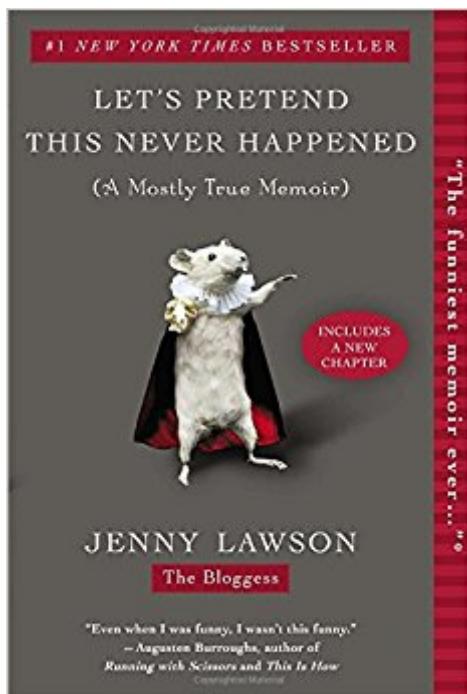


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# Let's Pretend This Never Happened: A Mostly True Memoir



## Synopsis

From the New York Times bestselling author of *Furiously Happy*...When Jenny Lawson was little, all she ever wanted was to fit in. That dream was cut short by her fantastically unbalanced father and a morbidly eccentric childhood. It did, however, open up an opportunity for Lawson to find the humor in the strange shame-spiral that is her life, and we are all the better for it. In the irreverent *Let's Pretend This Never Happened*, Lawson's long-suffering husband and sweet daughter help her uncover the surprising discovery that the most terribly human moments—the ones we want to pretend never happened—are the very same moments that make us the people we are today. For every intellectual misfit who thought they were the only ones to think the things that Lawson dares to say out loud, this is a poignant and hysterical look at the dark, disturbing, yet wonderful moments of our lives. Includes a new chapter! Readers Guide Inside

## Book Information

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## Customer Reviews

Jen Lancaster, author of *Jeneration X*, interviews Jenny Lawson about *Let's Pretend This Never Happened*. Lancaster: You appear to have a soft spot for dead, stuffed creatures, particularly if they're clad in bowler hats or acting out a scene--please explain. Lawson: My father is a professional taxidermist, so it's not like I had a fighting chance. And besides, I think the real question here is, who wouldn't be interested in ferrets in cancan dresses? Old anthropomorphic taxidermy is fascinating and I've collected an entire menagerie of creatures that make up my personal posse. Cuban pirate alligators, Shakespearean mice, heavily

armed squirrels, vampire-slaying ducklings. Iâ€™m not sure how you say no to those. My husband can, but Iâ€™m fairly sure thereâ€™s something not right about him. Anyone who can turn his nose up at the Last Supper constructed of Victorian kittens has a problem. I suspect itâ€™s because heâ€™s a Republican. Lancaster: Who would you say is more powerful, The Bloggess Army or the KISS Army? Compare and contrast. Lawson: My gut says the Bloggess Army is a bit more intimidating because we donâ€™t dress up like kitties, but Iâ€™d probably still pick the KISS Army because Gene Simmons scares the shit out of me. Plus, my fans are less of an army and more of a collection of misfit minions looking to have a good time. Actually, now that I think about it, thereâ€™s probably a lot of crossover with the KISS Army. We should host a potluck together. Lancaster: Can you believe some people donâ€™t know what a confidence wig is? Lawson: Right?! Itâ€™s shocking how often I walk in with one and I hear people whispering about the poor cancer patient that just walked in. Iâ€™m not a cancer patient, people. I just wear a wig to increase confidence. Plus, if I really mortify myself, I can just run to the bathroom, throw away the wig, and come back in and ask everyone who invited the crazy blonde that just crawled out of the bathroom window. There is no downside. Lancaster: Whatâ€™s it going to take for Nathan Fillion to send you a photo of himself holding a ball of twine? Lawson: I think itâ€™s going to take Nathan Fillion holding a ball of twine. Iâ€™ve offered him thousands of dollars and he still rebuffs me. I have no idea what the hold up is, but I can only imagine that Nathan Fillion is allergic to either twine or to bringing smiles to the faces of strange women who really arenâ€™t asking for that much, Nathan. Lancaster: Complete this sentence: â€œAn oversized metal chickenâ€ • Lawson: â€œMeans never having to say youâ€™re sorry. Because itâ€™s not towels.â€ • Lancaster: Snooki or Kim Kardashian? Lawson: Alphabetically, or in order of who is most likely to fuck up the youth of America? Because those are two different answers. Or possibly they arenâ€™t, now that I think about it. Lancaster: What would you be doing if you werenâ€™t writing? (â€œHard timeâ€ is an acceptable and, frankly, the anticipated answer, FYI.) Lawson: Well, I was going to say â€œhard timeâ€ but now youâ€™ve ruined it. Which makes me feel stabby. Which leads to hard time. I think this is an example of circular logic. In real life, though, Iâ€™d be writing. Before my book it was blogging and before blogging, it was journaling and several times in between, it was graffiti. Writers write always. I thought Ray Bradbury said that, but I canâ€™t find the quote anywhere so Iâ€™m taking credit for it. Writers write always. Lancaster: I donâ€™t consider you a mommyblogger, but many PR companies do. Whatâ€™s the worst pitch youâ€™ve gotten? Lawson: Once a PR exec accidentally â€œreplied to

