



Stick to Drawing Comics, Monkey Brain!

Scott Adams

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Everyone knows Scott Adams, the creator of *Dilbert*, as the king of workplace humor. His insights into the crazy world of business have long been on display in his hugely popular comic strip and bestselling books like *The Dilbert Principle*. But there's much more to life than work, and it turns out that the man behind Dogbert and the Pointy-Haired Boss has an equally outrageous take on life outside the cubicle.

Adams ventures into uncharted territory in this collection of more than 150 short pieces on everything from lunar real estate to serial killers, not to mention politics, religion, dating, underwear, alien life, and the menace of car singing. He isn't afraid to confront the most pressing questions of our day, such as the pros and cons of toothpaste smuggling, why kangaroos don't drive cars, and whether Jesus would approve of your second iPod.

Stick to Drawing Comics, Monkey Brain! Details

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Stephanie says

Library Biography # 30

This book was a compilation of Scott Adams' blog posts. I loved pretty much every single one. They were witty and amusing.

The one thing that could have been improved is if there were dates from when they were originally published. While I enjoyed this book, I also felt that book kinda of dragged on, it was pretty long for a book of this nature.

Nice book to fit in with more serious books when I needed a brain break!

Darth says

I am not a huge Scott Adams fan, but I have glanced at the Dilbert comics now and again, and even chuckled at a friends set of the animated series on DVD, so I figured I would give this book a shot.

I was pleasantly surprised to find it witty, engaging, and as well thought out as something so COMPLETELY random could possibly claim to be. I may not rush out and find everything ever put to paper by the author, but I have to say this was good stuff

Kerry says

A collection of the Dilbert creator's blog. Quite simply, if you like the blog, you'll like the book. I was enjoying it until about 40 pages from the end, where I ran into blog posts I'd already read - weird to have deja vu at the end of a book.

Jim says

Good

thewestchestarian says

I recently finished the new book by Scott Adams, creator of the Dilbert cartoon series and short-lived TV show. I believe the book is just a compilation of Adams' blog as it is largely constituted by dozens of very short essays without any consistency of topic.

The essays are, generally, as funny as the title of the book suggests and mirror none of the day-to-day irony

and insight of the cartoon series. Apparently, what Adams Adams' finds entertaining in ink is leagues funnier than what he considers interesting in print. For example, he believes the juxtaposition of the salutation "Hi, Jean" and the word "hygiene" hilarious. He spends some time describing stains he found in a cheap motel he once stayed in (they were symmetrical – isn't that fascinating). There is also a short vignette full covering (and then some) the use of the silent "H" as in doughnut.

However, when writing about producing the Dilbert cartoon, things pick up considerably. In one section he lists his experiments in trying to publish cartoons that feature butts. Showing Wally's plumber's crack was rejected yet a profile view of a naked rear-end was accepted. A marketing consultant with an ass instead of a head was only allowed if he had underwear as a hat. In another section he recounts accusations of African-American racial stereotyping upon the introduction of the Asok character despite Asok being Indian. He also recounts a phone call from a belligerent individual accusing him of plagiarism to which he diplomatically applies: "why would I steal crap?"

Adams' random thoughts never rise toward memorable; however, the insights he allows into his life are interesting. After a bout with allergies that produced laryngitis, his normal speaking voice failed to return, yet he could still give speeches to large crowds. A procession of specialists yielded a plethora of treatments but no relief. Dejected, he typed his symptoms into an internet search which revealed that he had an exceedingly rare condition known as spasmodic dysphonia treatable by botox injections into his larynx. After two years of treatment he discovered he could speak in rhyming verse and later was able to reclaim his voice by using the same synaptic networks that allowed for the rhyming in normal speech. I would have thought he was just nuts had I not previously read Oliver Sacks' "Musicophilia" which covers this and related conditions in detail.

Adams breaks the last biographical taboo left and talks about being very, very wealthy. He claims to have turned down \$100,000 for a single, hour-long speech because of prior commitments but that he is routinely paid sums nearing this for his frequent corporate speeches. The two restaurants he bought are discussed frequently and he laments the difficulty in responding to people who ask what he would like for his birthday because if he wanted something, he would just buy it.

