

**RESOLUTIONS
I ABSOLUTELY
DID NOT KEEP**

**A
VINTAGE
SHORT
ORIGINAL**

**NEW
YEAR,
SAME
TRASH**

SAMANTHA IRBY

Samantha Irby

New Year, Same Trash

Samantha Irby writes a blog called *bitches gotta eat*.

ALSO BY SAMANTHA IRBY

Meaty

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Resolutions I Absolutely Did Not
Keep

Samantha Irby

A Vintage Short

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New Year, Same Trash

I've never had a problem with the word "resolution," because I've never really believed I might actually keep one. As soon as I come up with a list of major flaws and bad habits I'd like to change, my brain sees that as a challenge and wants to do all those things *even harder*.

But last year I got talked into joining this woo-woo group of people who want to be better this year than they were the last. The idea is that you make a list of a hundred little micro-resolutions—or "intentions" if the word "resolution" stresses you out—and you divide them into categories to make them easier to organize in your tiny brain. When I first made my list (I could come up with only seventy, and even coming up with those nearly broke me), it was filled with dumb shit like "breathe through my nose when other people are watching me" and "don't leave the mayonnaise-covered in-case-I-want-another-sandwich knife balanced on the edge of the sink, just wash it and use it again later, you dummy." But then I saw that other women in the group had vowed to volunteer more time to charitable organizations or study Pilates in Rome, and the boiling shame that flowed through my veins made me rewrite my own goals and strongly consider actually sticking with them. I mean, I didn't stick with them? But I considered it.

The following is a guided tour through my year of failures.

Writing

1. Write for at least an hour a day.

LOL, YEAH, RIGHT. Writing is supposed to be my job right now, and even as I type this I'm wondering if there's a dish that needs to be washed. Or a load of laundry I can fold. What about that one recipe in that magazine that I can't remember if I've recycled or not? Shouldn't I go make it? Is that a burglar I hear? Do the cats need their claws

trimmed? I should go dust the blinds!

2. Post a new *bitches gotta eat* entry two to three times a month.

Jesus, my poor stupid blog. Here's the thing: sometimes interesting stuff happens to me, and sometimes it just doesn't. Not every day can be like the one when I saw an actively bleeding gentleman eating a used maxi pad out of the garbage can down the street from my old apartment in Chicago and he paused this activity to call me ugly. Those stories practically write themselves.

3. Update my Tumblr more often.

Deleted said Tumblr due to a crushing feeling of lameness and inadequacy (see also: being almost too old to really be cool). Deleted the app from my phone to make room for an episode of *Vanderpump Rules*. Basically, I'm a monster.

4. Rewrite the outline for this YA novel I want to write.

I didn't do this, but I'm gonna. Maybe.

5. Take a fiction class.

Did you know I wrote a different novel? And I really loved it, too, except I was scared to show it to anyone because it was, of course, a thinly veiled romantic fantasy loosely based on myself and this handsome, wealthy dude I dreamed up when I was nineteen. I was more protective of that fictional romance than I have ever been of anything, and the thought of someone saying, "This alternate universe you've created is stupid" was terrifying. Still, I printed it out in secret over the course of a week in the upstairs office at the bakery where I used to work and moved that five-hundred-page manuscript from shitty apartment to shitty apartment until it was finally destroyed in a flood that also killed the MacBook hard drive I had it saved on. This is how tenuous being a writer was before Google docs; a dude with a

backed-up kitchen sink in the apartment above yours could destroy your dreams in an afternoon!

Making up stories has always been more difficult than just embellishing the shit out of my own, so I just let that fantasy go. But one of these days I'm going to work up enough courage to pay someone to teach me how to properly construct a narrative. Then brace yourselves for a lot of short stories about a scrappy heroine named Amanda who bangs a lot of implausibly attractive people.

6. Start a journal.

I guess I have one? But I'm too lazy to write in it. Sometimes I try to keep a food journal in an attempt to shame myself into making better choices, but then I get all embarrassed and write shit like "six baby carrots" when I really mean "one medium-sized pizza." And that is counterproductive. Because it was a large.

