don t be stupid, idiot

helping idiots be less idiotic

★★★★★

“Bought for my idiot friend.
Was a prick, still is, always will be.
But at least he knows it now!!”
– A Caring Idiot

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a moany prick of an author

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Dedication

For my friends, family and all the world's idiots who provide limitless inspiration on a daily fucking basis

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Introduction

First of all, it's worth remembering that 'don't be stupid, idiot' is just one person's opinion. It's a collection of one hundred and twenty plus things that bother me, and potentially me alone. So, there is no need to take whatever you read to heart; since when do you give a shit about what some anonymous prick has written… *cough* social media comments *cough*

Having said that, everyone and I mean *everyone*, even the most stalwart defenders of common courtesy and social niceties will recognise themselves in at least one or two of these chapters – which is kind of the point. We are all fallible, we all have flaws, we are all human. Seeing something you do regularly, written down and shamed, in black and white, is meant to be a reminder of that fact. The important thing is being cognisant of your inadequacies and working to eradicate them day by day.

If you feel attacked at any point while reading this book – good. Kudos to you my friend, it appears that you might be one of the few who possess some semblance of self-awareness. If, on the other hand, you finish the last page thinking that none of the rants within applies to you, that's incredible news. We've finally stumbled upon the non-existent perfect person! Are you the Messiah we've all been waiting for? Or are you simply lying to yourself? Maybe even blissfully unaware of the twat that other people see in you?

I can only hope that you find it within yourself to read 'don't be stupid, idiot' in the manner with which it was written. There is a lot of swearing and, yes, it's pretty harsh in places. But it is mostly written in jest, poking fun at every single one of us, in a way that hopefully allows you to get your self-deprecation on.

However, I didn't write this book just so you could chuckle and pass on certain chapters to the worst offenders. By all means, be entertained. But, there *is* a serious element to the book and an underlying message that will hopefully become clear.

The world we live in is going to shit. Yes, our actual physical planet is fucked, whether it be through climate change, overpopulation, deforestation, pollution, overuse of natural resources, overfishing, desertification, fresh water scarcity, soil erosion, or a thousand and one other environmentally catastrophic problems. But, I'm more focused on the deterioration of the community aspect of our world. There is no doubt that we are gradually losing touch with our humanity.

Technology is one of the biggest culprits. We are starting to rely on our devices more than our social support networks. We expect most

things to be resolved at the click of a button. More time spent around technology, instead of cultivating our real-life relationships, is making us generally less intelligent, less empathetic, less sympathetic and less caring.

Another big culprit is capitalism. Capitalism means that companies value profit over everything, even people. In such a system, it's no surprise that money has become the most important thing. People do not necessarily keep a company going, revenue does. If a company could generate revenue without people, it wouldn't hesitate. This is all well and good if it's just the attitude of a non-living legal entity. But this thought process has filtered down to us human beings. We have been indoctrinated to believe that money is the be-all and end-all. That life is about getting more and more and more of it. That we are constantly in direct competition with each other. Consequently, we have become greedy, we vote for policies that benefit our monetary interests instead of our collective societal well-being and, again, we are caring less about each other.

Our losing touch with humanity isn't easy to notice. It is happening so slowly that it's almost imperceptible. But it is happening. And one way in which it is discernible is in our daily interactions. How we treat others in the street, how we talk to each other, how we treat our friends, how we act in certain situations. Manners are being thrown out of the window. Common courtesy is becoming uncommon. We're starting to ignore the unwritten rules that hold society together. We've stopped doing the small things for each other that used to make daily life a bit more bearable.

I, for one, have accepted this state of affairs for what it is. Technology, capitalism, how far our humanity has slipped – it's already happened, and there's nothing we can do about the past. But that doesn't mean we have to accept it as our future. 'don't be stupid, idiot' is an attempt on my part to bring us back to basics, to realise all the little ways in which we have started to not give a shit about each other. If we can all make this first step, while rectifying the way we act around each other, thinking kindness and compassion first, then maybe, just maybe, we can build a future where our humanity remains intact. Because one thing is for sure – without our humanity, there is no way in hell we can possibly work together effectively, for long enough, with enough compassion and without greed, to solve any of the big, calamitous, earth-shattering issues that are already wiping their feet on our collective doormat.

