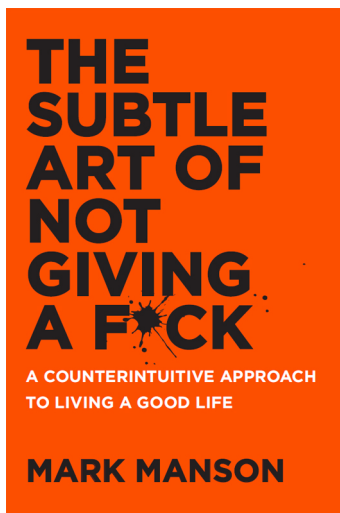
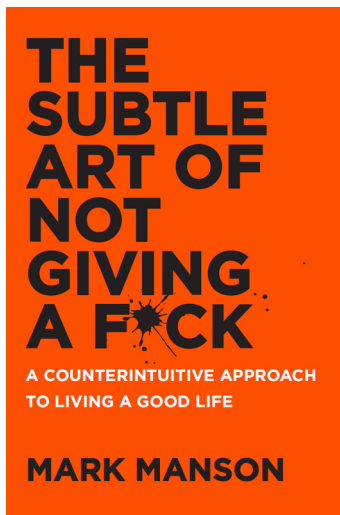


The Subtle Art of Not Giving a F*ck

Mark Manson

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- (a) : adjective
- (n) : noun
- (adv) : adverb
- (v) : verb
- = : kind of like / synonym

- 213. 211
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- 218. 216

CHAPTER 1

Don't Try

Charles Bukowski ^{who is hopeless and considered a loser, they don't behave in a responsible way} was an alcoholic, a womanizer, a ^{something bad continuing for a long time} chronic gambler, a ⁽ⁿ⁾ lout, a ⁽ⁿ⁾ cheapskate, a ⁽ⁿ⁾ deadbeat, and on his worst days, a poet. He's probably the last person on earth you would ever look to for life advice or expect to see ^{= thug (n) who behaves in a rude, offensive and even violent way} in any sort of self-help book. ^{who risks money to get more money}

Which is why he's the perfect place to start.

Bukowski wanted to be a writer. But for decades his work was rejected by almost every magazine, newspaper, journal, agent, and publisher he submitted to. His work was horrible, they said. Crude. Disgusting. **Depraved**. And as the stacks of rejection slips piled up, the weight of his failures pushed him deep into an ^(a) alcohol-fueled depression that would follow him for most of his life.

fueled with alcohol
he functions by alcohol

(a) corrupted
morally bad

Bukowski had a day job as a ^{(n) filing letters, putting things into categories} letter-filer at a post office. He got paid **shit money** and spent most of it on **booze**. He gambled away the rest at the racetrack. At night, he would drink alone and sometimes hammer out poetry on his **beat-up** old typewriter. Often ^(a) he'd wake up on the floor, having passed out the night before. ^{alcohol}

low salary :
in bad condition

who sells sex for a living

Thirty years went by like this, most of it a meaningless blur of alcohol, drugs, gambling, and **prostitutes**. Then, when Bukowski was fifty, after a lifetime of failure and **self-loathing**, an editor at a small independent publishing house took a strange interest in him. The editor couldn't offer Bukowski much money or much promise of sales. But he had a weird **affection** for the drunk loser, so he decided to **take a chance on him**. It was the first real shot Bukowski had ever gotten, and, he realized, probably the only one he would ever get. Bukowski wrote back to the editor: "I have one of two choices—stay in the post office and go crazy . . . or stay out here and play at writer and starve. I have decided to **starve**." → ^{very soon after} suffer from **hunger**, to become weak or even die because there is **not enough food to eat**

criticize oneself

give him a chance

a feeling of liking
ex: She doesn't say it but I know she has an affection for my ex-boyfriend.

Upon signing the contract, Bukowski wrote his first novel in three weeks. It was called simply *Post Office*. In the dedication, he wrote, "Dedicated to nobody."