Events and Happenings

7. Go to roller derby.

I was supposed to go a couple nights ago, but then it started snowing and I took my bra off and there was a new episode of *Shark Tank* on and you know how shit goes. Plus, watching sports without an announcer or a commercial break where one can switch over to the *Law & Order* marathon for a few minutes is boring.

8. Hear more live music.

I bought some concert tickets this year, most of them purchased with a real intention of going. The thing that sucks about shows is that, yeah, when the tickets went on sale in October you totally wanted to see Bilal on February 26 at 9:30 p.m. It totally sounded like a possible thing. But then February 26 rolls around, and you had a shit day at work and you puked down your shirt while running to get the express train and you got home only to discover one of the pipes in your kitchen burst

and you have a blister on your foot and you just got a GrubHub coupon in your e-mail and the thought of going back out when the wind chill is -2 is daunting and who cares that the tickets were only seventy-five dollars apiece? He probably wasn't going to perform "Soul Sista" anyway. You're staying home.

9. Go to the dance hall at least once a month.

I love reggae music and letting dudes in linen pants push up on me at the bar, but if we're being 100 percent honest with each other, I really can't commit to anything once a month. I don't even get my period once a goddamned month.

10. Take some cooking classes.

Did not do this. I did make jam, though. Like, from scratch. I peeled a bushel of peaches and mixed powdered pectin with sugar and sterilized a bunch of mason jars and even tied ribbons around some of the lids. I was feeling pretty twee and smug about the whole thing, but then who the fuck can eat thirty-seven jars of peach fucking jam? Send me your address so I can mail you some. I ate one fucking piece of toast and was like, "OVER THIS." Help me.

11. Go to First Friday at the Museum of Contemporary Art.

I did try a couple times, but I'm pretty sure I've aged out of the demographic. The Museum of Contemporary Art is definitely where you're going to find your manic pixie dream girl, gazing thoughtfully at an installation while sipping an overpriced wine and nodding her artfully styled head appreciatively to whatever obscure dance record is bumping through the speakers overhead. Unless you're looking for your sad gay aunt, whose elastic-waist pants are pulled up to her actual bra, leaning against a sculpture because standing for more than half an hour is murder on her sad gay knees, then I am most certainly not who you are there looking to meet.

12. Suffer through the Pitchfork Music Festival.

LOL NEVER DOING THIS WHAT WAS I EVEN THINKING ABOUT.

13. Hang out with my friends more often.

I used to live a twenty-minute cab ride away from most of my friends, and even then I for real only knew what most of them were doing from Instagram. I would always feel kind of guilty about it, but none of those assholes ever wanted to see me in the flesh anyway, and now that I've moved to Michigan we all can breathe a little easier and stop feeling bad for making plans we never intended to keep. I love them and everything, but can't you just post a picture of what you'd wear if we actually *did* meet up to chill, so I can keep these pajamas on and continue mainlining these old episodes of *30 Rock*?!

14. Support the art of people I love.

Thankfully a lot of my artist friends made Kickstarters and sold things I could buy over the internet without ever having to interact with another human being, so this was easy for me.

15. Make good on all those tentative brunch plans.

But I don't like getting out of bed. Or going anywhere. Or watching people I would rather occasionally interact with on Twitter eat soft eggs. Brunch is like having a wedding for your breakfast, and if you're foolish enough to agree to a meal with my stupid friends, better bring your roomiest Amex, because these dudes are always like, "Let's get a bunch of things and share!" WHAT. I AM NOT GOING TO EAT THOSE MINI LOBSTERS OR WHATEVER THAT SHIT IS. LET ME JUST ORDER THESE CHEAP-ASS GRITS. But they order them anyway, despite my vocal protests, and then I'm the shitbird who is mentally tabulating my one waffle and half-carafe of juice while they're trying to equally divide six bottles of champagne between all the cards we tossed in the center of the table. I didn't have any of these motherfucking Bloody Marys, and Geno is the only one who ate the

steak, but there goes the honorary mathematician of the group, writing “72.5 on the green card” on the back of the check while my insides boil in agony. So that’s probably why I didn’t text you guys back about meeting up at m. henry.

