



Furiously Happy: A Funny Book About Horrible Things

Jenny Lawson

Download now

Read Online ➔

Furiously Happy: A Funny Book About Horrible Things

Jenny Lawson

Furiously Happy: A Funny Book About Horrible Things Jenny Lawson
#1 New York Times Bestseller

In *Furiously Happy*, a humor memoir tinged with just enough tragedy and pathos to make it worthwhile, Jenny Lawson examines her own experience with severe depression and a host of other conditions, and explains how it has led her to live life to the fullest:

"I've often thought that people with severe depression have developed such a well for experiencing extreme emotion that they might be able to experience extreme joy in a way that 'normal people' also might never understand. And that's what *Furiously Happy* is all about."

Jenny's readings are standing room only, with fans lining up to have Jenny sign their bottles of Xanax or Prozac as often as they are to have her sign their books. *Furiously Happy* appeals to Jenny's core fan base but also transcends it. There are *so many* people out there struggling with depression and mental illness, either themselves or someone in their family—and in *Furiously Happy* they will find a member of their tribe offering up an uplifting message (via a taxidermied roadkill raccoon). *Let's Pretend This Never Happened* ostensibly was about embracing your own weirdness, but deep down it was about family. *Furiously Happy* is about depression and mental illness, but deep down it's about joy—and who doesn't want a bit more of that?

Furiously Happy: A Funny Book About Horrible Things Details

Date : Published February 7th 2017 by Flatiron Books (first published September 22nd 2015)

ISBN : 9781250077028

Author : Jenny Lawson

Format : Paperback 352 pages

Genre : Nonfiction, Humor, Autobiography, Memoir, Audiobook, Biography

 [Download Furiously Happy: A Funny Book About Horrible Things ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Furiously Happy: A Funny Book About Horrible Things ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Furiously Happy: A Funny Book About Horrible Things Jenny Lawson

From Reader Review Furiously Happy: A Funny Book About Horrible Things for online ebook

karen says

my love for jenny lawson is NOT AT ALL creepy

jenny lawson, i wanna make you blts and braid your hair. i am really shitty at braiding, and my fingers will be covered in mayonnaise after making you all those blts, so it will probably get a little messy and crazy, but it's the thought that counts!! and since your book is basically a manifesto of owning one's messy and crazy bits and alchemizing* them into comedy gold, we should be all set.

this book is a little more personal than Let's Pretend This Never Happened: A Mostly True Memoir; a little more serious. that's not to say i didn't bust out into indelicate snort-guffaws many times while reading this, because i totally did, but in between all the laughter there's a lot of brave and honest stuff about managing mental and physical illness through anecdotes that are not at all humorous.

and none of that is a criticism - i think it's astonishing how well she is able to write about her own obstacles; how clear-eyed she is in describing the debilitating emotional symptoms of disorders impossible for people who aren't fellow-sufferers to understand, while offering a platitude-free example to those who *are* that yeah, you can live through this shit.

she'd probably hate it that i'm calling her brave, but she is. it's not easy to share this much of yourself and unleash it into the world to complete strangers. and while i'm not on any medication, nor am i seeing a therapist, i still recognize a lot of myself in her stories. and maybe i'm not brave enough to elaborate on that, or maybe i'm just not comfortable suggesting that my problems are in any way comparable to hers, but i know a lot of people who will see themselves in this book, and that it will help them and make them laugh in equal parts. and i'm sure doctors would disagree with the adage that laughter is the best medicine, but it's not the worst. the worst is that antidepressant they advertise on teevee with the disclaimer about its side effects including depression and thoughts of suicide, because how is that helpful?

so while it feels strange to say about a book so full of voodoo vaginas, dead raccoon rodeos, and japanese toilets - this is an important book. it just also happens to be really fucking funny.

her late-night musings

If you put a bunch of chameleons on top of a bunch of chameleons on top of a bowl of Skittles what would happen? Is that science? Because if so, I finally get why people want to do science.

the wisdom she learned from her father

You don't have to go to some special private school to be an artist. Just look at the intricate beauty of cobwebs. Spiders make them with their butts.

her assessment of australia

People warned us that everything in Australia wants to kill you, but I think they're overreacting. Australia doesn't want to kill you. It's more like an exclusive club for people who care very little about being alive. Australia is really a lot like Texas if Texas were mad at you and drunk and maybe had a knife.

and her scoffing at bruce springsteen, dismissing him as "obviously not the boss of scientific accuracy."

i mean, he's probably never even conducted any chameleon/skittles experiments.

but it's her tales about how unfit she is for the adult world that were the most dangerous to my tendency to laugh-pee, particularly the chapter that involves her meeting with maury the financial planner and victor - aka mister jenny lawson.

