

The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled

Posted by youknowwho - 08 Mar 2024 15:01

---

Speaking to a few friends offline gave birth to this idea, it seems to be an urgent and immediate necessity.

Welcome to...**The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled**

This thread is a place where one can feel free to rant, vent and gripe.

It is a safe haven for negativity, sourness and blahness.

It is a place where one can be sure to find a healthy dose of demotivating advice. It is a place where any kind of positivity is strictly forbidden.

It is a place where you can vent about what a **rotten day** you're having and not worry that people will then reach out with concerned pm's/texts...*cuz nobody really cares*. And that's perfectly fine, why *should* anybody care?

Please Remember:

-**No** profanity (Sadly)

-**No** personal insults (Sadly)

- **Absolutely no**: Nice, positive, warm, loving, optimistic, motivational, supportive or inspiring posts. (Not sadly)

**Enter at your own risk!**

---

=====

---

====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by yitzchokm - 11 Mar 2024 20:11

---

Under the influence of this thread I don't care. The more Mondays like this the merrier. Going to hell? No need to worry. Chazal say that the wicked don't repent even at the gates of hell. Choosing to become and stay wicked will give you promised entry. Guaranteed.

=====  
====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by candé - 11 Mar 2024 23:36

---

[yitzchokm wrote on 11 Mar 2024 20:11:](#)

Under the influence of this thread I don't care. The more Mondays like this the merrier. Going to hell? No need to worry. Chazal say that the wicked don't repent even at the gates of hell. Choosing to become and stay wicked will give you promised entry. Guaranteed.

NO ONE CARES

seriously!

=====  
====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by chaimoigen - 12 Mar 2024 01:08

---

[Bennyh wrote on 11 Mar 2024 18:02:](#)

what's up terrible people

Tonight, I see insignificant, meaningless organisms. All around me. They move around

uselessly, and hustle and bustle busily in a desperate attempt to convince themselves that their lives are important. Yet the illusion is futile.

Like chickens meaninglessly pecking endlessly in a barnyard; no matter how they fuss and chirp and peck, it's all really about the same guano.

Why should anyone care what folks eat or drink, what they dream about or don't, who they are frustrated by in loving or in thinking that they love, and how they earn or don't earn money to continue to do the same. After all- it's all meaningless twittering in the empty barnyard.

Signifying nothing. Out out brief candle.

And all this nothingness pales in insignificance before the grey feeling that this hamster wheel we call life may just be a cosmic prank.....

Who cares about if your dreams are fulfilled or not? What matter will that make to me? Empathy for others is merely a poor excuse for a security blanket to massage myself with futile feelings of do-goodery. I give it up. Along with alleged kindness and care, which is all about the same. There is only cold and empty, sucking, boring blankness. Anyone who tells you otherwise is selling you something.

My hands are cold.

I do not hold them out to anyone. We are each on our own, and it doesn't make a difference anyhow.

I'm the James version of Chaimoigen, in pajamas, and I dont care if you approve of this message. You do not exist to me.

Semper Fi

=====  
====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by tzitzis dude - 12 Mar 2024 01:11

---

Well, today, my boss of nearly eight months (in a field new to me) asked “at which point will you just say to yourself ‘ya know, maybe this job isn’t for me?’ How is it that you’re still making mistakes every day?” (As if I’ve been doing this for years already, &/or I’m inhumanly talented to pick up every nuance).

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by Bennyh - 12 Mar 2024 01:17

---

[tzitzis dude wrote on 12 Mar 2024 01:11:](#)

Well, today, my boss of nearly eight months (in a field new to me) asked “at which point will you just say to yourself ‘ya know, maybe this job isn’t for me?’ How is it that you’re still making mistakes every day?” (As if I’ve been doing this for years already, &/or I’m inhumanly talented to pick up every nuance).

OMG bosses are the WORST.

"Hey, Benny, where's that energy?"

"Hey Benny, is everything okay?"

"Hey Benny, did you learn today? Really? You sure? Fleisig?"

Why did Hashem make the world this way.

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by Heeling - 12 Mar 2024 01:57

---

[Bennyh wrote on 12 Mar 2024 01:17:](#)

[tzitzis dude wrote on 12 Mar 2024 01:11:](#)

Well, today, my boss of nearly eight months (in a field new to me) asked “at which point will you just say to yourself ‘ya know, maybe this job isn’t for me?’ How is it that you’re still making mistakes every day?” (As if I’ve been doing this for years already, &/or I’m inhumanly talented to pick up every nuance).

OMG bosses are the WORST.

"Hey, Benny, where's that energy?"

"Hey Benny, is everything okay?"

"Hey Benny, did you learn today? Really? You sure? Fleisig?"

**Why did Hashem make the world this way.**

For us to be grumpy! Lets do this!!

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by Bennyh - 12 Mar 2024 04:01

---

[chaimoigen wrote on 12 Mar 2024 01:08:](#)

[Bennyh wrote on 11 Mar 2024 18:02:](#)

what's up terrible people

Tonight, I see insignificant, meaningless organisms. All around me. They move around uselessly, and hustle and bustle busily in a desperate attempt to convince themselves that their lives are important. Yet the illusion is futile.

Like chickens meaninglessly pecking endlessly in a barnyard; no matter how they fuss and chirp and peck, it's all really about the same guano.

Why should anyone care what folks eat or drink, what they dream about or don't, who they are frustrated by in loving or in thinking that they love, and how they earn or don't earn money to continue to do the same. After all- it's all meaningless twittering in the empty barnyard.

Signifying nothing. Out out brief candle.

And all this nothingness pales in insignificance before the grey feeling that this hamster wheel we call life may just be a cosmic prank.....