Also interesting is Adams recurring false modesty. He describes himself as dumb and then details his graduation at the top of his classes. He talks about being unable to draw and then notes how many papers Dilbert runs in. He laughs about his shallowness and then writes essays about the nature of being. In this way, he is like Jennifer "Jenny from the Block" Lopez who talks simultaneously about being down-to-earth and yet having the funds to buy swaths of it.

rabbitprincess says

An entertaining collection of blog posts from The Dilbert Blog. Scott has a very sharp sense of humour and a way with words, and the sheer variety of topics he discusses is pretty impressive. I also like his ability to sniff out a good news story and provide an interesting take on it. If you are a Dilbert fan this book is worth checking out.

Holly says

That was my favorite Scott Adams book, it's funnier than the comic strip. He's best in small doses, it took me a few months reading a couple pages at a time. It's a series of rants, irreverent observations, essays - it would make a good bathroom reader for a household with no kids, as several essays are adult. Here are a few quotes:

Maybe it's the way I was raised, but I find that I get mad about all the wrong things. For example, when I hear a news report about some serial killer who buried forty-three victims in an underground bunker that he constructed beneath his shed, my first reaction is "Wow, he built an underground bunker under a shed!" I find myself admiring his industriousness and passion in the pursuit of his dreams. That's clearly wrong.

If you have ever had a severe back sprain, you can answer the following with no problem. Which activity is most likely to result in the worst back pain of your life? Skiing to outrace an avalanche, Lifting a car to save a baby, Kickboxing competition, Bending over to pick up a piece of Pringles you spit out while laughing at your own joke. The last thing your back wants is for you to have an excellent story to mitigate some of your discomfort.

I'm sitting at the Oakland airport. The airline claims my flight will be delayed one hour, but I know that's only the opening bid. The public announcement system just told me to report any people who "look suspicious." This is a big category. I need clearer guidance. I just saw an incredibly hot woman traveling with an ugly guy. That looks suspicious. And a maintenance guy just walked by wearing one glove. What's he up to? Am I to believe it's only cold on one side?

I love the feeling of doing something right, no matter how inconsequential, such as guessing the exact right time it will take to warm a yam in the microwave. It makes me feel in control of my life.

For those of you who have never taken a dance class, it goes something like this. First, the instructor demonstrates some footwork a bit too fast for you to have any frickin' idea what he did. Then he repeats the demonstration several times, each time differently as far as you can tell.

Here's the quandary, as I see it. There are three qualities I want to have: (1) success, (2) honesty, (3) humility. At most, logically, I can only have two of the three. I owe my current understanding of this phenomenon to my ex-friend Amy who taught me that no one likes an honest successful person. She taught me this lesson by not liking me after success "changed me." And by changed I mean I acted exactly the same as I always did, but that honesty seemed grotesque when things started going my way.

Bev says

Scott Adams is the cartoonist who creates Dilbert. This is a book of over 150 pieces, I think from his Blog. Reviews on the back cover compare him to Dave Barry and say he is almost as funny. I have read Dave Barry and he's OK, but I've never found him laugh out loud funny, which I did with Adams' book, many times in the 150+ pieces, on everything from lunar real estate to serial killers, not to mention politics, religion, dating, underwear, alien life, and the menace of car singing. The chapter on "My History Learning" is very funny, talking about Jesus turds. And his take on the presidential election is perfect, if depressing: "We're judging how a candidate will handle a nuclear crisis by how well his staff creates campaign ads. It's a completely nonsensical process."

Bruno Oliveira says

Absolutely hilarious.

Mart Roben says

Scott Adams is intelligent enough to be a scientist or a politician. He could change the world! Instead he's drawing comics. But, in his own words, "intelligence has much less practical application than you'd think." So he's using his to make an art form out of trolling.

The result is hilarious and thought-provoking. And if someone can make people laugh and at the same time think: "You know... he's kind of right!" he is in fact changing the world. Maybe that's the way truly intelligent people go about it (instead of getting elected). Or maybe it's just a massive practical joke.

I feel like this book taught me more about politics, religion and psychology than a decade of reading newspapers could. Then again, the ideas are suspiciously simple and funny. The truth is usually not like that... Anyhow. If nothing else, it's a great exercise in discovering how many more logical-sounding ways there are to think about things which you thought you already knew everything about. Here are a few selected quotes:

"My favourite conspiracy theory is that the world is being run by a handful of ultra-rich capitalists, and that our elected governments are mere puppets. I sure hope it's true. Otherwise my survival depends on hordes of clueless goobers electing competent leaders. That's about as likely as a three-legged dog with the shakes pissing the Mona Lisa into a snowbank. In the summer."