Maury asked me if I had life insurance and I assured him that I didn't because I didn't want Victor to be arrested. There was a pause in the conversation.

"She thinks life insurance is only taken out on people about to be murdered," Victor explained stoically.

poor victor.

Victor sighed, but frankly I'm not really sure what he'd expected. It was my job to accidentally make money and his job to make sure that I didn't lose it when I was doing wobbly cartwheels in the parking lot after the bars closed. Our roles had been clearly defined.

poor victor.

"We can come back to wills later. How about retirement plans?"

Victor spent the next several minutes speaking in a combination of words and letters that I'm pretty sure means "I have a retirement plan and it's quite good."

Maury looked at me expectantly.

"I have a drawer I put change into."

Victor put his head in his hands.

"Not quarters though. I use those for gum."

poor victor.

all of this seems entirely sensible to me. and familiar. i don't like dealing with forms and grown-up things, either. and i like gum and cartwheels.

poor victor also has to deal with her clutter of dead animals, her plans for a living cat/tax write-off called "the president," and her delightfully irrepressible spirit as the book's cover-model, rory the raccoon, sneaks up over victor's shoulder during business-related skype calls.

lucky victor.

i want a rory photobombing me, too.

oh! dreams do come true!

i just fucking love her - the parts where i can nod along: her boredom with financial matters, her fear not of *flying* but of *getting* to the plane, her anxiety over small talk and hiding when the doorbell rings, her love of cheese despite being lactose intolerant, and also the parts where i may not be able to relate, but i want to bake her a pie and try to make things better for her.

although it seems as though she is finding her strength all on her own

*You learn to appreciate the fact that what drives **you** is very different from what you're **told** should make you happy. You learn that it's okay to prefer your personal idea of heaven (live-tweeting zombie movies from under a blanket of kittens) rather than someone else's idea that fame/fortune/parties are the pinnacle we should all reach for. And there's something surprisingly freeing about that.*

*It is an amazing gift to be able to recognize that the things that make you the happiest are so much easier to grasp than you thought. There is such freedom in being able to celebrate and appreciate the unique moments that recharge you and give you peace and joy. Sure, some people want red carpets and paparazzi. Turns out I just want banana Popsicles dipped in Malibu rum. It doesn't mean I'm a failure at appreciating the good things in life. It means I'm successful in recognizing what the good things in life are **for me**.*

but this is a jenny lawson book, and i'm not going to close a review with something sedate and rational like that. should i quote a portion from her one-night-stand with a sleep clinic? or from the story containing the frantic exclamation **I'VE SWALLOWED A LEPRECHAUN AND IT'S EATING ITS WAY OUT OF MY CHEST?** or her realization that *everything in the world either is or isn't pandas?*

no, i will quote a passage from the appendix, which in the jennyverse is located in the middle of the book.

I realize that it's weird that this appendix is in the middle of the book instead of at the end where appendixes are supposed to be, but it works better here, and *technically* your appendix is in the middle of your body so it sort of makes sense. Probably God had the same issue when Adam was like, "I don't want to sound ungrateful, but it sort of hurts when I walk. Is that *normal*? Is this thing on my foot a tumor?" And God was like, "It's not a tumor. That's your appendix. Appendixes go at the end. Read a book, dude." Then Adam was all, "*Really?*" Because I don't want to second-guess you but it seems like a design flaw. Also that snake in the garden told me it doesn't even do anything." And God shook his head and muttered, "Jesus, that fucking snake is like TMZ." And then Adam was like, "Who's Jesus?" and God said, "No one yet. It's just an idea I'm throwing around." And then God zapped Adam's appendix off his foot and stuck it in Adam's midsection instead in case he decided to use it later. But the next day Adam probably asked for a girlfriend and God was like, "It's gonna cost you a rib," and Adam was all, "Don't I need those? Can't you just make her out of my appendix?" And the snake popped out and hissed, "Seriously, why are you so attached to this appendix idea? Don't those things occasionally explode for no reason whatsoever?" and God was like, "**THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, JEFFERSON. I'M STARTING TO QUESTION WHY I EVEN MADE YOU.**" And Adam was like, "Wait... what? *They explode?*" And God was all, "**I'M NOT**

