

***You've Got to be Kind:  
Volume 3***

**David Bruce**



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and a labor of love.**

**Note: Yes, these good deeds are impressive, but we may  
want to ask how society can change so that some of  
these good deeds are not needed.**

## Chapter 1: Questions 1-20

### 1) “Couples of Reddit, What’s the Most Unromantic Thing that’s Happened Between the Two of You that Actually is a Stronger Indication of Love than Others Might Think?”

1) appleappleappleman wrote this:

“During her first pregnancy, my wife vomited brown, congealed blood every night for her entire second trimester. We went to multiple doctors and took a few trips to the E.R. [Emergency Room], never got a reason why. The vomiting happened every night after midnight, sometimes continuing sporadically for eight hours. Don’t know why, but it never happened during the daytime.

“One night, she thought she was finally doing better, so she went to sleep early and seemed fine. Then suddenly around 1:00 AM, she jolted awake (which instantly woke me) and tried to run to the bathroom to puke, forgetting the puke bucket on her bedside table in her moment of panic. Unfortunately, she slipped and fell on her side (nothing hit her belly) and puked blood all over the carpet. She immediately started sobbing.

“That poor woman went through such a rough time.

“So I carefully picked her up, took her to the bathroom, held her hair back while she finished throwing up, then cleaned her face and got her some water to rinse her mouth out. I carried her to bed and then got to work cleaning up the carpet.

“We were just kids, still in college together. Those three months of misery galvanized our relationship. Nothing serious has ever come between us in the years since.”

2) KeeksTx wrote, “Nursing my late husband through squamous cell carcinoma and thyroid cancer. Diagnosed end of November, went into hospice (at home) end of February, died March 21st. I took time off work most days just to be with him and feed him and give him his meds. I had to convince him that he wouldn’t become addicted to morphine since he was actually in hospice so he finally started taking it every time I offered it. My mom (an RN and cancer research nurse for 52 years) couldn’t believe how much I stepped up and took over my husband’s care. He is the love of my life; all I could do for him was make him comfortable so that was my priority. I was going to do everything in my power to make him comfortable through the end of a f[\*\*]king [\*]ssh[\*]le of a disease. He died at home, and we had been able to say ‘I love you’, ‘Thank you’, and ‘Good-bye’. I miss him every day even four years later.”

3) theamazing6 wrote this:

“I had an ingrown hair cyst surgically removed from my butt crack. My SO had to help me stuff new gauze in the 1.5 in [inch] hole in my flesh so it could heal properly. I bent over the bed while she removed the gauze used during surgery and she did her best. I ended up having to pull it out myself in the bathroom leaving blood all over the floor and myself. Even after the trauma of trying to remove the first gauze, she came back to help me get the new gauze in place after I cleaned up.

“We called it my double b[\*]tthole.”

4) 1kingtorulethem wrote, “My wife passes out. A lot. It has to do with a medical condition she has, but it can happen at almost anytime. I’ve become so good at recognizing how she feels that I know when she’s going to go before she does, and I’ve gotten very good at catching her. It may look unromantic, and it can be. But her knowing

I'm there, and me recognizing her signs are a big thing for us.”

5) StarbugRedDwarf wrote this:

“My husband’s family lived across the country and used to send us boxes of their almost-new, good-quality clothes that they no longer wore. The male clothes were great for hubby and sons, but the female clothes were always a bit too small as I had gained a lot of weight since they had seen me last. My husband always felt so bad for me.

“Then one time, my hubby lifted up a pair of pants out of the box and said happily, ‘These will fit you. They’re HUGE!’

“I still remember the look of horror that passed over his face once he’d realized what he’d said. But I loved the fact that he was happy for me getting a new pair of pants.”

## **2) “What is the Best Random Act of Kindness You’ve Witnessed?”**

1) Josh\_Thompson wrote, “Well it was a rough morning I had a few years back. My little brother died after being hit by a drunk driver. I got pulled out of a meeting I was leading by my boss’s boss. He let me take the phone call in his office while he waited outside. I suppose they called my cell phone a dozen times, but I had it turned off. I didn’t cry in that office, I didn’t cry when I walked out of there leaving my brief case and cell phone. I walked to a nearby park and I cried there, I suppose I cried for a rather long time. There were a couple of homeless guys who came up and started talking to me; they felt sorry for me. We ended up drinking Heaven Hill vodka from a large plastic jug and eating canned meats with our bare hands. I slept in the park next to a water fountain that night and awoke to find one of their blankets draped over me. Thanks, guys.”

2) Ponchorello7 wrote, “Back in middle school, I saw one of the most ghetto kids round up his friends and defend a special-ed kid. I gained a lot of respect for him that day. He was still a cheap bastard who never paid me back for all the times I let him borrow money, though.”

3) [Name Deleted] wrote this:

“When I was younger, I was at a friend’s house and she and her mom were getting ready to get in the car. They had me join and said, ‘We’re going to Erin’s house.’

“The van was full of groceries. Apparently Erin’s family was having huge financial issues and could barely afford food. My friend and I ran the bags of groceries (\$100 worth) to the porch, rang the doorbell, and we ran off. She still doesn’t know to this day who did that.

“My friend’s parents were some of the best examples of why you should care and give, whether the good comes back to you or not. Since then I’ve always given whatever bit I could afford to people who asked for it.

“An exception when I was living in San Francisco was when I came across a homeless guy begging for cash to get tobacco. He had these tears in his eyes like he felt like he is going to die. Of course he wouldn’t, but I guess I appreciated his honesty and something about the expression in these eyes really moved me, and I pulled out my wallet, but I had only \$20 bills coming from an ATM [Automatic Teller Machine]. I was a near-broke college student, but too bad he already saw me pull my wallet out. So I handed him a \$20 bill and made him promise me he’d also get something to eat.

“I walked off to a bus stop and waited with a group of people. Next thing I knew, he found me at the stop [while he was] smoking a cigarette happily, pointed and yelled, ‘I’d die in a fire for you! I would!’ Everyone at the bus stop

stared at me as he walked away. I just smiled, and it totally made my day and I will never forget his face.

“And you never know what your act will lead them to do. One guy used the money to buy calling cards to call family. A nice mother went into an internet cafe with whatever cash I had to look for jobs online.

“Point is, an act of kindness toward anyone can seem like no big deal to you and cost you nearly nothing. But I believe in the effects it can have on people, that hopefully they still have faith in humanity. It’s this interaction that is more valuable than money and may save some from living in solitude, depression, crime, poverty, or addiction. Maybe that’s a big impossible dream, but if it’s no big deal to you, then why not help out a little?”

4) ChandyC wrote this:

“There was a teacher my sophomore year who I disrespected so much. I used to get baked before his class and just blow it off the entire time. I eventually got caught and got sent to an alternative school. Two days later I get a visitor. I’m sitting here thinking ‘who would want to visit a degenerate stoner?’ It was that teacher. He took time out of his lunch break to see me. It really takes a crazy guy in order to visit a kid who has disrespected him so much. Two years later, I’m his teacher aide and he is my most respected teacher.

“Edit [in response to comments by others]: It was weed, not meth.”

5) Minberg wrote this:

“About a week ago in work, a lady came up with a child in a pram, and had about €28-30 of groceries. She put her card in the machine and it was declined three times. She was flustered but she said she definitely had money in the bank.

It wasn't busy so there was no queue behind her. She asked if she could run to the ATM [Automatic Teller Machine] we had in the shop, I said, 'Of course,' and away she ran. She left the child in the pram beside me (no problem there, the kid was about four and she was going about 40 feet away).

"A woman who was being served at another till suddenly came over to my checkout, and stuck her own card in the machine. She insisted I charge her card for the ladies shopping, so I did. All she said was 'we've all been in that spot.' Just as the transaction finished the woman who owned the shopping came jogging back, with €30 cash in her hand, and the woman who had paid just walked out the door without a word.

"When I told the woman that someone had paid for her, she was in shock. She just stood there in awe at a stranger's kindness. I've heard stories like that before but never actually witnessed it first hand. It was heartwarming."

### **3) "What's One Selfless Act for Which You Don't Get Enough Appreciation?"**

1) gigabytestarship wrote this:

"Not me but my dad.

"He never divorced my mom because he didn't want her to lose the benefits (insurance, etc.) She was still on his life insurance policy. In 2017, he lost his job of 20 years so she lost her insurance. She knew why so she never became upset with him. In November of the same year, he got a new job but had to wait three months for the benefits. At first he didn't think he'd be able to pay for medical insurance for my mom. She accepted it because she knew he had a life of his own to take care of. He calls me one day and told me he was going to go ahead and purchase medical for her, too. She was disabled, on many



medications and couldn't work. She cried because she was so thankful. I always knew he was an amazing man but that just sealed it for me. They weren't together anymore but he still loved her and cared about her enough to sacrifice some comforts to make sure she'd be ok. Unfortunately, she passed away last year, but I know and I'm sure he knows that she was grateful.

“He also helped raise two of my mom's children from a previous marriage and he has also taken care of mentally disabled people for over 20 years. Now besides working, he lives and cares for my grandparents. He's such an amazing person and I'm so grateful he's my father.”

2) MobileAnimator wrote, “There are a couple of kids in my neighborhood who come over a lot and play with my kids, about 11-12 years old. They live with their grandmother because dad is in jail and mom abandoned them. One of them totes around an iPod 1 like it's made of gold; they have nothing. My kids were going to a week-long overnight camp soon, and I could see on these boys' faces how they would be missing my kids and I figured they had probably never done anything like that. I paid for these two boys to go to camp with my kids that week. I'm not rich by any means, but I managed to make it happen. The grandmother called me in tears and told me what a rough life they had and she didn't have money but always tried to do right by them. I've never actually told anyone about this before.”

MsWhatsit83 commented, “Ten years from now you won't give the money you spent a second thought, but those kids will still remember the awesome experience they had and what it felt like for someone to care about their happiness so much.”

3) ILikeToLieForKarma wrote, “One time, I saw a hungry old man on the street during the night. I gave him a couple

hundred dollars and my gold watch. I don't think I've ever felt so happy, especially after the man put his gun away."

Note: UserName checks out.

#### **4) "What is the Kindest Thing a Pet has Ever Done for You?"**

1) Haymouse wrote this:

"Our third toddler just barely able to walk, escaped through the front door running out with only his diaper on his narrow [\*]ss. He made it to the mailbox and Gracie the Golden Retriever ran into the laundry to alert my wife.

"She was away from him only a few minutes and walked out to the front to see what was causing the dog to be so upset.

"She let the dog out and the dog bolted over to him; he was already in the neighbor's yard. She chased him down all while he cackled and giggled and she caught him before he got to the main road.

"My wife tore her meniscus running after him and had to have surgery a week later, but the situation could have been far worse had the dog not reacted with concern.

"And yes, I installed a more child-proof latch that night. He was also 'Mr. unlatch my 5-point harness while we drive down the road.'

"But Gracie was the best girl."

2) campon615 wrote, "One time my dog would not come back inside from running around the yard. He was having fun running away from us as we chased him with the leash. My other dog grabbed another leash in his mouth, walked up to the misbehaving dog to play tug, and walked him straight into the house. It was amazing."

3) Itslmntori wrote, “When I got my wisdom teeth removed, the dentist prescribed some sort of anti-anxiety medication for me to take before the removal. Despite my protests that I’ve had plenty of dental work done with no problems, and that medications hit me really hard, he said that I had to take it. That plus the pain meds hit me like a freight train. I got home afterwards and stumbled around like a drunk zombie. On one of my gauze-changes in the bathroom, I passed out and hit my head on the sink on the way down. It was around 3 am, I was too out of it to make any noise for help, and all of my family were asleep. But, out of the shadows, my mom’s dog (imagine a medium-sized black wolfhound) emerged and washed my face until I woke up enough to push her away. Calypso had heard me all the way from the other side of the house and decided to check in on me. She stayed with me as I washed my face, changed my gauze, cleaned up my mess, and crawled back to my room. I managed to pull my drugged self into my bed and she hopped in right behind me. Calypso stayed with me that whole night until my mom woke up and checked on me. She’s a great dog.”

4) followthedata wrote this:

“This past summer I had adopted my first kitten. We had all sorts of pets growing up, but she was my first on my own and she was so sweet. She ended up needing to be put down after less than three months after she developed Feline Infectious Peritonitis. It was awful, I was alone, and I didn’t want to burden my friends with something so traumatic and depressing.

“After the entire ordeal, I remember dragging myself home and just wanting to sit on my porch for a bit before going back inside to an empty home. There’s this fat black and white neighborhood cat that I had seen around since I moved in but never met. Within a minute of me sitting, he

came from out of nowhere and hopped in my lap and let me pet him while I cried a bit more. Not sure if he just happened to be cruising the neighborhood for pets or if he really knew something was up, either way I really needed that in that moment.”

5) Jehch wrote this:

“We were out walking the dogs. We live in an area out in the mountains where we can let them off leash to run around, but as we get back to the house they go back on leash so they don’t run after our neighbors’ dogs or run off after a rabbit.

“My dog Aka was on my left and we were just walking on the road and immediately went tense and crossed in front of me, stopped dead. I hadn’t been paying attention and plowed right in to him but since he is a big guy 130ish he just stopped me.

“About 7-8 feet to my right and forward was a huge rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike. We had taken our dogs to classes and one is a snake-proofing class and they are trained to avoid snakes, but he stepped in front of me between the snake to stop and alert me.

“My wife and I jumped back and gave it an extra wide berth. Aka got a hamburger when we got home.”

6) somebodybannedme wrote this:

“I have pet rats and when they’re bedding down, they sometimes like to treat my hand like another rat and wash it (rats are very sociable). They check under my fingernails, gently nibble away dead skin, and tug a little on rings or hair bands thinking they might be stuck on me. If it’s a ring I wear often they don’t bother, they always know what’s new and what I’ve worn before. Same with items in my hair, glasses, etc.

“The only one who might notice what I’m wearing that day is my rats, but d[\*]mn it’s adorable that they do notice.”

### **5) “Bilinguals of Reddit: What’s Your ‘They Didn’t Know I Spoke Their Language’ Story?”**

One reason to be kind is so you don’t embarrass yourself.

1) Itsjojosiwa wrote this:

“[...] once when I was younger I went to the park with my sister. We look very white and no one would know both of us speak Mandarin fluently unless we told them.

“Some money must’ve fallen out of my sister’s pocket and in Mandarin we hear a mother talking to her daughter and telling her not to let us know we dropped money so that they could pick it up after we left.

“Both of us turned around straight away and my sister picked up her money while both of us gave them dirty looks and we changed our conversation to Mandarin. The look of horror on both of their faces will forever be burned into my head.”

2) MerryDankmas wrote, “I was at a bar with a Russian buddy of mine. He grew up there and moved to the states when he was 12 or so. He adapted to English really well so he has no accent whatsoever. Both of the bartenders were Russian (you could tell by the accents) and were having a conversation. Friend looks to me and says ‘D[\*]mn, they’re talking some mad sh[\*]t right now’. I asked him about whom, and he said the other dude across the bar in the blue shirt. I asked what they were saying and he said they were just roasting him in general. I asked if they said anything about us and he said not yet but he would say something back in Russian if they did. They ended up not saying anything about us but right before we left, he said to them in Russian, ‘You should speak a bit nicer about your

customers'. I don't think I've ever seen someone's face turn a brighter shade of red than that."

3) earlymusicaficionado wrote, "I was visiting South Korea with my wife, a native of that country. I'm shaped like a lumberjack, and have a big, red lumberjack beard to match. A group of Korean women in their 50s and 60s nearby were laughing and calling me a 'bear,' which I found hilarious. So one of the older ones says, '*Gom*' ('bear') to me as she passes by, and I start laughing. She makes that face like, 'Did he understand what just I said?' So I raise my arms and make a playful growl at her. She is horrified and starts apologizing while her friends all cover their mouths and giggle, as Korean women customarily do. I love Korea."

## **6) "What's the One Random Encounter You've Had With A Stranger that You'll Never Forget?"**

1) illy-chan wrote this:

"I was in a pretty bad car crash some years ago. While we were waiting for the ambulance, a woman came up to our car and asked if anyone wanted some water.

"Now, I actually had my mouth full of broken windshield glass (shout out to Henry Ford for thinking of using laminated glass for windshields) and blood. For the record, it's a pretty gross combination and made it hard to talk so I eagerly nodded.

"I feel bad for freaking her out when I used the water to rinse out my mouth and spit out the blood and glass on the ground but no water has ever been so d[\*]mned satisfying in my life.

"Wherever you are, random water bottle lady, I'm still grateful."

Illy-chan added this:

“I was worried about how I was going to get it all out before I ended up swallowing some — another reason I was glad for the water. The blood was too thick, I knew it’d still stick to the inside of mouth if I tried it without water.

“[...] it was a pretty ugly scene but it could have ended up much worse.”

2) StopPanakinAnakin wrote this:

“I was a young single mum trying to buy some much-needed groceries, nappies and baby things, etc. I got to the checkout and when it came time to pay, I had no cash and none of my cards would work.

“I burst into tears and had to leave without my items. I was standing outside the shop when a lovely man who’d been behind me in the queue came over and insisted on giving me £20 so I could buy my bits.

“It was more money than I needed, and I tried to say no as it was too much but he wouldn’t take no for an answer.

“Humans can be wonderful sometimes.”

3) Otto\_Matic82 wrote this:

“I’ve told this story before, but I think it was under an old account.

“I was working overnights in a call center outside Portland. I got done with work at like 4:00 am. I lived in the city, did a reverse commute. I had to drive right through downtown Portland to get to my apartment. Even a city is completely dead quiet at like ... 4:15 am.

“I had the windows down and a lot on my mind. My wife had recently lost her job and, along with it, our insurance. Shortly after that she took a nasty fall, breaking her leg and

dislocating her ankle. She had a surgery we couldn't afford, and I was really freaking out.

“Over my own thoughts I hear what sounds like an old woman screaming for help. I start looking around and don't see anything. I slow down and start looking more frantically. Then I see her lying on the sidewalk, her electric wheelchair tipped over at the bottom of a way-too-steep ramp leading out of a 7-11.

“I pulled over, told her I'd be there in a moment to help her but I had to park my car. This calmed her down. By the time I got back to her, she was all relaxed, lying on the sidewalk smoking a cigarette. That's probably why she was at the convenience store at four in the d[\*]mn morning.

“I righted her wheelchair and, with some effort, managed to get her back in the seat and on her way. She insisted on giving me \$5 as a reward, and I wasn't too proud to turn it down.

“Hoping for some karma I bought a lotto ticket with it, hoping to cover the \$30k plus in medical bills we'd racked up.

“It was not a winner.

“But the next day I did receive a letter from the hospital saying that the remainder of our bill had been forgiven due to our financial situation.

“I'm not a believer in fate or destiny or things happening for a reason. But putting some good vibes back into the universe certainly didn't hurt.”

4) MsWhatsit83 wrote this:

“At my bachelorette party in Vegas, my girlfriends and I wanted to play craps, but we didn't really know how (I'm usually more of a slots girl). We found a table that wasn't



crowded and asked if we could just watch for a while. After a bit, all but one of us put some money down and started playing. Richard, a middle-aged man playing by himself, started coaching us and would occasionally hand us a few chips (in higher denominations than we were using) and tell us to make a particular, more complicated bet. With his help, our small stacks of chips started to grow.

“One of my friends just isn’t a gambler, but she was happy to watch the rest of us play. Richard, however, was upset that she wasn’t getting the learning experience that the rest of were and insisted that she start playing. He gave her some chips and told her that she could stop once she got up to \$500. Within a few minutes she did and he sent her to cash out. She tried to hand the money over to him, but he refused to accept, which sent her into a bit of a tizzy.

“At this point, we’re all doing well and don’t want to leave the table, so my friend is once again just watching. So Richard hands her more chips and tells her to start playing. She tries to refuse, but I finally whispered to her that Richard was betting over \$1,000 a roll and not to worry about it! Everyone at the table started winning after we walked up to the table, so I’m sure part of his generosity was about him thinking we were good luck!

“At the end of the night, we all walked away at least \$500 richer. And my non-gambler friend won \$2,000! It was such a fun night and something I will always remember. Richard never once tried to hit on us or do anything inappropriate. He was just a nice guy who was probably a little bored and enjoyed teaching some newbies something new, although I wonder what his wife thought when she walked up to find him surrounded by a bunch of 30-year old women wearing matching baby pink, pleather motorcycle jackets!”

MsWhatsit added, “He was awesome! Apparently, he’s an ophthalmologist in LA and flies to Vegas twice a month to play. My friend used some of her winnings to buy new glasses (her lenses are super expensive, and she usually uses her insurance for contacts so she hadn’t had new ones in years), which I think was fitting.”

## **7) “What Rich/Famous Person Deserves Everything They’ve Got?”**

1) mrswallace wrote this:

“Keanu Reeves! He’s had a pretty sh[\*]tty go of things and the worst he’s done is jokingly run off with a paparazzi camera (before giving it right back). [Note: Apparently, this is an urban legend. The photos are actually stills from one of his movies.]

“Everything you hear about him is genuinely uplifting and good.”

Poopellar commented, “He also doesn’t flaunt as much, and there’s also a gif of him giving up his seat for someone in the subway. Dude is class. If any one rich person were to ever kill me with a pencil, I’d rather it be Keanu.”

Thatbluegti commented, “I was riding a rental motorcycle in California one time when I was visiting my brother and on the way to his house I stopped at a red light, and this cool looking futuristic cafe racer pulled up next to me. I lifted my helmet and asked the guy what kind of bike it was based off of because it looked so cool; well, turns out it was Keanu and he explained how it was its own design and it was the second line (1S) from his motorcycle company [Arch Motorcycle]. He asked if I wanted to pull off into some donut shop parking lot if I had any more questions about the bike or the company, so I did and we sat there for probably like an hour just talking about motorcycles and riding. We would have talked longer but he ended up

getting mobbed by a tour bus that was there to see this donut shop (idk [I don't know] what was so special about this donut shop; the donuts IMO tasted like sh[\*]t), so I shook his hand and rolled out.”

2) OldTacoPanda wrote this:

“Gerard Way.

“I wouldn't say this if I hadn't actually met him one time. I went to go see Every time I Die. MCR [My Chemical Romance] was opening. They were still touring in their first record. I see a girl who I think is cute. I start flirting with her. She learns I drive more than two hours to see the show and says, “You should meet my boyfriend.” She sends a text and a moment or two later Gerard comes out — still chubby in his leather jacket. He spent the next few minutes thanking me for driving so far and joking around. When he finds out that I play music, too, he spends the next ten minutes encouraging me to go after it hard and to ‘be good to everyone along the way because nobody makes it alone.’ I hadn't even come to see his band but after talking to him I felt amazing. I totally understand why teenagers fell in love with him.”

Note by David Bruce: Gerard Way was the lead vocalist of My Chemical Romance.

### **8) “What’s a Story You’ve Always Wanted to Share Here But No One Ever Asked the Right Question?”**

JustWhyBrothaMan wrote this:

“Recently I gained a lot of faith in humanity.

“I'm driving home from a friend's house and notice someone ahead stopped in the middle of an intersection, hazard lights on. I see he's high school age and obviously stressed out/not sure what to do. So I drive through the

intersection and pull into a parking lot to jog over and help. I mean, I've had this happen and it sucks. Especially when no one helps you.

“Anyway, by the time I get back to his car he's pushed it all of about 10ft. To my shock, another two people show up at the exact same time and we all start helping this guy get his car into a parking lot so he could call his parents. Felt super awesome that three people came to this guy's help in less than five minutes.”

### **9) “What was Your ‘I Can’t Believe This is Happening Right Now’ Moment of Your Life?”**

1) queenbeemalee wrote this:

“I was swimming at a lake last summer. My sister has seven kids so I was helping her keep an eye on them. A little boy was bouncing up and down beside me. I thought the kids next to him were with him. Then I realized they swam away and he was by himself. But he wasn't play-jumping. He was trying to stay above water. After four seconds of him going under and seeing that he actually wasn't tall enough to be in the four-foot water, I reached over and grabbed him. Kid almost drowned. Turns out he was about three years old. He puked up a bunch of water all over me and I held that stranger's kid in a hug so tight. The parents were 20 feet away with their backs turned. It took me a good 10 minutes to find them after standing there in the lake screaming for them and asking random people if that was their kid. Could not stop shaking with the realization this kid could've died and I just saved him. I had to leave after that and haven't been back to that lake since.