I Am Just an Old Garbage Bag Full of Blood

16. Go swimming three or four times a week.

Swimming is hard. And it’s not really the swimming part; it’s the carrying-a-bag-full-of-wet-towels-and-a-slimy-suit-home-on-the-bus-in-the-dead-of-winter part that’s hard. I maybe went three times. All year.

17. Eat more healthy breakfasts.

This will go down as the year I started making vegan overnight oats:

- 1 banana, smashed
- 1/2 cup rolled oats
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 3/4 cup almond milk

Mix that all together and pour into a mason jar—so people at work will know how healthy and Pinteresting you are—then stick it in the fridge overnight. Sneak bites while hovered over your desk the next day, spooning globs of extra-crunchy peanut butter on top to mask the feeling of wet boogers on your tongue. Fart all morning. Take a massive shit by 3:00 p.m. Repeat.

18. Take a shower every day.

When I first wrote this, the idea was that taking a shower every day would be a good way to feel like a productive, fresh start to the new day’s dawn was possible. But, as many anxious depressives know, some mornings just stepping from the bath mat into the tub is the

most taxing thing anyone could ever expect you to do. So I changed this to “take a pill every day,” and so far that is going smashingly.

19. Try that coconut-oil-swishing thing that everyone on the internet was into for a hot second.

I tried it, once, and it was like trying to gargle with a mouthful of butter. And this is probably betraying my ancestors in some way, this slandering of the holy grail that is coconut oil, but I already rub it on my scalp and my elbows and sometimes fry chicken in it, so I think I should get a pass.

20. Drink tons more water.

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PEE THIS MUCH.

21. Wear clean socks every day.

Nooooooooooooope. Nope, nope, nopety nope. I did not manage to do this.

22. Choke down the expensive-ass probiotics just sitting in my fridge.

Whole Foods is one of those miracle places that makes you feel as if you are making good choices when instead you are spending half your rent money on organic kohlrabi. I most certainly am not immune to the lure of the Potentially Beneficial Luxury Grocery Item. I used to only go there because they have the most flame bulk gummy candies, but then sometimes I'll be wandering through the aisles looking at shit I have no idea how to fucking cook and think to myself, “Why, yes, I could use some powdered spirulina!” NO, I CAN'T. And then it just sits on my overcrowded refrigerator shelf, between the gallon of aloe juice and the bee pollen granules, mocking me as it rapidly spoils, and I lack any motivation to find a real use for it.

Cultural Kinds of Things

23. Start a book club.

I started a drunk YA book club on the internet. The basic premise is that I suggest a young adult book every month, and either you read it or you don't. No awkward discussions over a grocery-store cheese plate in someone's real apartment, just sassing on Facebook about books we're too goddamn old for. But then I moved and started a real book club to try to trick some of the women in this new town into liking me, and I picked a polarizing book about abortion that most of the people disliked! This was a very smart plan! I spent the next three nights eating handfuls of the leftover cheese while dreading ever making another selection! Can't wait to do it again next month!!!

24. Visit a botanic garden.

Is this the same as Olive Garden? Because I did go to Olive Garden last year. Kind of a lot.

25. Learn some shit about wine.

I started drinking rosé last year because my friend Melissa does and she is very glamorous and sophisticated. I still don't know anything about wine, because I don't really like the way wine tastes. I don't know why admitting that feels so shameful and juvenile to me, but it does. I don't like coffee either, unless you understand coffee to mean "milk shake reminiscent of coffee." And what's the point of that when you could just get something that's actually delicious and doesn't taste like burning? I went to a fancy restaurant on election night to avoid overdosing on projected results and ordered a nice-sounding red from the menu and practically burst into tears when I tasted it. The server was going on and on about pairings and I was just like, "Do you have a pile of garbage I can eat with this?" So crossing wine knowledge off my list forever.

26. Listen to more good music.

AMAZING AT THIS, ACTUALLY. I made a King Krule station on Pandora, and it is the best.

27. Get magazine subscriptions and stop wasting money at the newsstand.

I spent approximately \$4,923 this year on magazine subscriptions.

28. Catch up on *This American Life*.

I downloaded the app. Does that count? Sitting still and actually listening to things is harder than I thought.