NEGOTIATING WITH YOU, ADAM." And *that's* why appendixes go in the middle and should probably be removed.

when i die, i am leaving my body to jenny lawson, and she can stuff it and do whatever she wants with it. hopefully it will involve wings.

maggie gets into it.

sort of

* j-law's not the only one who can make up words!

come to my blog!

Camie says

The manically happy raccoon amongst scattered glitter on the cover is the best part of this book. I find very little humor in mental illness, even when it's offered up by someone who doesn't seem to mind using her chronic depression and crippling anxiety as a vehicle to what she says are ridiculous stories. I agree with her word ridiculous. I guess it's good she can enjoy her mental illness, I'm quite sure most others would not find this possibility very doable.

Is it wrong to feel this book might be insulting to people who are devastated by mental illness ? Jenny Lawson has been blessed with a family who seem to have learned to deal with her flaunted craziness. KUYH November Select - 1 star

Trudi says

I'm having one of those rare days where I love people and all of the amazing wonder they're capable of and if someone fucks that up for me I will stab them right in the face. ~Jenny Lawson

I AM GOING TO BE FURIOUSLY HAPPY, OUT OF SHEER SPITE. ~Jenny Lawson

I've shamelessly let Rocket Raccoon carry this review space since last year, and he garnered me 54 likes, so thanks Rocket! (I'm sure he would approve of my blatant exploitation even though he's the one being exploited).

But enough is enough. And really, I'm sure Rory isn't too *furiously happy* either about having some other

fabulous raccoon steal his thunder. (And now Rocket is going to be pissed I've called him a raccoon. He doesn't like that).

Jenny Lawson -- aka The Bloggess -- is a wickedly delightful, exhausting, a bit scary, kaleidoscopic array of frantic energy meets overwhelming anxieties and various anxiety disorders and sometimes debilitating depression. This book is her true confession, no holds barred everything you ever wanted to know but were afraid to ask look inside her precious crazy head -- Jenny wouldn't mind me using the word crazy either; because she's taking crazy back. She's taking it out of the dark broom closet where we store things we don't want to see or talk about and wearing the "crazy badge" with pride. And why shouldn't she? Jenny, along with countless others, are *survivors* -- of their pain, of their chemical imbalances, of their terror, and of their uncontrollable impulses.

Because not everyone survives. My sister didn't. Depression and mental illness is terrifying. It's the disease we never talk about and as family and friends of sufferers we feel helpless in the face of it, not knowing what to do or say, or how to help. Sometimes in our effort to help, we're actually making things even harder, setting up unreasonable expectations, getting angry as if the person is acting this way on purpose just to piss us off. I really, *really* wish my sister and I had had this book before it became too late for her. I'm not saying it would have changed the outcome, but *I know* it would have changed how I talked to her and how I tried to help her. I know it would have made her feel some solace, some comfort, that other people feel this crazy too, and that it's not something you just "get over." And it would have made her laugh, her big boisterous fuck you laugh.

In all her silliness and shenanigans and stunts aimed to make us laugh (and keep herself furiously happy), Jenny Lawson is doing something really important here. She's humanizing depression and mental illness, she's reaching out and making it relatable (rather than something shameful and embarrassing). It's brave, and hopefully with shows like You're The Worst and Jared Padalecki's Always Keep Fighting campaign tackling the same difficult subject matter - we've reached a beginning of an empathy and acceptance for mental illness that will become our new normal.