“People, watch your kids, please. Tons of kids die every year. Takes one minute of distraction.

“Edit. So I should mention the lake was Keystone State park. They have no lifeguards on duty except for the

holidays. Swim at your own risk. It was only June and from what I heard later, kids drown there all the time.

“The parents were grateful, but I think they were extremely embarrassed. As they should’ve been.”

Happyjankywhat commented, “This happened to me at a hotel pool while I was watching my kids. Two little girls were both hanging to a small float that would not hold both their weight. The water was over their head. They appeared to struggle, but I wasn’t sure. When I grabbed them, they hung on so tight. That feeling never leaves you.”

2) Yatsu wrote, “Checking a regular guest out of my hotel when I realized he was having a stroke. Mumbling, repeating himself, couldn’t even sign his name. Called 911 so an ambulance could get him to a hospital. The moment it really hit was the next day when his wife called and said I saved his life. Like, dude, I work at a hotel. This was not something I ever expected to hear.”

## **10) “What Toxic Behavior has been Normalized by Society?”**

Guerilla\_Physicist wrote, “The expectation that employees should be constantly reachable even outside of work hours or during paid or unpaid time off. It effectively creates a situation where you are ‘on-call’ 24/7.”

WeirdOtaku commented:

“I was in the ICU [Intensive Care Unit] for a week, and b/c [because] I was unconscious, my wife had to call in for me and they fired me b/c [because] they thought I was faking it. I swear to God.

“Not only did she cuss out my boss, and then the co-owner of the company, but she went and got the doctor on the line

and he yelled at both of them as well and apparently told them I'd be lucky to still be alive in three days.

“I got a raise and a Edible Arrangements platter, when I got back a month later. Never thought my wife calling my employers ‘incompetent f[\*\*]kheads’ would get me a raise. Haha, this world.”

SeeVee advised WeirdOtaku, “Marry her again.”

### **11) “Uber Drivers of Reddit, What is the Most Unforgettable Conversation You’ve had to Eavesdrop On?”**

Stitches\_Be\_Crazy wrote this:

“I had just dropped off my last passenger for the night at MSP (Minneapolis-St. Paul) airport.

“As I’m pulling away from the curb, I see a man around my age, completely in tears. Especially in a high-traffic area, I’d normally keep on moving to avoid backing up traffic, but he’s obviously in distress and I didn’t want to just walk away.

“I step out to ask him if he’s all right, and he’s mustering up everything he can to explain his situation through intermittent crying and attempts to breathe.

He apparently needs to get to Duluth, MN (2.5hrs away) and no drivers (Uber, Lyft, shuttles, or taxis) would accept his fare, especially since it was so late at night.

“Up to this point in my own life, I had been battling a deep depression, with most days leaving me feeling like I was on the losing end of an endless war, so I felt a great sense of empathy for this guy.

“All he needed was a little help.

“I showed him I was an Uber driver (I had the sticker on my car and the driver app), but motioned him just to hop in and that I’d give him a lift, off-the-books, no charge.

“He accepted, so we gathered his things, loaded up, and were on our way for a road-trip to Duluth.

“We didn’t talk. Didn’t need to.

“An hour in, once he collected himself and NPR [National Public Radio] started to static-out, he asked to borrow my phone, so I obliged.

“Based on his conversation, he recently lost his wife of several years and their children in a car accident. He then lost his job. He lost his home. And, he was now on way to see his father who was on his deathbed in Duluth, and had sold everything in his possession to make this trip.

“We pull up to the address and while unloading his things, he attempts to hand me whatever money he has left, which I wasn’t going to take regardless. But his gesture, which was a sandwich bag full of mixed coins and crumpled bills, let me know how grateful he was in spite of having lost everything.

“I was just happy to lift a burden off someone else’s shoulders, even if only for 2.5hrs, and yet we really hadn’t spoken up to this point. I went home, hugged my mom who was asleep on the couch with the TV still on, and felt fortunate that I had an opportunity to lend a helping hand to someone who needed it.”

## **12) “What was that One Memorable Moment that You’ve Shared with a Complete Stranger?”**

1) Obfromwoo wrote, “I was going home really late one night (around 3am) and I noticed this girl sitting in the street who obviously looked like she had cried recently so I

asked her if she was okay, she said yes, and I asked her if she wanted me to stay with her and she didn't answer so I sat next to her. She didn't do or say anything for about a minute and neither did I but then out of nowhere she hugged me, so I hugged her back and we stayed like this a few minutes, not saying anything. At some point a car stopped and a woman who was obviously her friend came out and took over from me, thanking me for staying with her. To this day I still have no idea what upset this girl so much."

She added later, "To everyone talking about me being a nice guy, I'm a woman. Just women supporting other women."

MrBananaStorm commented, "I have a similar story. On my way back home from my internship, I saw a bicycle leaning against the bushes; when I cycled past, I noticed a girl sitting on the hill next to a highway. She had her head in her hands, so I stopped, asked her if everything was okay and sat down next to her. We then talked for nearly an hour when I got her to look happy again, then I said, 'I gotta get home before my parents start to worry!' and I got on my bike and left. That's when I realized I didn't give her my number or ask her for hers, so I went back. But she had already left. I got only her first name, and randomly contacting her on something like Facebook felt weird and intruding ... so I never did it."

2) BacktoBach wrote this:

"I was sitting by myself at a 'table for two' in a crowded restaurant near New York's Lincoln Center. A lady in line for a table asked me if she could join me because she might miss her concert if she had to wait much longer.

"She was lovely, and fun to talk with during dinner. When I told her I was a musician, she pulled out two (very



expensive) concert tickets and asked if I'd like to be her guest for the program.

“When the lady <Emily> explained that her husband had recently died and she was ‘getting her courage together to go alone to use their season tickets bought before he passed,’ I saw remarkable courage (mixed with sadness) in her face.

“After the concert, she invited me to be her guest at future programs for the remainder of the season and to meet for dinner.

“We struck up a friendship that was good for both of us. I helped her through tough times after her husband’s death, and she shared concerts that would’ve been too expensive for me to afford at the time.”

3) Gonzoisgood wrote this:

“Standing in an hour long line for a roller coaster. I have ridiculous anxiety. I don’t fear the ride; I fear the ride malfunctioning. I was so scared, but my kids really wanted me to ride it with them. All the people around me in line were so supportive, answering my questions and giving me pep talks. Every cell in my body said ‘bolt bolt bolt get out you’re gonna die’ as they strapped me in my seat. The ride was amazing!! Afterwards all those strangers who had seen my deep and real fear were proud of me and high fiving me and congratulating me as though I’d just wrestled a mountain lion. It meant so much.

“Another one: After a best friend lost a baby, a couple of us decided to take her to see one of her favorite artists (Florence + the Machine) a few months later. Toward the end of the show my best friend wanted to get up close. I grabbed her hand and ‘pardon us’d’ and ‘excuse me’d’ our way to the front row and the crowd just parted for us. We watched the last few songs from the front and it was her

happiest since the tragedy. As the show ended she started saying, 'I'm so happy right. I'm so happy right now' and we started hugging all the people around us. Those strangers hugged us as though they knew exactly what we were there for, what we were experiencing, and one guy put his hand on his heart and said 'Bless your hearts.' I've had many more, but these are two favorites that meant so much."

### **13) What Random Act of Kindness from a Woman Gave You a Little More Faith in Humanity?"**

1) DarkestofFlames wrote, "It wasn't a random act, it was my best friend's mom when I was 14. She drove all over the city looking for me because she'd heard I was sleeping on the streets. She knew that I'd still be going to school, though, so she staked out my school and picked me up and had me stay with her family. She and her family always treated me way better than my own family."

DarkestofFlames added, "Even though it's been almost 30 years I've never forgotten how they helped me."

2) xeroxbulletgirl wrote this:

"Right after I got divorced, I was a single mom with a 15-month-old and I had a cart full of diapers, wipes, toddler formula, and some random groceries. I had been in our new apartment only a few weeks, and this lady ninja-paid for my groceries while I was trying to figure out why my daughter had started throwing a tantrum.

"Totally cried."

3) H5goodtogo wrote, "This wasn't a grand act of humanity, but to me it was just what I needed. Nine years ago me and my husband were in London for a holiday with our eight-month-old daughter. As a new mom I was exhausted and completely worn out from the lack of sleep

and travel. I just wanted to sit quietly and have a cup of coffee (a luxury, I tell you!). I remember we were sitting in a cafe when my daughter starts howling for no reason. I was struggling to find out why she's crying, feeling a little embarrassed because everyone was giving us strange looks. There was a lady sitting on the table next to us with her kids. She looked at me, smiled, and said, 'Don't worry honey, it'll get better'. I don't know why, but that seemed like the only thing I needed that time. It was strangely calming."

4) PINK\_RANGER wrote this:

"Went to pick up my SO [significant other] at the airport a few weeks back, and the roads were really wet and dirty from the recent snowfall. I ran out of windshield washer fluid and wasn't going to make it so I pulled into a gas station to refill. There was a drive-thru behind where I parked and had my hood up pouring the liquid in when a woman in a truck was in said drive-thru. Just as I was closing my hood she pulled up behind me and asked me if I was okay because she saw another woman with her hood up. She was in a pickup truck and looked like she would have been a great help actually. I thanked her and told her I'm good, just a washer fluid refill.

"I hope that if I need help again that someone like her is around because it was really awesome that she cared."

5) LoveDM wrote, "I was looking cute in my lacy top and hip-hugging jeans with the perfect pair of wedges on my first day of college, and the girl leaving the classroom I was going into stopped me real quick and grabbed the toilet paper sheets flowing gracefully out of the back of my jeans. I had gone to the bathroom many, many hours earlier."

6) Esthiebestie986 wrote this:

“I’ve posted about this before, but my dad died this past February after I had just started school. My best friend was going to the same school as me but was taking night classes while I took day classes. She changed her entire schedule to days, was late to her own classes because she would routinely have to drag my depressed [\*]ss out of bed, and drove out of her way to come pick me up when it was on the way for me to pick her up. I have a job interview tomorrow because she refused to let me drop out of school.

“She and her sister were also at my house the night he died, cleaning so that we wouldn’t have to come home from the hospital to a dirty house. So many ‘friends’ just straight up stopped talking to me because people in my age group don’t know how to deal with death/loss, but they stuck by my side stubbornly and firmly.”

#### **14) “Anyone Here have Parents Who are Actually Supportive? How Do You Think that Affected Your Life?”**

1) littleorgangemonkeys wrote this:

“Yes! Both parents have been extremely supportive. They don’t always understand my choices, but once they voice their concerns, they shut up and give me the ‘as long as you’re happy’ and MEAN IT. It helped me get through college and into my chosen career field. But most importantly, it was a big factor in my leaving my ex-husband. They had chipped in a huge amount of money for our wedding, and I harbored a lot of guilt about the marriage ending after only a few years. Plus I kept a lot of the worst emotional abuse and manipulation from them. Once they saw for themselves the kind of stuff he had been putting me through, there was nothing but support. My mom let me move in with her and my step-dad for a year. My dad paid for and drove the U-Haul across four states to move all my stuff out. They were emotionally supportive

through the divorce. They both love my new SO [significant other].

“They are not perfect people or perfect parents, but I know I am loved, I know they are proud of me, and that they legitimately want to see me happy.”

2) s4ltshak3r wrote this:

“Absolutely positive. My parents have helped me recover from depression by changing from supportive ‘tiger parents’ to just supportive parents.

“My parents were more supportive than the typical tiger parent that you’d hear of. They always supported me trying multiple hobbies, bought me things that I wanted, and were very affectionate, and we would often chat like friends. However, my dad in particular was very strict about my studies, especially since I excelled for my grade all throughout elementary and middle school. However, in high school I suffered depression and instead of continuing to badger me about why my grades were failing, we sat down as a family and talked about my struggles.

“They took me to a therapist, and we continued to have family talks daily, where they would check up on my mental health and ask to share my feeling and thoughts. If not for these talks, my parents would have divorced due to disagreements of how to raise me academically. I am very grateful to my parents for understanding that even though I grew under brilliant and smart people, that I did not necessarily need to overload myself with stress and work to ‘catch up’ with them.

“I think I was able to grow as a more accepting person as my parents grew to be more lenient. It means a lot to me that I have my parents as my forever allies who will love me for who I am and not only for my accomplishments.”

3) hippybarbie wrote, “My mom, a conservative Christian, has been so supportive of me, a stripper. She’s my best friend and she’s always just wanted stability and happiness for me. I love her.”

Pink\_Floyd29 commented, “That is certainly not common. Your mom exemplifies the best of Christianity!”

### **15) “What is the Nicest Thing a Stranger has Done for You?”**

1) Moots\_point wrote this:

“I was a groomsman in a wedding and my flight got delayed, like really delayed. So bad that Delta brought out the ‘We are sorry’ care packages and complimentary pizza. Towards the 7th hour I started getting p[\*]ssed that the front desk wasn’t giving us answers.

“Well, when I was going off, some 7-foot-tall diesel-looking black guy saw me, got in line for the complimentary pizza — and handed me the plate, I ate it and reflected on what a prick I must have been.

“Later he found another flight and was kind enough to ask the front desk women to book two tickets instead of one. He gave me the other ticket. Apart from the nod I gave him once we got off the plane, I never saw that dude again or even learned his name.

“I made it to the wedding just in time.”

2) AgeOfWomen wrote, “I was in a deep depression some years back and I just decided to walk in the park. I had sat down for some minutes and a kid, who could not have been more than four years, came up to me and handed me three yellow sunflowers. This random act of kindness is one of the most memorable in my life.”

Naturalenergybyproxy commented, “How sweet, especially from an innocent child. I’m sure my heart would have melted right there. If he only knew how much you needed that. And, that he will never really know that you will remember him forever.”

AgeOfWomen replied, “The kid was a she, and that is my one regret: that she will never know what that meant to me. She just came up to me, handed me the flowers, and ran up to her mother. Now, thinking back, I should have approached them to say something.”

Words-Are-Words commented, “I also used to be in a deep depression when one day as I was vacuuming for my apartment complex, a young girl looked at me and said, ‘Oh my gosh, you are just so beautiful. Wow.’ It completely caught me off guard and brought a smile that hadn’t seen my face in a while. It’s definitely the little things.”

3) ThisIsTheSh[\*]tForReal wrote this:

“My sister went to Europe at 20, as a once-in-a-lifetime thing, back in 1973. Saved up all her money for it for a couple of years.

“She unwisely spent every last dollar buying souvenirs at Heathrow before taking the return flight.

“As she went to get board, she discovered that despite the fact that she had already paid for her ticket, TWA had increased the price of the flight due to fuel prices. She had no money and they demanded \$100 to board. She sobbed in fright at being stranded in England, with no money.

“The man behind her in line paid it.”

Bacon\_Bitz commented, “My sister had saved up all she could to fly to visit my mom (from TX to FL, probably

\$350). She got to the airport and found out her flight was the day before so the money was completely wasted. She bought another ticket on credit and boarded the plane. She sat next to a nice older woman and they talked the whole flight. When my sister got to my mom's house, she found three \$100's stuffed in her bag with a note from the lady to enjoy her visit with mom."

4) cobhgirl wrote this:

"This happened during the dark days of my childhood, in the mid-80s.

"I was 10 years old, and I was having serious problems with my family (mostly my father) and was doing absolutely miserably at school. That year, I had the bad luck to have a really bad music teacher. Now, music wasn't a big subject, we had one lesson a week, but that person made it a living hell for me. Looking back now I think he was just a quirky character, but he had an extremely short fuse and was prone to switching from hearty, belly-laughter to shouting and roaring at someone for nothing at all at the drop of a hat.

"I just never knew where I was with him, and adding that to my problems at home just brought me to the brink.

"One day in December, my mother had promised she'd come to school on the day we had music lessons, and she'd have a word with him.

"So I stood in front of the classroom, waiting for her. And she didn't show up. My brain just went into complete panic mode. I could not face that teacher on my own for another lesson, I just couldn't.

"So I walked away, and walked out of the school. I walked through the town. I walked through the outskirts of the



town, and through the industrial area around that. I walked through the first village, then the second village.

“It was very cold, and there was a lot of snow on the ground, so I wasn’t walking fast, but I just kept walking.

“At some point, a car pulled up next to me, and a man, probably in his 30s, winds down the window and asks me if I wanted a lift. I said no, thank you — I had no idea where I was heading myself, after all. And as a young girl, I had been warned about taking lifts from strange men. I just kept walking.

“Through the next village, and the next. It was beginning to get dark. I had started to cry, I was feeling worn out, and tired and so cold. I must have been walking for the better part of six hours at that point.

“Then that same car pulled up next to me again, and the same man asks if I wanted a lift now. I really didn’t care about anything any more, so I got in.

“It was warm in the car. He started chatting to me, easy and friendly. Even offered me a cigarette, which I found very odd.

“Eventually, he got me to open up a bit and tell him why I was walking down country roads in the middle of winter all by myself. How I felt my parents would be better off without me, how I felt they didn’t care and hated me. He kept talking to me, about my family. Who else I have who might care about me.

“So I tell him about my grandmother (I’ve always been really close to her). He’s asking me if I wouldn’t like it if he dropped me off to her house? And then see if maybe I can stay with her instead of my parents?

“I’m just so exhausted at this point, and I agree.

“He turns the car around and drives back. And on the way, he tells me that he’d been thinking about me on that road the whole day, since he had first asked me if I needed a lift. That he’d left work early to drive around and see if he could find me, to make sure I was ok and safe.

“He dropped me off outside my grandmother’s house and drove off. My grandmother gave me the longest, hardest hug anybody had ever given me, and I stayed with her for the next couple of weeks, until things settled a bit.

“I never told anybody about getting a lift from a total stranger, but I’ve never forgotten him. And I never will.

If I ever find myself in a similar situation, I hope I’ll be as sweet and kind as him.”

New-found-Girth commented:

“All kinds of alarm bells were ringing during that story, but it’s nice to know there are genuine people out there who want to get a young girl in their car for the *right* reasons.

“I’ll be honest, if I was that guy I’d have probably felt the same desire to help but been crippled with paranoia about what people might think.”

5) southerbelletx12 wrote, “Once, I was carrying my sobbing infant in the grocery store while waiting in line to check out. I was super overwhelmed (it was my first trip out after my son was born), and a kind older man said, ‘One day, you’re going to look back on this with happy memories and even miss these moments’. He then insisted that I cut in front of him in line, and he bought all of my groceries. Man, that made a huge impact on me. What a wonderful man.”

New-found-Girth commented:

“I remember a story on here that was similar. A woman was talking about a day at the beach with her kids.

“They were leaving and she was leading a stropy [bad-tempered] six-year-old, carrying a crying two-year-old, and trying to haul all the sandy beach crap that was rubbing her sunburn, while hot and sweaty and fed up. As she walked past an elderly couple, she overheard them talking about what a wonderful time she has probably had and how soon those days are gone.

“Sometimes an outside perspective can completely change your mood.”

6) bumpercarbustier wrote, “When we were about 13/14, a friend and I went out with my mom for the day and ended at the bookstore, like outings with my mom are wont to do. My friend had a small stack of books she was looking at, but had the money for only one. My mom bought them all, four or five new hardcovers, because she said that all kids need new books.”

7) PrintError wrote this:

“My first wife abandoned us when my son was an infant. It was rough but I survived. One evening I was at dinner with some friends. I had to change the baby, but there was no table in the men’s room. I asked a lady leaving the ladies room if it was empty and she checked for me, gave me the okay. While I was trying to get my diaper bag sorted, she came up and offered to change him. I told her I had it, but she insisted and put her arm around me. Apparently I’d been holding in a breakdown the whole time, and she saw right through it. I cried for a minute while a total stranger changed my infant son, thanked her profusely, and went back to dinner with my friends carrying a little less weight on my shoulders.

“No clue who she was, but she was an angel to me that night.”

8) ess)ess wrote this:

“A really small thing, but I hope I remember it forever...”

“My son was probably two or three, and we went to the mall for some reason. My son liked looking at displays and stuff. Well, there was a model train set in a case that you could put a \$1 in and watch them go around for a while. I was pretty broke if I recall and never had cash on me regardless. He was content just looking at the display. A group of loud mall teens come through and go past. One of them comes back and puts a dollar in the machine and says, ‘I always liked watching trains, too,’ then hurries off back to his friends. My son lit up. I never would have expected that action from a stranger, let alone a teen with his friends in a mall.”

### **16) “What was the Best Reaction Someone Made After You Rejected Them?”**

1) unlimitedwarrenty wrote this:

“A guy asked me to dance at a bar once and I politely turned him down because I was engaged, and he responded, ‘He’s a lucky guy. Have a great night.’

“Honestly put me in a great mood the rest of the night. I never realized before how I just always expect men to react terribly.”

2) [deleted] wrote this:

“A man in a grocery store asked me out, and I told him, ‘I don’t think my boyfriend would be very happy with that.’ He smiled and told me the boyfriend is a very lucky guy to be with a beautiful girl like me.

“He took the rejection absolutely gracefully AND managed to compliment me as well.”

3) theinfamousj wrote, “Acknowledged that they had been rejected and then wished me well. Classy. A+. 10/10. Would reject again.”

4) scramble\_suit\_ wrote this:

“After a Tinder date where I told him I know what I want and I didn’t want to waste his time because this wasn’t it.

“Cool, thank you for respecting my time. It’s better for everyone.”

5) seared scallopswrote, “Thanks for being straightforward, and I totally understand.”

### **17) “What Fact Totally Changed Your Perspective?”**

1) BiJa90 wrote, “We judge others on their actions, but ourselves on our intentions.”

Moal09 commented:

“I remember reading that the right question to ask is not ‘Am I a good person?’

“It’s, ‘What good do I do in the world?’

“When I started thinking about it that way, I realized I wasn’t actually a very good person.”

2) Im\_gonna\_fart wrote, “It took mankind four times longer to switch from copper swords to steel swords than to switch from steel swords to nuclear bombs.”

**18) “Women Who have had Good Relationships with Their Father Their Whole Life, What Mistake Do You Think Dads Usually Make and What/Why Do You Think Your Dad Did Well?”**

1) Jilltro wrote:

“My dad really struggled to understand (still does tbh [to be honest]) that sometimes people get upset for reasons he doesn’t understand and have nothing to do with him and it’s okay for them to cry. There were times when I would feel overwhelmed and cry and my dad would just panic like ‘WHAT IS WRONG! NOTHING IS WRONG! STOP CRYING!’ and my mom would have to step in and be like ‘Leave her alone. It’s okay to cry. Just let it happen.’ He meant well, he just didn’t know how to deal when really all I wanted was comfort or to be left alone.

“He would always joke about my mom ‘nagging’ him and while I was a kid I thought it was funny. When I grew up I realized how demoralizing it is to have someone treat you like that and I wish I hadn’t grown up thinking it was normal for a spouse to act like he’s doing you such a favor by taking out the trash. How you treat your wife is how your kid is going to grow up thinking they should be treated/treat others.

“What did my dad do well? A lot of things. He was always happy to at least try to show interest in things we liked, even stuff like Pokémon or Yu-Gi-Oh! He genuinely loved spending time with us and was always there cheering us on at sporting events or art shows or whatever we were doing.

“I once asked my mom what the secret is to being a good parent. She said, ‘There are only two things you need to do. The first is love your kids and the second is don’t be an [\*]ssh[\*]le. If you do those two things, you’ll be fine.’”

2) mysecretoutlet wrote this:

“They make the mistake of avoiding female puberty, of not helping around the house, and not holding brothers and sisters to the same standards.

“My dad was there for me when I complained about boys looking only at my boobs, he washed my sheets without question when I bled on them during the night, and would offer sympathy when I couldn’t sleep because of cramps. He always did his share of housework, cooking and cleaning — I put this down to his parents, my grandparents, also behaving incredibly equally and setting a good example. And he would make my brother help with chores as often as me. As well as not letting my brother have girls over at an age younger than I was allowed boys, or a later curfew.

“He’s also insistent on teaching me about finances and all the boring adult paperwork stuff. He taught me to drive. He encourages me in my studies and passions. He’s incredibly supportive, and doesn’t ask for an awful lot in return.

“He’s not perfect, but he’s d[\*]mned good. And I feel sorry for the apparent majority of women/girls who are still growing up with pretty useless dads.”