Bukowski would make it as a novelist and poet. He would go on and publish six novels and hundreds of poems, selling over two million copies of his books.


go against everyone's expectations

His popularity **defied** everyone's expectations, ^(adv) particularly his own. **especially**

Stories like Bukowski's are the **bread and butter** of our cultural narrative. ^{most basic and important things}

Bukowski's life ^(v)embodies ^(adv)the American Dream: a man fights for what he wants, never gives up, and ^(adv)eventually achieves his wildest dreams. It's ^(adv)practically a movie waiting to happen. We all look at stories like Bukowski's and say, "See? He never gave up. He never stopped trying. He always believed in himself. He ^(adv)persisted against all the odds and made something of himself!"
 It is then strange that on Bukowski's ⁽ⁿ⁾tombstone, the ⁽ⁿ⁾epitaph reads: "Don't try."

very nearly, almost

- ① a stone that shows where the dead person is buried 
- ② a short piece of writing or a poem written on the tombstone

See, despite the book sales and the fame, Bukowski was a loser. He knew it. And his success ^(v)stemmed not from some ⁽ⁿ⁾determination to be a winner, but from the fact that he *knew* he was a loser, accepted it, and then wrote honestly about it. He never tried to be anything other than what he was. The genius in Bukowski's work was not in overcoming unbelievable ⁽ⁿ⁾odds or developing himself into a ^(adv)shining literary light. It was the opposite. It was his simple ability to be completely, ^(adv)unflinchingly honest with himself—especially the worst parts of himself—and to share his failings without hesitation or doubt.

③ the desire, the ability to keep doing something even though it could be very difficult.

without any hesitation, not afraid of anything

This is the real story of Bukowski's success: his comfort with himself as a failure. Bukowski didn't give a fuck about success. Even after his fame, he still showed up to ⁽ⁿ⁾poetry readings ⁽ⁿ⁾hammered and ^(adv)verbally abused people in his audience. He still exposed himself in public and tried to sleep with every woman he could find. Fame and success didn't make him a better person. Nor was it by becoming a better person that he became famous and successful.

④ using words verbally abused > physically abused

Self-improvement and success often ^(v)occur together. But that doesn't ^(adv)necessarily mean they're the same thing.

Our culture today is obsessively focused on unrealistically positive expectations: Be happier. Be healthier. Be the best, better than the rest. Be smarter, faster, richer, sexier, more popular, more productive, more envied, and more admired. Be perfect and amazing and crap out twelve-karat-gold ⁽ⁿ⁾nuggets before breakfast each morning while kissing your selfie-ready ⁽ⁿ⁾spouse and two and a half kids goodbye. Then fly your helicopter to your wonderfully fulfilling job, where you spend your days doing incredibly meaningful work that's likely to save the planet one day.



But when you stop and really think about it, ^(a)conventional life advice—all the positive and happy self-help stuff we hear all the time—is actually ^(v)fixating on what you ^(v)lack. It ^(v)laser in on what you ^(v)perceive your personal shortcomings and failures to already be, and then emphasizes them for you. You learn about the best ways to make money *because* you feel you don't have enough money already. You stand in front of the mirror and repeat affirmations saying that you're beautiful *because* you feel as though you're not beautiful already. You follow dating and relationship advice *because* you feel that you're unlovable already. You try ^(a)goofy visualization exercises about being more successful *because* you feel as though you aren't successful enough already.

focusing, reinforcing

when the result is opposite from your expectation. It could be { funny, strange, interesting

^(adv)Ironically, this ⁽ⁿ⁾fixation on the positive—on what's better, what's ^(a)superior—only serves to remind us over and over again of what we are not, of what we lack,

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of what we should have been but failed to be. After all, no truly happy person feels the need to stand in front of a mirror and **recite** that she's happy. She just *is*.

(v) to say something aloud

There's a saying in Texas: "The smallest dog barks the loudest." A confident man doesn't feel a need to prove that he's confident. A rich woman doesn't feel a need to convince anybody that she's rich. Either you are or you are not. And if you're dreaming of something all the time, then you're reinforcing the same **unconscious reality** over and over: that you are *not that*.

the reality that you don't know of, you are not conscious about it

Everyone and their TV commercial wants you to believe that the key to a good life is a nicer job, or a more rugged car, or a prettier girlfriend, or a hot tub with an **inflatable** pool for the kids. The world is constantly telling you that the path to a better life is more, more, more—buy more, own more, make more, fuck more, *be* more. You are constantly **bombarded** with messages to **give a fuck about everything**, all the time. Give a fuck about a new TV. Give a fuck about having a better vacation than your coworkers. Give a fuck about buying that new lawn **ornament**. Give a fuck about having the right kind of selfie stick.



able to be inflated (you can fill it with air to make it larger)

care about everything

1 attacked to bombard = to attack someone either physically or emotionally

is used for decoration, beautiful rather than useful

Why? My guess: because giving a fuck about more stuff is good for business.