I can tell you that "Just cheer up" is almost universally looked at as the most unhelpful depression cure ever. It's pretty much the equivalent of telling someone who just had their legs amputated to "just walk it off." Some people don't understand that for a lot of us, mental illness is a severe chemical imbalance rather than just having "a case of the Mondays." Those same well-meaning people will tell me that I'm keeping myself from recovering because I really "just need to cheer up and smile." That's when I consider chopping off their arms and then blaming them for not picking up their severed arms so they can take them to the hospital to get reattached.

I love that the cover looks like a blissed out, meth-crazed Rocket Raccoon!

Oh, yeah!

(Pardon my squeeing giffiness but it had to be done).

C.G. Drews says

This book is **furiously awesome**. And I believe I'm mildly shrieking right now because IT WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED TO READ. It's about anxiety and depression, written in a really random and crazy and hyperbolic way -- and it was perfect. It was a *very ME book*. Usually books about anxiety (yes, I raise my hand as an anxietier [that is a word]) trigger me off...but this actually calmed me in a way? Because the author is so wonderfully messed up *and yet still managing to be fabulous* that it gave me a lot of hope.

This author is fabulous, btw. VERY MUCH SO.

Okay so the first thing you need to know about this book is: it is very, very random. The chapters don't always match. There are chapters on insomniac midnight thoughts which are JUST as random and nonsensical as you can imagine. It's not a feelsy good memoir about conquering all. It's just a *down-to-earth account of a writer with anxiety*. And like a dozen other disorders. Her disorders have disorders.

What I liked particularly about this book is that the author didn't refer to herself as "broken" all the time. I think she did once? And she called herself crazy a lot, which isn't my favourite. BUT. She didn't constantly say her mental illness ruined her life and made her into someone she hated...like she *chose* to be "furiously happy" despite her crappy disorders. And disorders ARE CRAPPY. But sometimes they also are a big part of you? And so calling a big part of you "broken/crazy" all the time is something I find demoralising. I'm not saying you gotta love having depression/anxiety. I'm just saying it's nice to love and accept yourself and deal with the rubbish BUT just go with it too?

Also I love her "arguments" with her husband. This woman makes NO SENSE at times. And her husband basically reminded me of Spock...it is so hilariously wonderful. My sister and I argue like this *a lot*.

ALSO DID I MENTION HYPERBOLIC?!?! BECAUSE I LOVE THAT TO MUCH I CAN'T EVEN.

Okay but things I did not like:

+ Her infatuation with taxidermy. I don't care if the animals died of natural causes. That freaks me out. Sorry not sorry.

+ the way she liked to purposefully make people uncomfortable. Okay, sure people might seem like uptight jerks to you or whatnot....but maybe they have a crappy life too? And I just hate it when spontaneously free people decide to make serious people uncomfortable for a laugh. That will never be okay, imo. (Yes I am a serious person.)

Basically I loved this book a lot. It was very raw and honest and random and HILARIOUS. I snort-laughed several times quite flatteringly. (My dog was offended and left the room.) And I related a lot on the anxiety/depression stories and the way she summed up what it's like to have social anxiety was like "OMG FINALLY SOMEONE pUT IT INTO WORDS AND THOSE WORDS ARE EXCELLENT." I basically want to thank this book for existing. THANK YOU BOOK. <3

*** Quotes I Loved ***

In other words, if you spent most of the morning reading Twitter and then scribbling weird, indecipherable notes to yourself on your arm then you are probably on the right track to

becoming a successful artist. Or to being homeless. Those things aren't mutually exclusive.

(And that's the awesome thing about introverts. They're often on their phones or computers so it's like you're with friends even when you're alone.)

Raeleen Lemay says

Jenny talking about her mental illness was really impactful and well done, but the rest of this book didn't really work for me. It felt like she was trying too hard to be funny by throwing together random words to make the most strange sentences possible. This might just be how she always talks/writes, but I have never experienced her in any way so I wasn't prepared for that. I'll definitely give her first book a read/listen, and I sincerely hope it doesn't include the word "awesomeness" as much as this one did.