Lilolillypot commented, “I will never forget when I got my first period and my dad wished me congratulations. I just think it was so beautiful. I have no sisters, and my dad has always just been so open and accepting of my womanhood. That translates to him being super interested in my pregnancy symptoms, breastfeeding issues, etc. He is a great man!”

3) rstan25 wrote this:

“I’ve noticed that a lot of times dads don’t invest in their daughter’s interests if they don’t align with their own. Taking time to try to understand what your daughter likes

— even if you think it's a phase (it probably is) — is the key to developing loving and respectful relationships.

“If boys will be boys and girls will be girls, then it's no wonder we're segregated in life like that.”

morganKxoxo commented, “This was huge for me. My dad and I have a great relationship. I'm 25 now, but when I was a teenager I was really into going to concerts, but I wasn't old enough to go with friends, so my dad always took me. He couldn't have cared less about seeing My Chemical Romance or any of my other pop punk bands, but he bought me tickets and drove me to another state to see them for my 14th birthday. He took me to probably half a dozen shows before I was old enough to go on my own, and those are some of my favorite memories with him.”

Emergentblastula commented, “Yes, this! I'm a dancer, and one of the things we do in my dance style is a solo recital at the end of our training to announce that we can potentially become professionals, a graduation of sorts. My dad sat through every single one of my practices with me while I was training. I will always remember that there was one particular sequence that I wasn't getting and I was thinking about cutting it out, but he did his own YouTube research and demonstrated to me the physics of how to do it. He has ALWAYS been a super hands-on parent, even though my interests are more stereotypically feminine.”

sflo97 commented:

“This is spot on in my experience. It didn't matter what my sister and I were interested in, my dad would learn about it and become involved. For instance, my sister did theater. My dad never did theater and didn't know anything about it, but he learned and volunteered and went to every show. It was the same when my sister and I did marching band, my dad never did band, but he learned and got involved. I



am forever grateful that I had a dad who always took an interest in my interests.

“(For the record, my mom was also like this. I don’t want to leave her out. Lol. [Laughing out loud.]”

Not\_a\_cat\_I\_promise commented:

“Not so much me, because our interests somewhat aligned, but my dad always took an interest in what my sister did. “He’d go to her dance recitals and cheer her on. He let my sister put makeup on him once and he even learned about Hannah Montana and Justin Bieber.

“He was always into science fiction and technology, and he passed that on to me, but he also became really interested in Harry Potter after I did, and took time to learn about it.”

### **19) “What is the Best Thing a Man has Said to You?”**

1) shugz92 wrote this:

“My boyfriend at the time and I were drunk, just getting home from a party. We’d been dating a few years at this point. He starts trying to fool around, and asks if I’m down, I drunkenly mumble something. He asks again and in my drunken stupor all I can do is mumble. He gets off me, lays me down and says, ‘Well, that wasn’t a clear yes so I’m going to stop’ and he starts tucking me in.

“That woke me right up! I was absolutely down, just not sober enough to communicate clearly. We’d been dating for years, if we’d had sex, I never would have thought it wasn’t consensual, but the fact that he was still asking, and wanted to ensure clarity before pushing anything, meant the world to me.”

2) Clare\_theatlady answered, “I declare you Doctor of Medicine and Surgery, cum laude.”

Saltlocksmith commented, “Now I feel like I should say something about swearing into the bar, but the first thing that came to mind was admittedly, ‘Of course we can swing by Taco Bell first.’”

## **20) “What Do People Not Take Seriously Enough that They Really Should?”**

gwailung323 wrote, “That your children watch what you do, and will copy that behavior. Even if (or, in spite of the fact) you try to teach them differently.”

Blaizefed commented:

“I got pulled aside at my son’s nursery a few years ago and told that when he was playing blocks or Lego and his tower fell down or was knocked over, he would say ‘forf[\*\*]ksay’.

“I immediately became ‘darnit dad’ and we now run a clean-language household.”

## Chapter 2: Questions 21-40

### 21) “What was the Last Thing a Deceased Loved One Said to You?”

1) fleetwoodyack wrote, “‘The sweetest, smartest, best girl,’ whilst crying because he knew it was the last time he’d see me. Grandpa dying of cancer way too young and way too soon. RIP, you were the greatest of legends. <3”

2) throwW\_awayY wrote this:

“‘I love you.’”

“My great-grandmother, a couple hours before she passed away. I was the last person she talked to and was holding her hand as she took her last breath.”

3) TrembleAndShine wrote this:

“The last conversation I had with my mother before she passed went something like this:

“To my mom with my sister in the room: Do you think that we’re good mothers?”

“Mom: Yes, you guys are wonderful mothers.

“Sister: We learned from the best.

“Mom: I had a pretty good one, too.

“A few minutes later we left her hospital room and told her we loved her, she said she loved us, too. Two hours later she was gone.”

4) Voldy-HasNoNose-Mort wrote, “Not to me, but I watched my grandfather mouth “I love you” to my grandmother just hours before he died, and it was the last thing he said. As she informed all of us the next day, they

had been married '59 years, 1 month, and 1 day.' High school sweethearts until the end and it will always be the greatest act of love I've ever seen."

5) apocalippo wrote this:

"'Thank you'. I spoon-fed my grandfather his last meal when he was dying of cancer. Died in his sleep a few hours later on Christmas Eve.

"I still miss him. He was pretty young, and the best person I have ever met. I wish I had thanked him instead, he has done so much for me, I would not have been the same person without him."

## **22) "What's the Nicest Thing Someone has Said to You?"**

1) jordanscollected wrote this:

"I used to stick up for a gay guy who was bullied at my job. When he quit, he gave me a card that said, 'If it weren't for great people like you, there wouldn't be grateful people like me'.

"I'll never forget it."

2) oromai wrote this:

"'At least we have each other.'

"My wife, my then-girlfriend, an hour after I filed bankruptcy and lost everything I had."

3) Batbuckleyourpants wrote, "I love hanging with you, even when neither of us have anything to say."

4) back2bach wrote this:

"After a funeral service, the widow of the deceased stopped by the organ console before proceeding to the cemetery.

“She said, ‘I want to thank you for your uplifting music. You turned my husband’s funeral service into a *celebration of his life* instead of a mournful occasion.’”

5) palmaud wrote, “I took my two kids out to breakfast. They were being silly and playing nicely. A random woman walked over and I assumed she was going to say they were cute (because they are). However, she was coming over to tell me that I am an excellent mother. I almost cried because I don’t always feel like an excellent mother. I really appreciated her comment because I needed it right then.”

computer\_enhance commented, “I have a similar story. I was checking out on a Sunday at my local grocery store (Kroger cart full to the top), and I had my three- and four-year-old with me. (They may have been two-year-old and three-year-old then.) I get flustered trying to check out as it is, but when the kids want to ‘help’ and then the guy behind me (super y’all dark and handsome btw [by the way]) has only two items I swear I started to perspire a bit. I looked back at him all frantic and said ‘sorry’ a few times. He was calm and cool and just smiled at me. As I was walking away, he just said, ‘You’re doing a great job.’ That made me cry when I got to my car.”

6) oathkeep3r wrote this:

“I met a guy in college who was visiting for the weekend for an event related to his fraternity. We hit it off immediately and spent the whole weekend together before he left, promised to keep in touch, etc. We wound up meeting up again a few months later for a second date (our colleges were four hours away, it wound up being another weekend trip) and things were great but ultimately we lost touch, no hard feelings.

“About a year ago, he messaged me out of the blue to tell me that he was sorry for how we fell out of touch and that regardless of romantic intent, the weekend we met was one of his favorite memories. Whether he meant it or not, the fact that it made such an impression on him even though we were strangers has stuck with me ever since.”

7) infamousjensen wrote this:

“‘You look good today, like really good.’

“First time I’ve been complimented on my appearance by someone who wasn’t family. It felt really good and convinced me that if I put a little effort in I might actually become attractive. I got a gym membership the next day. That was two weeks ago. I’ve lost about five lbs.”

**23) “AskReddit, What’s the Most Interesting Anecdote an Elderly Person has Told You that has Significantly Changed Your Views in Life?”**

1) Fallout541 wrote, “I was at a close friend’s wedding and most of his family members were fairly well off. Many of them were feeling nostalgic because family members them and everyone has grown up. Many said they regretted how many hours they worked when their kids were young in order to be a better provider. Up until recently, I was making great money and working 60+ hours a week. When I noticed what I was giving up, I did some networking and took a job as a contractor in a small consulting company. I work 40 hours a week now and leave my laptop at the office and don’t have work email on my phone. I now feel like more of a provider because I’m a lot more active in my family’s lives and it’s awesome.”

YourTypicalRediot commented:

“I communicate the same thing to my brother all the time. He’s got two young kids whom he adores, but he’s also

extremely ambitious, both for himself and for their sake. We share an office together, and whenever he gets annoyed that his wife is asking him to be home by 6:00-6:30pm, I always say the same thing:

“When you’re on your death bed, what will you regret more?”

“He packs his bag and leaves after that.”

chevymonza commented:

“Decades ago, there was an article titled ‘Wall Street Widows’ in a magazine. It talked about how families of finance hot-shots hardly ever saw their husbands/fathers, but had tons of money.

“While driving through VT [Vermont?] with the family, one of the kids remarked how poor the houses looked. The mother said, ‘Sure, but they eat dinner with their dads every night.’ The kids were floored by this.”

AuriMaia commented, “When I was little, my dad was working 80-100 hour weeks at IBM. He has a story of coming home one day when I was about three, I walked up and hugged him and asked, ‘Daddy, where do you live?’ He told me that he lived here with me, and mom. I responded, ‘No, you live at work’. He immediately requested a transfer to a new location with better pay, we moved, and he dropped down to 40-50 hour weeks. He likes to bring up how I guilt-tripped him into being a better dad.”

2) grassyblue wrote this:

“I met an elderly Hispanic lady at a bus stop in Albuquerque. We went back and forth in Spanish for a bit (I’m a white guy, so she was pleasantly surprised), and she told me about her travel plans to go to her son’s wedding

— a real cute story involving him and his high school sweetheart finding each other after a long time being broken up.

“I had recently been dumped, and said something a bit mopey like ‘I wish I could find love like that someday.’

“She smiled, shook her head and said ‘Chico, love like that isn’t just found. It’s built. How many perfect, decorated temples do you think my ancestors stumbled across in Tikal or Tenochtitlan? No. They found a good, level spot, maybe some water nearby, and said, “Here. We can build something here.” Look for a clearing in the forest, young man. Not a hidden city.’

“That one will stick with me for years.”

3) buzzbear wrote this:

“A street preacher who was homeless told me to stop being a coward and switch to the career I wanted.

“He had earlier helped me when I was lost in the bad part of the town I was living in. We talked for a while — him about his life, me about mine. He told me that he worked in finance for years before quitting because he was miserable, had forsaken his physical possessions, and decided to live on the street and spread the gospel. We had very similar educational backgrounds.

“He didn’t want anything, except a promise that I wouldn’t waste his advice. I never saw him again.

“If you believe in angels, it would be hard to find a better candidate than him for being one.

“I followed his advice and am very happy I did.”



Note by David Bruce: *“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”* — Hebrew 13: 2 (King James Version).

zerbs47 commented, “That’s amazing. One time my grandma (she’s the greatest person you’ll ever meet and extremely friendly and social) told me that you never know how someone’s day is going, what their life story is, or what they’re going through, but when in doubt, just be kind to them. A little really does go a long way, and even if you don’t compliment them or anything, simply talking to a stranger or someone in line and making small talk can really improve their day. Moral of the story: just be nice and don’t make harsh assumptions.”

4) clovercharms wrote, “My old friend (he was 99) HATED when people said, ‘If only it was like the good ol’ days.’ He would always say something along the lines of ‘the good old days? Picking cotton every day for \$2 a week wasn’t the good ol’ days! Right now are the good days!’”

5) ThatBada[\*]ssonline wrote, “‘Life is a punishment. Everyone lives in their own private hell designed to cause them horrific pain. But just as how you can find a life-giving oasis in the harsh desert or a lush island in a stormy sea, there will always be a small area of heaven surrounded by the fires and horrors of life. That small area is filled with the people you love, the things you actually want, and dreams. Find that godd[\*]mn place and never f[\*\*]king leave it. Guard it with everything you’ve got. That’s the key.’ — A wise old soldier I knew, one who fought in World War 2, Vietnam, and Korea.”

## **24) “Teachers of Reddit, What Small Change Did You Make to a Student’s Routine that Greatly Improved Their Work Performance?”**

raddlesnake wrote this:

“The first thing that came to mind is from my role as a coach in a high school.

“Occasionally we get kids who excel in practice but fail to execute during games. Most of the time (at the high school level) the issue is focus — in practice, when you’re focusing on specific movements and maneuvers, you can execute them perfectly because there aren’t the distractions that exist in a game. Sometimes, though, the issue isn’t focus — it’s confidence. That’s something that can be hard to work with.

“I’ve got a canned conversation that I have with the kids who need a little bit of confidence. I usually sit them down after a game or at the end of a practice before a game and ask them what they think their role on the team is. They usually give me some generic stuff that’s relevant to their position.

“I tell them that their role on the team is to be a monster. Everything that happens that’s relevant to their position/where they play is where the monster is supposed to live. After this, they usually smile and I’ll mention one or two things the kid excels at or has done well and let them know that I think that’s ‘monster stuff.’ I love it. It’s great. It’s positive, unique, and unspecific — telling a kid to go be a monster doesn’t mean anything in particular, but it’s a fun thing to say that a kid can take any way they want.

“Over the past eight years or so, I’ve had that talk with maybe twelve kids? Each time, there’s a demonstrated increase in confidence in the way they play. I’ve had two prior players tell me it was the single best piece of advice I gave them and how helping them play more confidently helped them be more confident — I told them both that it was bullsh[\*]t advice that meant whatever they wanted it to mean, but as long as it keeps working, I’ll keep saying it.”

## 25) “Men of Reddit, What’s the Best Compliment You’ve Ever Received From a Girl?”

1) tatseudoa wrote, “A coworker who I would walk to the bus station with said, ‘I feel safe with you.’ and as a big hairy dude with resting murder face and a deep voice, that was something absolutely new to me. It’s been six years, and I still think about that compliment.”

Spartan\_J105 commented, “Dude, that feeling is f[\*\*]king amazing. I’ve got the same resting murder face, long hair, and a beard, I wear leather jackets and I look ‘dangerous,’ as people have told me. Getting told ‘I feel safe with you’ is quite honestly the best compliment you can receive, because so many people just think you’re some scary monster who’s out to get them when in reality you’d give your life for them even though you don’t know them, or at least I would, regardless of whether I knew them or not.”

2) Jaruseleh wrote, “There was a girl who had my name entered into her phone as ‘Mmmmmmmmm.’”

Jorg\_RedAncrath asked, “How did you end up knowing that?”

Jaruseleh replied, “I just happened to see her contacts when she was looking at her phone, and asked her what ‘Mmmmmmm’ was? She said, “That’s you!”

thatblurgti commented, “I found out the other day that one of my co-workers (early 20’s college girl) has my personal number saved as ‘hot maintenance man’ in her phone.”

3) Back2Bach wrote this:

“I often bring flowers from time to time, not just for special occasions but simply to brighten the day.

“One girl I was dating said, ‘You make me feel special every day — and the flowers are beautiful, too.’”

PapaFreits commented, "Our headquarters had a little convenience store in it. I would stop by sometimes to get my wife her favorite candy bar. The lady working there would always ask, 'So, what did you screw up this time?' I told her, 'Look, do you wait until your car engine seizes before you change the oil? No, you put care and preventative maintenance into it.'"

Asbestosmilk commented, "One time I was buying flowers, and I had a cute cashier ask me what I did to upset my girlfriend. I told her I didn't do anything, I just wanted to surprise her. The cute cashier's face went from 'smug disapproval' to 'Awww. I'm going to kidnap you for myself' almost instantly. Made me feel pretty good."

4) MeddlingMike wrote, "I was in college and walking between classes and decided to get a snack from a vending machine. The girl in front of me put her order in, but the item got stuck against the glass and apparently she didn't have any more and was a tad upset. I stepped up, ordered the item directly above her item; it vended correctly and jarred her item loose in the process. She had a big beaming smile and said, 'My hero!'"

5) Hum-anoid wrote this:

"In a post-breakup argument with my ex, she said, 'I wish I could tell you you're a bad person, but you're not. You're actually a really great person, but f[\*\*]k you anyway.'

"Thank youuuu."

## **26) "Today, My Next-Door Pregnant Neighbor Knocked on My Door"**

"Around 7 pm today, I heard some knocking on my door. I opened it and it was my next-door pregnant neighbor (she was, I think, in her 7th or 8th month). She was holding a small plate in her hand. In a very shy voice, she asked me if

I can give her some of whatever I was cooking because she liked the smell. I think pregnant women sometimes have strong cravings and they cannot resist it.

“Anyway, she was shy and apologized a lot for her request since we don’t know each other. I laughed and told her it is ok :). I was cooking a traditional meal from my country and the recipe has olive oil, garlic, jalapeños and some spices. I think the smell was nice. I gave her some of my dinner then she left.

“I watched her walking home like a cute little penguin who’s happy with her successful little hunting. I felt really happy, too, for some reason.”

Flippindewd commented, “My mom said in Iranian villages it’s a custom that if a pregnant woman smells something cooking down the street and craves it, she knocks on the door and the people offer her some of the food :)”

### **27) “Thank God for the Criminals in the World. I Respect All Y’all.”**

A father in Florida accidentally locked his one-year-old daughter in his car. He called for help, and fortunately some inmates working nearby under supervision were able to help. The inmates opened the car door of the Chevy Tahoe with a coat hanger. The mother of the child, Shadow Lantry, said, “Thank God for the criminals in the world. I respect all y’all.” Pasco County Sheriff Chris Nocco said, “There’s only a very small percentage of those criminals out there who want to fight us and want to attack us, but a lot of them, like these individuals, they know they made bad mistakes, bad choices, but they want to do the right thing in life.”

### **28) “[Serious] History is Full of Well-Documented Human Atrocities, but What are the Stories About**

## **When Large Groups of People or Societies did Incredibly Nice Things?”**

1) ShoganAye wrote this:

“In 1989 a man named Ian Kiernan got a bunch of people off their [\*]sses and outside to ‘Clean Up Australia’. Thirty years on and it’s still a massive annual even ... oh and now worldwide.

“I remember that first time teenage me went out to my local beach to help and the amount of McDonald’s rubbish was shocking ... unfortunately it STILL is. But every year brings more people out to clean in their local areas. Ian died last October, rest his clean soul.”

2) Myfourcats1 wrote, “The Quakers boycotted products of slave labor. Imagine trying to avoid cotton.”

Yumucka commented, “The Quakers are also one of the only religions that existed in the British colonies (perhaps elsewhere, but I don’t know for sure) that allowed women to have a say in the organization. The idea was that every human contains a piece of god, so everyone should be treated equally.”

Ellikichi commented, “They also treated their children much more kindly than other religious denominations in America in the 1700s. Everybody else was trying to whip the devil out of their children. The Quakers believe in an Inner Light and, at least in theory, are compelled to treat their children with respect and kindness. I’m sure there are some Quaker parents who do not uphold those teachings very well by modern standards, but at least historically they were advocates of children’s rights and the like.”

blitzlist commented, “The Quakers are cheating. They’re just wholesome all of the time.”

wesailthehardships commented, “They were also super active with the Underground Railroad. And in the next century, a sizable group of Quakers helped girls and women in need get across state lines for safe abortions before Roe v Wade.”

3) ThreeDucksInAManSuit wrote this:

“After the 2011 Christchurch earthquake hit us here in New Zealand, relief came, unrequested and unconditionally, from all over the world. From our brother nation Australia (we love you ... ya c[\*]nts), the UK, the USA, the European Union, Canada, Japan.

“Every day on the news was a new story about rescue workers from Mexico touching down and getting to work or a significant donation of relief money coming in from Australia, or a statement from the pope, the queen, Barack Obama reaching out and offering comfort. It was an overwhelming gesture of international support.

“To this day that’s what I remember most about the earthquake, as a kiwi. Not the destruction or the people we lost there, but the way the world showed up on our doorstep ready to help.”

Inkyllama commented, “There was also a huge amount of local kindness. I remember that people all over Dunedin were making packed lunches for the student volunteer army. Heck, the fact that a large number of students with no studying to do organized themselves on Facebook and biked across town with shovels on their backs to dig out the streets covered in liquefaction was amazing.”

4) doublestitch wrote, “The Choctaw Native American tribe sent relief funds to Ireland during the great potato famine. A remarkable act of generosity especially considering that

was shortly after the Choctaw had been displaced off their traditional land.”

Note: doublestitch provided a source:

<<https://tinyurl.com/yvehvptc>>.

Biscuits789 wrote, “There’s a monument in my hometown dedicated to the Chahta [Choctaw] for what they done for the Irish.”

5) scrumblesjumbles wrote this:

“During the 1930s in the Soviet Union, there were a series of arrest campaigns that targeted various groups (party leaders, wealthier peasants, and certain national groups were particularly at risk). One day in the archive, I found a file of an engineer accused of industrial sabotage. That wasn’t unusual, but what was unusual was a letter written and signed by over 100 other workers at the factory, which essentially was a character reference for the accused man. The letter was incredibly emotional — it was clear he was beloved by those who worked with him. Everyone who wrote and signed it took such a huge risk, opening themselves up to similar charges, but they did it anyway, and they did it so boldly.

“He was executed anyways. Only time I’ve had to leave the archive reading room to have a cry.”

## **29) “You Meet a Younger Person Who is Better Than You at What You Do. What Do You Tell Yourself to Keep from Being Bitter?”**

dirty\_boy69 wrote, “Nothing. One day someone shows up who is better than you. That’s life.”

Osiris32 commented:

“Bingo. I’m 35. I have been a professional theater tech for more than a decade. Two years ago I was introduced to a



16-year-old at a high school theater who was their lighting designer, and she was years ahead of me.

“I was not bitter, I was impressed. So I got her hooked up with a professional internship in town, introduced her to a couple local directors and producers, and now she’s in her first year of college on a full-ride scholarship because she won a big theater competition for her lighting design.

“I fully expect her to come back after she finished and become my boss. And I will be proud as f[\*\*]k as a result. You f[\*\*]king rock it, Madison.”

dirty\_boy69 responded, “The right way to do it. If someone talented shows up, help them develop their skills. Only [\*]ssh[\*]les to the opposite thing and hit on them until they break.”

Osiris32 responded, “Yup. She’s an amazing kid who is absolutely bitten by the theater bug. She is loving college, and really enjoying getting to work with much higher levels of equipment. She came home over winter break, and couldn’t stop talking about working on their school’s performance of *The Full Monty*. Which she didn’t know about beforehand. It was hilarious.”

### **30) “What’s a Toxic Trait that YOU Have?”**

AndBeTheLight wrote this comment in a thread about relating to other people when they have problems:

“I was having a hard time with some family stuff, and was confiding in my best friend. He was (and is) going through sh[\*]t that was weighing heavily on his mind. He tried to empathize by telling me a story about what he’s going through, but it really hijacked the conversation. It’s happened a few times, and I know it’s nothing malicious. Finally I said to him, ‘Name, I love you, but I really need this to be about me right now.’”

“Total change. Instead of relating with his own story, he turned into an awesome active listener, and I got out what I needed to say. After I felt better, we could talk about his sh[\*]t. But that active listening was what I needed.”

### **31) “What Makes You Silently Respect Someone?”**

1) Organic\_Bumblebee wrote, “Being considerate of others. I worked with a cigarette smoker who would hang his coat on his chair, rather than the coat rack everyone used. Someone asked him why he didn’t hang his coat with everyone else’s, and he said he didn’t want his jacket leaving a cigarette scent on someone else’s coat. A+ guy.”

2) packpeach wrote, “When I see folks doing something to help another person without telling anyone afterwards.”

KitNKaboodles commented, “I like it when people share their good deeds! It inspires others to do good and everyone gets to share in the second-hand happiness that comes from hearing about good things happening! Plus, it brightens the world-view a bit when you hear more about others helping and doing good. There’s even an entire subReddit dedicated to this: <r/humansbeingbros>.”