And while there's nothing wrong with good business, the problem is that giving too many fucks is bad for your mental health. It causes you to become overly attached to the **superficial** and fake, to dedicate your life to chasing a **mirage** of happiness and satisfaction. The key to a good life is not giving a fuck about more; it's giving a fuck about less, giving a fuck about only what is true and immediate and important.

only on the surface shallow

a hope / wish that will never be achieved

The Feedback Loop from Hell

According to Mark Manson, 2 is when we start judging our negative emotions as something that is bad. It's like a cycle when you feel sad and you start feeling even sadder because of you being sad, ... It keeps going on and on.

There's an **insidious quirk** to your brain that, if you let it, can drive you absolutely **batty**. Tell me if this sounds familiar to you:

an unusual habit or behaviour that secretly causes harm

You get anxious about confronting somebody in your life. That anxiety **cripples you** and you start wondering why you're so anxious. Now you're becoming *anxious about being anxious*. Oh no! Doubly anxious! Now you're anxious about your anxiety, which is causing *more* anxiety. Quick, where's the whiskey?

get to you and you can do nothing but being anxious

Or let's say you have an anger problem. You get **pissed off** at the stupidest, most inane stuff, and you have no idea why. And the fact that you get **pissed off** so easily starts to piss you off even more. And then, **in your petty rage**, you realize that being angry all the time makes you a **shallow** and mean person, and you hate this; you hate it so much that you get angry at yourself. Now look at you: you're angry at yourself getting angry about being angry. Fuck you, wall. Here, have a fist.

(a) annoyed, irritated

when you are being angry and petty

(a) not deep



Or you're so worried about doing the right thing all the time that you become worried about how much you're worrying. Or you feel so guilty for every mistake you make that you begin to feel guilty about how guilty you're feeling. Or you

get sad and alone so often that it makes you feel even more sad and alone just thinking about it.

Welcome to the Feedback Loop from Hell. Chances are you've engaged in it more than a few times. Maybe you're engaging in it right now: "God, I do the Feedback Loop all the time—I'm such a loser for doing it. I should stop. Oh my God, I feel like such a loser for calling myself a loser. I should stop calling myself a loser. Ah, fuck! I'm doing it again! See? I'm a loser! Argh!"

Calm down, amigo. Believe it or not, this is part of the beauty of being human. Very few animals on earth have the ability to think ^(a) cogent thoughts to begin with, but we humans ^{*} have the luxury of being able to have thoughts *about* our thoughts. So I can think about watching Miley Cyrus videos on YouTube, and then immediately think about what a sicko I am for wanting to watch Miley Cyrus videos on YouTube. Ah, the miracle of consciousness!

* to have something that not everyone or any creature can have

persuasive and well expressed

Now here's the problem: Our society today, through the wonders of consumer culture and hey-look-my-life-is-cooler-than-yours social media, has bred a whole generation of people who believe that having these negative experiences—*anxiety, fear, guilt, etc.*—is totally not okay. I mean, if you look at your Facebook feed, everybody there is having a fucking grand old time. Look, eight people got married this week! And some sixteen-year-old on TV got a Ferrari for her birthday. And another kid just made two billion dollars ^(a) inventing an app that automatically delivers you more toilet paper when you run out.

create something that has never been created before

Meanwhile, you're stuck at home ^(a) flossing your cat. And you can't help but think your life sucks even more than you thought.

The Feedback Loop from Hell has become a ^(a) borderline epidemic, making many of us overly stressed, overly ^(a) neurotic, and overly self-loathing.

(a) real close to the disease is about to become an epidemic
(a) anxious, often because you have a mental illness

Back in Grandpa's day, he would feel like shit and think to himself, "Gee whiz, I sure do feel like a cow ^{(a) shit} turd today. But hey, I guess that's just life. Back to shoveling hay." 🐛

But now? Now if you feel like shit for even five minutes, you're bombarded with 350 images of people *totally happy and having amazing fucking lives*, and it's impossible to not feel like there's something wrong with you.

It's this last part that gets us into trouble. We feel bad about feeling bad. We feel guilty for feeling guilty. We get angry about getting angry. We get anxious about feeling anxious. *What is wrong with me?*

is so important

This is why not giving a fuck ^(a) is so key. This is why it's going to save the world. And it's going to save it by accepting that the world is totally fucked and that's all right, because it's always been that way, and always will be.