Lisa says

DNF.....I was so FURIOUSLY annoyed with this book. If someone is interested in a free copy, you can have mine. I got to Chapter 19 and said hell with it. Ramble, ramble, ramble. Maybe I was expecting too much, like her talking about her illness instead of shower curtains and her taxidermy animals or how she has every mental illness out there. Everytime I thought there would be a serious discussion she went off and ranted about fainting at the site of white coats or germs or the airport. She talked about nothing...remember when Seinfeld and George decided to make a show about nothing.....exactly, except this was worse! Things come out of her without any thought which I found insulting at times, maybe I'm taking it too personal. Either way....I'm glad I never read the first, I don't regret not finishing the 2nd and no way in hell will I read any others. This author is one of those people who talks without thinking, at all.

Victoria Schwab says

This book is everything.

Felicia says

Upfront: I'm not very objective about this book because Jenny is someone I consider a friend (although we've only met once I think!) and I'm a huge fan of her blog, AND she blurbed my book. But I wouldn't have asked her to blurb if I didn't love her stuff, ergo it doesn't feel weird to say I loved this book. So take that how you will.

This review is based on an ARC too, BTW. Basically her original book is one of my faves (I read it before

I'd met her or even read much of her blog, for the record) and these new tales are just as witty and weird and fantastic as in her book debut! You'll never feel ashamed of any aspect of yourself after you read this book. Jenny makes it ok to be you, whatever it is you feel that makes you weird or broken. I love her for that.

Also, I'd never be able to sleep in her house because of all the taxidermy.

Kelly (and the Book Boar) says

While I've been witness to **MANY** review bumps in my time here on Goodreads in order to "collect the likes," I may be the first user to ever DELETE MY OWN REVIEW and all of its likes. Sorry if this looks familiar, but yesterday I proved that a glitch in the system can, in fact, cause me to Darwin myself on the interwebs. Now on to the "new" review : (

Welcome to what was maybe the most epic of all epic buddy reads . . .

PICTURED: Kelly (duh), Mitchell the Book Boar, David Hasselmouse, Vixen, Frank Engator, and Pauly Shore. (**Not Pictured:** Hannibal Lecter and Harvey Dent because they are more fallaparty (new word) and my husband says I was lucky enough to score dead Oryx and Impala skulls the first time and he won't be re-purchasing similar items just so I can take selfies. He obviously doesn't understand me very well. The entire *point* of buying these types of pets is to take selfies with them. Jeesh!)

Anyway, as per the string of crazy which are my "pre-reviews" below, I was super excited about the release of *Furiously Happy*. And I tried everything within my power to obtain an advanced copy. Why??? Because as Jenny's father points out in the re-telling of a story about a decomposing giraffe head that Jenny's husband put his foot down when it came to purchasing, but was later purchased at an auction and brought to Jenny's taxidermist father for repair . . .

"My God. There's more of you."

He's right. There's a lot of us. I don't even remember how I stumbled upon The Bloggess years ago, but it brought serious amounts of happy to my life. The same went for *Let's Pretend This Never Happened*. Unfortunately *Furiously Happy* fell victim (to me, at least – please note this is only **MY** opinion and I still liked the dang book fine – I just didn't looooooove it) to "second book syndrome." It's hard enough for a best-selling author to write another book, but it has to be infinitely harder for someone to write another non-fiction book about their own life experiences – especially when having to keep providing content on a successful blog. And therein lies the rub. My enjoyment of *Furiously Happy* was lessened due to the fact that I had already read most of the material. If you're not a loyal follower of Lawson's blog, you'll get some serious belly laughs while reading stories of complex Japanese toilets and inopportune farts. Buuuuut, you'll also get a lot of "Debbie Downer" moments talking about depression and medications and therapy, etc. in a very not-so-LOLable way.

I'm not interested in sharing my personal story here because **TROLLS**, so let's just say I wanted to read *Furiously Happy* because I thought it would be like my previous experiences with Jenny Lawson which make the dark parts of life seem a little lighter. It didn't. In fact, parts of it kinda really brought me down.

I'm not going to focus on the negative, though, because there were lots of positives. Especially in the form of The President. You see, Jenny's idea mimics a conversation I've been having recently with my husband, but since she's made of awesome she trumps me. Jenny's idea is to adopt a kitten and name him The President so she would be able to tweet things like "I like sleeping with The President, but why do I always wake up with his butt on my face?" **MY** M.O. when it comes to obtaining new animals (both live and dead) is that once they are named they are officially mine. (So far it's worked four times over with our living things and to the point where I look like I'm a big-game hunter for dead things.) Which leads us to Grover Cleveland . . .