"I've never seen anyone change his mind because of a superior argument. But I've seen plenty of people change behaviour to avoid being mocked."

"Just once maybe there should be a story about an athlete who did steroids and didn't set a world record, and didn't hump his way through the entire Victoria Secrets model list. Otherwise you have what I call a mixed message."

"A day without sunshine is like a day without melanoma."

"I once got an e-mail from a guy named Richard Head. I wonder what his friends call him."

"And then he voted." - Scott Adams's response to almost any irrational argument.

Todd Stockslager says

The problem with blogs is that very few of the things people have to say are interesting to anyone other than themselves or their mothers (and then only vaguely as "something my child produced", without any awareness of or commitment to the quality of the product).

Adams demonstrates this principle in his book, which is nothing more than a printout of his blog. I'm sure his mother is proud of him for writing it, even if she's never read any of it.

That said, Adams's "interesting" rate certainly exceeds that of your average blogger, and maybe one third of

the entries are amusing or profound enough to make a quick skim of the book a pleasant diversion. The rest of the entries are just the typical banality that people who enjoy their own writing think is funny or profound. Obviously, Adams applies more thought and editing to Dilbert cartoons, which have a higher success rate than this "book"--I can't call a printed blog a book without the quotation mark, especially when Adams (or the publisher) has the nerve to write on the flap: "Much of the content in this book (actually most . . . OK, fine, 98 percent) was first published on Scott Adams's blog (dilbertblog.typepad.com). But please note that his blog archive has been disabled, so don't even think about printing out all the content for free." This kind of misdirected money grab expresses disdain for the audience that has made Adams wealthy in the first place.

In point of fact, one thing that I find most disagreeable about this book is Adams's offhanded arrogance, sometimes passed off as humor, but mostly received in my mind as unpleasant disrespect for everyone not Scott Adams. I am somewhat conflicted by this, since as most office-dwellers in the information age I have found Dilbert almost universally funny and accurately concise in his lampooning of corporate management. I suppose the principle here is that words and attitudes that are funny coming from a perennially downtrodden cartoon character are not so much coming from the very successful and very wealthy man who created said character.

Themistocles says

It's no Dilbert, but still good fun. Perfect for reading on a beach :)

Akshay says

For anyone who's been completely oblivious to certain aspects of pop-culture these past couple of decades, Scott Adams is the tweaked, odd and very clever mind behind the Dilbert comic strip that has become the epitome of satire on corporate culture. In addition he wrote the best-selling (and quite hilarious!) *The Dilbert Principle* too.

But! Those achievements aside, I came across this book by sheer chance while visiting a favourite second-hand book shop that often has little treasures that are hard to find or buy anymore. What intrigued me the most was that this is not a business/work/corporate based book in any fashion and in fact is as far removed from that as possible as he muses on most anything and everything. Containing a veritable slew of short(ish) essays (blog post style) on a multitude of topics ranging from globale politics and conspiracy to the menace of car singing to blouse monsters (yeah, that last one kind of stuck in my brains humour section!) and more, Adams brings a truly unique and refreshing take on things.

What is it that makes him different to others? It's not just that he's talking about many things that others don't between these covers, it's **HOW** he does it.

Bringing an irreverant twang to almost everything with a hint of shamelessness here and there, each and every essay is a border-line laugh riot at the least, if not a full-blown one! What I love most I think is that unlike a lot of writers who tend to be more one than the other, Adams has what one would call a hopefully-cynical streak to his writing. This is something that I've been told I possess and I think I relate to someone bringing that to such a diverse range of topics and really making you think about them from a whole other point of view. Too often we look at cynics and see only the worst of them, whereas Adams here

demonstrates masterfully what a difference a touch of cynicism can make in an otherwise all too serious life and perspective.

I've always been one who believes that one should always be able to laugh, even at the worst of times, and Adams here shows how you can do exactly that while never losing sight of what it is you are concerned about. Some things are just absurd and need to be laughed and moved on from, others need some more thought and have more "real" consequence, but we should be able to laugh at them all the same. Of course his own somewhat neurotic nature can at times seem a little insane, reading him find the lighter side of it and other personal shortcomings adds a more relatable quality to whatever he writes. And being a series of blog posts that he's collected into a book gives us bits from his life that make it more so and a far more enjoyable book (for me anyway) than even the brilliant Dilbert Principle.