(a) go through something quickly

By not giving a fuck that you feel bad, you ^(a) short-circuit the Feedback Loop from Hell; you say to yourself, "I feel like shit, but who gives a fuck?" And then, as if sprinkled by magic fuck-giving fairy dust, you stop hating yourself for feeling so bad.

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George Orwell said that to see what's in front of one's nose requires a constant struggle. Well, the solution to our stress and anxiety is right there in front of our noses, and we're too busy watching porn and advertisements for ab machines that don't work, wondering why we're not banging a hot blonde with a **rocking** six-pack, to notice.

awesome
dope
cool

We joke online about "first-world problems," but we really have become victims of our own success. Stress-related health issues, anxiety disorders, and cases of depression have **skyrocketed** over the past thirty years, **despite the fact that** everyone has a flat-screen TV and can have their groceries delivered. Our crisis is no longer material; it's **existential**, it's **spiritual**. We have so much fucking stuff and so many opportunities that we don't even know what to give a fuck about anymore.

* relating to being alive
** relating to spirit and the inner character of a person

Because there's an **infinite** amount of things we can now see or know, there are also an infinite number of ways we can discover that we don't **measure up**, that we're not good enough, that things aren't as great as they could be. And **this rips us apart** inside.

this destroys us

have (a) has no limits

fit in; be as good as someone

Because here's the thing that's wrong with all of the "How to Be Happy" shit that's been shared eight million times on Facebook in the past few years—here's what nobody realizes about all of this crap:

The desire for more positive experience is itself a negative experience. And, paradoxically, the acceptance of one's negative experience is itself a positive experience.

(adv) in a contradictory way

untangle, getting your thoughts together (v)

This is a total mind-fuck. So I'll give you a minute to **unpretzel** your brain and maybe read that again: *Wanting positive experience is a negative experience; accepting negative experience is a positive experience.* It's what the philosopher Alan Watts used to refer to as "the backwards law"—the idea that the more you pursue feeling better all the time, the less satisfied you become, as pursuing something only reinforces the fact that you lack it in the first place. The more you **desperately** want to be rich, the more poor and **unworthy** you feel, regardless of how much money you actually make. The more you desperately want to be sexy and desired, the uglier you come to see yourself, regardless of your actual physical appearance. The more you desperately want to be happy and loved, the lonelier and more afraid you become, regardless of those who surround you. The more you want to be spiritually enlightened, the more self-centered and shallow you become in trying to get there.

(adv) extremely, very much

(a) have / has no worth

Ⓢ getting high on acid or LSD (name of a drug)

It's like this one time I **tripped on acid** and it felt like the more I walked toward a house, the farther away the house got from me. And yes, I just used my **LSD hallucinations** to make a philosophical point about happiness. No fucks given.

non-existent experiences that are caused by LSD (name of a drug)

As the existential philosopher Albert Camus said (and I'm pretty sure he wasn't on LSD at the time): "You will never be happy if you continue to search for what happiness consists of. You will never live if you are looking for the meaning of life."

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Or ^{(v) say} put more simply:

Don't try.

a body that is considered slim enough to be seen on the beach

Now, I know what you're saying: "Mark, this is making my nipples all hard, but what about the Camaro I've been saving up for? What about the beach body I've been starving myself for? After all, I paid a lot of money for that ab machine! What about the big house on the lake I've been dreaming of? If I stop giving a fuck about those things—well, then I'll never achieve *anything*. I don't want that to happen, do I?"

So glad you asked.

Ever notice that sometimes when you care *less* about something, you do better at it? Notice how it's often the person who is the least invested in the success of something that actually ends up achieving it? Notice how sometimes when you stop giving a fuck, everything seems to fall into place?

• make sense
• successful

What's with that?

What's interesting about the backwards law is that it's called "backwards" for a reason: not giving a fuck works in reverse. If pursuing the positive ^{(a) in a opposite way} is a negative, then pursuing the negative ^{(v) create} generates the positive. The pain you pursue in the gym results in better all-around health and energy. The failures in business are what lead to a better understanding of what's necessary to be successful.

• attractive
• get admired
• be able to influence people

Being open with your insecurities paradoxically makes you more confident and charismatic around others. The pain of honest confrontation is what generates the greatest trust and respect in your relationships. Suffering through your fears and anxieties is what allows you to build courage and perseverance.