In any case, I've been droning on for quite a bit now. The introduction doesn't really need to be this long, especially when the title says it all. 'don't be stupid, idiot' – fairly self-explanatory advice. You could probably just read that and become a slightly better,

more caring person as a result. At least for the ten minutes that follow – I know how forgetful a wanker you can be.

Manners & common courtesy

Holding the door open

When polite people open a swinging door, they automatically look behind to see if someone is close to following them in. If so, they stand there and hold the door open for them. This is an example of a wonderful thing called common courtesy and is just one of the many little things that make for a civilised world.

Impolite wankers like you, on the other hand, are more than happy to open a door, walk straight through it and let it swing shut in the face of the person following you in.

People could be forgiven for thinking that maybe you just aren't aware that holding the door open for people is the right thing to do. And to be fair, this would be plausible, because you are that stupid.

However, most of the time you *do* look behind, yet let the door go anyway! The mere fact that you check behind you proves that you do, in fact, know that you should hold the door open if someone is approaching. Why would you check otherwise? For some reason though, you just can't bring yourself to be nice. Almost as if you feel embarrassed to be doing the right thing. Or maybe you look at the person and decide they aren't worth it. Maybe it's an old lady, maybe it's someone not that good-looking. Or perhaps you feel you just don't have the time to wait.

Whatever the reason, you don't realise what you've done to that person. You've essentially just told them that you couldn't give a flying shit about them. And I'm not saying you *should* care about this stranger, you don't know them, nor do you owe them anything in particular. But you have an obligation to your fellow humans to do the little things that make life bearable, like holding the door open for them. That's why common courtesy is a fucking thing.

While we're at it, it's pretty much universally understood that, when someone holds a door open for you, you express gratitude. We're not asking for a fucking wrapped gift. A simple, "Thank you", or, "Cheers, mate", would suffice. Alas, you are apparently not privy to this universal understanding. It would appear that saying thank you to someone who does something nice for you is just too much to bear. It's beyond a joke how often I've seen you walk straight through a door, that a polite person has held open for you, without even a glance in their direction, let alone any appreciation. And then when they tut or loudly say, "HOW ABOUT A THANK YOU!?", you look back at them all

bewildered and sheepish as if you don't understand what they've just said and why they said it. You know full well why you arsehole.

Do you have some kind of deluded assumption that it's that person's job to hold the door open for you or something? Are you that stupid and unaware of your surroundings that you didn't even realise someone held the door for you? Or is it that you just genuinely don't appreciate the kind act, your thought process being that you never asked them to do it, so you consider this person to be a complete mug, knowing full well you would never do the same for them?

In any case, what an entitled prick you are. Your parents obviously didn't raise you right, that's the sad truth. Common courtesy, good deeds, spreading a little niceness, these things are not embarrassing. You are never too busy to hold a door open for someone, no matter what they look like. And you are never too big or important to thank people for it. As far as the rest of us are concerned, you're a menace to society and a waste of fucking air.

- [Pointless] Exercise -

The next time you open a door and someone is approaching behind you, fucking stand there and hold it for them – humble yourself and do the right thing for once. It costs you nothing, you will spread a little positivity in the world and you'll feel good about it when they say thank you. I promise your street cred won't be harmed, you muppet. While we're at it, let's also practise what you should do when someone holds a door open for you in the future. Say, "Thank you". Say it with me. "Thank you". Once more. "Thank you". Wasn't that easy? Now let's practise for when someone doesn't hold the door for you. Say, "Fucking prick". With a bit more gusto, come on. "Fucking priiiiick!!!" Well done. Idiot.

- Know an idiot who needs to read this chapter? Click this link and send it their way then!!