Life's too short to take it too seriously and I'd advise anyone with a healthy sense of humour and desire to flex and grow those muscles to give this book a read. You may not agree with all his viewpoints (I know there were a few I didn't), but by and large it's a general enough and diverse range of topics that it rarely ever digs too deep.

Eva says

I was never a Dilbert fan, so I didn't realize how wonderfully clever Scott Adams is. Two thumbs way up. Kindle quotes:

Maybe it's the way I was raised, but I find that I get mad about all the wrong things. For example, when I hear a news report about some serial killer who buried forty-three victims in an underground bunker that he constructed beneath his shed, my first reaction is Wow, he built an underground bunker under a shed! I find myself admiring his industriousness and passion in the pursuit of his dreams. That's clearly wrong. - 446

A potato-shaped woman with unfashionable glasses herded me into the "severe search" line. Someone told me to stand in a high-tech phone booth sort-o-thing that blew air on me, analyzed it, and informed the technician whether I had been in contact with explosives lately. I passed the test, but I spent the whole time wondering how I could get some. - 490

Did you see the story about the convicted murderer who escaped prison by using a fake ID and a set of civilian clothes? The guards just opened the door and let him out. The authorities described the escapee as narcissistic. That's the fancy way of saying he thinks he's better than other people. I have to admit, if I made a fake ID using nothing but a pack of Marlboros and a spoon, and made a set of civilian clothes out of pillowcases, then walked out of jail, I'd be feeling pretty good about myself, too. - 557

Narcissistic Murderer Update Police caught the escaped narcissistic murderer. Apparently they found him standing outside a liquor store, drunk, making no effort to hide his identity. This has caused some observers to conclude that he wasn't so smart after all. But you aren't thinking like a narcissistic criminal mastermind. My theory is that he left something in his cell, say a pair of good sunglasses or a pack of cigarettes, and he wanted to go back and get them. He knows he can escape anytime he wants. But this time, just for the extra challenge, he wants to do it while drunk. On some level, I admire his attitude. - 570

One of the most common questions I get is "Do you ever get writer's block?" The thing I love about that question is that it reveals a wonderful optimism in the person who is asking. I suspect that the people who

ask this question believe they possess deep wells of creativity and talent that are inexplicably blocked. All they need is the secret unblocking spell from a cartoonist and then a geyser of bestselling books will spray forth. - 578

I don't want to say that I prefer the technology to my natural body parts, but it's worth noting that only my liver complains if I drink too much. - 654

Today I am whacked out on pain killers because yesterday I had surgery to correct my deviated septum. I didn't ask a lot of questions about the procedure, but I can deduce most of the details based on the way I feel today. - 665

Today my wallet was stolen for the four hundredth time, and frankly I'm sick of it. I don't know what bothers me more—the crime or the fact that the thief always sneaks back into my home an hour later and puts the wallet back in a hard-to-find place such as the top of my dresser. There's never anything missing from the wallet, so I know the thief isn't especially good at his job. It might be the same idiot who keeps stealing my car every time I park it at the airport. - 758

You've probably noticed that opinion pollsters go out of their way to include as many morons as possible in surveys. That's called a representative sample. And what it means is that the opinion of Einstein, for example, counts as much as the opinion of the guy who thinks The Family Circus comic is sending him secret messages via Little Billy. I think it's dangerous to inform morons about what their fellow morons are thinking. It only reinforces their opinions. And the one thing worse than a moron with an opinion is lots of them. - 777

I knew that my fiancée's job of shopping for me wouldn't be so easy. I have the deadly combination of not caring much about material possessions plus a high disposable income. - 824

Unfortunately, gifts are too easy to buy these days. Nothing takes long enough to showcase my diligent thought and hard work. My fallback plan is to create a spreadsheet where I can log the time I spend "thinking about" her gift. I'll have a column for comments, in case she audits it later. The comments will be things such as "Thought about how much she likes eating crab. Didn't think of any good crab-related gifts." Here again, as is often the case with me, I am penalized for being a fast thinker. I'll have to have a footnote that says I round everything up to the nearest fifteen-minute increment. - 835

Adopting a baby seems like a lot of work, especially when you consider the "flying to another country" part. I want to be nice, but in a way that involves fewer flies. - 981