29. See more smart movies in the theater.

I saw *The Secret Life of Pets*, and, since I hate loud noises and I don't speak tween, it was the hardest I've worked to understand something all year. Kids were cracking up all around me and I was shout-whispering, "WHAT HE SAY?" and "WHO IS THAT?" the entire time. I'm pretty sure it was about a cat.

30. Go to Grown Folks Stories every month.

Storytelling is a big thing in Chicago. We have poets and tons of comedians, but there's also a huge assortment of people in the city who get up on stages in bars and the back of bookstores and tell compelling, sometimes funny, sometimes heartbreaking stories from their lives. Anyway, my friend Cara hosts the best story night in town, Grown Folks Stories, and that shit is basically my 1997 dreams actualized: dudes in headwraps wearing chunky silver rings, with their top five shirt buttons undone, sing-speaking about the superficially deep concerns of our third eyes and mortal souls. I always feel like an asshole when I go, because my stories are all about shit and piss and licking butts, but I really do like being trapped in close quarters with a hundred people who smell like incense wearing ankhs. But it goes

down at eight on Thursday nights, and I usually reserve that time for looking at pictures of nachos on the internet while eating steamed broccoli and trying to come up with reasons not to step off the curb in front of a bus, so I don't make it that often.

Glamour

31. Wear blush every single day.

This I actually managed to do, but most days I didn't remember to put it on until three or four in the afternoon. So I'd spend three-quarters of the workday looking busted, and then two hours before it was time to go home be like, "Hi! I have pink cheeks now!" Stupid.

32. Get a couple pedicures this summer.

For an impoverished person, I have an awful lot of privileged guilt when it comes to asking someone to scrape off my calluses. So rather than burn with shame while an underpaid young woman trims my thickened toenails, I bought one of those Amope foot-file jams at Walgreens and I shave the barnacles off my own fucking feet.

33. Find an eyebrow person.

I'm currently sporting two angry caterpillars over my eyes, and, dude, they're just gonna stay that way. I feel like tweezed eyebrows look good for two days before stubble starts creeping in, and I just cannot be that diligent about anything. Plucking hairs wastes a lot of valuable time that could be spent watching old seasons of *Top Chef* on the iPad, and I'm just not going to do it.

34. Buy some dresses from JIBRI.

I bought one blush-colored skirt that I haven't even removed from the package. In six months. But at least I supported a small, black-owned business...?

35. Find a good neutral lipstick.

Chapstick.

That Stupid Place I Live

36. Keep my goddamned plants alive.

Three out of seven are still hanging on. Win.

37. Set up internet and cable.

Gold medal for me because not only did I set this shit up, but it also never got disconnected due to nonpayment. Not even once. Which definitely proves the theory that my hierarchy of needs has television programs at the top and monthly gym membership floundering near the bottom.

38. Grocery shop at least twice a month.

Did not. But you can blame Instacart for this, because I no longer need to shop when I can just pick out the groceries I want on my computer—*click, click, clickety clack*—and then a bearded young man tasked with picking out my Fig Newtons and the salad mix I added to the cart to keep him from judging me brings the groceries to my door. Then he leaves, wondering why one lonely person ordered so many rolls of super-strong toilet paper.

39. Make my lunch every day.

How do you people who do this on the regular actually get it done? Because I can have a freezer stuffed with Amy's meals, and I still have to stick a Post-it on the door so I don't forget to grab one on the way out. Are you guys really making sandwiches in the morning? HOW DO YOU DO THAT?

40. Make an inspiration board.

This is not a real thing I am convinced I could actually do. What would even be on it? Ribs?

41. Hire a cleaning service once a month.

So I bought a Groupon or LivingSocial deal (is that even a real thing anymore?) for some fancy cleaning service, filled out the online questionnaire, and scheduled a visit. Then I spent half a day scrubbing my crib so I wouldn't have to bashfully apologize for being such a hulking slob-person. Wracked with middle-class guilt I'm not sure I rightfully deserve, I kept canceling on them until the coupon expired.

Possibly Going Outside

42. Los Angeles.

I went to LA in 2016, and it was amazing. I really think I could be a California person. I hate weather, I love wearing sunglasses all the time, and no one shames you for getting in your car to run an errand a block away.

43. New York.

No, I didn't make it to New York. I fucking love New York, even though my version of the American dream is impossible there and their gross, floppy pizza is like eating someone's post-plastic surgery skin.