(n) the ability to continue to pursue one's goals even if it's difficult

Seriously, I could keep going, but you get the point. *Everything worthwhile in life is won through surmounting the associated negative experience.* Any attempt to escape the negative, to avoid it or quash it or silence it, only backfires. The avoidance of suffering *is* a form of suffering. The avoidance of struggle *is* a struggle. The denial of failure *is* a failure. Hiding what is shameful *is* itself a form of shame.

to have the opposite result from your intention

Pain is an inextricable thread in the fabric of life, and to tear it out is not only impossible, but destructive: attempting to tear it out unravels everything else with it. To try to avoid pain is to give too many fucks about pain. In contrast, if you're able to not give a fuck about the pain, you become unstoppable.

able to cause damage

(a) unable to be separated

to get those thread out

separate the thread into single strands

In my life, I have given a fuck about many things. I have also *not* given a fuck about many things. And like the road not taken, it was the fucks not given that made all the difference.

a famous poem written by Robert Frost. it describes how choice is inevitable and the interesting aspects of choice.

Chances are you know somebody in your life who, at one time or another, did not give a fuck and then went on to accomplish amazing feats. Perhaps there was a time in your own life when you simply did not give a fuck and excelled to some extraordinary height. For myself, quitting my day job in finance after only six weeks to start an Internet business ranks pretty high up there in my

to be extremely good at something

own “didn’t give a fuck” hall of fame. Same with deciding to sell most of my **possessions** and move to South America. Fucks given? None. Just went and did it. something that you own

These moments of non-fuckery are the moments that most define our lives. The **major switch** in careers; the **spontaneous** choice to drop out of college and join a rock band; the decision to finally dump that deadbeat boyfriend whom you caught wearing your **pantyhose** a few too many times. (a) flexible, no plan needed

To not give a fuck is to **stare down** life’s most terrifying and difficult challenges and still take action. if you stare someone down, you make them uncomfortable by gazing steadily at them

While not giving a fuck may seem simple on the surface, it’s a whole new bag of burritos under the hood. I don’t even know what that sentence means, but I don’t give a fuck. A bag of burritos sounds awesome, so let’s just go with it.

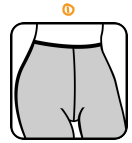
Most of us struggle throughout our lives by giving too many fucks in situations where fucks do not deserve to be given. We give too many fucks about the rude gas station attendant who gave us our change in **nickels**. We give too many fucks when a show we liked was canceled on TV. We give too many fucks when our coworkers don’t bother asking us about our awesome weekend.

Meanwhile, our credit cards are maxed out, our dog hates us, and **Junior** is **snorting meth** in the bathroom, yet we’re getting pissed off about nickels and *Everybody Loves Raymond*. used as a nickname for one’s son

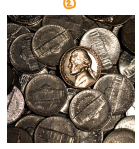
Look, this is how it works. You’re going to die one day. I know that’s kind of obvious, but I just wanted to remind you in case you’d forgotten. You and everyone you know are going to be dead soon. And in the short amount of time between here and there, you have a limited amount of fucks to give. Very few, in fact. And if you go around giving a fuck about everything and everyone **without conscious** thought or choice—well, then you’re going to **get fucked**. screwed up (-)

There is a **subtle art** to not giving a fuck. And though the concept may sound ridiculous and I may sound like an asshole, what I’m talking about here is **essentially** learning how to focus and prioritize your thoughts effectively—how to **pick and choose** what matters to you and what does not matter to you based on **finely honed personal values**. This is incredibly difficult. It takes a lifetime of practice and discipline to achieve. And you will **regularly** fail. But it is perhaps the most worthy struggle one can undertake in one’s life. It is perhaps the *only* struggle in one’s life. things that are important to you in life

Because when you give too many fucks—when you give a fuck about everyone and everything—you will feel that you’re **perpetually entitled** to be comfortable and happy at all times, that everything is supposed to be just exactly the fucking way you want it to be. This is a sickness. And it will eat you alive. You will see every adversity as an injustice, every challenge as a failure, every inconvenience as a personal **slight**, every disagreement as a betrayal. You will be confined to your own petty, skull-sized hell, burning with **entitlement** and **bluster**, running



a piece of clothing made of very thin material that tightly covers the lower part of the body



to take meth by breathing it in through the nose (usage of a drug)

a defined skill that might take you quite a while to achieve

use to stress the basic and most important aspect of something (adv.) fundamentally

well selected

to be entitled: to be allowed or given the right to do something (adv.) always/very often

angry seemingly important but it's not that serious has very little effect (n) insult

the feeling that you have the right to do or have what you want; in this case, that is happiness :)

talk which is usually

circles around your very own personal Feedback Loop from Hell, in ^{(a) continuous} constant motion yet arriving nowhere.