Continuously interrupting

There are three types of people in the world. Those who don't like speaking. Those who like to have proper conversations – you know, those things where one person listens while the other speaks, then vice versa. And then there's you – the wanker who thinks that a conversation consists solely of you giving your opinion, then another one, and another one, without leaving any space for the other person to chime in.

What I will say is at least you don't discriminate when it comes to setting – you'll interrupt people wherever you can. Down the pub. In business meetings during presentations, even after the presenter has specifically asked for everyone to please save questions for the end. I've even seen you ask people questions and interrupt to answer them yourself!

The Dalai Lama once said: "When you talk, you are only repeating what you already know. But if you listen, you may learn something new".

This quote really gets to the crux of what conversations should be about. We give our opinion on a particular topic, then someone else gives their own point of view while we listen, affording us the opportunity to think about the topic from a different perspective. It's impossible to benefit from a conversation in which only we are speaking. Logically, we literally can *only* repeat what we already know. We can only profit from a conversation and learn something new if we are listening to others, who may or may not know something that we don't.

The point of a conversation is *not* to constantly interrupt with your own opinion. You are supposed to let the other person speak. And you are supposed to actually listen to them. Yes, even if they're talking shit.

Knowing all of this, why do you have such an issue with not listening to your conversation partners? Why do you always feel the need to jump in and prevent them from finishing their points? In my experience, the answer is always one of the following.

1 – You don't even realise you constantly interrupt. You actually enjoy talking. You just love the sound of your own voice. You think that you're taking on an unnecessary role of keeping the conversation dynamic and flowing. Fine. But how do you not see the eyeballs rolling when you do it?! Do you not see people constantly breaking eye contact, fed up with the constant barrage that is your voice? Read the bloody room, mate.

From time to time, people point it out and you act shocked. "Like OMG, that's not me!?" Well, it is you. You're the only one who's been

speaking for the last fucking three hours, in what is supposed to be a conversation, not a shit lecture.

The next conversation you have after you've been called out is pretty hilarious. As usual, it takes you less than a minute to start cutting off the speaker. The difference now though is that you're suddenly, magically aware of the rolling eyeballs. So you pipe down. However, when someone else then takes over, it's all you can do to refrain from jumping in. You're literally itching to say your piece. Putting your hand over your mouth to shut yourself up. Incessantly opening your mouth like a fish to indicate you've got something to say. Waving your hands about with a complete lack of self-control. Embarrassing, but at least you're trying.

2 – You actually believe your opinion is always more valid than whoever is speaking. You genuinely think that what you have to say is more important.

Don't get me wrong, sometimes it's true. There are a lot of muppets in the world, you're bound to have more valid opinions than one, max two, of them.

The problem is that you think your opinion and what you have to say *always* takes precedence. Any logical person knows that can't possibly be the case. Nevertheless, you cannot help it, because you hold yourself in way too high regard. You're a twat who thinks they're better than the rest of us. You feel there is no point wasting time, waiting for others to finish their point, because what you have lined up will inevitably be more valuable to the conversation.

3 – You interrupt people as a sign of strength. You want them to feel inferior to you. Interrupting people is an alpha tactic that you employ, to simultaneously take control over the discourse and portray your lack of interest in the original speaker's opinion. The problem here is, while you think you've succeeded in your bully's mission, no one is thinking, "What a powerful person". They're simply thinking, "Fuck this, let the prick speak, I can't be bothered". No wonder everyone at work hates your guts and you've got no mates.

Whatever the reason for your constant interruptions, one thing seems certain. You obviously prefer the alternate version of the Dalai Lama's quote: "When you listen, I am talking. But when you talk, I also talk." What a wanker.

- [Pointless] Exercise -

If you really want to better yourself and stop interrupting people, why not appoint a designated slapper? Get your mind out of the gutter, you dirty bastard, we're not talking about a scantily clad female. Rather a specific person who has the power to slap you in the face every time you interrupt someone. Your mates and colleagues

will fucking love this – they'll be chomping at the bit for the extra responsibility. Idiot.

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