If you have ever had a severe back sprain, you can answer the following with no problem. Which activity is most likely to result in the worst back pain of your life? Skiing to outrace an avalanche Lifting a car to save a baby Kickboxing competition Bending over to pick up a piece of Pringles you spit out while laughing at your own joke The last thing your back wants is for you to have an excellent story to mitigate some of your discomfort. - 1102

This morning at about dawn, I was sipping some green tea and looking for more whales from the comfort of my condo. Suddenly I spotted a whale down on the beach. It appeared to be dead. This excited me because I've always wanted to see a dead whale up close. I couldn't wait to finish my tea, grab my flip-flops, and take a better look. But in time, the light of day informed me that it was only a large rock. The bottom line is that I spent a good thirty minutes being entertained by a rock impersonating a dead whale. - 1282

The biggest relationship mistake you can make is to assume that because you have some special training or knowledge on a topic, that your opinion should be extra important. - 1288

Instead, I offer you the only solution: the WCM Method. WCM stands for Who Cares Most. If you want your relationship to have a chance, defer all decisions and interpretations of fact to the person who cares the most. In practice, this will mean that women will make 98 percent of all the decisions and be “right” 98 percent of the time. - 1294

It makes me wish I were one of those people who can’t read faces—I think they’re called engineers. - 1355

The public announcement system just told me to report any people who “look suspicious.” This is a big category. I need clearer guidance. I just saw an incredibly hot woman traveling with an ugly guy. That looks suspicious. And a maintenance guy just walked by wearing one glove. What’s he up to? Am I to believe it’s only cold on one side? - 1464

I feel some inner need to keep the budget under control without appearing cheap. My current strategy is to frame all wedding decisions in terms of how many African villagers could be saved from starvation with the equivalent amount of money. For example: FIANCÉE: Do you think we should have a big cake or a little one? SCOTT: Well, the difference in price seems to be...about twelve Rwandans. It’s up to you, honey. - 1479

Now all I had to do was convince my doctor(s) that I wasn’t nuts and that I had a very rare condition. As you might imagine, when you tell a doctor that you think you have a very rare condition, that doctor will tell you that it’s very unlikely. Your first impulse might be to point out that “very rare” is a lot like “very unlikely,” but you don’t do that, because doctors have wide latitude in deciding which of your orifices they will use for various medical apparati. - 1512

I keep hearing the argument that some things are constitutional while other things are not. The idea is that we should be in favor of all the things that were decided over two hundred years ago by a bunch of slave-owning cross-dressers who pooped in holes. - 1549

People assumed that because I want to label the majority opinion “right” and the minority opinion “wrong” that I would also favor mob rule. No way. I still favor the traditional system where rich people run the country and convince the morons who live here that the voters are really the ones in charge. It’s not a perfect system, but no one has come up with a better one. And it’s fair in the sense that anyone could become rich and abuse the poor. - 1564

For those of you who have never taken a dance class, it goes something like this. First, the instructor demonstrates some footwork a bit too fast for you to have any frickin’ idea what he did. Then he repeats the demonstration several times, each time differently as far as you can tell. - 1714

also wonder if showing respect for all beliefs is causing more problems than it is avoiding. The only thing that prevents most people from acting on their absurd beliefs is the fear that other people will treat them like frickin’ morons. Mockery is an important social tool for squelching stupidity. At least that’s what I tell people after I mock them. Or to put it another way, I’ve never seen anyone change his mind because of the power of a superior argument or the acquisition of new facts. But I’ve seen plenty of people change behavior to avoid being mocked. - 1793

I keep hearing pundits whining about the growing gap between the rich and the poor. I have difficulty

empathizing with that viewpoint for two reasons: (1) Poor people can vote, and (2) There are more poor people than rich people. - 1806

My fiancée, Shelly, and I are in the process of picking “favors” for our wedding. Allow me to explain the term favors to those of you who are foreigners, hillbillies, ignoramuses, or me one week ago. - 1877

“Favor” is one of those great ironic names. To my way of thinking, you’re not doing a guy a favor by giving him something he doesn’t want and can’t throw away. That’s more like a penalty. In fact, I could imagine exactly this sort of penalty for minor crimes. JUDGE: You urinated in public. Your sentence is that you must keep this functionless knickknack somewhere in your home for the rest of your life. URINATOR: Noooooo!!!! - 1881