The Subtle Art of Not Giving a Fuck

When most people ^{(v) imagine} envision giving no fucks ^{is used to emphasize the negative phrase in front of it (in this case it's "giving no fucks")} whatsoever, they imagine a kind of ^{(a) calm} serene indifference to everything, a calm that weathers all storms. They imagine and aspire to be a person who is shaken by nothing and caves in to no one. ^{if you show serene indifference to everything, you don't care about anything at all!}

There's a name for a person who finds no emotion or meaning in anything: a psychopath. Why you would want to emulate a psychopath, I have no fucking clue.

So what *does* not giving a fuck mean? Let's look at three "subtleties" that should help clarify the matter.

Subtlety #1: Not giving a fuck does not mean ^{having no concern, interest and even sympathy} being indifferent; it means being comfortable with being different. ^{(a) lame!!! boring or just sucks in general}

Let's be clear. There's absolutely nothing ^{(a) admirable} admirable or confident about indifference. People who are indifferent are ^{(a) lame} lame and scared. They're couch potatoes and Internet trolls. In fact, indifferent people often attempt to be indifferent because in reality they give way too many fucks. They give a fuck about what everyone thinks of their hair, so they never bother washing or combing it. They give a fuck about what everyone thinks of their ideas, so they hide behind ^{(n) sarcasm} sarcasm and ^{(a) self-righteous snark} self-righteous snark. They're afraid to let anyone get close to them, so they imagine themselves as some special, unique snowflake who has problems that nobody else would ever understand. ^{the use of words to mock, criticize or make fun of people}

Indifferent people are afraid of the world and the ^{(n) repercussions} repercussions of their own choices. That's why they don't make any meaningful choices. They hide in a gray, emotionless pit of their own making, ^{(a) self-absorbed} self-absorbed and ^{(a) self-pitying} self-pitying, ^{(adv) perpetually} perpetually distracting themselves from this ^{(n) unfortunate thing} unfortunate thing ^{(a) demanding} demanding their time and energy called life. ^{consequences outcomes bad effect}

Because here's a sneaky truth about life. There's no such thing as not giving a fuck. *You must give a fuck about something.* It's part of our biology to always care about something and therefore to always give a fuck. ^{feel sad for yourself because of your own sorrows or misfortunes}

The question, then, is, *What* do we give a fuck about? What are we ^{(adv) choosing} choosing to give a fuck about? And how can we not give a fuck about what ^{(adv) ultimately} ultimately does not matter? ^{always}

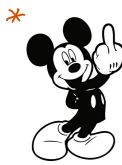
My mother was recently ^{cheated a lot of money} screwed out of a large chunk of money by a close friend of hers. Had I been indifferent, I would have shrugged my shoulders, sipped my mocha, and downloaded another season of *The Wire*. Sorry, Mom. ^{(a) to raise your shoulders and then lower them in order to say you are not interested}

But instead, I was ^{(a) indignant} indignant. I was pissed off. I said, "No, screw that, Mom. We're going to lawyer the fuck up and ^{(adv) go after} go after this asshole. Why? Because I don't give a fuck. I will ruin this guy's life if I have to." ^{chase, follow}



(v) shows
 This illustrates the first subtlety of not giving a fuck. When we say, “Damn, watch out, Mark Manson just don’t give a fuck,” we don’t mean that Mark Manson doesn’t care about *anything*; ^{on the opposite} on the contrary, we mean that Mark Manson doesn’t care about ^(in a difficult or unpleasant situation) adversity in the face of his goals, he doesn’t care about pissing some people off to do what he feels is right or important or noble. We mean that Mark Manson is the type of guy who would write about himself in third person just because he thought it was the right thing to do. He just doesn’t give a fuck.

This is what is so admirable. No, not me, dumbass—the overcoming adversity stuff, the willingness to be different, an outcast, ^{(v) an outcast, a person who is not accepted by a social group} a pariah, all for the sake of one’s own values. The willingness to stare failure in the face and ^{(v) shove your} shove your middle finger back at it. The people who don’t give a fuck about adversity or failure or embarrassing themselves or shitting the bed a few times. The people who just laugh and then do what they believe in anyway. Because they know it’s right. They know it’s more important than they are, more important than their own feelings and their own pride and their own ego. They say, “Fuck it,” not to everything in life, but rather to everything *unimportant* in life. They ^{(v) keep or retain for future use} reserve their fucks for what truly matters. Friends. Family. Purpose. Burritos. And an ^{(n) a problem taken to a law court} occasional lawsuit or two. And because of that, because they reserve their fucks for only the big things that matter, people give a fuck about them in return.