I think he might technically be the neighbor's kitten, but I don't think they should let him roam around outside and if he ends up in my yard I'm fairly certain that counts as possession which is 9/10 of the law. But man, why didn't I think of naming him **THE PRESIDENT** rather than just after **A** president???? That's pure winning right there. Well played, Lawson.

Furiously Happy also provided some great advice that should I ever make any sort of dream board I would probably cut out and pushpin to. Things like potential responses to trolls . . .

"Your opinions are valid and important. Unless it's some stupid bullshit you're being shitty about, in which case you can just go fuck yourself."

and "slut shaming":

"I don't get the anti-slut-shaming movement. They're like, 'Don't shame the sluts,' and I'm like, 'YOU'RE the one calling them sluts.' It's like having a 'Lay off the fatties' campaign."

and how you should reward yourself for not using words like "supposably" or "flustrated" or "liberry." (Because really, everyone knows it's really called the LIBURRY.)

and how to succeed at anything:

"Pretend you're good at it." (That advice actually came from Neil Gaiman to Jenny Lawson when she was losing her shit. NEIL MOTHERF*&ING GAIMAN Y'ALL!)

The biggest surprise that came to me while reading this book was that the person I could relate to most was Jenny's father. He came up with some real gems . . .

"You don't have to go to some special private school to be an artist. Just look at the intricate beauty of cobwebs. Spiders make them with their butts."

He also proved he may be my own long-lost father (sorry Dad, still love ya, but you've GOTTA admit this guy is way more like me than you are) . . .

"You can make a very convincing taxidermied Sasquatch out of a deer's ass. They don't sell well in the taxidermy shop but it's very entertaining when gullible people get an inch away from a deer's butthole to stare at it with wonder and skepticism."

I ask myself: "WHY IN THE F*&^ DON'T THEY SELL?!?!?!?" I mean seriously, the assquatch is the

greatest taxidermy in all of mankind . . .

Wait, maybe this is . . .

While we're on the subject of taxidermy, it's a long time until Valentine's Day so someone buy me one of these . . .

and also one of these . . .

EDIT #427:

Dear Jenny Lawson,

Did you know that today is my birthday? Well, it is. I'm sure you just overlooked it. Much like you overlooked notifying your publisher that I should have been approved to receive an advanced copy of this book. There's still time to rectify the situation. I'd hate to resort to "Ferris Buellering" you until release date . . .

"She'll keep calling me. She'll keep calling me. She'll make me feel guilty. This is uh... This is ridiculous, ok I'll go, I'll go, I'll go, I'll go, I'll go, I'll go."

EDIT:

I realized today that this is the first time I was ever denied an ARC and actually was bummed out about it. Now, I realize that not everyone is worthy of a freebie, so I've included photographic proof that will forever be known as Exhibit A detailing why I am more worthy than everyone else . . .

Items 1-8: Dead things. Not only do I have a stuffed boar, but I also have a cross-dressing buck, an ORYX skull (also an impala skull - both former museum pieces which = I win), various rodents and a Day of the Dead deer skull.

Item 9: TARDIS mug.

Item 10: The Dude. Every home should have a Dude.

General area of Items 9 & 10: Magical blogosphering environment.

Item 11: Drunkenly Pinterested "Hodor" artwork.

Item 12: Pop Vinyl. (Sidenote: Jenny, do you have any Pop Vinyls? You should get one. They aren't addicting at all and you *definitely* can quit buying them at any time. I mean, I am living proof that a person would never buy so many of these damn things that she would completely forget about one for a month.)

Item 13: Copy of book which I already own that needs to join the stack of an additional 10 or 12 and will hopefully one day actually get dropped off at the charity thrift store. Not only am I an idiot, but I also do not find it particularly comfortable to leave my house and interact with other humans. Sound familiar?

Item 14: Cat. You can't see him because he's really squished himself up in there, but he exists. He also is not dead.

Item 15: Another cat. I don't know *how* he manages to squeeze directly behind that big old flower thing, but he does it EVERY. SINGLE. TIME.