No one wants to buy a winning lottery ticket for someone else. You’d bang your head on the wall for the rest of your life, yelling, “Why oh why didn’t I keep that one??? Whaaaawhaaaawhaaaa!!!” That’s bad for the wall. My brother solved that problem by buying for himself two additional lottery tickets with the same numbers as the one he got for me. He explained that in case my ticket won, he wanted to be twice as rich. It’s the thought that counts. - 2058

Here’s the quandary, as I see it. There are three qualities I want to have: (1) success, (2) honesty, (3) humility. At most, logically, I can only have two of the three. - 2123

I owe my current understanding of this phenomenon to my ex-friend Amy who taught me that no one likes an honest successful person. She taught me this lesson by not liking me after success “changed me.” And by changed I mean I acted exactly the same as I always did, but that honesty seemed grotesque when things started going my way. - 2134

I believe that willpower is an illusion. Overweight people simply get more enjoyment from food than thin people do, at least relative to their other pleasure options. If I liked food more than I like playing tennis, I’d be the size of a house. Willpower never enters into it. You can see my theory play out with kids. Kids have no willpower, yet many of them are skinny. The skinny ones get so little pleasure from noncandy food that they prefer starving and playing with a friend to eating. - 2344

I’m sitting at the Oakland airport. The airline claims my flight will be delayed one hour, but I know that’s only the opening bid. - 2364

I’m suspicious of round numbers. If they said the flight was going to be forty-seven minutes late, I’d think they had a good handle on things. But one hour is the same as saying, “Honestly, we don’t even know how those big metal things stay in the air.” - 2366

happy are the guys who sell illegal steroids? You can’t buy that kind of advertisement. And it sure makes it harder for the just-say-no people. “Kids, don’t do steroids. If you do, you might become the fastest man in the world and have so much poontang and money that...I forget my point.” - 2665

I read in the news that the Chinese police are cracking down on the practice of hiring strippers for funerals. Seriously. Strippers for funerals. Villagers believe that the more people who attend the funeral, the more honored the dead person is. And naked women bring in the crowds. - 2694

I didn't see in the news report why the Chinese police were suddenly cracking down on the strippers at funerals, but I have a theory. I think I speak for all men when I say that at the age of fourteen, I would have been willing to kill a cousin to look at a stripper. And remember that those small villages in China don't have cable TV and high speed Internet. You pretty much have to choke someone to death just to generate any entertainment that doesn't involve dragon costumes and tambourines. - 2705

By now the little pillow I keep between my knees has fallen on the floor and I can't decide if it's worth picking it up. Has it become mandatory or is it just nice? Can I sleep with my knees touching? There's no such thing as an easy question when you're tired. - 2763

As a writer, I'm always searching for those thoughts that everyone has but no one has yet expressed. It's dangerous territory because there's always a good chance that you're the only freak in the world with that thought or that problem. - 2852

Every time I reach for something in my car that's hard to get, I hurt myself. Sometimes I use a tool, such as a box of tissues, to paw at the distant object, as if that will help. When it comes to grabbing power, a smooth, square box is low on the list, but you have to work with what you have. So I end up bludgeoning the object of my desire with the cardboard - 2864

a one-way ticket to California. I never saw another snowflake, at least not up close. My thinking is that the good reasons for dying do not include "went outside," as in "Where's Scott?" "Oh, he went outside without a coat and died." - 2928

Cold is just a fancy marketing word for a particularly unpleasant form of pain. We should just call it what it is: pain. What's the temperature in Chicago? Painful. - 2932

Yesterday, for the sixth time in the past year, a refrigerator repairman tried, and failed, to fix my ice dispenser. Four different repair guys from the company that manufactured the fridge have had a go at it. They diagnose the problem. They order parts. They install the parts. The ice dispenser does not dispense ice. I'm thinking of changing its name from "ice dispenser" to "the thing that gives me false hope of ice." - 3042

I think the worst super power you could have would be X-ray vision. Take a look around you right now and ask yourself how many people would look better without clothes. Not many. And if you could see inside them, that would be even uglier, but not in every case. You've heard the saying "She's beautiful on the inside." I think what that means is that her appendix is more attractive than her face. The best part about X-ray vision is that you would no longer have to ask pregnant women if they know the genders of their babies. You could just look right into the womb with your X-ray eyes and, in all likelihood, mutate the baby's genetic code. Good times. - 3108