### **32) “What is the Scariest/Creepiest Thing that has Happened to You When You were Home Alone?”**

1) CafeSilver wrote this:

“It was raining pretty hard one night, and I was about to go to bed. Our dog decided to start going nuts barking at the corner of the family room. We had just moved in so there wasn’t anything in there, but she just kept constantly barking at nothing. I tried to pull her away, but she wasn’t having any of it. She started showing her teeth and snarling, which she never does.

“I figured there must be an animal outside, so I turned on the deck lights (deck is off the family room) and peer outside. Nope, nothing. I wasn’t about to go outside because of the rain, and I didn’t see anything anyway. So I drag the dog to the bedroom but she just won’t shut up.

“Finally I decide to get my shoes and umbrella on and walk around the house. I found one of my neighbors curled up along the side of the deck trying to protect himself from the rain. He’s disabled and a little slow. He usually goes out for walks in the neighborhood. He got caught in the rain and couldn’t find his house. If my dog hadn’t gone nuts, he might have been out there all night and who knows what could have happened.”

2) geminiloveca wrote this:

“I was 15. My mom was out for the night, and I was home studying. I had my headphones on, so I could listen to music while I was working. I guess it was around 9-ish, my pencil rolled off the table, so I bent down to pick it up and as I did, I looked toward the front door.

“The doorknob was turning slowly, back and forth. Now, it’s an old house and the doorknob is old, but I know the way it unlocked from the outside and with the key in, the knob turns only one way. I moved to the kitchen and called 911, almost eerily calm, and told them my name, address, that I was home alone, and someone was trying to come through my front door. Dispatch stayed on the line with me and said they were routing a helicopter to fly over, and did I have a dog?

“I did, and she told me to call the dog to the back door and then open the door and bring the dog in, because they were going to use infrared on the backyard. I asked if that was safe, what if he was in the backyard? Her advice was to scream and she would notify the police on route that an

assault was in progress. (YIKES!) So I called my poor little cocker spaniel to the door and pretty much threw him over my shoulder into the house before slamming and locking the door. (Not much good it would do, that door had a single hung window in it. There was a large window next to it, and a HUGE picture window in the living room. If someone wanted in, that deadbolt wasn't stopping much.)

“Once I had the dog in, she told me she was going to hang up and call back in five minutes. In that five minutes, I was to call the place my mom was and get her to come home. I called, she was playing darts, so I told them to give the phone to her BF [boyfriend] and I told him what was going on. Apparently, he walked up to where my mom was playing, grabbed her, and walked out of the bar. When the dispatcher called back, she gave me the names, descriptions and badge numbers of the responding officers and that she had informed them they were to hold their badges to the front window before the door would be unlocked for them.

“They showed up and showed me their badges, and I opened the door. My mom was less than five minutes behind them, which considering So Cal [Southern California] traffic, means her BF [boyfriend] broke a number of traffic laws to get there. That's when the police showed us the cigarette butts and footprints by the front window AND the kitchen window, and the mud scraped off on the top of the gate that separated our front and back yards. Apparently, he had been watching me through the windows for quite awhile before deciding to break in.”

whateverislovely commented, “Terrifying. Kudos to the dispatcher and cops responding so quickly.”

### **33) “Translators of Reddit, Have You Ever had to Mistranslate Something on Purpose? What Happened?”**

dafqe84 wrote, “A couple of years ago I was facilitating a meeting between my government officials and an international agency. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss how the agency could help my country financially and which sector they needed to give money to. Because none of my countrymen spoke English, I had to translate. These morons one by one got up and talked about how they needed to get paid for attending these meeting, how their time was valuable, and because the agency had money they should at least pay them 100 euros each, a day. This went on for three f[\*\*]king days. Them b[\*]tching about their money. I did not translate any of that instead I translated how health care, education, women’s rights, and roads were needing to be built. After the three-day meeting was over, one of the delegates from the agency came up to me and said in my own language, ‘Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me.’ F[\*\*]ker spoke my language perfectly.”

### **34) “What is the Best/Funniest Compliment You have Received from a Guy?”**

1) Dragonoidnicom wrote, “I was nannying a three-year-old little boy a few years ago. We were sitting and playing in his room — he comes up to me, strokes my hair, and says, ‘Your hair is beautiful. Do you brush it yourself?’ So now, whenever someone comments on my hair, I say, ‘Thanks, I brush it myself!’”

2) Toyslinger wrote, “One time I was complaining about how my jeans were giving me a muffin top. My husband said, ‘But the top is the very best part of the muffin!’”

OnlyHSSeniorHere commented, “Definitely stealing this in the future. Reddit has created many sweet and special moments for women I date.”

3) race1927 wrote this:

“It was from a 6th grader...”

“I was teaching ESL [English as a Second Language] in Korea. I have tattoos all over my arms — in Korea, tattoos still symbolize that you’re a gang member, so I always kept them covered until my boss told me she was fine with me wearing short sleeves. I also have long blonde hair that I always wore in a bun. One day I had my hair down and straightened while wearing short sleeves and one of my students told me I have the hair of a princess and the arm of a gangster.

“By far the best compliment ever :-D”

wwaxwork commented:

“I was wearing a Wonder Woman T shirt out in public and a girl of about eight stood there looking at my shirt for a moment and goes, ‘Do you like Wonder Woman?’ ‘She’s great,’ I replied. ‘Did you know she’s a Princess AND a superhero?’ she tells me like it’s a huge exciting secret. That you could be a Princess and a superhero — not one or the other, but both.

“If Wonder Woman can be that, no reason you can’t be a Princess AND a gangster.”

4) newdaysameway wrote this:

“Guy looks at me in awe and pure love and says, ‘OMG [Oh, my God], you look just like my mom!’ He was hot, too. The minute he said it, he realized that what he just said may not be a compliment and may have implied I was old, but his friend gives me a flirty raised eyebrow thing and

says, ‘Don’t worry, his mom is hot,’ and then they left. I took it as a compliment since I was ringing out groceries at the grocery store, no make-up, hair not done, blue smock and all.

“Bonus compliment: A three-year-old girl came through my line at the grocery store. She started jumping up and down laughing and clapping and pointing at me. She said, ‘Look, mommy, look, she looks just like grandma.’ Realizing that I probably wasn’t old enough to be a grandma, her mother looked horrified and sheepishly tried to explain that her grandma was one of her favorite people, and I was nice and wearing braids like she usually did. It made me very happy.”

### **35) “Parents, What was the Moment When You Felt the Most Proud of Your Child?”**

1) billbapapa wrote this:

“There was a snowy day. I was working still in my office. I went into the living room where my son was supposed to be playing videogames and couldn’t find him. I searched the house, nowhere.

“I went out and found him playing in the snow (he was five or six).

I said, ‘Oh, buddy, please don’t go outside without telling me, and please, buddy, wait for me to finish my work and I’ll come out and shovel and then you can play.’

“Then I looked closer, and noticed, he had his little shovel in his hands and was shoveling off part of the sidewalk and he said, ‘But daddy, if I shovel now there will be less for you to do when you are finished work.’”

2) my\_future\_wife wrote this:

“My son stood up to a bully recently even though he knew the outcome.

“He got the sh[\*]t kicked out of him, but after his defiance landed the bully in juvie [a detention center — or a court — for juvenile offenders], all the kids at his school started standing up for themselves more.

“Love that kid.”

3) BoomChocolateLattes wrote this:

“I haven’t been a parent very long (only five years) but the proudest I’ve felt is when she started reading. My kindergartener went into the school year only able to read her name and a couple sight words (a, and, the), which is normal. Around the holidays, she picked up a flyer sitting on our kitchen table and started reading it out loud. My wife and I shot each other a glance like ‘Are you seeing this sh[\*]t?’ Pretty soon she read the whole thing (it was some Christmas party for kids, so nothing difficult). Then she did the cutest thing. She looked off in the distance and goes, ‘Huh. I can read,’ Then put the flyer down and galloped out of the kitchen. My wife and I laughed and hugged and had a mini celebration.

“We just ran into her teacher last week at the store and she said, ‘Your daughter is reading at a level E now, which is about a year ahead of schedule.’ We’re so f[\*\*]kin’ proud of that little monkey.”

4) Rude\_Past wrote this:

“Almost four years ago now, I got hooked up with a girl on a blind date/group night out kind of thing which went pretty well. I soon found out that she was a new mom and had a three-month-old son. All of my friends gave me a really hard time about it, said I was stupid, etc., but I decided to



see this girl again knowing full well that this little boy was part of the package.

“We talked for weeks and I finally decided to invite her and her son over to my place for a night. The next morning I decided to let her sleep in and see if I could take care of the poor little guy, I even googled how to change diapers, I kid you not. First diaper change went ok, and he even pee’d on me to show his appreciation.

“Now it’s more than three years later and he will soon be four. He calls me ‘Dad,’ and I consider him my son. One day we were getting groceries and he was riding in the cart saying ‘Hello!’ to everyone, I was so embarrassed because I am usually very shy, but I was so proud that he was friendly to everyone. Sometimes when we go to restaurants complete strangers will come up to us and compliment us on what a good kid he is.”

\_meganlomaniac\_ commented, “What a compassionate human you are. I’m a single mom currently and my daughter’s father is not a good role model for her. I can only hope one day to have a man who can show her how a dad is supposed to be.”

5) Apprehensive\_Phonee wrote this:

“I went to meet my daughter after a concert and heard a group of kids hanging around outside talking about her.

“Kid 1: I know the drummer in the band. Kid 2: Really? You know her? Kid 1: Yeah, we’re friends. We were in the same English class, once. Kid 2: Bullsh[\*]t, you liar!

“At this point, my daughter is done getting packed up backstage, so I go help her grab her gear. I tell her what I heard so we walk around the front of the building on our way out. She walks up to the girl (whose name she didn’t remember anymore) and waves and gives her big ‘Hey!

How's it going?' The girl breaks into this huge smile, and as we leave, I can see all her friends huddled around her impressed by what just went down."

djcoldcuts69 commented, "I love this. Probably took 15 seconds to smile and say, 'Hi,' but I bet that girl talked about it for days."

6) Alarming\_Principle wrote this:

"I just took my four-year-old daughter to her Preschool Open House on Wednesday. It was really fun and I look forward to her starting school, but a small part of me was really sad that she's getting older. As I talked to her teacher and she took me through a regular day, I kept eyeballing my daughter playing with the other kids. It made me feel proud that she wasn't searching around the room looking for me. She was acting like a big kid.

"When we made it back to the car, she gave me a big hug and said, 'Thank you, Mommy.' She has no idea that school is a mandatory part of life ... so she just concluded that I had made the decision for her, and she was sincerely grateful. It made me happy to have such a thoughtful, little girl.

"That night, when I was looking through her old baby pictures and watching old videos (and looking shamelessly sad), she came up to me and said, 'Don't worry...I'll always come home to you. You're a great Mommy.'

"I had to take a fake 'potty break' to let some tears go ... ah, that kid."

7) hahahahthunk wrote this:

"I went in for a conference with the kindergarten teacher and after we covered the academic stuff, teacher said, 'I have to tell you something.'

“Sh[\*]t.

“‘You know she’s the social leader.’ (Oh, sh[\*]t.) ‘You know she’s the one all the kids want to be friends with. There is a boy in the class ....’ (Oh, sh[\*]tsh[\*]tsh[\*]t, please don’t tell me she’s the mean girl. That kid is autistic ...)

“‘She decided he needed a friend. She asked to sit next to him at his table. She has made the entire class adapt their recess games so that he can play. If a game involves touching, he doesn’t like to be touched, so she figures out different rules for him so that he can play. She sticks up for him. If something bothers him, she makes sure it isn’t an issue. The entire class follows her lead. I can never comment on another child, but anyone can observe that he used to be in our classroom one hour a day and now he is here full-time.’ [Teacher is CRYING at this point.] ‘If she does nothing else, ever, she has changed one life.’

“Note: I found out later that ‘if something bothers him’ was a specific color that freaked him out. She got all the kids to get rid of that color crayons, colored pencils, and got permission from the teacher to take down everything on the walls that had that color. Kids also completely stopped wearing that color shirt because she made sure they understood that it hurt him. Meltdowns dropped dramatically and they were able to mainstream him 100%.”

### **36) “Which Celebrity is NOT as Nice as They Seem?”**

Despite the question, a few Redditors wrote about good celebrities:

1) donnerfordinner wrote, “Charles Barkley is famously super generous and an overall stellar dude to anyone working in the service industry. At my first shift (this was maybe 15 years ago) as a bellhop/valet at a hotel, he checked in to play at a celebrity golf tournament nearby.

The guys I worked with insisted I bring up his bags for him as he has a reputation for tipping well (and we pooled tips) They figured the new girl carrying bags for a dude built like a fridge would mean extra tips all around. (And a source of amusement for them, I am sure.)”

Booner999 commented, “My cousin met Charles Barkley at a golf tournament. Poor kid had just broken an arm and was in a cast. He signed his cast for him and was super friendly. My aunt and uncle said he was such an incredibly nice guy.”

Kiss[\*]sstimus wrote this:

“I’ve got a celebrity friend — and that person, who is regarded as an [\*]ssh[\*]le in public, explains it about like this:

“Every day, with rare exception, wherever you go, someone will interrupt whatever you’re doing, regardless of how private or important, and want something from you. You want to be nice, and at first, you may be. But, after a while, the really pushy people get to you. The people who chase you or stand there and tell you their life story, or get angry when you’re tired and want to be ignored. Before long, you think everyone is going to be pushy. All you really want is to eat breakfast or have a cup of coffee without it turning into a media event.

“Edit: C’mon guys ... what sort of friend would I be if I named names?”

The\_Magic commented, “That documentary about Conan’s live tour really put this in perspective for me. There’s a scene where he unloads on some staff for letting him be swarmed by fans. Long story short, he explained that he’s not allowed to say no to the fans because of his image but if he loses his voice from talking to all of them then the whole

show is done so he needs everyone else to be the bad guy for him.”

blinkysmurf commented:

“This mirrors my own experience. I went to a country where I stood out simply as a white westerner. All of a sudden, I’m ‘famous’.

“As you walk down the street, people stop you. People come out of shops as you pass. People stop in traffic and roll down the window and yell sh[\*]t at you. People stare at you. They want money. They want your ear. They want your life story.

They already ‘know’ you through their superficial, preconceived stereotypes, and act like it. Suddenly, we’re ‘best friends’.

“They don’t think, ‘Would I act like this with anyone else? Why not? If I went up to a complete stranger and asked them random sh[\*]t how would I expect them to react?’

“It’s absolutely non-stop, day and night.

“You find it interesting at first and you try and accommodate people, but it never ends and you can’t take it any more. Eventually, you start ignoring people, waving them away, reducing them to mosquitos, and they think, “What an [\*]ssh[\*]le!” Because, somehow, you owe them something.

“I would never want to be famous. Rich? Hell ya. Famous. No way.

“If you see a celeb, leave them the f[\*\*]k alone. You’ll make a far better impression on them, and they’ll start thinking of you as a person far more likely than if you interrupt their life to tell them your daughters have the

same first name and you absolutely loved them in *Dino DNA 6*.”

### **37) “What’s Your Best Friendship Story?”**

Y3L74 added, “There’s always posts about different cute moments in relationships. Here’s the chance to share a meaningful/nostalgic/funny story about your platonic best friends.”

1) 1809139 wrote, “Nine years ago my best friend and I had a falling out and stopped speaking to each other. That was in 2010. In 2015 I was diagnosed with a condition that required serious surgery, and I was alone at university. I called her and without hesitation she flew to my city to go with me to the hospital and stayed with me for a few days after. Now we live in the same city in bordering neighbourhoods and are pretty much like sisters again. Love stories are often about romantic partners, but friendship can be just as special and powerful.”

2) all\_iswells (a woman) wrote this:

“I don’t know if it’s my best but here’s one that meant a lot to me this year:

“I moved out to a small rural town for grad school a little over a year ago, and between grad school and the rural population, I hadn’t really made any local friends. My birthday was coming up, and for some reason this year I was kind of bummed about not being able to do a get-together for it. I never did parties before, but this time it bothered me. And I never even said anything about it, but two weeks before my birthday, two of my best friends who live seven hours away in another country called me and asked if I had any birthday plans. They, on their own — not even conferring with each other! — had decided to make that trip out to me for a long weekend. One of them reached out to family and was able to get a sailboat for a weekend,

so my birthday went from videogames by myself to my two best friends traveling hours to come sailing with me for a weekend. I cried so d[\*]mn hard; I love them so much. It also turned out that by pure chance that weekend in the town we went to was both the weekend of an Art Festival and the local Pride Festival! We'd had no idea, but it was perfect!"

3) Phoenix\_009 wrote this:

"Some background info: I've always had really sensitive hearing and always hated when they would have school dances in the tiny gym at our elementary school. I would always stay in the back and cry because the music hurt my ears a lot and the teachers wouldn't allow me to leave.

"So this one time in grade three we were having one of these dances and I was crying in the back like usual. My best friend, who had just transferred back to my school, was really confused as to why I was upset. When I told her that it was too loud for me, she decided that she would show me that it's not that bad to try and cheer me up. She ran over to the front of the gym where they had the speakers, smiled at me, and put her ear directly onto the speaker. She ran back over and told me, 'You're right. That is loud.' I started laughing and for the first time at one of these dances I somewhat enjoyed myself. (Still stayed in the corner, though.)"

4) bored-now (a woman) wrote this:

"My best friend is a guy I have known for 30 years. We have been with each other through EVERYTHING. I would go to the ends of the world for him, and he already has for me.

"Two years ago (almost to the day) he helped me when I was getting divorced and had to move to an entirely new state. He drove halfway across the country, rented the U-

Haul for me, and while I stood to the side and cried, he loaded most of my stuff onto the truck.

“At one point, my soon-to-be-ex was standing next to him and looked like he was going to start telling my friend why the marriage was ending and everything I’d done wrong. That’s when he looked at the ex and said:

“Listen, I don’t care what you have to say. I don’t care if she was sleeping with the entire Dallas Cowboy starting lineup, because if she was — my question to you would be what the hell did YOU do to make her do such a thing? I’m not your friend, pal. I’m hers.”

“It took us two days to get my new apartment. We unloaded the truck, he looked at me asked when the last time I had eaten a real meal was (I don’t know when that was), sent me to my bedroom to take a nap and when I woke up, he had cooked a homemade spaghetti and meatball dinner.

“The man is the best. And everything needs a friend like him.”

### **38) “What is the Simplest Yet Most Genuinely Nice Thing a Guy has Ever Done for You?”**

1) Pineapple-Sundae wrote this:

“I have an ungodly heavy flow on my period (got suspected endo so it’s all a sh[\*]t show anyway). I use a menstrual cup.

“One time I dropped my overflowing cup from standing height in the middle of the floor.

“It splattered *everywhere*. I just started crying and my BF [boyfriend] walked past the bathroom and heard. He put the shower on with me underneath and cleaned it all up for me — clots and all.



“Tbf [To be fair], he held the bloody cup in the air and started calling it his chalice of doom.”

Cyclops\_is\_Right commented, “I think I love your boyfriend.”

2) GummiesAreAwesome wrote this:

“My dad used to always buy me Valentine’s Day chocolates when I was in high school since I didn’t have a boyfriend.

“My husband always leaves water on my nightstand when I forget to do it before I go to bed.”

3) KeyworkBird wrote this:

“I was younger and in a really bad place and posted on Facebook asking for someone to talk to. A guy I went to high school with, who I had a lot of mutual friends with, messaged me. We weren’t close friends, and he was always known as the super stand-offish quiet guy. He messaged me and listened to me talk about my depression and how I was feeling suicidal, he talked a bit about his depression, and in the end he said, ‘I don’t want to see your name in the news unless it’s because you achieved world domination’.

“No ulterior motive or anything. He just sat and listened and wanted to help and didn’t want me to kill myself. And that’s more than some of even my closest friends were able to do for me at that time. I’ll never forget that last thing he said. It was just so unexpected because he was always the non-feelingsy guy. It really meant a lot.”

4) Chocolate-Chai wrote this:

“The teenage boys at school who used to banter and bicker with us girls and roast us mercilessly, saw my period had leaked heavily on a chair when we all got up to leave class. I don’t even know what happened, I’d never had such a

monumental leak before and never have since then. And of course in high school, this is horrifying x 10000.

“One boy slowly blurted out, ‘Aren’t you meant to do that in the loo’ in the moment, clearly caught off guard and almost trying to make a joke, but with the most sympathetic tone that I’ve ever heard from him. Apart from that startled, panicky comment, they all said nothing and walked away quietly and never ever mentioned it, and I’m forever grateful.

“Maybe they did talk to each other about it immediately after, maybe even to some of the other friends who weren’t there, but I can live with that. If they had told anyone else out of their circle, it would have spread around the school instantly and I would have been teased or even bullied by other people immediately. I think they may have told the teacher, though (see below).

“It’s the huge unexpected maturity and kindness they displayed in front of me to spare my embarrassment and devastation, when normally everything was up for grabs for a cheap laugh at each other’s expense and that’s the only relationship we had with each other — we never showed kindness, affection, or even friendliness to each other. Not that infrequently we would even be genuinely mean and hurtful to each other.

“I still have really lovely connections or friendships of varying degrees with most of them now, so I guess that brutal relationship was always rooted in some affection underneath.

“Also a HUGE amount of karma to my middle-aged male teacher, who I saw from the corner of my eye go to clean it up with a wad of paper towels as I ran out in embarrassment. I am so sorry, Mr. T.

“At least it happened in biology rather than another lesson....”

### **39) “What is the Nicest Thing You’ve Ever Done for a Complete Stranger and Vice Versa?”**

1) JimmyTheEars wrote, “I was a bartender in a pretty popular university pub for about two years. I witnessed a guy pop something into a group of girls’ drinks during an annual event night. However it wasn’t just some ‘guy’ — it was a part owner. He always seemed like a pretty good dude but obviously I was wrong. I knew most of security were his friends so instead I called the police after notifying the girls. I lost my job and was basically blacklisted from working the bar scene. Still worth it.”

inejjjj commented, “As a girl, I respect you so much. Good job!”

2) JargonPhat wrote this:

“Years ago, I was dining at a restaurant when I overheard an older woman lamenting to her server that her son had recently died while fighting in Iraq. She wasn’t overcome with emotion, but it clearly weighed heavily on her. I’d been in a heavy depressive state at the time, but her story shook me out of my selfishness for a moment.

“I left before she did, but asked to speak to the manager. I told them that I wanted to pay for her meal (with tip) when she was all done, and that I’d leave my card details with the manager (I had a good rapport with the manager, having come to this restaurant frequently) so they could bill me. I left my phone number as well, in case there was any issue.

“I’d hoped for this to be anonymous, as I didn’t want any unnecessary attention (y’know, depression). Instead, the manager shared my name and number with the woman, who left me a heartwarming voicemail after her meal. I

kept that voicemail for years, and any time I'd start feeling down again, I'd listen to it to remind myself that I was once capable of doing good."

3) NaomiFenton wrote this:

"A few weeks ago, a stranger rang me on Messenger because she didn't want to be completely alone before she committed suicide. She picked me because she'd seen some of the stuff I'd put on social media and I seemed a nice enough person, and she didn't want to speak to her own family. She was 14.

"I discovered you could actually talk to the police via an online chatroom, so I could communicate with them while still speaking to her on mobile. It was very difficult trying to save her, without knowing who she was, where she was. But we got there, police arrived on the scene in time.

"We talk occasionally now, just checking in, she's recovering, getting help. I'm sending her a care package full of things she requires for her hobby but can't easily get because she lives kinda in the middle of nowhere

"At the time it was hard to realize I'd done the right thing, she'd sounded so betrayed on the phone when she realized I'd called the police for her, but she's since turned it around, she's okay, and that's the main thing."

4) RtotheStotheD wrote, "I was struggling keeping up in college, trying to learn Arabic, so my teacher, a very sweet 70-year-old lady, gave me two hours of private tutoring per week for free for a year and a half. She retired after that, but I'm still very grateful. Best teacher ever."

5) MyStacheHasASTache, "I had a patient who was an older gentleman who fell and hurt his arm. Patient was crying at the scene because we had to cut the sleeve off of his shirt to get to his arm, and patient stated that he couldn't afford to

replace the shirt. Came back to work two days later and my crew and I went to Wal-Mart, bought him some new shirts, and went back to his house to deliver them. He was so surprised and so happy. And his X-rays were negative on his arm, which was even better.”