(Sidenote #2: **MY** cats are not evil and will totally wear the yuckoon face mask unlike some other person's cat I know.)

This list should not only prove that I am deserving of a copy of your book, but it should also make you a little bit worried that we might be the same person. Lucky for you I'm only interested in becoming a professional stalker of Jeff Goldblum, so you're safe.

ORIGINAL REVIEW:

Patrick says

Earlier this year, I was one of the lucky people Jenny sent an Advance Reading Copy of her newest book to.

The simple upshot? I loved it. I loved it even more than her first book, which I enjoyed so much that I bought multiple copies to give away as Christmas presents.

The bad news is that my life is such a bloody shambles that I didn't get back to her in time for a gushy blurb to make it onto the back of her book. (Not that she particularly needed one from me. She's got Gaiman, Allie Brosh, and all manner of other fancy folk singing her praises.)

Still, I loved the book. And when I love a book this much, I want to talk about it. I want to encourage people to read the book so that your lives will be dramatically embettered.

I finished reading the book on an airplane, and I was so happy and weepy and amazed that I sent Jenny the following series of text messages:

"Jenny, after a long delay, I've finally finished your book while flying. While it's still fresh in my mind, here

are some Potential Blurbs for your book."

"This Book made me laugh in a restaurant, it made me cry on an Airplane. It made me feel like maybe I'm not a total human trainwreck. It made me resolve to spend more time being furiously happy."

"I wish Jenny Lawson was my neighbor."

"This book is a good book and you should buy this book and read this book."

"When I grow up, I want to be Joss Whedon. But if I don't have to grow up, I'd like to be Jenny Lawson instead."

"Jenny Lawson is a force for good in the world."

"When I finally give up on the world and retreat to the safety of my blanket fort, Jenny Lawson is on the short list of people who will always be welcome there."

"If everyone was like Jenny Lawson, the world would be a better place. Also, a stranger, more surreal place, with more abundant opportunities to attend raccoon rodeos."

"This is the best book I've read all year."

So. Is this book worth your time? Yes. Absolutely yes. It's finally out, and if you don't buy it and read it, you are not living the best possible life.

Inge says

"There will be moments when you have to act like a grown-up. Those moments are tricks. Do not fall for them."

I won't say too much about *Furiously Happy*, because I really think the element of surprise is one of the best things about the book. Most of the stories in this book are downright bizarre, and on more than one occasion I thought to myself, "There is no way that actually happened", and then BOOM, the author provides photographic evidence, and blew my mind once again.

"[...] my friend Laura asked if I'd come with her on a trip sponsored by the People Who Want You to Go to Australia. I said no because I'm the only person in the world who hates to travel, and because I knew that everything in Australia wants to kill you as violently and painfully as possible."

Not only does the author wonderfully explain what it's like to live with mental illness, but she also makes you laugh about it, which is something we all need to do – take life a little less seriously. On top of that, you get amazing stories about cuddling koalas in a koala suit, taxidermied raccoons, a shitload of possums, and lots of other things you never thought you'd read.

*"As the doctor walked me out he told me to 'stop worrying so much' [...] and I made a note to tell my shrink the breaking news that the medical world finally found the cure for my severe anxiety disorder and that the prescription is 'Just stop worrying so much'.
My God, we've come so far with science."*

Without a doubt, one of the best books I've read this year. Jenny Lawson is a person to watch out for – not only because she's slightly crazy and lots of weird things happen around her, but also because she is incredibly funny and amazing in every single way. She's relatable in her social awkwardness and not so relatable in her being stalked by swans, but it's all part of the magic.

"I am privileged to be able to recognise that the sound of laughter is a blessing and a song, to realise that the bright hours spent with my family and friends are extraordinary treasures to be saved, [...]. Those moments are a promise that life is worth fighting for, and that promise is what pulls me through when depression distorts reality and tries to convince me otherwise."

For the love of Rory the raccoon, pick up this book. You will not regret it.

Mariah says

I was given a copy of this book in exchange for an honest review.

Jenny Lawson is a woman I have never heard of, but by the end of the book I realized that she is famous because people loved her writing. Her writing is extremely honest, funny and can be very inappropriate. Jenny kept talking about dead animals, and from reading about her first book I realized that she was a daughter of a taxidermist and that was why. There were moments in this book that I wish I had read her first book first because I didn't understand why or what she was talking about.