44. Detroit.

I went, I ate a loose burger, I went back again. A bunch of times. I love Detroit, because it's like Chicago but without Cubs fans and terrible traffic.

44. Eat arroz con gandules in Puerto Rico.

What is this, a dream?

45. Drink buckets of rum punch in Jamaica.

Seriously, did I actually think I might get to do this? Who else was going to answer all the public's questions about kidney diets for dogs? I've been to the Caribbean a couple times, and my longest-lasting memories are of mosquito bites and slipping on the bathroom tile and hitting my head on the toilet at the resort. Also, there were stray cats just wandering around the airport in Antigua, which easily might have been my favorite part. But I can just put on some soca music and pet my cats at home.

46. Go whale-watching on Bainbridge Island.

NO TRAVEL SECTION IF I DO THIS STUPID LIST AGAIN NEXT YEAR. It's making me feel like a dumb asshole, and also I just hate leaving the house, so can we not?

“Emotional Well-being”

47. Learn to meditate without falling asleep.

Tried twice, fell asleep twice.

48. Try to think positively.

Can't. Everything is garbage.

49. Stop talking (so much) shit.

See above.

50. Write more letters.

One of my favorite procrastination pastimes is buying adorable handmade cards on Etsy. Like a seven year old, I absolutely love getting (non-bill) mail. I love it so much that I'm totally going to go broke, since the only motivation I have to get up and go downstairs

some days is knowing that there will be a package waiting for me. I didn't have a car in Chicago, because I lived in the kind of neighborhood that made having a car absolutely not worth it. I know what you're picturing: crime-ridden inner-city street crawling with nefarious desperados just itching to break the window of a 2007 Kia Sportage to steal the thirteen dollars' worth of Burger King coupons in the glove box. Really I lived on one of those bustling, apartments-outnumber-the-houses streets, and if I had a fucking car, I would've had to circle my block for twenty minutes banging my head on the steering wheel while sobbing incoherently before finally giving up and parking six blocks away. In the snow. At night. With groceries. So fuck all that, I split a cab to get to work and ordered everything I possibly could off the internet. And now that I live in a place surrounded by actual farms (on the way to the reindeer farm to pick out a Christmas tree last week we ACTUALLY HAD TO PAUSE FOR CHICKENS CROSSING THE ROAD—why is this my life now), there's no place good to buy the stuff I like, so the FedEx guy and his towering stack of boxes with my name misspelled on them is my only source of actual joy. Ill-fitting, awkwardly-sized clothing with a zero-tolerance return policy, hair products that smell like wet garbage and don't quite work for my particular curl pattern: it's Christmas in July every time the UPS truck rumbles up to the curb out front. I assume other people also enjoy the feeling of finding something other than a red-light-camera ticket or overdue gas bill in their mailboxes, so I buy tons of cards online and randomly mail them to people whose addresses happen to be in my phone. 2016 was a good year for these *Batman Forever* stamps I didn't anticipate being embarrassed to use.

51. Be honest about shit that is overwhelming to me.

GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME. I'M STRESSED, HOE.

52. Get better at accepting edits and criticism, but only when it comes to my work.

“Keep in mind that I'm an artist, and I'm sensitive about my shit.”

Badu (and me, duh).

53. Stop reading trash.

BUT I CAN'T. And I don't just mean book trash, because I refuse to give up gripping courtroom dramas no matter how predictable. I need online celebrity gossip to live. I like looking at pictures of actresses' shoes and reading the speculation on who Drake is going to date next. I like reading about the exotic locales they charter private jets to and seeing the contents of their handbags, even though I can't even begin to imagine why one person might have use for three different cell phones. A forty-seven-carat engagement ring? Yes, I'd like to see the blurry enlarged paparazzi photo of that! Snippets from the out-of-context transcripts of saucy voice mails left for their ex-lovers? Send me the goddamn link! I'm not even snarky about it—I want to see Tom Cruise's living room just because it's Tom Cruise's living room! Maybe the calm winds of 2017 will blow in the kind of Zen that makes Rihanna's outfits boring to me, but I doubt it.