Who cares about if your dreams are fulfilled or not? What matter will that make to me? Empathy for others is merely a poor excuse for a security blanket to massage myself with futile feelings of do-goodery. I give it up. Along with alleged kindness and care, which is all about the same. There is only cold and empty, sucking, boring blankness. Anyone who tells you otherwise is selling you something.

My hands are cold.

I do not hold them out to anyone. We are each on our own, and it doesn't make a difference anyhow.

I'm the James version of Chaimoigen, in pajamas, and I don't care if you approve of this message. You do not exist to me.

Semper Fi

Wow, so many words used to articulate despondency and despair.

Allow me to try, O Pajama Clad Fidelis Semperfield.

Tonight, I dwell amidst the echoes of a world too loud, yet saying nothing of substance. A cacophony of voices, each clamoring to be heard over the other, yet what do they truly say? Mere whispers lost in the gale of existence, amounting to the sum total of zero. We strut and fret upon the stage of life, actors in a play without a script, improvising lines that will be forgotten by tomorrow's dawn. (*Life is a performance, Hechochma! Act like it!*)

As I wander through this charade, I see faces painted with smiles so brittle they could shatter at a touch. Eyes that dart, seeking validation in the gaze of another, yet finding none. We build our sandcastles, meticulously crafting towers and walls, only for the tide to wash them away, leaving no trace that we ever existed. And still, we build, refusing to acknowledge the futility of our endeavors. And still we build, dammit!

Why do we chase these fleeting moments of joy? Like moths to a flame, we are drawn, knowing full well the inevitability of our demise. Yet, we persist, fueled by an insatiable desire for something more, something beyond the mundane. But what? A mirage of happiness in a desert of despair, that's what.

Money, that great motivator, the root of all evil, or so they say. We toil under its yoke, slaves to the almighty dollar, believing it will buy us happiness. Yet, with each purchase, the void within grows wider, a chasm that no amount of wealth can fill. We are Sisyphus, eternally pushing our boulders uphill, only to watch them roll back down again (he could have really used this thread).

And so, I stand, a solitary figure in the shadow of giants, questioning the very fabric of our existence. Is there meaning to be found, or are we merely dust in the wind? Perhaps the truth lies somewhere in between, in the quiet moments when we pause to look within.

But who am I to say? My words are but a drop in the ocean, quickly swallowed by the waves of indifference. In the end, we are all alone, islands in a sea of solitude, each lost in our own thoughts, wondering if anyone will ever truly hear us.

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by Heeling - 12 Mar 2024 14:28

---

Been waking up late so far this week, due to changing the clock and being not motivated to be in bed on time.

Waking up late means davening in my late minyan, where everyone knows that I only come when I wake up late. I've been getting the same stares for the last three days and I HATE IT!

It also means that I have to learn my morning seder at night, which complicates my night schedule, which kind of makes me go to bed late, which makes me wake up late....repeat.

All in all, I feel like a grumpy sack of potatoes being dragged around.

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by notezy - 12 Mar 2024 15:00

---

I take on to little,

feels like I am not doing enough.

I take on to much,



crash and burn.

rinse, repeat.

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by iyh2023 - 12 Mar 2024 15:37

---

[youknowwho wrote on 11 Mar 2024 19:46:](#)

[Bennyh wrote on 11 Mar 2024 18:02:](#)

what's up terrible people

What's up?

Benny, thanks so much for your concern!

My Monday so far:

Bitter

Grouchy

Not focused

Zero work productivity

Busy with old and some fresh bullcrap

Wasting boss's time/money so...**To Hell I Will Go**

**Phooey and Aaargghh.**

I don't care and neither should you.

These feeling should not be reserved for Mondays, Tuesdays can be just as crappy.....

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by iyh2023 - 12 Mar 2024 15:45

---

I find it very compelling that @youknowwho put this thread under the "Just Having Fun" tab.....

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by Bennyh - 12 Mar 2024 16:09

---

[Heeling wrote on 12 Mar 2024 14:28:](#)

Been waking up late so far this week, due to changing the clock and being not motivated to be in bed on time.

Waking up late means davening in my late minyan, where everyone knows that I only come when I wake up late. I've been getting the same stares for the last three days and I HATE IT!

It also means that I have to learn my morning seder at night, which complicates my night schedule, which kind of makes me go to bed late, which makes me wake up late....repeat.

All in all, I feel like a grumpy sack of potatoes being dragged around.

This legit made me laugh.

Here's the deal, Heeling, or Hurt, or whatever you feel like today.

*No one is staring at you. No one cares that much about you; when you wake up, or go to sleep; which minyan you do or don't daven in. You mean nothing to these people. Absolutely nothing. Get used to it.*

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by amevakesh - 12 Mar 2024 16:10

---

Just spent half an hour writing up my first real post, hit submit, and then error shows up.

=====  
=====

Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled  
Posted by Heeling - 12 Mar 2024 16:40

---

[Bennyh wrote on 12 Mar 2024 16:09:](#)

[Heeling wrote on 12 Mar 2024 14:28:](#)

Been waking up late so far this week, due to changing the clock and being not motivated to be in bed on time.

Waking up late means davening in my late minyan, where everyone knows that I only come when I wake up late. I've been getting the same stares for the last three days and I HATE IT!

It also means that I have to learn my morning seder at night, which complicates my night schedule, which kind of makes me go to bed late, which makes me wake up late....repeat.

All in all, I feel like a grumpy sack of potatoes being dragged around.

This legit made me laugh.

Here's the deal, Heeling, or Hurt, or whatever you feel like today.

*No one is staring at you. No one cares that much about you; when you wake up, or go to sleep; which minyan you do or don't daven in. You mean nothing to these people. Absolutely nothing. Get used to it.*

I care! Grump!

=====  
=====