Every time there's a military conflict, someone points out that many of the victims were not adult men. The theory is that a tragedy is way more tragic if anyone other than adult men get killed. If you throw a woman or a minor or a puppy into the mix then we all have a reason to be sadder and madder. - 3154

I think the main reason there are so many wars is that most of the soldiers are adult males. If all wars had to be fought exclusively by second graders or contestants from the Special Olympics, no one would ever start a war because the results would be too tragic. - 3163

The most disturbing part of this "husband did it" phenomenon is that there's always a motive. I'm still in the newlywed phase, but it's disconcerting to know that it's only a matter of time before every casual onlooker

assumes that if one of us disappears, the other one had a perfectly good reason to commit murder. It's not much of an endorsement of marriage. - 3275

Now don't get me wrong—there's a 100 percent chance that the voting machines will get hacked and all future elections will be rigged. But that doesn't mean we'll get a worse government. It probably means that the choice of the next American president will be taken out of the hands of deep-pocket, autofellating, corporate shitbags and put into the hands of some teenager in Finland. How is that not an improvement? - 3390

The important thing with democracy, and this has always been the case, is that the citizens (a) believe the election result is based on the common sense and voting rights of the citizens, and (b) have enough handguns to wax any politicians who get too seriously out of line (also known as a "check and balance"). - 3397

I remember one day in sixth grade, our teacher asked us to go to the blackboard, one at a time, and write down something we would be willing to die for. The first few kids wrote down answers such as "cancer" and "hit by car." Our teacher informed us that this was not what he was looking for. - 3420

Those of you who travel a lot know that if you ask a driver about his life, you never get a story that sounds like this: "Well, I was a drifter and a hobo for a while, but then I got this job driving you around. It's the highlight of my life." Instead you usually get something more like this: "After I won the Nobel Prize I became a dissident in my country and had to flee. - 3453

I love the feeling of doing something right, no matter how inconsequential, such as guessing the exact right time it will take to warm a yam in the microwave. It makes me feel in control of my life. - 3611

Comedian Larry Miller once described America's war strategy in Iraq as "Driving around until people shoot at us." - 3660

Last night we were having some quality time alone at home and I made the mistake of writing myself a note while Shelly was still talking. She asked me what the note was about. I proudly told her it was about Vladimir Putin, and how two of his critics were recently poisoned. I said I thought it would make a great topic to write about. I was quite pleased with myself, until Shelly asked, "Is that what you were thinking about while I was talking?" - 3845

parents let children ride bicycles. But parents do not ever allow children to hear vulgar words if they can help it. Therefore, we can deduce that cursing is more dangerous than maybe being hit by a car. - 3986

Why aren't more humans tapping more chimps? Your first thought might be that chimps are not human. But neither are inflatable women and other sex toys. If you think a drunken guy in his twenties would be dissuaded by the fact that his sex partner isn't a human being, you might be a woman. - 4505

Humor explains why God would bother creating people. He needs us for the laughs. Everyone knows you can't tickle yourself. Maybe God can't either, at least not directly. - 4657

Hypothetically, in the future, if a sex doll robot was indistinguishable from a human woman, and you weren't in a relationship with a human, would you tap the robot? I asked that question in my blog and about 95 percent of the hetero guys said they would. The other 5 percent expressed a strong preference for lying. - 4709

Kate says

I couldn't finish. I just couldn't.

It started out promisingly enough - the introduction began as a cheeky recalling of Adams's various attempts to do things outside the bounds of his "day job" or what he knew he was good at, and how well they went. Unfortunately, it quickly progressed into bragging about having coined a mysterious political catchphrase that could've "changed the world," and his other forays into random success. He tempers the bragging by telling us that 9 out of every 10 things he does is a miserable failure, but it still sets the tone up as quite self-indulgent.

The very very short entries in this book were, apparently, mostly written as blog entries originally. As blog entries, taken in tiny soundbites and with time in between them, I suspect they'd be clever and fun. Strung together - 150+ of them, in a thick hardcover - there are a few moments of interest and a few clever or downright hilarious bits of wordplay or description (the idea of a wolverine attempting to claw into one's brain to correct a deviated septum is not gonna leave me any time soon), but mostly it's just tedious. There's little to no sense of pacing, coherency, or transition, and I had no interest whatsoever in continuing after reading a fourth micro-rant about seatmates on a plane.

Stick to blogging, monkey brain.