allÃ¢ ¸ and called me Ã¢ ¸“a fucking bitchÃ¢ ¸ after I asked them to stop sending me pitches about a Kardashian wearing panty hose. He replied that I should feel flattered that I was even viewed as relevant enough to be pitched to, and I replied Ã¢ ¸“Please stand by for a demonstration of relevancyÃ¢ ¸ and tweeted it out to hundreds of thousands of people. It was kind of awesome. And terrifying. Lancaster: Wil Wheaton or William Shatner? Lawson: Wil Wheaton. Unless weÃ¢ ¸re doing the Ã¢ ¸“destroying America thingÃ¢ ¸ again. Then I have to recalculate. William Shatner and I are still recovering from a feud that was covered by MSNBC and Gawker when he refused to come to my house after I apparently offered him the wrong type of hooker. That man is a damn diva. Wil Wheaton, on the other hand, is an officer and a gentleman. William Shatner could learn a lot from that man. Lancaster: If you had one piece of advice for someone hoping to follow your career path, what would it be? Lawson: My one word of advice would be Ã¢ ¸“FORTHELOVEOFGODDONÃ¢ ¸ ¸T.Ã¢ ¸ IÃ¢ ¸ve fallen backward into this, and I have done every single thing wrong. I have no sacred cows and am fairly unmarketable to any mainstream advertisers. I burn bridges because I like the pretty way they glow and I do exactly the opposite of everything IÃ¢ ¸m ever told to do. Thank God thereÃ¢ ¸s a steady stream of intellectual misfits and misanthropic joy-seekers who get me, because thatÃ¢ ¸s the only thing thatÃ¢ ¸s saved me. Finding my tribe was a great gift that the Internet gave me. I returned the favor with tweets about shit my cat was doing. WeÃ¢ ¸re pretty even. Lancaster: WhatÃ¢ ¸s it like to ride around in your head for the day? Lawson: Cramped. Exhausting. Exhilarating. Baffling. I have no way to compare it, but whenever I let slip the bizarre things IÃ¢ ¸m thinking about, people seem alarmed and step away slowly, so I think Ã¢ ¸“disorientatingÃ¢ ¸ is probably fair as well. --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

In this mordant memoir, Lawson, who calls herself Ã¢ ¸“The Bloggess,Ã¢ ¸ displays the wit thatÃ¢ ¸s made her a hit on the Web. She makes hilarious hay out of her rural Texas upbringing, during which her taxidermist father thought nothing of bringing feral creatures into the house (on her future husband VictorÃ¢ ¸s first visit to meet the family, dear old Dad tossed a baby bobcat into the unsuspecting ladÃ¢ ¸s lap). Plagued by anxiety attacks, Lawson is loath to go out in public, and when she does, she inevitably makes a scene. At a Halloween party, she regales guests with a tale of being attacked by a serial killer (turns out it was just her corpulent cat). Lawson, whose award-winning website, TheBloggess.com, averages more than half-a-million page-views per month, delivers some mild moments among the mayhem. At a womenÃ¢ ¸s

retreat replete with bonding and wine, she happily discovers that girls really aren't so bad. Lawson is funny, but her over-the-top tales eventually take their toll, prompting jaded readers to wonder how much of this stuff she's making up. --Allison Block --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

