I looked down at the stupid baggy black sweatshirt I had on, and remembered I was also wearing a black watchman's cap, and realized the guy behind me was probably thinking, "holy shit, I think that guy is trying to emulate fat old Steven Seagal."



I recently happened upon a whole subsection of the internet where people describe their experiences with "shamanic practices." The general idea is that poisonous, superficial modernity has turned its back on *so much wisdom* of the ancient spiritual sages who can, to this day, commune with spirits, time travel, heal incurable conditions, etc. simply through the ingestion of various naturally occurring plants. And also via chanting, and/or the donning of certain robes. Now, the truly woke and earnest seekers of today can yet access enlightenment by engaging in these sacred rites, especially when performed in the ancient ceremonial manner. I'd like to remind you dummies that these timeworn practices were developed by people who believe things like, oh, THE SUN IS A CHARIOT RACING THROUGH THE SKY, or that PEBBLES HAVE SPIRITS. (Pet Rock, b*ch!)

Yep, folks, shamanism was developed before the invention of the fucking printing press, to say nothing of electricity, the computer, or actual «LEGITIMATE» space travel. And guess what? All those spiritual pathways everyone's creaming about DO lead to another world, namely one in which your brain doesn't function properly. Have some respect for evolution, please. True, it gave us the herniated disk. But consciousness is a remarkable and delicately balanced thing. It's actually fairly surprising that it can withstand the constant beating it takes from both jungle witch doctors and teen YouTube huffers alike.

Pro tip: anyone know what the word "sham" means? PWNED

Hot eBay Items

"Used vintage jockstrap"	\$8.50
"10' inflatable praying mantis"	\$89.99
"Cheeto puff shaped like curved penis dick"	\$9.99
Star Trek - Captain Kirk Apron - BRAND NEW	\$18.95
"Quick Tight Shrink Yin Stick, Tightening Of The Vagina Tightening Wand"	\$9.99



FUCKING FINALLY

Sweet Jesus, has anyone bought one of those new superlight, flexible, ultra-durable garden hoses that shrinks in size when you turn the water off? There's nothing funny about them, they're just brilliant. And cheap.

It feels like I've been waiting forever for a new product to counterbalance wintergreen flavor, Alexa, and autotuning.

YOUR INNER BRO

They say "be true to yourself" or "follow your muse." But what about when your outer self gets pressured into doing things that go against your inner self's true compass? Could that tension cause your selves to go to war with one another, in effect producing a form of schizoid insanity? For example, being compelled to visit a museum. While in theory we all agree that cultural and artistic works should be cherished and studied, the majority of inner selves must surely resist the existential horror of waiting in a huge line with a bunch of pretentious white people to see some shit that you could pull up on your computer in about two seconds.

My inner self also doesn't want to hold any babies and I am surprised that so many others profess a willingness to do so. The risk/reward assessment is not good. Think of all the bad things that could happen from holding a baby: you could hold it wrong and injure its arm, or it could bite you. Or more likely, it will just start crying when they give it to you, then the parent takes it back and everyone has a hearty laugh at your expense. Balance all that against the good: you get to hold a fucking baby. I did all that already, for years actually, never got paid a dime, and thank god I never recall dropping either one. I call that "dodging a bullet" and for the life of me I can't understand why anyone would want to willingly walk out onto a firing range.

New Economy Scores Big With Automated Humans

People who don't live in the Bay Area don't know what it's like to have your entire city overrun by tech weenies. I fully understand that tech weenies aren't particularly mean or dangerous, and they don't litter or make a lot of noise. But they're everywhere, clogging up restaurants and driving rents skyward, and leaving their little motorized scooters everywhere. Who ever heard of an electric bike. First, they think they're so awesome for learning a baby language like Python, and now look, they're too weak to even propel themselves up a hill at age 25.

To say nothing of the bike sharing racks that take up entire blocks of prime city real estate. In principle I guess I should like the idea of car and bike shares, but for some reason all trends just seem so much more repulsive in San Francisco. Speaking of which, how fucking annoying is it that Uber is now ALWAYS in surge pricing mode?

The final straw is that the new tech weenies seem to regard themselves as the town hipsters now, the heart and soul of the new cultural engine. Best I can tell, these soulless automatons are hip to nothing but blocking the sidewalk, and whatever Pitchfork or Uniqlo is pushing this week. I was thinking at this point a better term for "hipster" might be "shopper" or "generic person."

POLL: What Kind of Dad O.D.'s on Salvia?

- (A) an incredibly irresponsible asshole
- (B) a pretty gnarly dude
- (C) a careless simpleton
- (D) a humble pain relief seeker
- (E) a very, very brave man

Don't Hate Science Because It's Beautiful

So here's something my wife can't stand. I got us a good digital bathroom scale and now I'm super into weighing myself. Like about every hour or two. It turns out that it's incredibly interesting watching your body weight fluctuate over a 24-hour period. It's like watching flowers and grass grow, you'd think it wouldn't be fun and then you find out it actually is. Some amazing facts I've discovered through scientific experimentation and measurement:

- (1) **You lose weight just by living**—technically via respiration, but suffice it to say, if you do basically nothing beyond existing, you lose weight.
- (2) **You lose about half a pound taking a hot shower.** I always assumed you'd *gain* weight in the shower, from your skin absorbing water. But apparently not only is skin pretty water repellent, but it seems people carry around a fairly decent layer of dirt and exfoliatable dead skin cells on them.
- (3) **a "number 1" weighs about as much as a "number 2"** (approx. 0.4 lb)

Ya Gross-Ass MFs

America has this thing about horny grandmas and grandpas that's supposed to be kind of hilarious and praiseworthy at the same time. You go, granny, git it! But old people having sex is unnatural, and should be shunned, just as we shun sex with necrotic dead bodies and animals. Perhaps "unnatural" is the wrong word, since everything involved is technically organic. How about "extranatural," as in a dog that eats shit.

Speaking of which, why is "eating ass" now a thing? I thought we were supposed to be *progressing*—as a society, as a species, whatever. In 100,000 years I believe geneticists, with the aid of DNA sampling, will be able to determine that the ass-eating gene was not advantageous to the species.

YAWNY'S DIGEST

has been inconsistently in operation since the late 1980s. This national treasure or disgrace will likely convert to online-only format after this issue, at which point you might try pointing a web browser at yawnydigest.com. If you want to be reminded of when new issues are posted, you can join its mailing list by sending email addresses to yawny@spamtrench.com.

Call in Sick/Late for Work Escalation Matrix

Boss: "You mind telling me why you missed our weekly staff meeting *again?*"

First Occurrence	Second Occurrence	Third Occurrence	Fourth Occurrence
"I'm having some medical issues."	"It's a gastrointestinal related matter. I can supply the detail if you need it."	"I wish I could tell you, but I need to respect the privacy of my spouse."	"I don't mean to alarm you, but it seems I have some precancerous areas of concern."
Good all-around D	Be prepared to provide supporting detail	Follow-up line: "It's no longer contagious."	Not lying because all tissue is precancerous!