*
 not happening - or done often

Because here’s another sneaky little truth about life. You can’t be an important and life-changing ^(v) presence for some people without also being a joke and an embarrassment to others. You just can’t. Because there’s no such thing as a lack of adversity. It doesn’t exist. The old saying goes that no matter where you go, there you are. Well, the same is true for adversity and failure. No matter where you go, there’s a five-hundred-pound load of shit waiting for you. And that’s perfectly fine. The point isn’t to get away from the shit. The point is to find the shit you enjoy ^(v) dealing with. *handling*

the fact that someone or something is in a place / being present

Subtlety #2: To not give a fuck about adversity, you must first give a fuck about something more important than adversity.

Imagine you’re at a grocery store, and you watch an elderly lady scream at the cashier, ^(v) berating him for not accepting her thirty-cent coupon. Why does this lady give a fuck? It’s just thirty cents.

to criticize someone in an angry manner

I’ll tell you why: That lady probably doesn’t have anything better to do with her days than to sit at home cutting out coupons. She’s old and lonely. Her kids are dickheads and never visit. She hasn’t had sex in over thirty years. She ^(v) can’t fart without extreme lower-back pain. Her ^{(n) a sum of money paid regularly to a person who has retired} pension is on its last legs, and she’s probably going to die in a ^{(v) to cut something quickly using scissors} diaper thinking she’s in Candy Land. ^{(v) in this sentence, it means her pension is about to run out}



So she ^{(v) to cut something quickly using scissors} snips coupons. That’s all she’s got. It’s her and her damn coupons. It’s all she can give a fuck about because there *is* nothing else to give a fuck about. And so when that ⁽ⁿ⁾ pimply-faced seventeen-year-old cashier refuses to accept one of them, when ^{(v) protects} he defends his cash register’s purity the way knights used to

a face with pimples



defend maidens' virginity, you can bet Granny is going to **erupt**. Eighty years of fucks will rain down all at once, like a **fiery hailstorm** of "Back in my day" and "People used to show more respect" stories.

to burst out suddenly or explode → in this case, Granny is going to super furious

The problem with people who hand out fucks like ice cream at a goddamn summer camp is that they don't have anything more fuck-worthy to **dedicate** their fucks to.

(v) to give



this will make your hands clean and free from bacteria

If you find yourself consistently giving too many fucks about **trivial** shit that bothers you—your ex-boyfriend's new Facebook picture, how quickly the batteries die in the TV remote, missing out on yet another two-for-one sale on **hand sanitizer**—chances are you don't have much going on in your life to give a **legitimate** fuck about. And that's your real problem. Not the hand sanitizer. Not the TV remote.

(a) unimportant

I once heard an artist say that when a person has no problems, the mind automatically finds a way to invent some. I think what most people—especially educated, **pampered** middle-class white people—consider "life problems" are really just side effects of not having anything more important to worry about.

* if someone is pampered, they are given whatever they want, their needs are always met

It then follows that finding something important and meaningful in your life is perhaps the most productive use of your time and energy. Because if you don't find that meaningful something, your fucks will be given to meaningless and **frivolous** causes.

silky or unimportant

Subtlety #3: Whether you realize it or not, you are always choosing what to give a fuck about.

People aren't just born not giving a fuck. In fact, we're born giving way too many fucks. Ever watch a kid **cry his eyes out** because his hat is the wrong shade of blue? Exactly. Fuck that kid.



to cry a lot

When we're young, everything is new and exciting, and everything seems to matter so much. Therefore, we give tons of fucks. We give a fuck about everything and everyone—about what people are saying about us, about whether that cute boy/girl called us back or not, about whether our socks match or not, or what color our birthday balloon is.

As we get older, with the benefit of experience (and having seen so much time slip by), we begin to notice that most of these sorts of things have little **lasting impact** on our lives. Those people whose opinions we cared about so much before are no longer **present** in our lives. Rejections that were painful in the moment have actually worked out for the best. We realize how little attention people pay to the superficial details about us, and we choose not to obsess so much over them.

an lasting impact is an impact that lasts/ exists for a long time or even forever

Essentially, we become more **selective** about the fucks we're willing to give. This is something called **maturity**. It's nice; you should try it sometime. Maturity is what happens when one learns to only give a fuck about what's truly fuckworthy. As Bunk Moreland said to his partner Detective McNulty in *The Wire* (which,

basically fundamentally

(adv) most importantly

(a) careful in choosing

the state of being mentally and emotionally well-developed and behave like an adult

dearsillydiary.com

fuck you, I still downloaded): “That’s what you get for giving a fuck when it wasn’t your turn to give a fuck.”