6) Back2Bach wrote this:

“While walking downtown during a rainstorm, I saw an elderly lady walking along without an umbrella, trying to carry a bag of groceries she’d purchased at a small ‘mom and pop’ grocery store.

“I walked up alongside her, sheltering her from the rain with my umbrella. She gave me a warm smile as I said, ‘How about you carry my umbrella and I’ll carry your heavy bag of groceries?’

“We arrived at her home and I set the bag near her front door, under the overhang to keep it dry, and began to leave.

“She called to me, saying ‘Please join me for tea and cookies,’ which I did. There we were — two ‘strangers’ who were strangers no more.”

7) smokiefish wrote, “A couple weeks ago, I stopped at a small corner store in a poor part of town for a snack. The lady in front of me didn’t have enough cash for her groceries and she went to go put some back. I stopped her and paid for the groceries for her family. She thanked me, and I found out she’d walked two miles there, so I gave her a ride home.”

8) refertothecalendar wrote this:

“In high school I worked at a grocery store next door to a subway. It’s where I would eat during my lunch everyday because I knew the people who worked there and they were really nice (occasionally I would get a free cookie or chips

for no reason) and the places were partnered so we got a discount.

“We also got punch cards that said every 6th or 7th sandwich was free. I had a free sandwich that day I was looking forward to; however, I overheard a coworker I didn’t know yet (we were both 17) talking to another coworker (the ‘store mom’ whom everyone loved and knew) about how hungry she was. Apparently her family was really poor and she hadn’t been paid yet so she wasn’t gonna get to eat today. I waited till the girl went to go do something in the back and gave my free meal card to the ‘store mom’ and told her to say a customer left this or something and give it to the girl so she wouldn’t be embarrassed.

“She did and the girl cried and then got a FAT sandwich. It apparently made her whole week. I never tell this story because it makes me sound like I’m stroking my own ego.”

9) Oxen\_Norf wrote, “I saw a homeless lady who had no shoes in winter, so I gave mine to her. It was the best barefoot walk ever.”

Grundlebang commented, “Footwear is so underrated. I remember helping a guy out because he was begging for money outside a liquor store and all he asked for was clean socks and a shirt. Nobody ever seems to donate socks. So I took him to a Target and told him to load up the basket. He was so incredibly grateful and I hope he managed to nail that job he was looking for. And if he just did it to resell the clothes, I couldn’t care less. I’ll always help someone who just needs the necessities.”

SuicideBonger commented, “Similarly, on my old college campus, I was walking home from work and this homeless black guy was offering sort-of-freestyle poems to people on campus in exchange for money or food. He spoke in this

Shakespearean voice, like a classically trained actor, and it just completely caught me off guard because this dude was *huge*. Like, at least 6'4 and 270 pounds. It was a pretty rough winter, so I asked what else he needed. He needed blankets and other warm clothing for him and his girlfriend. So I took him to the local thrift store and bought \$100 worth of blankets, clothes, pretty much anything he needed. He was absolutely blown away that somebody would do something like that for him, and he started choking up. It was an incredibly tender moment. I saw him every so often on campus, and always stopped to say 'Hi,' and he'd always thank me profusely for what I did. I've never told anyone this story before, but I still think of it fondly."

10) beefcase2 wrote, "I saw an old man riding his bike while trying to hold a large bucket and felt obligated to ask if he needed a ride. He said yes. We loaded his stuff up and off we went. He said he was heading to Dollar General. I said, 'No problem, anywhere else you need to go?' He was going to ride his bike 15 miles to the Human Resources office to get his food stamps. I said, 'I got you, man.' Asked him his favorite music. I put on 'Sitting on the Dock of the Bay'. He just sat there eating his chips from Dollar General and bobbing his head to the music. On the way back, we got some McDonald's. He said it was the best day of his life. It was the best day of mine."

11) whateverspicegirl wrote this:

"I was in Union Square (San Francisco) waiting in the trolley line when I notice this young homeless girl begging. People were ignoring her and stepping over her like she was nothing. So I get out of line and get closer to her and see absolute desperation in her eyes. I say, 'Hi, you look hungry. Are you?' She looks embarrassed for a second, but says she hasn't eaten in a couple days. (Now before you guys say she was scamming me, she was extremely thin,

dirty, but completely lucid, so I honestly don't think she was an addict. I think she maybe was a runaway.)

“There was a fast food restaurant (can't remember which one) right there, so I tell her if she comes with me I'll buy her food. The look on her face I'll never forget, nor what she said: ‘You would do that for me?’ After I bought her food, she thanked me and I told her I hoped she was able to get back on her feet soon.

“This was many years ago, and I think of her every now and then and wonder how her life turned out and hope she's doing OK.”

#### **40) “What Moment Made You Look at Your SO [Significant Other] and Think, ‘Wow, They Must Really Love Me?’”**

1) chiefs\_35 wrote this:

“I broke both of my legs in November and was hospitalized for a week. He worked from the chair next to the hospital bed all week and brought my favorite breakfast each day because the hospital food was gross. And once I was allowed to shower at the hospital, instead of having to use the gross stuff there, he brought my favorite shower products and towels and then helped me shower.

“Once I finally was discharged, but couldn't get around easily, he would prepare all my meals and leave them out so I could easily get to them while he was at work. He bathed me and helped me get dressed each day. And then when I finally was able to go back to work, but not cleared to drive, he took me to work each day, helped me get to my desk, picked me up, and sat and waited while I was at physical therapy.

“The kicker of all of that? After a week of intense pain killers and I was finally allowed to use a real toilet (as



opposed to the bedside commode or a bed pan), he came in with me and wiped for me because I couldn't do it myself. Occasionally he likes to remind me that he loves me so much that he wiped my butt. And then he reminds me that he'd do it all again if I needed. I've really won the husband jackpot."

Picassyo commented, "I'm wasn't feeling bad at all, but somehow this made me feel better :)"

Chiefs\_35 added this:

"It was truly a fluke accident. I wasn't paying attention while walking down the stairs. I missed the last step, stumbled, my momentum took me one way and my ankles went the other. He's definitely not to blame as he was several steps in front of me.

"I broke my left leg in many places requiring two plates and 26 screws to put it back together (google 'pilon fractures,' or think 'joe theisman/alex smith' injuries). The right wasn't as bad, but broke my talus (the small bone between the heel and shin bone) and ruptured a major ankle ligament.

"I was in a boot on the right leg for two months and the left leg for three-and-a-half months, non-weight bearing for two months of that. I just started walking in real shoes, only to find out that my surgically repaired leg is so swollen that it is a whole size bigger. Unfortunately it might be that way for over a year. But I'm walking!"

2) Usermomof3 wrote this:

"Oh, man ... I have so many.

"But I think it's when he stepped in for my kids when their father didn't give a sh[\*]t.

“He defended them at school, spent hours with my daughter, who would barely talk to him before that, in order to help us overcome a family crisis involving her. He knew that if I had been alone, she and I wouldn’t have talked, we’d have argued the whole night, and it could have caused a terrible rift in the relationship that would have taken months to resolve. Him being there helped their bond, helped me communicate better, and pretty much sealed the deal ...

“I always knew he wanted to spend his life with me, but that day, he put himself in a situation where he could’ve been portrayed as ‘evil mom’s boyfriend, who the fl[\*\*]k are you?’ And he didn’t care, because he was protecting us.”

3) polomama wrote, “He had to go in for back surgery. When he finally started waking up, the nurse ushered me into the recovery area, where he was resting and hooked up to a heart monitor. As soon as he saw me, I heard and saw his heart rate jump. Sweetest thing he never said.”

The-Boss-Is-Here commented, “I absolutely love this! His love visibly being evident by science!”

4) Eyewonderwhy123 wrote, “I recently had emergency surgery; after it was all over and I was awake, he said, ‘Don’t scare me like that again’ with a tear in his eye.”

### Chapter 3: Questions 41-60

#### 41) “What’s the Scariest Supernatural Experience You’ve Ever Had?”

xzsadawe wrote this:

“When I was a little girl, like six to eight years old or thereabouts, I went with my mom to visit an aunt of hers. I was bored, as little girls visiting old ladies are, and I had wandered up to the second story of the house to play by myself.

“There was this big balcony up there with these sliding glass doors, and these really floaty, flimsy curtains over them. I decided that great fun was to be had by twirling around under these curtains, then walking away to let them be dragged off my face. Little kids, as you do.

“Now the problem is that these curtains were RIGHT above the stairs. There was no railing or anything, it was just a straight drop eight feet down to the first floor, onto the hard-as-f[\*\*]k stairs. Little me didn’t think about this during my game.

So after a couple goes at it, I start my twirling again, curtains over my eyes so I can’t see anything, and start walking. And then I felt a hand grab at the back of my shirt, pulling me back hard enough to stop walking, and felt another hand, very distinctly a hand, grab at the curtain over my face and pull it back, to show that I was standing right at the edge of the drop-off.

“Thing being, when I turned around, thinking it was my mom or aunt, there was absolutely no one there, not in the room, not near me, nothing.

“So I screamed like a banshee and ran downstairs wailing.

That was when my mom's aunt decided to tell me and mom that like 80 years ago in the house, a woman had died on the second floor a few days before her wedding, from whatever young women died of in the early 1900's, and she'd never hurt anyone, but sometimes they'd see her standing by the window looking out, or just randomly roaming around on the second floor.

"I mean it was actually nice of her to stop me from breaking my face open on the stairs, but it was still pretty overwhelming for me as a little kid who had no clue."

**42) "People who Work in High-Class Restaurants and Hotels, What is the Most Ridiculous, Stereotypical 'Rich Person' Thing You've Ever Experienced Someone has Done?"**

WagtheKat wrote this as a good counterpart to a bad story:

"My family used to dine regularly at what, I guess, is an upscale French restaurant. Marvelous food. We became regulars because the staff were all so friendly. This included everyone from the owner, the greeting staff, table assistants, bartender, and every single one of the cooks from the newest line cook to the head chefs.

"Anyway, one of the first four or five visits in, we asked if they made Bananas Foster. They did not. No problem, we said and ordered off the menu as listed. A few minutes later, the Big Chef took a moment to come speak with us: 'We don't have enough people asking for that, so we don't keep on hand the liqueur. However, if you'd like to bring your own bottle in next time, we'll store it for you. Just give us a call and let us know so we can have someone go buy the bananas before you come in.'

"I was floored. And we did so. We usually ordered the Bananas Foster as dessert and it was amazing. They had to

cook it in the kitchen, not having the right tableside setup. But it was an incredible experience.

“Another time, six months or so later, we were eating at the same place. My son, age nine or so, lost two parts of his Gundam [a toy from anime]. I can’t recall which model, but it was his favorite then. We searched everywhere we could and didn’t locate either part. So, we asked the wait staff to keep an eye out and gave them our phone number.

“The next afternoon, I got a call. The night staff, when they closed, had moved all the tables and chairs, including some pretty hefty seating for parties of six to eight that were nearby. They actually located one part.

“Then, when the morning crew came in and had better lighting, they did the same. And located the second missing part.

“I thanked them after I made reservations for that same night. Both to express my gratitude and to retrieve the toy parts. No Gundams or toys were allowed again, except for one Gameboy.

“My son also was going through a weird phase where he didn’t care for steak and was an all-around picky eater. I asked for a burger for him, but they didn’t carry ground beef. I asked for alternatives and the chef came out again. The solution was that he chopped and ground a freaking filet mignon into ground mignon and turned that into a burger. Which my son claimed was the best he ever had.

“This was 20 years ago and the memories are still so profoundly good. I still give my son sh[\*]t about a couple of these things, in good humor. And he sees the humor, too.”

WagtheKat added:

“They were a French restaurant in Tampa, FL. Opened and run by a French chef from Paris. He seemed to have some amazingly good credentials, with reviews from a lot of very good sources.

“Unfortunately, he closed down a few years back. His parents in France were elderly and needed him to assist them with daily life. I don’t know if he couldn’t find a buyer or exactly what happened, but he called us and informed us he would be closing down thirty days later.

“We went there to eat at least 10 times in those thirty days. From a place of thankfulness and knowing that we would miss the people and the food.”

Cryoclone commented:

“Man, finding out a restaurant with amazing food run by amazing people that you frequent is closing down is soul crushing. There is a taco place in my town and when they closed we almost felt lost. We went there once a week and the ladies all knew our order and were the nicest people in the world.

“Sometimes, it seems like there is so little good in the world. So, when you lose a piece of something comforting like good food and amazing service, the world gets a little darker, a little colder.”

### **43) “Historians of Reddit, What is the Funniest/Most Ridiculous Story from History that You Know Of?”**

GeeJo wrote this:

“War in the 6th century was usually a fairly brutal affair. When a city was captured, its people were often enslaved or killed. So when, during the Byzantine-Sassanian wars, Khosrau I of Persia successfully besieged Antioch, its inhabitants were understandably somewhat nervous.

“However, rather than enslaving them or killing them, Khosrau brought the city’s population in its entirety back to Persia and rebuilt them an almost exact replica of Antioch, down to the layout of the city and rooms in the houses. The people were freed and made into full Persian citizens.

“The city was named ‘Weh Antiok Khosrau’ — ‘Khosrau’s better Antioch,’ and he took great pride in ensuring that it saw greater prosperity than the Byzantine version.”

#### **44) “What’s been the Creepiest Experience of Your Life? How Did You Get Out of It?”**

1) xstucks wrote this:

“Got an Uber pool one Saturday evening and we picked up a guy who was a similar age with me and he got in the seat behind me. We were all talking, and 10 minutes in I feel the guy from the back seat touch/pinch my side. I thought it was an accident but then he started caressing my side/hip from the backseat for several minutes.

“I was confused / shocked so I didn’t know what to say. Luckily my Uber driver noticed how uncomfortable I looked and noticed what was happening. He kicked the guy out and told me he would report him to Uber. Not really me getting out of it but my Uber driver doing it for me.”

2) The\_Seventh\_Beatle, a male, wrote this:

“Didn’t really happen to me per se, but early this morning there was a girl who was being creeped on *hard* in the subway station. I came down the escalator, and I could immediately see how uncomfortable she was. I could smell the guy from like 10 feet away. Not a good sign. She was giving him polite, terse answers to his slurred questions. It’s one of those situations where ‘leave me alone, please’ probably wasn’t a good idea.

“I often like to make an ‘out’ for people like this in really uncomfortable situations. Growing up my dad used to do it all the time. So I start chatting up the guy, talking about how the Giants suck and the work on the L train. He then got super p[\*]ssed because while he was talking to me, the train came and the girl practically ran to the last car.

“Then he told me to go f[\*\*]k myself for ‘ruining his spot.’”

#### **45) “Anyone Else Feel Like They Aren’t Living Up to Their True Potential? How Does One Fix This?”**

Is giving good advice an act of kindness? If so, these sometimes strongly worded pieces of advice are acts of kindness:

1) bug\_on\_the\_wall wrote this:

“F[\*\*]k inspiration. Inspiration is a fickle piece of sh[\*]t that makes indecisive toddlers look competent. What are you hoping to get out of it, a dopamine rush that’ll finally spur you into action and magically make you feel like getting started? I’m sorry, but if you’re relying on emotions to reach a goal, you might as well start buying ‘healing crystals’ and reading your daily horoscope, too.

“You just have to get started. I promise, however sh[\*]tty you feel right now doesn’t matter once you start typing, or painting, or programming, or doing whatever it is you need to do to reach your goal. **The act of doing is what will inspire you**, not sitting around and waiting to finally feel good.

“And if what you’re afraid of is making something bad, well, who cares if what you make is bad? Congrats, you know that doesn’t work. Try again. There is literally nothing stopping you from trying over and over until you get it right. Goals are marathons, not 100-meter dashes.



“Think about it: what sells more, a novelist with a published shitty book that is the worst thing written but can actually be purchased, or a novelist who has imagined the perfect world but has never written down a damn word of it? Kind of hard to buy someone’s daydreams in this economy. You want to be a famous writer, or poet, or game designer, or travel blogger? Well, you’re going to have to actually DO THAT or it’s never going to happen. And if you wait until you feel good before you get started, you’re gonna be wasting time that you could be spending on improving your skills and working toward your goal instead.

“Fuck inspiration. It’s fickle and stupid and can fade the moment you get a little bit tired, or hungry, or if you glance out the window on an overcast day. Stop believing in your fluctuating emotions to get the job done, and start believing in yourself.”

2) theoptionexplicit wrote this:

“List the five things you want to change, especially the ones you don’t want to admit to yourself.

“Pick one. Change it a little [for the better]. Then change it a little more. See how much you can change it until it’s completely different.”

Deathbynote commented:

“This is what I’ve been doing the last few months: identifying the big issues and taking small manageable steps to fix them.

“I can already feel my bad habits being dropped and being replaced with better ones that might lead somewhere. Before that I wasn’t even giving myself a chance. I feel better for that alone even if the process itself isn’t enjoyable.

“I basically lived in my comfort zone for way too long not believing I could change anything or be worth anything. I was wrong. Many changes, no matter how small, will eventually lead to something significant. I already feel a different person even though I haven’t achieved my ultimate goals yet. I may never get there, but at least I’m trying, and at the very least I’ll be in a better position than I was before.”

#### **46) “What’s the Weird Way You Met One of Your Now Best Friends?”**

1) MinerOfStarDust wrote this:

“One of my best friends and I met at our first fight.

“He thought I was someone else and punched me. Me not knowing what was going on, punched back.

“We fought for about three minutes before someone stopped us and asked what was going on.

“I answered, ‘I don’t know. He hit me so I fought back.’

“He said, ‘I thought you were someone else but then you hit me back and I saw you weren’t him and panicked, so I just kept going.’

“It made me laugh so hard I was in tears.

“We went and got some food, his treat, and that was 12 years ago.

“Edit: I corrected ‘pinched’ to ‘punched,’ my bad.”

Hacrimonious commented, “I wish I read the original pinching version first.”

2) FrugalMidwestern wrote, “I went to her birthday party in kindergarten. Realized she had the same Rainbow Brite

sheets as me and we instantly bonded over that. Thirty years later and we are still best friends!”

3) GarunixReborn wrote, “We were at year 7 camp, and he randomly asked me if I wanted to talk about quicksand on the bus back.”

Citrus\_slinger commented, “It’s so true that we all believed that quicksand was going to be a bigger problem in our lives than it actually has been.”

4) PixelLaurs wrote, “My therapist told me it would be a good idea to make a friend. I disagreed because I thought I was doing just fine by myself, but then again I was in therapy for an attachment disorder so I wasn’t really the expert on that. She eventually convinced me to give it a try, which I did mostly just to get her to stop bothering me about it. I had seen a girl walking around my college campus a few times wearing elf ears, so I thought, if I have to have a friend, that’s the one I want. I approached her one day at lunch and started a conversation about the ears. As it turns out, she told me one of the reasons she wore them was as a conversation starter to help her make friends. I told her it worked and asked her flat out if she wanted to be friends because social interaction is hard and I didn’t know how else to go about it. Well, it turns out my therapist was right. The elf-ear girl was my maid of honor when I got married last August, but I had to ask her not to wear them during the ceremony. :)”

SirRogers commented, “Hopefully she has high self-esteem.”

HuckleCat100K commented, “This is a great story and that’s great that you just came out and asked her. It reminds me of my daughter’s lament when she was in high school that in kindergarten, you could just go up to anyone on the

playground and say, ‘Hey, wanna be friends?’ and the answer was almost guaranteed to be, ‘Yeah!’”

mondaiji8888 commented:

“Kinda unrelated, but one of my classmates told me I look like an elf because my hairstyle shows my ears. Since then I’ve been entertaining the idea of buying decorative elf ears and wearing them around school. This post made me like that idea even more because maybe someone will ask me about it and we could be friends! But more likely, a teacher would just ruin the fun by asking me to take them off and I’d oblige without question because I’m scared of confrontation.

“Also, if I ever get married I’m going to incorporate elf ears into my outfit. Hell, yeah.”

#### **47) “Children of ‘I Want to Talk to Your Manager’ Parents, What has been Your Most Embarrassing Experience?”**

1) FuzzyElf27 wrote, “The number of cashiers my father demanded the manager fire because they were too slow, rang us up wrong, etc., including one they actually did. I’ll never forget that girl taking her Home Depot apron off and walking away sobbing. To his credit (I guess?) my dad seemed surprised that it actually worked, must have felt at least some level of guilt, and never did it again.”

JillyBeef commented:

“I bet the reason he never did it again is because he suddenly empathized with the cashier.

“Up until that moment he saw himself as the little guy being pushed around by forces outside his control, so he’s pushing back as a kind of valiant hopeless defense. But when he saw the cashier take off her apron and cry, he

realized that she's being pushed around by forces outside her control, too — and that *he's the one doing the pushing*.

“It was probably a profound, life-changing realization for him.”

2) Economy\_Cactus wrote, “My mom was the kind of mom that would look at our receipt, realize they didn't charge us for the buns and go back to customer service to have them ring it up.”

kalekayn commented, “Apparently my mom did the same with me as when I took her out to eat a few years ago, when she came to visit, I forgot to sign the credit card slip. I remembered while driving back to my apartment and turned around to go back to sign the slip.”

JuryGhost commented, “My mom does the same, I've had many chances to steal and have accidentally stolen a bracelet before. Ran to the store and asked to pay for it despite not wanting it since I did walk out with it. Ended up giving it to my mom.”

3) sk8erguysk8er wrote this:

“My mom has been this person regularly throughout my life but I do have one positive story with it.

“She and I went to eat at Portillo's when I was a teenager, and we sat in the back of the restaurant where it was more private so we could eat in peace. About 10 minutes into our meal, two people come into the empty area and sit down two tables away from us. Turns out it was a manager and an employee who was getting written up. The manager was being a complete [\*]sshat towards the employee criticizing and belittling them. My mom put down her food and walked over and started yelling at the manager for being such an [\*]ssh[\*]le. She went on a rant about how rude and wrong it was of him to do this in front of the public two

tables away from customers and really let him have it. She demanded the phone number of the manager above him and we left after she received it. I was pretty embarrassed at the time, but as I got older I realized that she was standing up for that employee and how wrong that manager really was. I'm not a hundred percent sure what she did with that phone number because I lived with my dad and I had to go home after that meal.”

4) Lurkist wrote, “I don't like going to restaurants with her; she thinks that because she worked as a waitress for a year 20 years ago, it gives her the right to act like a complete [\*]ssh[\*]le to them. She also thinks not tipping them will encourage them to ‘get their act together’. Joke's on you, Mom: I always find our server after [we are] seated, give them a \$20 and apologize in advance for your poor behavior.”

Sh[\*]ttyACL wrote this:

“Are you me, because this is my mom to a T. Kills me every time. Once I went into a restaurant with my mom, dad, and sister. We were the only ones in the place, and she gave our waiter a hard time because of the way she wanted her Cadillac margarita. My dad and I were stupid embarrassed, but then came the funny.

“About five minutes later, another family comes in, and orders, and then another family, and then another. They all get their food before us. My dad and I just looked at each other and died laughing. My mom could not understand what was so funny nor did she notice we hadn't received our food while everyone around us was already eating.”

PM\_Skunk commented:

“My stepfather (who raised me) and I have very different opinions on tipping. He starts at 15%, knocks it down a percent every time he feels like he waited too long for

something. So it typically ends up at 12-13%. I start at 20%, and bump it UP a percent if I'm being particularly demanding (I drink a LOT of water).

“Every time we go out to dinner together and he pays, I surreptitiously watch the amount he tips and cover the difference to what I would have tipped. It is literally the only reason and only time I ever carry cash.”

5) bydoreitos wrote this:

“This is a weird story that had a huge impact on me, and about a parent talking to the manager ... but is a little different.

“Growing up, my dad was sheriff of a small town. I must have been around eight or nine. He was brought in after the previous sheriff was booted out for political reasons/stealing city funds. That was a really unpopular movie, since he [the previous sheriff] was super popular and spread his money all over town and let people get away with murder.

“That sheriff was out and my dad was brought in. Everybody hated him, in part because they loved the old sheriff and also because my dad was an ‘outsider’ even though he came from about two towns over ... he wasn’t of their world, so he could never be fit to see over the village. (It didn’t help that my dad was a raging [\*]ssh[\*]le with a stick up his b[\*]tt for the rules.)