Furiously Happy is a book written by Jenny to explore her lifelong battle with mental illness. It talks about how she has crippling depression and anxiety that prevents her from being able to live a "normal" life. Jenny tried explaining this by turning her mental illness stories into a hysterical, ridiculous book.

My biggest struggle with this book was the randomness of it. The stories weren't organized and most of the chapters were just random thoughts thrown onto a page. She did have some funny moments, but the lack of organization really bugged me. I never felt the need to keep reading. This book didn't capture my attention.

Melissa ♥ Dog/Wolf Lover ♥ Martin says

MY BLOG: [Melissa Martin's Reading List](#)

I thought this book was ↓

I have to say I laughed a lot at her humor, I found that I say some of the things that she says. I feel for her that she has all of these disorders because I have most of the same disorders that she has but I have a few more, and not everyone feels the same when they have these disorders, they have different phobias. But it's all scary and a suckfest! And unfortunately, most people just think your having them on or you should just get over it... yeah, if it was only that simple.

Now, that being said, I have had a good time with this book. I laughed so much and that is a good thing. There is one part in the book where she is talking about the Asian toilets, I have taken a picture to show the little picture in the book, hopefully you can see it and I'm going to add the **excerpt** from the book!

----->EXCERPT<-----

Here are a few of the buttons on the Japanese toilet:

I'm not entirely sure what these are all for but I think the top one that looks like a stick figure is to notify people that you've found the Blair Witch, and I think the next one means "Poop won't go down, Use your foot." I assume the orange button on the far left is for starting a war, and then there are two for washing your boobs for some reason, and then one about levitating on a fountain, and I think the last one is for ordering bacon? Frankly, I was too afraid to try out all of the buttons because just sitting on it triggered something that made it breakout into song. It was unsettling. Like, a pooping lullaby. Frankly, I think we've gone too far if you need someone to sing you to the toilet. In fact, I think the toilets were scarier than the whole rest of the trip, including our room being broken into by non-ninjas.

The author talks about many different things, her phobias, how her doctors react to her, (I have had that many a time!), funny things that she has done or not done or can't remember. It's just on and on and I love that she can joke and be funny while going through all of these things and be able to talk about them. And her husband... FANTASTIC MAN! Most men don't want to deal with women with mental disorders, actually I have friends and men that don't want to deal with it, and I'm guessing it's good I dropped dating before I went crazy :-)

Here is another excerpt from the book that she described about depression that I just loved because I have gotten the same thing.

----->Excerpt<-----

I can tell you that "Just cheer up" is almost universally looked at as the most unhelpful depression cure ever. It's pretty much the equivalent of telling someone who just had their legs amputated to "just walk it off." Some people don't understand that for a lot of us, mental illness is a severe imbalance rather than just having "a case of the Mondays." Those same well-meaning people will tell me that I'm keeping myself from recovering because I really "just need to cheer up and smile." That's when I consider chopping off their arms and then blaming them for not picking up their severed arms so they can take them to the

hospital to get reattached.

Seriously, people say the dumbest things, but most mean well.....

Like I said, I thought this book was great and I would recommend to everyone, although not everyone will like it as much as I did. :-) You know opinions are like though!

And remember...

FIN

Elyse says

Audiobook: 30-day trial with audible/Amazon.

I had no intentions of 'reading' this book (I didn't request it from Netgalley as an early read), but then I read several positive reviews. (one said its a 'must' read for everyone).

Plus, friends told me 'memoirs' by the author themselves, are good audiobook choices.
So... what the heck: free trial read!

The very beginning was great... (out walking), I was ready to enjoy some laughs, wisdom, and inspiration...

BUT SOON....

I became exhausted, or bored with exaggerated stories.

Jenny's high pitch voice and sarcasm - both - were annoying.

The dialogue often felt forced ... or just plain silly.

I've had this audiobook - less than a week-I'll exchange it!!!

?Dani? ?Touch My Spine Book Reviews? says

Freakin' hilarious!? I don't feel so bad about being so crazy as hell after reading this book!!!

