

There's nothing worse than optimism from people who are doing well and/or haven't experienced what you're going through. There's no gesture emptier than when they say something like, "Things will get better." And they say like they mean it, too, like they know it, which is the most infuriating part. Then, they walk away like they did their good deed for the day-- real Samaritans, these assholes-- like their well wishes are really just gonna change the trajectory of your life. "I can't believe he just lost his job and killed himself after I told him things were going to get better. It's like he wasn't listening or something." There should be consequences for people just giving out hope willy nilly. In fact, you should suffer the same consequences. Oh, you told someone having trouble in their relationship that it was going to get better, and they got a divorce? Guess what? We're taking away your girlfriend. Next time mind your fucking business, and shut the fuck up. "Let's go, Katie. I warned his ass."

Have you ever been to a coffee shop and a girl goes to the bathroom, and asks you to watch her stuff? Girls won't even trust me with their real phone number but I'm trustworthy enough to watch your computer and purse? You're basically calling me a good person by trusting me with your property. Don't do that. You don't know me. And what exactly is the extent of my responsibility here, anyway? I mean I don't expect someone to be lurking for computers and purses in a snooty, overpriced café, but, ok, let's assume it. If someone comes and tries to steal your shit, why should I risk my safety for your shit? If all I'm going to get is a "thank you" for my service, then I should also reciprocate the minimum, which is offering the cops a vague description of the suspect.

And by the way, in my old neighborhood, snitching can cost you your life, so consider it a huge favor. If I feel like a good Samaritan, I might stick my leg out to slow down his getaway but that's about it. I will definitely point you in the general direction of where he fled. And, I know, you might be thinking, "How is that supposed to help?" But if you're not willing to chase after the guy, why should I try and apprehend him? And what if the girl doesn't pick me to watch her stuff? Instead, she asks the girl sitting next to me to watch her stuff. Well, it makes me want to steal her shit for saying I'm not trustworthy. The truth is: girls are always gonna pick girls to watch their shit because, with girls, they only have to worry about having their shit stolen; with a guy, women have to worry about him being a thief and a creep. He'll be looking for a brush to steal strands of your hair.

I don't want to get older than seventy-years old. It looks pathetic. Have you ever seen those life-alert commercials on tv, where an old person says the catchphrase, "I've fallen and I can't get up?" And you pause for more information. Well, why not? Why can't you get up? Did you get mugged? Was someone mopping the floors? If I ever go down and I'm unable to get up, it's gonna be for something more adventurous than getting out of the shower. "Hello, Life Alert, I need some help." "Sure, what happened? Where are you?" "I was trying to do a triple cow sow here at Christie's Roller Rink." "Wow. That's an advanced move." "I know. I never skated before." If I go down for anything less, I'm calling Life Alert to tell them not to pick me up. "I'll figure it out. Sometimes death is apropos."