Funny and solid writing. Her life growing up and all the weirdness just goes to show that normal does not exist. I do recommend not reading this at the gym while you workout because I had to stop my bike twice to not fall off from full body laughs. I love her writing and sense of humor and how she deals with her life and mental health journey. She would be awesome to have drinks with. And her husband is awesome for loving her

I have not laughed this hard in forever. When you laugh so hard for 5 minutes and the tears are streaking down your cheek and your stomach starts to hurt one can probably surmise that what you read was funny. When it happens over 10 times in a book one should be able to call the book hilarious. The first part of this book starts out slow.. At one point I remember thinking- have I read the correct Jenny Lawson book? Everyone says it is funny but this is forcible funny. Another 2 chapters I was hooked! My family would wonder why was laughing so hard and I could not speak. Who knew that there were actual families that had dads stuff deceased animals to bring back to life. I just ordered her next book. If u need to just laugh read this book. Who knows you may have a few laughs and realize your family isn't crazy at all! But the Lawson family-that is a different story.

Jenny Lawson writes very funny stories of her strange family, herself, and her husband. But underneath the humor is a sad and affecting theme of the burden of being different, having intense anxiety, depression, and compulsive traits. The book reminds me of Mary Karr's memoir of her difficult Texas childhood, and it drew me in quickly, the same way Joan Didion's books did, as I empathized with the fears and anxieties of both authors and kept reading, hoping to find out they would be OK in the end. Texas sounds like a tough place to grow up, especially if you are a highly sensitive and intelligent child.

Let me just say ... you probably won't like this book unless you have experience dealing with mental illness (depression/anxiety/etc.) either with yourself or a family member/loved one. Heartbreakingly hilarious, as I could relate to most of the chapters. There's something comforting in finding humor in the turmoils of mental illness, and Jenny does a great job at bringing that to light. It's really nice to

know that I'm not alone!

Do not try to read this in bed at night! Your partner will glare repeatedly because you are laughing out loud and shaking the bed. Do not read this book in public because there is a 100% chance of snorting out loud! Jenny Lawson is a wonderful writer that hits all the feels in her debut book. I originally had this as an e-book, but wanted a copy for her to autograph on her most recent book tour. Read this book! You will feel better!

On our post-wedding honeymoon, my wife suggested I use a Kindle app on my Tab. After hurrumping about technology I put it on my Tab and started searching for a book. Again cursing technology for giving me ten million choices, I settled on humor. Never heard of the book, but the mouse dressed as Hamlet intrigued me. After maniacally laughing for a week (during my post-marriage honeymoon), I realized I would never find anything that funny again and should just delete the app; however there appears to be another book by Jenny and I think I'll take the chance. Probably helped that I was in Colorado and had also made my own medicine bag while in college. Buy it, read it and enjoy (just not while your new wife is trying to sleep).

This book starts out so funny that I had to read it aloud to my husband and we were both dying laughing. Her upbringing was hysterical and worth buying the book. The humor gets forced as the book goes along. But I really like Jenny and am interested in her story. She starts to describe her mental illness which she does well in her other book, *Furiously Happy*. Some people are offended by her irreverence in her approach to mental illness but I am a fan. Yes depression, bipolar illness and anxiety disorders are terrible illnesses but her defense is her humor and it can really work. I think when people can laugh at themselves, it is a real stress reliever. It can make it possible to do things when your anxiety disorder screams "stop, you need to hide under your bed!" It also normalises your fears and perceived failures so you don't feel like some loser/freak. I think that the use of humor is one tool out of many to help people deal with the types of disorders Jenny has. Jenny is a good teacher. I recommend this book.

I had never heard of Jenny Lawson, but I read her new book in 2016 after reading the reviews on and thinking that I should read her work. So I bought that one and read it quickly, and I laughed and laughed much more than I normally do for books, even humor books. So of course I had to buy her other book that predated that one. And so I did, and I read it and I laughed and laughed, but

not quite as much as I did with the other one. IÃ¢â€šÃ¢m not sure if that is chalked up to laughing fatigue or if the newer one is really better. I think it comes down to a couple of things. This one is more real. Where *Furiousley Happy* is a bit more light-hearted, this speaks directly to the authorÃ¢â€šÃ¢s mental illness(s), and it makes it a bit harder to laugh with/at her. The second is that there is a good chance that she found her voice and is more confident with it. Neither of which is to denigrate this book. It is still funny and fun to read and I am going to pass it on to my friends. But when I do, IÃ¢â€šÃ¢ll just have to say how much the other one is better when they give this back to me with a smile on their face.

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