“One day, my dad was dressed in his full uniform and took me alone to the local corner diner. Like, one of those places straight out of Roadhouse [the movie *Roadhouse 66?*]. We sat down and ate the full dinner, and my dad lectured me something about ‘respect’ and ‘the rules are all we have.’

“Then the waitress came in and dropped the check. My dad looked at it, and it said the meal was free. My dad then

excused himself and went up to the waitress. I kept to myself, and doodled on the napkin and the next time I looked up, my dad was full on SCREAMING at the woman. He was straight-up shaking.

“She tried to explain that free meals is how all cops are treated in this town, and my dad was FURIOUS that he would get special treatment, that police are put above the normal laws — the police have rules they must follow, and not accepting kickbacks is one of those rules. And my dad was especially FURIOUS that it happened in front of his kid, whom he’s trying to teach right.

“Everyone in the diner was quiet and just staring at him.

“It was a weird situation because it was a moment where my dad showed a lot of integrity, but also a story of a 6’7” man with a gun on his belt screaming at a tiny little waitress. It stuck in my head as a clear picture of the contradictions that our parents are. Like, a lot of the good comes from them but at the same time a lot of the bad.”

elebrin commented, “The correct thing for your Dad to do would be to look at the kids, show them what the waitress did and explain why it’s [the restaurant policy is] wrong, then leave cash on the table for the whole amount of the meal and tip then leave.”

elebrin added, “If he REALLY, TRULY believed that such policies are wrongheaded, then the thing to do is talk to the owner about it, thank them for the kindness, but ask them to consider changing their mind because of the implications.”

**48) “Who is One Stranger Whom You Still Remember?”**

1) bolivar-shagnasty wrote this:



“Wife and I took our honeymoon to Disney World 13 years ago. We were young, dumb, and broke.

“Rather than have an expensive wedding, our parents helped pay for the honeymoon.

“Leaving EPCOT one night, we got to ride at the front of the monorail. In the car with us were some man and his young daughter.

“My wife and I were wearing our chintzy Mickey and Minnie honeymoon ears. The man asked us how long we had been married. We told him only a few days. He said congratulations, reached into his jacket and pulled out his wallet, and gave us a \$100 bill.

“I tried to refuse, but he said it was ok. ‘I own a couple of banks.’

“It likely didn’t make much of a difference to him, but to us it meant that we got to eat at an amazing restaurant for dinner on our last night there.”

D1C3Y commented, “Man, I want to be that rich.”

BangleWaffle commented,

“You just need to go to other countries.

“I try and keep in mind the fact that I am extremely wealthy compared to nearly everyone I see in places like Central America, most of Asia, etc.

“Giving a beggar/child selling some trinket/street performer 100 quetzal in rural Guatemala for example is literally an inconsequential amount of money to me (less than \$20 CAD [Canadian dollars]). I will not miss that money or even know it’s gone a day later. However, to them it is literally more money than they may earn in a week or more — it’s a (slightly) life-changing amount of money.”

2) CaptainWisconsin wrote, “I was walking home from work and passed a very old woman sitting in a very old car with the door ajar. I made eye contact with her and something felt off, so I asked her if everything was all right. ‘My car won’t start,’ she said wearily. She explained the she’d been sitting there for an hour, she didn’t have a phone, and she didn’t know what to do. ‘I’ve been praying for someone to help.’ She was visibly upset and frightened. I asked her to turn the key so I could hear what the issue might be. The car started right up. The woman began weeping uncontrollably, saying I was an angel sent from heaven. I assured I was just a guy trying to help, but she hugged me and thanked me over and over. After she reassured me that she’d be all right getting home, she drove off. Even though I didn’t really do anything, it felt good.”

Woecat commented, “Thank you for noticing her and helping her! Old ladies really melt my heart, they remind me so much of my grandmother.”

neutral9 commented, “The origin story of Captain Wisconsin. Truly a beautiful beginning.”

3) Moonripple616 wrote this:

“Straight out of college, I was moving my wife and six-month-old son from Maryland to Tennessee for a job. We had rented one of those large moving trucks and a towing trailer for our car. We decided to stop for the night because it was well after midnight and the baby was crying and everyone was exhausted. I stopped at a place that had a sign indicating they had truck-friendly parking, only to discover that not only were they fully booked, but their parking lot was not truck friendly at all. It was narrow and a dead end.

“I had no experience with backing a truck and trailer out of a narrow parking lot, and after about 30 minutes of trying while my son screamed in the seat beside me, I was at a

loss what to do. That's when this little old man, in his eighties I'm guessing, approached. He told me his job when he was in the Marines involved backing up trucks all the time. He taught me a couple of simple hand signals and told me to follow his every instruction. He had me out of that parking lot in no time.

I think about him every time I try to help someone in need. His kindness is worth emulating.”

4) PM\_Me\_Happy\_Lolis wrote this:

“In 7th grade I went on a vacation with my mom to spend time with a good friend of hers, and to do random stuff in the area.

“On the plane, my mom and I apparently had separate seats, but this one girl noticed the situation and offered to switch seats with me so I could sit with my mom.

“Later on during the flight, I overheard her teaching an older woman how to use Instagram.

“She seems like a really nice person.”

Peppa\_D commented, “And she probably has no idea that she was nice enough for someone to remember her. Sweet story.”

5) AngryZen\_Ingress wrote this:

“I walked past an area with a lot of homeless people on my way to work regularly. You learned all their cons, the stories they spin, which ones will say which rote bit trying to weasel a few bucks. You get numb to it all.

“One guy comes up a block off the main drag on a bike. He looks pretty ok, clean, riding a bike, but very lean. He asks if I could spare him something to get a bite to eat. No sob story, no need to get back to wherever, just a

straightforward, ‘I’m hungry. Can you help?’ I look at him for a long minute, and then I tell him there’s a shop a block over with sandwiches and a cold drink for under \$5, and hand him a \$5 and say, ‘Please don’t make me regret, this. I don’t usually give.’

“He looks at the bill, takes it, and asks, ‘Can I detail your car or something? I don’t really want charity, just a break.’

“I told him to go eat and save his strength. The look in his eyes when a jaded and somewhat callous guy gave him something, no strings attached, near broke my heart. I saw him a bit later eating that sandwich.

“I won’t forget that guy.”

ryancleg commented, “That was probably one of the best sandwiches ever eaten. Hunger is the best spice.”

6) CatMintDragon wrote this:

“I don’t remember the reason in particular as to why I was crying in the school office that day, but I was at the lowest point in my life at the time. On and off homeless living in a woman’s refuge, I was verbally abused by teachers and ignored by students, my father was and still is a heavy alcoholic and at that time he was starting to get more possessive over me, he’d lash out and berate me. I’d curl up on the ground crying some days. No one aside from my mother would help. I was ignored by my school counselor and would often bottle things up, knowing my mum was going through worse.

“As I was leaving the office, an older student stopped me; she opened her arms and offered a hug. I’d never met her before, but in that moment I felt an overwhelming sense of relief — someone cared. She hadn’t known why I was crying, who I was or what I’d been through, but she just let

me let things out. After a few moments, a teacher separated us and forced us to go different ways.

“I wish I’d seen her again, but my attendance at school was poor and I have issues with recognising faces. Such a small act alleviated so much from me and I wish I had a way to return the favour.

“Even if it seems like not a single person cares, they do. They may not even know you, but they care.”

#### **49) “What is the Most ‘Chaotic Good’ Thing You’ve Done?”**

1) brandnamenerd wrote this:

“‘Accidentally’ dropping customer belongings so I am required to replace them at no cost.

“Normally, you break a thing, you go to the technicians, and pay a fee to replace/repair it.

“If an employee dropped a customer’s stuff, the customer can turn and say, ‘Hey! This only started because /u/brandnamenerd dropped it!’ so the rule was to just replace it with what we can. If it’s an older model and not around anymore, they get a new one.

“I did it only twice. One was a younger girl who spent her saved birthday and holiday money on an (unbeknownst to her) imitation MP3 player, so we weren’t supposed to replace it. But how do you tell an eight-year-old that she wasted all her money from years? Tough lesson. Poor me got butterfingers, I guess, since I dropped it.

“Other lady was very pregnant, busted phone, and her mother in the hospital that she had on her computer on Skype almost the whole time, as it wasn’t looking so good. Phone was out of warranty, not easy to use, she clearly had a lot going on and — Oh, no! Dumb me, dropping things

all over. Now we have to replace it, but on our dime instead. Shucks. I hope you moved your pictures to the drive or something.”

2) BisqueMentioner wrote this:

“This deed was not done by me, but for me.

“Having recently cut back a forest’s worth of English ivy from our new property, and finding that the stack of ivy was cold and green and wouldn’t light, my husband decided to add a generous portion of gasoline to the pile. The ensuing fireball caused great alarm to our neighbors, who called the fire department.

“When the engines arrived, the fire had already burnt out, fast and hot. The fire chief found two young idiots with the remains of a bonfire and told us that technically, it is illegal to have a fire outside of the home *unless you are cooking something*. He said that last part slowly, with a wink. We looked at him blankly for a moment, nodding, until the light bulb went on and I ran inside to produce a bag of marshmallows from the kitchen. The fire chief smiled and led the firefighters out of our yard, saving us from a huge fine.”

3) maybebabyg wrote this:

“My 12th grade teacher couldn’t get permission to take our class on an excursion, so he found the date of our ‘cultural diversity day’ for that year coincided with his scheduled paternity leave (and there was no chance his wife would still be pregnant at that point). He encouraged us all to skip school that day, meet in the city, and go to this museum exhibit as a group. He met us there with his family, we grabbed lunch as a class afterwards, and it was great.

“Instead of watching the football team do the Haka and being bored all day, we got to learn about Pompeii.

“It also gave me the attitude of ‘there’s no point being in school for days you’re not learning or participating’, so if my kids aren’t interested in sports days or things when they’re older, we can go to the zoo or museums or bushwalk or some other activity they’d actually benefit from.”

4) \_celli wrote this:

“I’m not entirely sure if this called chaotic good or not, but I’m sure someone will appreciate the story.

“I was working in a restaurant that required all servers, food runners, and bus boys to wear vans. It was a hip urban scratch kitchen. So everyone wore skinny jeans, vans, and all the dudes had beards.

“For the servers, it wasn’t a huge deal. But bus boys and food runners (me) spent a great deal of our time in the kitchen. Vans + kitchen floor does not mix well. People were constantly slipping. I got fed up. So I just started wearing non-slip kitchen shoes without asking. Someone in management eventually noticed and told me I could wear vans or get fired. So I brought up OSHA requirements. Since I was OSHA certified from my previous job, I was well versed in kitchen safety requirements.

“I didn’t threaten to call OSHA, I just mentioned that OSHA safety compliance requires all staff whose primary work positions are located in a kitchen to wear non-slip shoes.

“It didn’t work. I wanted to keep my job, so I didn’t threaten to report them. What I did instead was a little malicious compliance.

“The next day I came in with vans. Now, one thing I was known for was my ability to carry an inhuman amount of plates. I could stack them up and down both arms and

balance them. Never dropped a single one. It actually earned me direct tips, which food runners never got. So I loaded up my arms and intentionally slipped, losing well over \$100 worth of food to the floor. And I immediately pretended like my b[\*]tt/back was in serious pain, even though I barely felt it through the fat. My manager immediately went into crisis prevention mode and brought me into the office, obviously trying to avoid the list of lawsuits I could bring down on him for OSHA violations and workplace injury due to gross negligence.

“Instead, I offered him a simple solution: Let us wear non=slip shoes and I won’t file for workman’s comp, report them to OSHA, or sue for forcing me to wear improper footwear at the threat of losing my job. He happily agreed, not realizing all of this was a set up on my end. All he saw was the money and possibly job he was about to lose. He thought he came out on top while giving me, and everyone else, exactly what we wanted. All I had to do was take one for the team and pretend to get hurt.

“From that day forward, all primary kitchen staff were made to wear non-slip shoes. Nobody else slipped once in my time there and our financial loss due to floor-food was cut down *significantly*.”

## **50) “What’s Something a Person Could Say or Do that Would Make You Think ‘I Want to be Their Friend?’”**

1) missshrimptoast wrote this:

“Doing a random act of kindness.

“For instance, a couple weeks ago my classmate and I are walking to class, and she’s ecstatic that she finally won a free coffee from Tim Horton’s Roll Up the Rim to Win. She’s broke as hell, and every little bit counts.



“As we’re entering campus, she sees a lady drop her coffee. The woman just sighs heavily, like it’s just one in a series of bad things in her day. Without hesitation, my classmate walks up to her and gives her the free coffee token and a smile.

“Little things like that speak volumes about a person’s character.”

2) MtF29HRTMar18 wrote, “Handing me a \$100 bill and saying, ‘Here you go, I got spares all the time,’ then jumping on a skateboard that has a sticker on the bottom of it that says ‘Too Cool to be Cruel’ and riding off into the sunset yelling ‘Trans Rights!’ More or less.”

Iwantsummathat commented, “A hahahahaha thanks for this! Put a smile on my face.”

### **51) “Long-Haul Truckers: What’s the Creepiest/Most Paranormal Thing You’ve Seen on the Road at Night?”**

TuchmanMarsh wrote this:

“This is my father’s story and he wasn’t a long-haul trucker but rather an 18-year-old gas station attendant in the late 70’s and without a certain long-haul trucker I probably wouldn’t be here:

“The gas station was 24 hours and my dad was the only one working the night shift (11-7 I think). A guy comes in and just gives him the creeps. Seems sketchy. He was wearing tight jacket/pants and you could tell he had something in his pants under the jacket. It was during the summer and was warm, so why is he wearing a jacket to begin with?

“A lot of truck drivers used this station as it was the only one open 24 hours for a long stretch of the highway. They also had a big lot where they let truckers park and sleep or take a break.

“On this night at this time, it was just my dad, sketchy dude, and one trucker in there he kinda knew (as in, came in frequently enough to be conversational) and asked if he’d stay in the station and hang out until sketchy dude left. Well, after ‘looking’ at the stocked shelves for several minutes while sneaking peaks at my dad behind the counter the sketchy guy eventually looked fed up and got into his blue car and sped off. Cool trucker guy hung out with my dad a little longer until another couple of guys came in to use the booths they had to eat a sandwich.

“I should also point out this was pretty middle-of-nowhere rural Southeast United States and the 1970’s. CB and landline was it. My dad only had a landline in the store.

“So the hours pass and my dad had shaken off the paranoia when all of a sudden this truck driver comes hauling [\*]ss into the lot, jumps out, and sprints into the store hollering he needs a phone.

“Calls 911 to report that he had walked in on a gas station 40 miles back (next closest station) to find the attendant shot and dead. No one else around. And the only other piece of information is that a blue car was speeding out of the lot when the trucker pulled in.

“Apparently they eventually apprehend the guy in the blue car, my dad confirms it was sketchy dude from earlier in the night, and they charge him with murder and armed robbery.

“To the long-haul trucker who waited around with my dad that night, thanks and hope you’re keeping it real.”

## 52) “Doctors of Reddit, What was the Best Reaction of a Patient After Receiving the Message that They’re Cancer Free?”

1) dudeimmadoc wrote, “He came to his last chemo dressed as a clown wearing a sash that read ‘Last Chemo Today’. Not gonna lie, I cried. I’d lost five patients that week, two of whom I’d become very close to.”

Pencilowner commented, “We had a guy come in for his last radiation treatment dressed in full Spiderman costume. He said he was suited up since he is finishing radiation treatments [and] now he can become Spiderman.”

thatdocdude commented, “I like your name [dudeimmadoc]. Also it’s hard when you become close to the patients.”

Noticing the similarity in names, dudeimmadoc responded, “Are we the same person? Perhaps you are my future self?”

thatdocdude responded:

“Maybe you are the future me? I work in the department of rheumatology and we give infusions and every once in a while we have those patients who give us a box of chocolate because it’s their infusion no. 100.

“Also I once had an American woman who needed biological medication, extremely expensive stuff. She couldn’t believe we were going to give it to her free of charge, she even cried.

“Sometimes it’s wonderful to be a doctor.”

kissel\_ commented, “I have no doubt she cried. ‘Expensive’ is an understatement. I’m on a biologic for psoriatic arthritis and my insurance statement shows that they pay \$5k per month for it. I’m very lucky in that my insurance is extremely good and I pay next to nothing for it,

but I've had to turn down some great job opportunities over the last two years because their insurance was bad enough that what I'd pay out of pocket would offset the pay increase."

Antisynthetase wrote, "Dear doctor who will actually understand my username and also figure out why I'm asking the question from it, How does one access a biologic for this mythic 'free' you speak of?"

"I'm a psychiatrist working for a CMHC [Clinical Mental Health Counseling?], have expensive insurance with a \$100 per dose copay, and have never heard of free being an option. It sounds like I may need to move...."

thatdocdude responded, "Yes, I see your problem. This free I am talking about is something granted automatically to all citizens in Denmark."

I\_F[\*]p\_To\_Witch\_Mercy wrote, "My sister has these infusions! It's taken some time, but they've really helped and now she's running the marathon for an arthritis charity this year — the cost is insane. Awesome stuff!"

Old\_man\_at\_heart commented, "I'm no doc, but I work in the government medical insurance system in Canada. I often set people up to get free biological medication (and other obscenely expensive medication), and I can't tell you how many times I've heard 'Bless your heart'. My job can s[\*\*]k sometimes, but that part doesn't."

2) chewybears wrote this:

"Not a doctor, but I'm an oncology nurse and the best reaction was when one of my favorite patients put on his call light and when I went to see what he needed he had his provider in the room. He asked her to repeat what she just said to him which was 'the scans are clean — the masses

have gone'. We both freaked out and basically screamed and cried together.

“His wife recently just sent our unit a photo of him and their first child just born in February and wrote that he’s still cancer free!”

3) Rattenkoningin wrote this:

“Not a doctor. But one summer I cleaned in the hospital.

“Everyday I would clean the room of a woman with cancer, and the second I walk in she would ask if her hair looked good. Always pointing to her wig at a fake head and laughing.

“One day I walked in when she just hung up the phone while crying. I apologized and asked if she needed a nurse or something. She told me that she just shared the news with her mom that she was cancer free.”

### **53) “When was Your ‘Oh, Sh[\*]t, I’m Going To Die’ Moment But You Didn’t Actually Die?”**

littlebit31 wrote, “I’m allergic to bees. One time I got stung while sitting at a red light. It was a rental, and I forgot my bag. No EpiPen. I turned into a car dealership and yelled to them to call 911. Within four minutes (which felt like an eternity) my throat completely closed. Last thing I remember is the guy who was with me yelling that I was blue. I don’t know how long I was out, but as soon as the EMTs [Emergency Medical Technicians] pushed the epinephrine I sprung back to life. Thank goodness they got there so quickly. The next day I brought the dealership and the EMTs baskets with cookies.”

Tomalax\_ commented:

“Having watched my girlfriend nearly die recently due to her peanut allergy, I’m starting to think I should carry one as well just in case for her.

“I literally cannot stress how important it is to have your EpiPen with you. No matter how safe you think you are, or how much you check food labels, all it takes is a single mistake and your life could be over in minutes — it’s just not worth not carrying your EpiPen.

“She carries her EpiPens in a bumbag/fanny pack everywhere we go now where she doesn’t want to take a larger bag.”

#### **54) “What’s a Positive of Being a Woman that People Don’t Talk About?”**

1) buzzedstarfish wrote this:

“Benefit of the doubt that I’m not creepy or dangerous.

“My boyfriend made a comment once that if he’s walking down the street at night behind a woman, he’ll cross the street if he can to avoid making her feel uncomfortable, just in case. As a woman, I appreciate that awareness, but it made me a little sad, too. It’s definitely not something I ever have to worry about.”

2) costalruins wrote, “All the appearance modding [modifying] options. All the sh[\*]t we can do with our faces and bodies and brushing it off as ‘fashion’ is definitely my fave [favorite] thing about being a woman. Life without makeup, clothes, piercings, etc., would be so boring.”

3) CardinalPeeves wrote, “Has anyone said multiple orgasms yet? Because multiple orgasms.”

4) Hyena\_Matriarch wrote, “Female friendships.”

## 55) “Dear Women of Reddit. What’s the Best First Date You’ve been On?”

1) Ign0ranceIzBliss wrote, “We met for some light snacks and a drink downtown, but quickly decided it was going well and moved on. We then closed down the bar in a fancy hotel while listening to a live jazz band and enjoying a bottle of wine. As he walked me to my car, it started to lightly rain and the reflection on the random lights downtown made it feel pretty magical. He grabbed my hand and we walked a little more quickly because the rain really started to come down and then we had a fantastic kiss at my car before I hopped in. The whole night felt like a noir film and I’ll never forget it. It was totally worth ruining my favorite suede heels.”

2) smjlllo wrote this:

“The semester I studied abroad in college, I met a guy at a bar in my second week. Tbh [To be honest] I didn’t really remember meeting him the next day, but he was insistent on meeting up for a drink. Finally I decided to go just for the experience, not because I was particularly excited about him or going. We go to a bar and it’s pretty empty — it was probably a Tuesday. We sat and had beers and talked over the course of four hours. I think I got up once the entire time just to use the restroom. Then he walked me home (I had a bike and he just walked me as I walked my bike) and we kissed goodbye. It was the sweetest moment! Our kiss was actually a series of short, sweet kisses instead of one big end-of-date kiss. Needless to say, I was excited to see him from that moment forward. That was three or four years ago, and I still count it as my best date.

“Later on once we were actually dating, he told me he walked the entire way home (instead of taking the tram, which would’ve been a 20-minute ride) because of how excited he felt. It still makes me swoon.”

3) TakoyakiTanuki wrote this:

“He took me down to the river valley. I thought we would just sit. Instead he pulled out a couple of folding chairs, two fishing rods, a couple bottles of wine and tons of the most bomb f[\*]\*king tea sandwiches that he made.

“We didn’t end up going out because our schedules were totally opposite as I was a 9-5 Mon to Fri and he was a chef but god d[\*]mn that was a good first date.”

4) janearcade wrote this:

“I worked in an inner city art center. A guy I knew who was a casual patron would often stop in and chat with me.

“One night he came in when I was closing and asked me for a favor, if I didn’t have to be anywhere straight away. I said I didn’t and he (this was in Ireland, he wasn’t Irish) said was meant to meet his friends at a restaurant, but couldn’t remember which, only that it was nearby and meant to be really nice, and had amazing food.

“I suggested a place around the corner and we walked to it (on my way home) and he said, ‘So since we are here, can I take you to dinner?’

“(Tone is hard, so I want to make sure he doesn’t come off as creepy. It was fantastic and we had a great night. We dated for a bit and he moved back to America, but even almost 20 years later I remember it.)”

5) RadBenjamin wrote this:

“It was a punk show, in full Wasteland costume, and I had him hold my beer while I got into a fight with a Nazi.

The music was great, the Nazi was kicked out of the venue, victory drinks were abundant, we hit Steak ’n Shake afterwards and got some funny looks, went back to his



apartment. I fell in love with his dog and was asleep on his couch by the time he got out of the bathroom. I woke up at 5am and made it back to my house so I could clean off the makeup and blood before work.

“He visited me at work and brought me some kind of magic electrolyte volcano water because I was unbelievably hung over.

“Our second date was three or four days later, and I never really left.”

### **56) “What’s Your ‘I Met a Celebrity But Didn’t Let on that I Knew Who They Were’ Story?”**

1) ccrawsh wrote, “About 40 years ago my father was sitting next to Telly Savalas at some Vegas blackjack table. For about an hour they talked and bet some large amounts of money and my father never let on that he knew the guy was famous. Telly finally says, ‘It’s pretty cool that you haven’t asked for my autograph’. My father responds, ‘Well, you didn’t ask for mine’. Telly laughs and writes on a cocktail napkin ... ‘Hey Jeff, can I have your autograph?’ He carried that d[\*]mn napkin with him for years.”

Interface2x commented, “My dad did something similar with Huey Lewis in the 1980s. They were riding alone in an elevator and my dad said something like ‘Hi, I’m Mike. I’m sure you’ve been dying to meet me.’ By all accounts, Huey was reasonably amused and they parted ways when the elevator stopped.”