54. Be a little bit nicer to myself.

Getting better, day by day. Still cropping the droopy left side of my face out of my selfies, though.

Responsible Adult Activities

55. Get an accountant.

FOR WHAT MONEY?

56. Give more money to charity.

I don't know if this counts, but I gave a lot of money to people's GoFundMe campaigns this year.

57. Establish some credit.

Yo, I really did this! In less than one year I went from being a person with a credit file so thin I might not actually be a sentient human being to a person who leveraged one secured credit card into several real credit cards with laughably small limits! I can finally move on to the next level of adulthood: overestimating my ability to pay a car note and having it repossessed while I'm sleeping!

58. Put the cat on a diet, for real this time.

Helen Keller, that mean asshole, lost three real pounds last year, which is like fifty in human pounds. And then she lost all her pounds, because I had to put her down. This year I'm going to resolve not to get my heart broken by any animals.

59. Buy absorbent towels.

I am grappling with a lot of "Oh shit, I'm not cool anymore" feelings as I creep ever closer to forty, and nothing makes me feel less rad than the fact that I wrote this sentence down, in earnest, last December.

60. Get up and go to the farmer's market every Sunday.

There was one half a block from my old apartment, yet my desire to lie in bed looking at your ex-girlfriend's cousin-in-law's Instagram posts from 157 weeks ago was still greater than my desire to put on a shirt, find one of the dozens of reusable grocery bags my guilt forced me to purchase (THEY ARE LIKE SOCKS, WHERE THE FUCK DO THESE HOES DISAPPEAR TO), and drag myself outside for some inexpensive, locally grown apples.

61. Figure out how to file my old taxes.

Wait, how long did it take for Wesley Snipes to get caught!?

General Life Horseshit

62. Get to work on time every day.

I did not do this.

63. Go to bed early, do my night rituals.

I wish “night rituals” was some interesting, witch-coven-type shit, but really it boils down to “floss my teeth” and “spend thirty seconds rubbing in night cream,” and as easy as those sound I still never regularly accomplished them.

64. Make, and stick to, a budget.

MO’ (FREE) MONEY, MO’ PROBLEMS. I for sure lied to myself that if I ever got a credit card I would be totally responsible and only use it for emergencies. In 2016 those emergencies included, but were certainly not limited to

- an Uber to Union Station because I hate taking the brown line;
- a bag of limes and a bottle of tequila because I had a bad day;
- headphones to replace a pair the cat chewed up;
- the cable bill because, DUH, *Game of Thrones*;
- an emergency burrito.

65. Put back the money I “borrowed” from my IRA.

Um, maybe when I get my tax return this year? Fuck, I forgot I even took money out of that shit.

66. Get my tarot read.

I’ve done it before, and the woman was so frighteningly accurate that I basically flipped the table and threw fifty dollars at her before having a complete sobbing emotional breakdown on the corner of Division and Ashland. I want to do that again!

67. Get an accurate bra measurement.

So I'ma give myself half a point on this one, because I did get measured, but I'm not sure the measurement was accurate. I mean, the woman made 137 attempts, each one feeling less accurate than the last. Then I had a "holy hell, I just took up so much of your valuable salesperson time and now you have to spend your afternoon fitting all these straps back into those complicated-looking bra hangers, and wow, oh wow, is it humiliating to be old enough for a prescription for Lasix yet have no idea what size bra you actually wear" panic attack and ended up buying many bras in many sizes. Pretty sure not a single one of them is actually correct, but I am going to wear them anyway.

68. Respond to all my emails.

Every time I respond to them all, ten more show up to take their place. It's like having roaches. Roaches that just want to confirm for the fifth time that I didn't forget about our dinner reservation next week. (Roaches that know I'm just going to cancel, yet insist we play this irritating game.)