Then, as we grow older and enter middle^{(a) falls} age, something else begins to change. Our energy level ^{(v) falls} drops. Our identity ^{(v) falls} solidifies. We know who we are and we accept ourselves, including some of the parts we aren’t thrilled about.



And, in a strange way, this is ^{(n) freedom} liberating. We no longer need to give ^{including all the} a fuck about everything. Life is just what it is. We accept it, ^{faults and unpleasant elements} warts and all. We realize that we’re never going to cure cancer or go to the moon or feel Jennifer Aniston’s tits. And that’s okay. Life goes on. We now reserve our ^{(adv) always} ever-dwindling fucks for the most truly fuck-worthy parts of our lives: our families, our best friends, our golf swing. And, to our astonishment, *this is enough*. This simplification actually makes us really fucking happy on a consistent basis. And we start to think, Maybe that crazy alcoholic Bukowski was ^{having some information that is helpful} onto something. *Don’t try.*

So Mark, What the Fuck Is the Point of This Book Anyway?

This book will help you think a little bit more clearly about what you’re choosing to find important in life and what you’re choosing to find unimportant.

I believe that today we’re facing a psychological epidemic, one in which people no longer realize it’s okay for things to suck sometimes. I know that sounds ^(adv) intellectually lazy on the surface, but I promise you, it’s a life/death sort of ^{(n) subject} issue.

Because when we believe that it’s not okay for things to suck sometimes, then we unconsciously start blaming ourselves. We start to feel as though something ^(adv) is inherently wrong with us, which drives us to all sorts of ⁽ⁿ⁾ overcompensation, like buying forty pairs of shoes or downing Xanax with a ⁽ⁿ⁾ vodka chaser on a Tuesday night or shooting up a school bus full of kids.

This belief that it’s not okay to be ^{(a) not good enough} inadequate sometimes is the source of the growing Feedback Loop from Hell that is coming to ^(v) dominate our culture.

The idea of not giving a fuck is a simple way of ^(v) reorienting our expectations for life and choosing what is important and what is not. Developing this ability leads to something I like to think of as a kind of ⁽ⁿ⁾ “practical enlightenment.”

No, not that ^(a) airy-fairy, ^(a) eternal bliss, end-of-all-suffering, bullshit kind of enlightenment. On the contrary, I see practical enlightenment as becoming comfortable with the idea that some suffering is always ^(a) inevitable—that no matter what you do, life is ^(v) comprised of failures, loss, regrets, and even death. Because once you become comfortable with all the shit that life throws at you (and it will throw a lot of shit, trust me), you become ^(a) invincible in a sort of low-level spiritual way. After all, the only way to overcome ^(a) pain is to first learn how to ^(v) bear it.

This book doesn’t give a fuck about ^(v) alleviating your problems or your pain. And that is ^{(adv) exactly} precisely why you will know it’s being honest. This book is not some guide to greatness—it couldn’t be, because greatness is merely an illusion

gradually becoming fewer the verb is 'dwindle'

a noun for the act of trying too hard to solve a problem, therefore creating a new one

state of understanding something

certain to happen, unable to be avoided

in our minds, a made-up destination that we ^{(v) force} obligate ourselves to pursue, our own psychological Atlantis.

Instead, this book will turn your pain into a tool, your trauma into power, and your problems into slightly better problems. That is real progress. Think of it as a guide to suffering and how to do it better, more meaningfully, with more compassion and more humility. It's a book about moving lightly despite your heavy ⁽ⁿ⁾ burdens, resting easier with your ⁽ⁿ⁾ greatest fears, laughing at your tears as you cry them.

This book will not teach you how to gain or achieve, but rather how to lose and let go. It will teach you to ⁽ⁿ⁾ take inventory of your life and ^(v) scrub out all but the most important items. It will teach you to close your eyes and trust that you can fall backwards and still be okay. It will teach you to give fewer fucks. It will teach you to not try.



congratulations !

you've finished the first chapter

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😊 thank you so much for the support ♡♡