Ugotemesij commented:

“My ex’s brother and his then-gf [girlfriend] were once in an elevator when this incredibly tall guy got in with them. The gf [girlfriend] stared at him for a few seconds as the elevator started moving again and then blurted out (I’m paraphrasing, but close enough), ‘Holy sh[\*]t you’re tall,

you could be a basketball player or something!’ The guy chuckled and said, ‘Yeah, I get that a lot’ as he got off at his floor.

“That guy was Michael Jordan.”

2) BigODetroit wrote, “When I was younger with fewer responsibilities, I used to just drive around for the hell of it. To me, driving is a hobby. Late at night was my favorite time. The streets are empty. My uncle is like this, too. I asked him if he wanted to meet at American Coney Island. We sat down in a booth. A couple guys walked in after us and sat down behind us. Eminem, Dr. Dre, and a guy I later found out was Jimmy Iovine. We paid them no attention, but we knew who they were. They finished before us and as they were walking out, Eminem nodded at us and said, ‘Thanks for not making a big deal about this. We got you.’ He and the other guys disappeared around the corner.”

BigODetroit later explained Eminem’s “We got you”:  
“They paid for our tab.”

3) zeromig wrote, “I worked at a Barnes and Noble in NY as a clerk, but once or twice I’d be called over to the in-store Starbucks cafe to help out whenever they were understaffed. One time, Alan Rickman came up and ordered something, I can’t recall what. I wrote ‘Hans Gruber’ on his cup, though. He smiled at me when he noticed it.”

terrasque commented:

“Seems like the absolute best way to communicate ‘I know who you are, I’m a big fan, but I also have the self control to respect your time and personal space.’

“You stay classy, zeromig.”

4) nryan777 wrote this:

“Jared Leto. I work in an outdoor goods store in Boulder CO, which for those who don’t know is one of the biggest climbing towns in the US. He came into the store to get some stuff as he’s known to travel here and climb with other big pros, notably Alex Honald, who is a buddy of his. He had been outted in the middle of the footwear department by a coworker on mine in front of a big group of customers so by the time he got over to the climbing area where I work he was really on edge and unfriendly. I walked up to him and honesty just acted like he wasn’t hot sh[\*]t. I acted like I didn’t really know who he was and just spoke to him like any other customer even breaking conversation with him at several points to answer questions for other folks as opposed to giving him my full undivided attention.

“After about five minutes of that, he totally relaxed and his entire demeanor changed. He went from being somewhat rude and cold to being very chill, calling me bro, etc., and I ended up walking around the store with him for like 25-30 minutes helping him shop. The only time I implied I knew who he was towards the end as I was ringing him up. He asked me to recommend some climbing spots close to town like the flatirons. It was a beautiful Saturday, and I said to him that those places are great but he’ll get bombarded by people if he goes there and I recommended some spots just outside of town instead. He sorta leaned in and thanked me for my discretion and that was it. It seemed like he really just wanted to be treated like a normal guy.”

5) ZOMBGiEF wrote this:

“I used to be a server at a Mexican restaurant right outside LA in the late 90s. One day Leonardo DiCaprio came in with a woman who I assume was his mom to have lunch. This would’ve been post *Titanic* so really at the peak of his breakthrough mega celeb status. He was wearing a ball cap

and sunglasses and was unshaven, but I recognized him anyway. I didn't let anyone know and I wrote something like 'your movies are awesome, I hope you liked our food' on his receipt when I dropped it off at the table.

"After he left, I swung by and picked up his payment and he had left me a note back that said 'thank you so much for not blowing my cover' with a \$100 tip. Sh[\*]t was awesome I was only like 19, I went and got some PlayStation games with it after my shift ended."

6) skitch885 wrote, "My dad met Robin Williams in an elevator. He got in and they rode a few floors in silence. They stopped on a floor and a bunch of fans ran in and started getting pics with Robin. My dad said he was gracious and took pics with everyone. The doors closed and they rode a few more floors and my dad turned and asked, 'Does that ever get old?' and Robin smiled and said, 'Nope. Never.' Then my dad got off on his floor and they nodded to one another and my dad went on with his day."

7) Crapple\_Jacks wrote this:

"So, kind of a longer story. I used to be obsessed with a band called Nickel Creek, but they broke up about 12 years ago. I kept following the three band members on Twitter just to keep up with their new projects. Quite a few years after their breakup, the guitar player tweeted about being in my hometown, opening for another band. I sent a tweet to Sean and was like, 'You're in my hometown! Awesome!' I quickly looked online and realized the show was already sold out. So I just resigned myself to not seeing him, and went to bed. Around 10pm, my phone makes an alert sound, and Sean had tweeted back asking, 'Where are you?' I said, 'The show was all sold out! But if you guys are bored after the show and want someone fun to hang with, let me know!' I don't even know why I said it. I'm usually way too shy to make jokes like that! He private

messaging and let me know what pub they were heading to after the show, and said that I should come hang with them all! So I jumped out of bed, got dressed, and headed in town. We exchanged phone numbers, and he texted me that the rest of the band decided to go somewhere else, but I should still meet up with him so he ‘wasn’t drinking alone.’ So, I went and hung out with him until the bar closed. I tried to act as calm as possible. It was funny ... he was telling me stories about growing up and his story of how he got into music, and I just kept thinking, ‘Yeah, I already know this from interviews and biographies you’ve done ....’ I waited almost an hour before I let him know that I was a fan of Nickel Creek. He said, “I used to be in this band called Nickel Creek,” and I said, ‘Yeah ... I know Nickel Creek.’ He was like, ‘You do? Why didn’t you say anything?’ I said, ‘You seemed like you didn’t want someone just fan-girling all over you. You seemed like you just wanted some chill conversation.’ He said, ‘That’s completely true! The only reason I asked you to hang out was because you seemed so calm and relaxed! When you’ve been touring since you were 10, you don’t always want to deal with crowds and fans. Sometimes I just want to relax and have a quiet drink.’

“Needless to say, it was a pretty awesome experience. We continued to text for a couple years, just random messages about him recording new albums, and Merry Christmases and whatnot. But I still stand firm in the idea that ‘famous’ people respond better to people who don’t act like crazy fans. They feel more comfortable connecting with someone who treats them like an old friend instead.”

8) tastefulsidedb[\*]tth[\*]le wrote, “My mom is a big sports fan. One time she was shopping at and saw a really large, fit-looking man who she didn’t immediately recognize but seemed familiar. She thought it must have been a professional football player or something, so she went up to

the only other person in the shop, who was this smaller weird-looking guy, and asked him if he knew who the athletic-looking man was. The short guy looked at my mom and said, 'That's my bodyguard. I'm Elton John.'"

9) whereegodare wrote this:

"One of my best friend's doppelganger is Ethan Hawke. Like it's scary how much he resembles him, to the point that during those stupid Facebook challenges he just changed his profile picture to him and nobody realized it. Also his favorite story was one time at San Diego Comic Con he actually confused Rosario Dawson at a hotel bar.

"Anyway, one night I'm walking home from work in NYC, and I see who I thought was my friend, John just walking on a kind of secluded part of 9th Avenue around Hells Kitchen, and I yell, 'JOHN!'

"He doesn't turn around.

"So I decide to yell it again, and instead of responding his pace quickens. I decide the best thing to do is to run at him, which seemed to terrify him as keep in mind it's late and there are very few people around. Anyway I catch up to him and say, 'Oh, you're not John,' and then walk away from what was a very frightened Ethan Hawke."

10) mojoman128 wrote, "This happened yesterday! My wife took my son to the zoo, and he wanted to read every little plaque in the reptile area. My wife was distracted for a moment, so he asked the nearest stranger to read the plaque for him. My wife turned around to see Scarlett Johansson happily reading the info to him."

11) c0ntr0l wrote, "I work in a restaurant as a food runner and in November of last year there was word that Michael C. Hall came in with his wife for dinner. I had watched a bunch of *Dexter* up until that point and I was so excited. I

brought them their dinners and they both got grilled avocado and quinoa. I went up and said, ‘Who got the quinoa and avocado?’ and they both laughed.”

**57) “Teachers of Reddit, When Can You Tell if a Student is Going Through Depression or Self-Loathing? If So, What Do You Try to Do to Help?”**

1) thepinklemur wrote this:

“When I was 12-13, I went through this very sad phase of my life because I was having a lot of issues with my family. I didn’t know how to handle it, so I would cut myself, started drinking, etc. ... honestly nothing looked very wrong with me at school (except obviously if you looked below my hoodie or my skirt). I had friends and all.

“My English teacher was very sweet and made a big effort to get to know her students. She took a liking to me because I was really good at her class. As we got closer I developed a lot of trust with her and one day after class finally broke down and told her everything. She was especially concerned about this one memoir assignment that I wrote about my mom.

“She made me see the school counselor and that was good, but most importantly I had an adult in my everyday life whom I could trust.

“Sometimes the very small things like just being friendly and developing relationships really can save people. I struggled for years, but she was the first one to pick me up.”

2) TheJewishCowgirl wrote this:

“I’ve been teaching high school for 13 years. In that time, we’ve lost about a student a year on average, and about half of those have been suicides. After one particularly

impactful student's passing, I made it my personal mission to form a personal connection with every one of my students.

“You can tell a student is going through depression or self-loathing the same way you're able to tell when a friend of yours is going through those same feelings — students are people, after all. Often, attendance drops, attention to self-care tapers off, and they start to withdraw. They'll stop raising their hand and doing their assignments and sleep through class more and more. When that happens, I try to pull kids aside and say, ‘Hey, I've noticed that you seem like you're going through something. You're not alone. I'm here for you and I care about you.’ Some kids will deny anything is going on, some will burst into tears and reach out for a hug, some will set an appointment to come in and talk later. I also let them know about the support groups we have on campus and ask if they're interested. Sometimes I call home, sometimes I don't — I feel out the situation and decide from there. I'll also try to put that student in a group with my more mature students. Not the overly positive ones, but the most level-headed just so that there's some consistency in their life.

“Most importantly, I try to say every single one of my students' names every day in a positive way. I want to talk to every single kid every single period, even if it's just a ‘Hey, I love your new shoes!’ I pay special attention to the kids I know are going through something. It's a delicate balance — I want them to know that I am paying special attention to them, but I don't want everyone else to know that I'm doing anything different. So acknowledging all kids this way allows me to spend just a minute or two longer with the ones who really need it without them getting labeled as teacher's pets.



“This part of my job is by far the hardest. I wish I could unburden my kiddos.”

**58) “Hunters of Reddit, What Did You See Out There that Made You Not Want to Go Back into the Woods?”**

Ileokei wrote this:

“I was living in a small town in a western state and wanted to hunt. I had killed many animals on hunting trips in my life but had moved out west the previous year and this would be my first.

“My friend was an avid hunter for many, many years in that area, so I knew he would be able to get me to an animal to shoot. He agreed, and one Saturday morning we headed out well before the sun came up. My friend did not bring a hunting gun; he brought only a camera and a pistol. He said the only shooting he does these days would be to protect himself or with that camera. He was willing to take me to an animal to shoot, though.

“We hunted for several hours that day, and eventually we were no more than 20 yards from four elk and I sat there looking at the biggest one, just marveling at it. The slight mist of that morning mountain air mixed with the quiet sounds of the elk being elk with the background noise of the alive forest and the majestic beauty of those animals ... just made me not want to shoot anymore. So he took a lot of pictures and we went home.

“I have often been back to the woods, and I’ve shot some animals, but only with a camera.”

**59) “How Often Do You Receive Compliments? And to What Extent Do They Brighten Your Day?”**

1) CitelloFreddo wrote this:

“My husband taught our sons that they should give me a compliment every day, so they usually do. It’s very sweet. In the beginning the small ones didn’t really understand what a compliment was, so they’d just come in and shout something at me that they thought I might like, like SPARKLY BLANKET or RAINBOW or just COMPLIMENT!

“But now it’s usually something like ‘this meal is so yummy! You’re a good cooker, mommy.’ It totally brightens my day.”

She added, “‘Sparkly blanket’ was a favorite because I squealed the first few times and they gathered that this was a Very Successful Compliment ... I kind of miss it now!”

2) RadBenjamin wrote this:

“A lot more often lately. I’m starting to leave the house again; it’s springtime so I’m wearing my ‘battle vest’ almost every day. I just did my hair (it’s purple and glows under UV light).

“[...] older ladies in particular love my hair, and little kids stare at my vest and ask if they can touch the studs and think it’s *super cool* and that makes me giddy.

“A little girl (maybe kindergarten aged?) last night told me she loved my ‘princess hair’ and I think I melted a little bit.”

Someone asked about “battle vests,” and RadBenjamin explained:

“You know when you go to punk or metal shows and see people with vests they’ve altered with dye, bleach, patches, spikes, paint, etc.?”

“Those are battle vests. I don’t really like the term, but that’s the best way to describe it.”

**60) “How Can a Man Show He’s an Ally [to a Woman] in a Situation Where Someone is Behaving Inappropriately Towards You, Without Undermining Your Agency or Being a ‘White Knight’?”**

ruminatinglunatic added:

“Does it matter if he’s a complete stranger, person you know by face but not name, or actual friend?”

“Does the nature of the behavior matter? I assume there’s a difference between being someone yelling slurs at you and lingering by your table at the coffee shop trying to force a conversation.”

1) Aitchbee wrote this:

“A good guide is to avoid taking on the inappropriate behaviour yourself, just provide backup/support for the woman to deal with it how she wants to.

“Examples from my own experience, but I imagine it’s also a good way to approach any situation where you have power and someone else doesn’t and is being treated inappropriately:

“Someone talking over me at work — the best reaction was my boss pretending he didn’t hear the guy who spoke over me and just asked me to repeat what I said because he didn’t catch it (rather than telling the guy to let me finish).

“Getting hassled at a bar while waiting for my friend — a guy quietly asked me if I knew the guy bothering me and said I could come sit with him and his friends while I waited if I wanted to. I way prefer that to him confronting the guy on my behalf.

“Some drunk guy hitting on me on a train — a guy offered to swap seats with me.

“Someone at work calling me a retro pet name — my colleague burst out laughing and said to me, ‘Do you want to tell him it’s 2018 or shall I?’”

2) `purse_full_of_pills` wrote, “I’m a bartender and guys tell me to smile all the time. I’m quite chipper at work, so this is an extremely annoying request. I’m clearly in a happy mood, yet you want me to beam at your presence? I usually just do it because I don’t want to create an uncomfortable situation. But one night a male bartender was with me when a guy told me to smile and my coworker said, ‘You want me to smile?’, acting as if the request was directed toward him. Putting the focus on himself took me out of the equation and embarrassed the guy. I think this tactic could work in a lot of situations.”

3) `SmallKangaroo` wrote, “Honestly, turn it on yourself. Don’t go, ‘Hey, you are making her uncomfortable’ or something, just say, ‘Hey, buddy, how about you leave us alone’ or ‘Dude, you are making me uncomfortable’. I would also just ask them — are you okay if I say something to this [\*]ssh[\*]le?”

`beckdawg19` commented:

“I agree with this. Make it about you, not her. There’s a huge difference between:

“‘Hey, dude, you’re making her uncomfortable.’

“and

“‘Hey, dude, you’re making me uncomfortable.’

“One takes away a woman’s voice because *you’re* insinuating how *she* feels. The other redirects to you so that you’re still supporting her without stepping in to speak for her.”

4) `whoop_there_she_is` wrote this:

“I would rather have someone say something rather than nothing. The concern about ‘white knighting’ has more to do with someone needlessly defending a woman in the hopes of getting in their pants/receiving approval from them.

“Here’s a recent example. I was at my place playing *DK [Donkey Kong] Country* with my roommates; one of my roommates had a work friend over. Every time I beat a level he’d mutter, ‘Damn, gotta love a girl who plays video games’ or ‘Wow, another win. Hot’. I kept giving him weird looks/ignoring him, but my roommates were visibly uncomfortable and didn’t say anything. When he went outside to smoke a cigarette, I asked my roommate if he was planning on telling his friend it was weird to keep commenting on my playing. After all, he invited the guy; we didn’t know him. Next time he commented, he really ramped it up (‘So sexy, damn, can’t believe it’) and my roommate was like ‘Dude, cut it out. You’re being super rude, and I won’t bring you around if you keep embarrassing me.’ I thought that was a good response; just wish I didn’t have to say something first. When people stay silent, they’re subconsciously justifying the behavior and allowing it to continue.”

5) inkwater wrote, “Just ask me in a regular tone of voice if I need any help.”

6) PolkaDotEscort wrote this:

“I’m pretty sure just acting like a decent human adult being works.

“Decent human beings don’t do things like start fist fights, randomly confront people, and start yelling obscenities at them, etc.

“Decent human adults do things like ask people if they’re ok or would like some help or would like some company while they wait for their friends, etc.

“Doing normal things is also a good way to convey your intentions ([that is,] to help), and makes the difference.”

## Chapter 4: Questions 61-80

### 61) “What’s the Nicest Thing Someone has Ever Done for You Unexpectedly?”

1) Maria180182 wrote, “Probably not ever ever, but today and made me teary. While I was still asleep my five-year-old boy found a picture of a heart and put it next to me on my pillow. When I woke up he said, ‘Mummy, I thought of a great surprise for you. I hope you like it.’”

2) Black\_of\_ear wrote this:

“A stranger bought me a croissant. It was late evening and I was writing in a cafe, just for something to do that would get me out of my dorm room. I was going through a break-up and felt alone. I saw him look at me through the window, and he came into the cafe and asked me if I needed anything. I was on-guard, because I didn’t know him and I thought he was making a sexual or romantic advance on me. I said I was okay. I didn’t need anything. He came back with a croissant and said, ‘Have a good day, miss.’

“I asked the barista if he bought anything else, and he hadn’t. He just saw a sad person in the window and wanted to do an act of genuine kindness. I felt terrible for being on-guard (even though it was a reasonable response), and I was moved to tears at his act of kindness. I think about it a lot.”

3) BlueXTC wrote, “I had a foster child living with me for five years. In the beginning, she was in survivor mode and thought only about her own needs. One tough week at work after she had been with me a while, I came home around dusk and saw what appeared to be flickering flames in several of the downstairs windows. Cue panic and I rushed in the side door only to see her with a big smile lit by only

the light coming from tea lights on the kitchen counter. I followed the light through the house, up the stairs and into my bathroom where a hot bath and a bottle of wine waited for me. I hugged her until she said she couldn't breathe. She left and went out with friends to leave me alone in the house and enjoy the bath and wine."

## **62) "Who is the Random Stranger Whom You'll Never Forget?"**

1) nelliebananapop wrote, "There was a kid my age when I was about five or six at the park my mom took me to. We became best friends for the day, and my mom talked with her mom the whole time and found out that [the little girl] was dying of some type of cancer and that no one would play with her because she had no hair. (My mom was also recently diagnosed with a terminal cancer herself.) She [the little girl] didn't have much more time left so my mom made many play dates with her and me for her last few months. Towards the end, Make-a-Wish came to her and asked what her wish was and it was to spend a day with my mom and me at 6 Flags. Three months later she died. I'll never forget those few months I had with her."

2) bmatthewi21 wrote this:

"I was working at a gas station ways back. Young guy in a suit comes in talking on his phone. High energy, wants lottery tickets. Guy 2 is standing behind him with a Mountain Dew.

"If I get caught selling sh[\*]t to underage people, I get fined \$1000 and fired. So I ask for his ID. Dude loses his f[\*\*]king mind.

"'You don't need my f[\*\*]king ID. Just give me the tickets, bud.'

"'I actually can't until you show me your ID.'



“Talking into his phone now, ‘This f[\*\*]king kid is asking for my f[\*\*]king ID for lottery tickets, bro.’

“‘I just need to see an ID, sir.’

“‘F[\*\*]k you, kid. No, you don’t. Give me the tickets.’

“Guy 2 with Mountain Dew: ‘Just show him your ID, dude; he’s just doing his job.’

“Dude is f[\*\*]king livid now, ‘He doesn’t need sh[\*]t blah blah blah gimme tickets, etc.’

“Guy 2 with Mountain Dew: ‘You realize you’re a f[\*\*]king joke, right?’

“Everyone goes silent.

“Guy 2 with Mountain Dew, stares calmly right at the dude: “‘You’re a f[\*\*]king joke’.

“Dude storms out.

“I give guy 2 that Mountain Dew for free.

“Thanks, guy 2 with the Mountain Dew.”

3) funky\_schoo wrote, “I had a really strange encounter with a stranger when I was 14 or 15. My friend Dave and I were taking a bus out of Manhattan to meet up with his girlfriend and celebrate her birthday. When we got on the bus, it was rather full and we had to wait a few stops before a seat was available. I wound up sitting down next to a man in his 60s+ who appeared like he may have been homeless. He struck up a conversation with me, and before I got off the bus he hands me a random handful of mixed change. He says to me, ‘You’re going to need this’. I thought it was weird, but I was raised to be pretty polite so I graciously accepted. My friend had decided he wanted to celebrate his girlfriend’s birthday by cooking her dinner and a cake. The really crazy thing about this is that random handful of

change was EXACTLY (to the penny) what my friend needed to borrow from me to buy everything he brought to the register. What are the odds of that?"

### **63) A Lesson in Anzac Yarn**

This is an item from Ana Samways' Sideswipe column in the *New Zealand Herald*:

“Those members of the RSA who object to a reading of a prayer from the Koran reflect the them-and-us attitudes that cause wars in the first place,’ writes Liz Willis. ‘In our local knitting yarn shops is an Anzac brand of wool. A joint production of Australia, New Zealand, and Turkey. The flags of all three countries are on the label. A percentage of the sales of this yarn are donated to the RSA. Inside the label is a message from Turkey ... “Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives ... you are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehmetts to us where they lie side by side in this country of ours. You, the mothers, who sent their sons from far-away countries, wipe away your tears. Your sons are now lying in our bosom and are at peace. After having lost their lives on this land, they have become our sons as well.” Words attributed to Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, founder of Turkish Republic 1934.”

### **64) “What’s the Most Intimate Moment You’ve had with a Complete Stranger?”**

1) punkynomie wrote this:

“My year 11 inter school dance, I had what I can now say was a panic attack and retreated to the bathroom. My best friend tried to talk me out but I wouldn’t leave. I told her to go back out and I would be fine.

“A girl from another school came in and saw I was obviously distressed. She didn’t ask me what was wrong or if I was okay. She said she loved my dress and asked me about it. She then told me about hers and we started talking about school and what we wanted to do when we graduated. Her friends eventually came in and found her and she said goodbye. I felt so much better that I went out and joined my friends.

“I never got her name and don’t remember which school she went to now, but I am so incredibly grateful to her and I hope she is having a wonderful life.”

AlphaAnnie commented:

“At prom in year 11, I had what was probably my only panic attack to date, I felt too pressured to have fun and dance that I froze and couldn’t do anything — so I walked out and started crying quietly in self pity.

“My best friend came outside, sat next to me, and asked me if I wanted to talk. I did, but I said no anyway, for whatever reason. She didn’t move, she just held my hand and waited outside with me for maybe an hour before either of us said a word.

“We’re not as close as we used to be, but I still love her to death for all she has done for me over the years.”

2) mizmac85 wrote, “I was living in Houston and working at a FedEx Kinkos (Copy and Print Shop) when Hurricane Katrina happened. An older women came in with a photo of her son who was missing that she wanted to post online. She has no idea how to really use a computer and certainly no idea how to scan and upload a photo. We were way backed up in the in-house side of things, so I set her up at a self-service computer and did it all myself. Scanned and burned her a copy of the photo. Uploaded online to where she wanted and walked her through everything I did in case

she found other places to post the photo. She was immensely grateful. Roughly two months later, she came in and brought her son because he wanted to thank me for helping his mom find him. We hugged. I cried. Most intimate stranger moment of my life.”

3) particularshadeofblu wrote, “Once, when my dog was just a few months old, we were out for a walk and we passed this guy on the street who was just leaning against a wall. She stopped, and refused to budge. She looked at me, looked up at the guy, then looked back at me and just wagged her tail a little. So I said, ‘Do you want to say hello?’ And she turns to the guy and puts her paws on his knee. Just for the record, my dog doesn’t like people — she’s really shy and doesn’t approach strangers, so I was kind of surprised that she wanted to interact. The guy bends down and pets her for a minute or two. Then he stands up, and he looks at me and says ‘thank you,’ and the look on his face was so vulnerable, like he was about to cry. That was over a year ago, and I think about that guy once in a while. He was so grateful to just pet a cute puppy for a few minutes, and my dog just seemed to know that he needed it. So, I guess my dog had an intimate moment with a stranger, and I just witnessed it.”