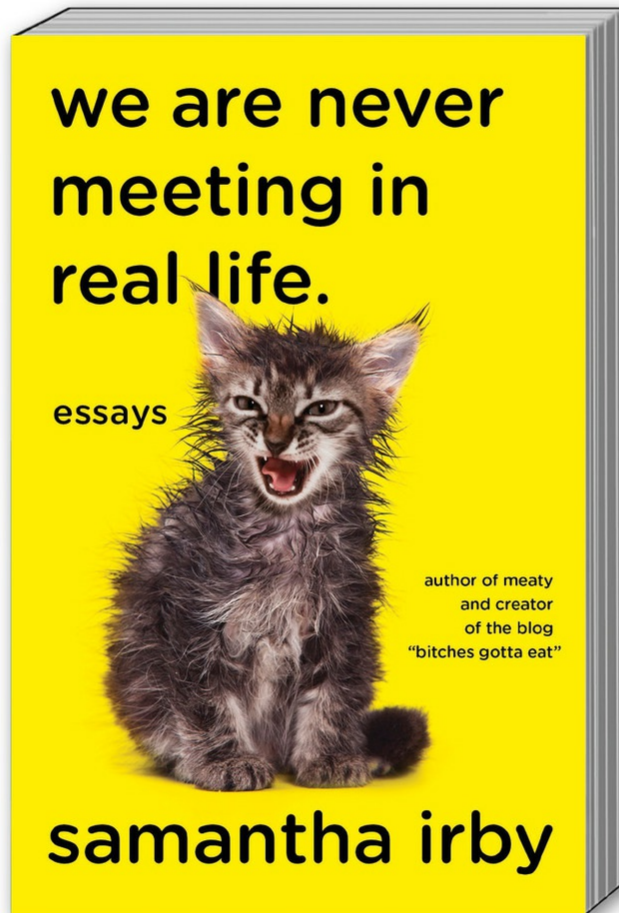
69. Call people I haven't spoken to in a while.

But why, when I could just text them? The telephone is a trap from which one can never politely extricate oneself without a phantom package delivery or imaginary house fire. It's not good manners to blurt "Look, man, I'm done talking" without the person on the other end either continuing to chatter on uninterrupted, thrilled to have someone to throw words at, or threatening to never speak to you again and slamming the phone down in your ear. Which would be fine, because then you'd be relieved of the chore of having to talk to them on the phone.

70. Learn to love chia seeds, as apparently they are good for me.

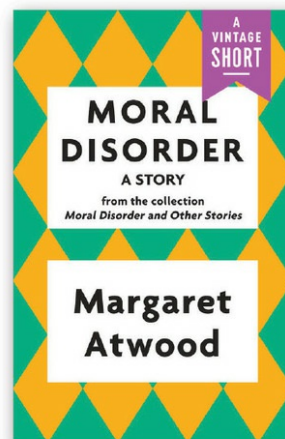
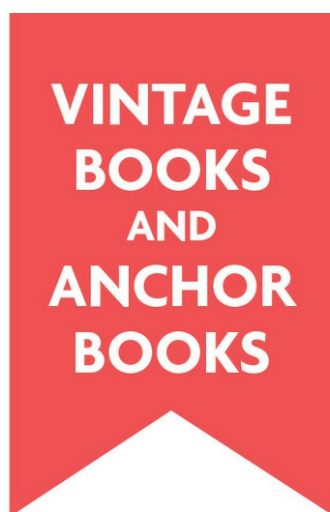
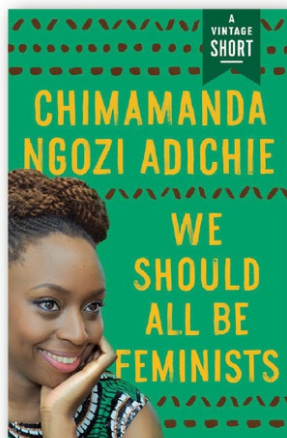
LOL BYE.

Read more from **Samantha Irby**
Because sometimes you just have to laugh—
even when life is a dumpster fire



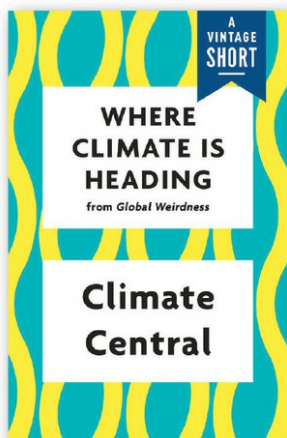
Bitches gotta eat blogger and comedian Samantha Irby turns the serio-comic essay into an art form in this collection of pieces about navigating new relationships, growing older, and jobs that get in the way of one's television habit.

Available in Spring 2017 wherever books are sold  VintageBooks.com



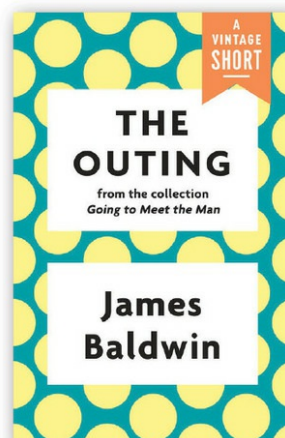
VINTAGE SHORTS

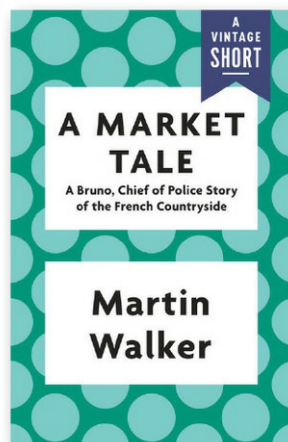
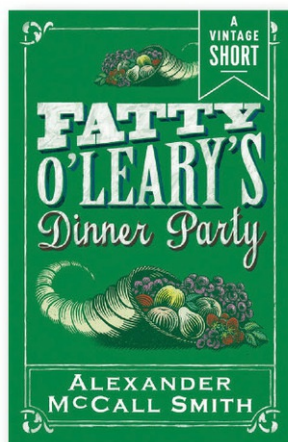
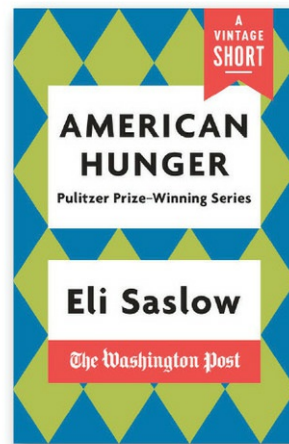
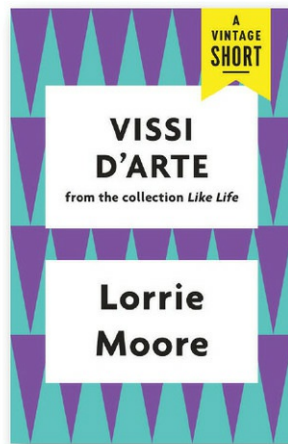
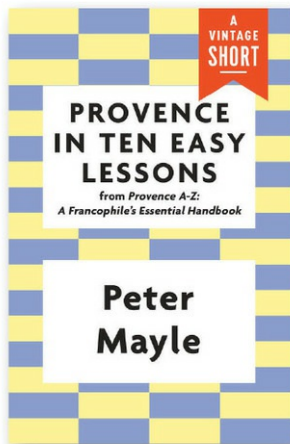
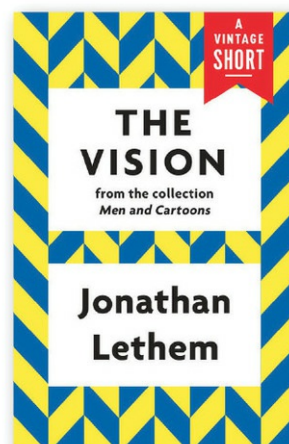
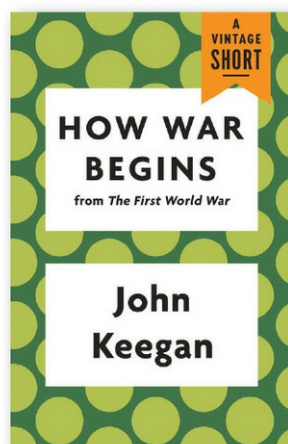
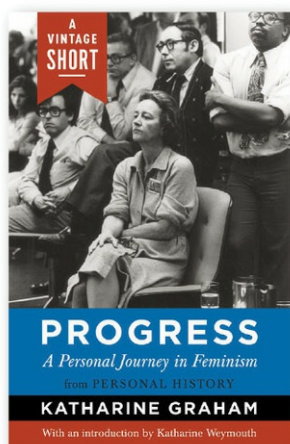
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