### **65) “What Random Act of Kindness have You Recently Done?”**

1) AciaranB wrote this:

“Every lunch I get the same thing. I pay €5 for a €3 roll. Then I buy a €1 pack of crisps from a vending machine in work, and I then sit nearby and enjoy the surprise and happiness that people experience when they realise that somebody didn’t take their €1 change from the machine.

“You would be surprised how happy that little thing makes people.”

2) KrakenMonarch wrote this:

“I was at the grocery store yesterday morning at 6 am when they opened. Only other person there was a guy who had to be 90. Like couldn’t stand up straight, moved at about 30 paces a minute.

“The store I go to won’t let you take your cart off the sidewalk. (They have barriers.) So you have to pull your car up to the curb to load your groceries or carry them all to your car.

“After I loaded my groceries in my car, I saw him carrying a bag to his car. I looked up at the sidewalk and saw that he had about six more bags of groceries. It was obvious he struggled to carry one bag, and it was going to take him six more trips. Anyway, I walked over, grabbed his other bags, and brought them to his car. He told me thanks.

“I think they didn’t offer to help him to the car because there was only one check stand up and no bagger.

“There were plenty of people stocking shelves, though, so the checker should have called for help. (Maybe she did and he said no, I dunno.)”

3) Amariell wrote this:

“I work at a veterinary hospital, and an old dog came in with pressure sores that we needed to shave the hair around and clean. We happened to glance in this dog’s ears and they were really dirty. That’s not all that uncommon for dogs with long fur and she was a shepherd mix of some kind.

“The owners had some financial concerns and while the ears had been addressed in the past they couldn’t afford to do anything this visit. Ear cleanings are their own charge, but the doctor working on the case said if we wanted to do

it out of the kindness of our hearts we could. So I ended up cleaning this dog's ears as 'practice' (I'm new and I haven't had to do it before), and we wrote it off as that.

"It was a little thing, but it made me feel like I was making a difference and that's what I signed up for when I applied for this job."

4) micron429 wrote, "Helped a guy push his dead car out of the intersection this morning. Everyone else just drove around him."

RonSwansonsOldMan commented, "Reminds me of the time some poor guy's motorcycle stopped on him in the middle of a four-lane highway in LA [Los Angeles]. People screeching and swerving around him as he stood there terrified. I got off at the next exit, circled back around, and pulled up behind him. I turned on my blinkers and escorted him off the highway. People can be d[\*]cks. I drive a big truck and have always owned motorcycles."

5) Back2Bach wrote this:

"I brought my elderly neighbor to the cemetery so she could visit her husband's grave (she can't drive on her own).

"It means a lot to her to spend some time there, especially now at the anniversary of his death."

6) fearsome2behold wrote this:

"It's a really small thing, but yesterday I was at Target and as I was loading up my goods, I overheard the young girl behind me say she was 32 cents short.

"I looked back at her and she seemed really embarrassed, digging through her bag for the money. The cashier was also looking around the till for some spare change.

“I pulled two quarters out of my bag and handed it to the girl. She still looked embarrassed, but also relieved when she thanked me. Felt pretty good.”

Bullsh[\*]free commented:

“That’s awesome. Many years ago as a seven- to eight-year-old, I can remember being with friends (same age group) trying to buy a pair of flip flops. We were short 10 cents. It was pretty mortifying for us. Some kind person behind us gave us a dime.

“This happened over 30 years ago, and I’ve never forgotten the kindness.”

## **66) “What’s Something Nice that a Teacher has Done for You?”**

1) Vicarious124 wrote this:

“On the last day of school, I was helping my art teacher clean up for the summer. She knew I was rather poor growing up, so she gave me all the leftover paper (some really high-quality Bristol board and watercolor paper), all of the leftover Prismacolor pencils, tons of paint brushes, and other various art supplies.

“It was her last year teaching, and she didn’t care to save the stuff for the next year. She said the school buys all that stuff new every year.

“I still miss her. She was the best teacher I’ve ever had.”

Vicarious124 added, “She was the one who got me to graduate. School was very hard for me. My mother and brother were disabled, and I had to care for them with my dad. It made schoolwork very hard and I was quite depressed. My art teacher was always there for me on a different level than any other teacher I’ve ever had. She

would LITERALLY kick me in the b[\*]tt if I weren't working. She was amazing.”

2) RustyMiura wrote this:

“Just the other day, I tried to buy a bottle of water and didn't have enough money. The teacher noticed, passed me the bottle he just bought, and bought another

“He wasn't even my teacher. I don't even know what he teaches.”

3) Skelittle wrote this:

“My English teacher when I was very, very young. She was the sweetest I've ever had, she knew I loved Harry Potter books, they were not super popular in France back then, and she did bring me HP-themed colouring books from her trip to England. It made me so happy that she thought about me even though she was away from school!

“It's been more than 20 years, and we're still writing letters to each other. :)”

### **67) “What's the Best Thing You've Said to Stop Unsolicited [Di\*k] Pics?”**

GryffindorGoddess added, “You've gotten one. Unexpected and unnecessary. What's the best thing you said to get Mr. Show-it-off to immediately stop his nonsense?”

1) sophieminka wrote, “A guy sent me a pic of his d[\*]ck when I was like 16 and then asked for pics of me, I told him I was 11 and needed to ask my mum if it was okay first. He freaked the f[\*\*]k out.”

2) floatingchesire wrote, “I sent a pic of my cat's [\*]ssh[\*]le back one time. Asked him if he liked my p[\*]ssy. Never heard from him again.”



3) a-little-sleepy wrote this:

“You must have confused me with someone who won’t forward this to everyone for a laugh :).”

“Oh, he suddenly became very aware of boundaries and respect when it was about him. Didn’t give a thought when it was about mine, though ... hmm ... (I didn’t send it to everyone, but it made him squirm, beg and be uncomfortable and that is a valuable experience.)”

4) datebundo wrote, “I have a friend who has a shared file of unsolicited d[\*]ck pics that she and her friends from college have compiled for years. Whenever one of them gets one, it goes into the file and one from the file goes to the sender. I think it’s brilliant.”

### **68) “What is the Most Superhuman Thing You have Ever Seen Anyone Do?”**

1) zombiezzrule wrote this:

“I work in a Major Trauma hospital in London, and we once had this young boy arrive in the middle of the night whose arm, from the elbow down, had been completely sliced off by a machete. The policeman arrived a few minutes later looking as white as a sheet, holding a bag with the arm inside. This boy is knocking at death’s door. The arm has a tourniquet on, but he has lost so much blood that even after 16 units, the highest we could get his blood pressure was around 87 systolic. Within about five minutes of being inside our department, the boy gets rushed off to theatre and when we turn the corner all of a sudden we see the trauma surgeon running along the theatre floor, his sterile gown flying behind him looks like a goddam cape and it’s like something out of a freaking movie.

“I wasn’t present for the surgery, but I know he did it; he spent about 15 hours, but he reattached all the vessels, the

ligaments and everything that needed to be done for that arm. I think after a few months it was pretty much fully functional again!

“Might seem pretty non-superhero, but to me he is a superhuman.”

2) Obsessedgoose wrote, “Had my Chevy 1500 fall on me. The jack slid out and the jack stand folded under the weight. The rotor pinned my thigh to the ground. My stepbrother who is like 5’6”, mind you, grabbed the bumper and lifted the truck up enough that I was able to slide out. I didn’t break anything, but tore a lot of muscle on my thigh. I thank him every time I see him because it messed up his back. He’s not a big guy, but what he did was a feat of strength that I do not think I could do and I’m a lot bigger than he.”

Xanphal commented, “I’ve experienced this; I once witnessed a car crash where the passenger side got wedged against another car so the door couldn’t be opened. We got the driver out and emergency services were on the way to help the passenger out when we noticed that there was suddenly smoke pouring out of the dash into the car. I didn’t think, I just went ‘oh, sh[\*]t’ and got the f[\*\*]king door open and the dazed lady out of the car. Afterwards I had one of the firemen pat me on the shoulder gently, tell me I did a good job, but warn me I was going to feel it tomorrow. He was really, really right; next day I could barely move.”

### **69) “No, Thank You. I Prefer Cash.”**

TheCarlos666 wrote this on a subReddit devoted to Choosing Beggars. It has both a choosing beggar and grateful beggar:

*“Background*

“Several years ago, my father retired. He is one of those people who cannot be happy unless they are busy, and he loves helping people. His friend is a regional manager for a clothing store that specializes in clothing for industrial situations. Fire-resistant overalls, steel-toed boots, that sort of thing. When someone returns boots or clothing that have been worn but are still within the return window, the item cannot be resold. The process is this: The tag is either removed or defaced in a very specific way and then the item is donated to charity. My father arranged to pick up returned work boots that were still in good shape and had been returned due to fit or comfort, not a manufacturer’s defect or damage. He would clean up the boots and replace the insoles and such if needed. He then finds people through his many contacts in churches and immigrant assistant centers who need work boots to get a job but cannot afford to buy them.

*“The players*

“Me=Me

“Guy with sign=CB [Choosing Beggar]

*“The story*

“I was at a depot that sells home improvement goods when I noticed a man on the corner by the stoplight holding a sign that says, ‘Need money to buy steel-toed boots for new job.’

“I am not as altruistic as my father, but I decide to try and help out a person who is trying to help themselves. I park my truck and go over to talk to the CB.

“I went up to him, introduced myself and said, ‘Hey, if you tell me what size boots you need I will pop over to my father’s house and bring you a few different ones you can try on and keep for free.’

“The CB looks at me like I just offered him a plate of puke. He says, ‘I would rather buy new boots instead. You could just buy me new boots or give me the money and I could buy them myself.’

“I responded, ‘No, thanks, I am offering to give you basically new boots.’

“CB says, ‘I would really just prefer the cash.’

“I walk away and he started to yell at me that I should give him cash because the traffic light had changed a couple of times in the minutes he had spent talking to me.

“I just went back to my truck and drove away.

“I kept helping my dad until he got too old to keep up the work, and he handed it off to a group of other old retired guys. Almost 100% of the people who get free boots appreciate them and have even volunteered their time to prep boots for other people. One lady from the Philippines made dinner for my dad and his friends once with money she earned from her first paycheck. She was so proud that she could pay it back.”

## **70) “Redditors Who Post Their Own Nudes on NSFW [Not Safe For Work] Subs, Have Your Friends and Family Accidentally Stumbled Across Your Content? How Did They React to It?”**

jarwidz wrote this:

“Not me, but when I signed up for Instagram a couple of years ago, all of my Facebook friends were automatically added. It turns out someone I kinda knew from high school had started taking some nude photos of herself in various public spots around my hometown and posting them to what she thought was a private account. I was a bit shocked at first because this woman was always very quiet when I

knew her, and as far as I knew had been consistently dating the same guy since high school.

“In the end I decided to send her a DM [Direct Message] to say, ‘Hey, this is awkward, but I just thought I’d let you know that your Instagram account is somehow linked to your Facebook account and automatically got added for me when I signed up’ — or something to that effect. She responded almost immediately to apologize and thank me for the heads up, and has since deleted her ‘private’ account.”

### **71) “Fellow Teachers of Reddit: What’s Something Your Students have Said that Required All of Your Strength to Not Hit Them?”**

Galazine wrote this:

“I’ll answer for my mom, who is not a Redditor. One of her students, a 4th grader threatened to stab her about 20 years ago. She worked in a rough district and had no support from her superiors because it couldn’t be corroborated.

“I went to the sheriff’s office and reported it and asked our sheriff how to go about handling it because my mom was afraid of the little sh[\*]t and about retaliation from her boss/school system. I was only like 15 myself. Turns out the boy was his grandson, different last name.

“My mom called me, told me the sheriff came by their house, apologized for his grandson’s behavior and brought her and my dad a dinner and flowers. She never had issues again from the boy. His punishment was lovely, too. His grandfather brought him over to mow my parents’ yard all summer and take care of the clippings. The sheriff humanized my mom to him, talked about how she has a family and how stabbing somebody could hurt or kill them. He eventually apologized to my mom and learned to deal with frustration.

“And he turned out okay. He is an electrician and got married last summer.

“Edit — Thanks for the silver! And I’ve had a few people ask for his name/info, etc. I am going to respect his privacy and that of his family. But, if you want to honor him or his style of policing, look at donating to local Shop with a Cop programs or doing the kind of things he championed. Get involved and donate your time and talents to improving your community. Mentor a young person who is struggling. Think twice before raising a hand in violence. Or, look at becoming an officer yourself and working to make your community better.”

Galazine added this:

“He was a great sheriff and a great man. Understood the difference between justice and punishment. Granted, we lived in a small town in the 80s/90s. You could get away with more then. Now, that boy would have gotten arrested.

“When a couple kids vandalized the bleachers at the baseball diamond, the sheriff department hired them to weed, mow grass, and wash the patrol cars for five hours a week. And every payday he walked them to the school to turn over half their pay to cover costs of repair until it was paid off.

“Another time instead of writing tickets for two kids drinking underage, he called their parents and talked with them. Those two girls spent their summer as interns for MADD.

“My uncle got in a barfight, sheriff gave him the option of a ride down to his office or spending the next two months of Fridays volunteering to run concessions at the high school ball games.

“He figured it was better to find out what was wrong and try to help fix the problem rather than give a bunch of young, dumb, bored, or rebellious young folks criminal records.”

ANoviceMadScientist commented, “I never thought that genuinely saying someone was being good at something was understating how awesome they are .... Thanks for sharing those stories, genuinely made my day better.”

Twinnedcalcite commented, “That sheriff is an example to live by. Taking care of the issue and improving the community.”

Galaxine replied, “Amen. I think he saw that bored or rebellious 13-21 years olds did dumb stuff and that getting them invested in their community went a long way to solve it.”

## **72) “What’s the Smoothest Way You’ve Asked Someone Out/Been Asked Out?”**

1) dancegirl712 wrote, “In high school the boy I liked offered to drive me home from a friend’s house one night, even though I was totally out of his way. Halfway there he pulled over saying he thought he had a flat tire and he was gonna check it. I offered to get out and help him but he insisted I stay in the car. A minute later he came back with a bouquet of flowers he had in the trunk and asked me to be his girlfriend. Of course, I said yes.”

2) the\_m00nst0ne wrote this:

“He was standing behind me in a long line at Barnes and Noble with his friend. His friend was scrolling on his phone, but he had been making small talk with me specifically. He seemed really, really nice. Finally he asked me to show him all of the titles of books I had in my hand. I

was like ‘oh, sure, haha’ and then he went ‘thanks, be right back.’

“He came back to his place in line beside his friend and he was holding one of the books that I had. I gave him a ‘huh?’ look and he said, ‘I read the first three you have and loved them, so I took the one I didn’t have as a solid recommendation.’

“We both ended up checking out at the same time with different cashiers and when we walked outside together he said, ‘I would really like to get to know you. Can I take you out to dinner?’

“I told him that I really appreciated it, that I found him very charming, and that he came across as really genuine ... but that I had a boyfriend I loved very much. He thanked me for my graciousness, I thanked him for his, it was all smiles, and we went our separate ways.

“I thought it was more charming than ‘smooth,’ but it’s one that sticks out to me.”

the\_m00nst0ne added, “Seriously, when I got home and told my partner he joked, ‘Aw ... I kind of wish you had been single for him.’ Hahaha.”

kaz2y51967 commented:

“I think it’s very telling that he reacted so positively even though you turned him down! Of all the times I’ve been asked out, some of the ones I remember the most are those where the guy takes it really well despite being rejected.

“One time I was approached by a man while I was waiting for the train, and he was very kind, but I was in a relationship and told him so. Not only did he take it really well, but he told me that he hoped me and my boyfriend



were now and would continue to be happy together — not a hint of sarcasm. Honestly made my day!”

3) lord-farqueef wrote this:

“I texted him, ‘What are ya doing tomorrow?’ so I could follow up with making plans, but he beat me to it by responding ‘going out with you.’

“We ended up buying sandwiches and juice and going hiking.”

### **73) “Who is Your Real-Life Hero, and What Did They Do for You?”**

1) future\_here\_I\_come wrote this:

“A random dude I met at a mall.

“I was 15 years old and had just started my first part-time job. During my lunch break, I was sitting on a bench texting my friend when this old man suddenly put his hand on my thigh and started stroking me. I yelled, ‘Stop touching me!’ and immediately got up. I felt scared, alone, and incredibly vulnerable. Only ONE person reacted. He came over and asked me if everything was okay. I was shaking and just said that I had to get back to work. He then offered to follow me so that I wouldn’t have to walk by myself.

“He made me feel somewhat safe in a very scary situation. So yeah, that dude is my hero.”

2) bookVVorm93 wrote this:

“My stepdad. When I was a child, I had an asthma attack and went to hospital. I was kept in overnight, but I was too scared to sleep. He climbed into the bed with me and held me until I fell asleep. He always made me feel safe.

“He came into my life when I was a one-year-old and couldn’t have loved me, my brother, or my mother, more. He was the kind of man who would do anything for anyone — and came to my rescue more times than I can count. He’s who I want to be when I’m older.

“He died from cancer two days ago. The world without him seems impossible, but because of him, I’m not scared. No, I’m not scared of anything anymore.

“See you in the next life, Pop. Love you.”

3) RamsesThePigeon wrote this:

“There are a nearly endless number of stories that I could tell about my father.

“Throughout my entire childhood, the man was everything from an amateur magician to an insightful educator. When I wanted to create a ‘real lightsaber,’ he helped me design and build the thing (which really just turned out to be a particularly unsafe flashlight) from scratch. If ever I was curious about some detail in the world, he’d devise an experiment that we could run together ... with some of those experiments seeming to involve real magic.

“Still, perhaps the most important thing that my father ever did for me was teach me how to think. Whenever I needed help with something — regardless of what form the issue took — he would run through the same script with me:

“‘What’s the problem?’ he’d ask. ‘Why is it a problem? What’s causing the problem? How can you fix it?’ If my answer to any of those questions was ‘I don’t know,’ he’d encourage me to reexamine the situation.

“For example, I got a stereo for my birthday when I was about ten years old, and the CD player stopped functioning after only a couple of weeks. Rather than simply fixing it

for me, my father supervised my attempts at diagnosing and repairing the malfunction, using those aforementioned questions as a guide. I can remember carefully extracting screw after screw, exposing the inner electronics of the music-player... and thoroughly failing to find anything noticeably wrong with the system. Strangely enough, though, the damned thing started working again after I'd put everything back together, leading my father to offer another life lesson.

“‘Sometimes,’ he told me, ‘if you look at a problem closely enough, it will solve itself. Other times, you have to take a step back and look at the situation as a whole.’”

“It took me quite a few years before I realized what I actually learned in those moments, since each scenario seemed pretty unique to me at the time. As I've gotten older, though, I've come to understand what I was actually being taught, and why it was such a valuable skill: There's very little that you can't accomplish if you're willing to figure it out on your own ... but sometimes, the real challenge is in changing the way that you're looking at things.

“I also learned to make sure that my stereo's speakers were actually connected.

“TL;DR: My father helped me approach the world with equal parts wisdom and whimsy.”

RamsesThePigeon added:

“While I was growing up, magic was just another aspect of the household.

“My father — who was an amateur magician, as I mentioned — would always find ways of working mystical elements into everyday life. These feats could be as simple as pulling apples out of thin air, or as complex as making

dirty dishes disappear. Whatever form they took, his antics had me convinced that magic was a rather mundane aspect of the world (albeit a fascinating one). I would constantly beg to see more tricks, or to learn how to do them, but my dad always abided by his so-called ‘Magician’s Code,’ never showing me how any of his illusions were accomplished. It seemed, at the time, that I’d be forced to forever rely on my Magic Dust.

“It’s not what it sounds like.

“See, occasionally when I’d done something that merited a subtle reward, I would find little specks of star-shaped glitter in a place that I could easily associate with the accomplishment ... and in my excitement at the discovery, I would always insist on showing the ‘Magic Dust’ to my parents, who would say something like ‘It must have appeared because you made your bed so well.’ Immediately after that, I’d rush off to my secret stash — an old grey box that had once contained a necklace — and carefully deposit the tiny motes of light within it. My collection grew slowly but steadily, and I guarded it as though it contained the most valuable thing on the planet.

“Every now and then, though, I’d feel the need to use my Magic Dust.

“Since it had been made it clear to me that I wasn’t allowed to use magic (of any variety) to do my chores for me until I was an adult, I had to make do with using it for fun. The only problem was that I didn’t have quite the level of wizardly expertise my father did, so I’d always have to ask him for help when I wanted to try something. Fortunately, he was usually quite eager to go along with my schemes, if only so that he could see my reactions to their outcomes.

“For instance, I once suggested that the two of us make a magic potion designed to accelerate plant growth, and my

father came up with an allegedly ancient recipe that would suffice (consisting, oddly enough, entirely of things found within our kitchen). He told me that the finished concoction would require only a tiny pinch of Magic Dust — it being so potent and all — and even let me deposit that final ingredient. After the brewing process was complete, we went out into the yard together, found a suitable specimen, poured the elixir over it, and then sprinted back inside.

“I was told that we should wait awhile before examining the result of our efforts, if only because it was dangerous to be around magical reactions. (They could supposedly short themselves out if someone was watching, and we didn’t want that to happen.) We made sure to warn my mother — who had been observing the whole thing with a barely concealed smile — and my father told me that he was going to go buy some doughnuts while the spell finished. He was gone for about an hour and a half, and when he returned, I insisted that we immediately check on the outcome of our sorcery. My father grinned, took me by the hand, and led me outside.

“I doubt if I’ll ever forget the thrumming excitement that I felt in that moment. I was a bit hesitant to look at first, but my dad assured me that enough time had passed for the magic to take its effect. We rounded the corner... and there, where only a short time before had been a tiny, dying weed, I saw a huge, broad-leafed green plant that towered well above my head.

“Needless to say, I was absolutely overjoyed that the potion had worked so well, and I suggested that we make another one. My father explained that it was a bad idea to use too much magic at once, and pointed out that the dirt around the plant was already pretty disturbed from the first potion. I nodded in understanding — of course it was a bad idea,

any fool knew that — and swore to him, as one wizard to another, that I'd be on my best behavior.

“If I'm completely honest, though, I may have been hoping that the promise would lead to the appearance of more Magic Dust.

“TL;DR: Paternal powers prompt potent potions; prospering plants.”

Uncle\_Finger asked, “What is your life, man? In pretty much every thread I look at, you have the most interesting answers.”

RamsesthePigeon answered:

“I daresay you've discovered the reason: My father instilled me with a unique way of looking at the world, and I've carried it with me ever since.

“After all, there are stories absolutely everywhere.

“You just have to let yourself be a character in them.”

4) GoldenMonkey91 wrote this:

“A random guy who saved my dog's life one night.

“I had just adopted a large German shepherd/lab mix that night and brought him outside of my apartment to pee. I didn't have the right collar/didn't realize he'd never seen traffic before so he immediately panicked, backed out of his collar and sprinted across the four-lane (very busy) road in front of my apartment.

“I ran after him, dodging traffic, and miraculously got him to come back to me ... but he wouldn't let me put the collar back on him ... so I was just kneeling on the sidewalk in my pajamas, clutching this giant terrified dog, traffic

speeding past me wondering how the F[\*\*]K I was going to get him back inside.

“And then this random guy appeared in a very nice suit and jacket and asked if I needed help and I basically said, ‘Yes, can you carry my dog back into my building?’ and without a second thought, he reached down, scooped up my giant dog like a baby and walked with me back into my apartment, brushed himself off, and said he was late for a dinner. I gave him a hug and he walked off. He was amazing, and I think about him all the time.”

Minefat commented: “... something similar happened to me. We’d just gotten my very first dog, and she managed to wiggle out the front door as I was leaving. She was excited; I was scared sh[\*]tless. I live on a very main road, and she was running towards the street. Random lady slams on her breaks as my dog almost runs in front of her car, she jumps out of the car and throws a treat into the driveway, my dog goes for it and I scoop her up and bring her in. I didn’t even get a chance to thank her: The light was still green, and she drove off. I can’t even imagine how lucky it was she had treats on her or that she was even paying attention enough to stop on time.”

herissonberserk commented:

“Your story reminds me of another dog saviour, well saviours.

“Years ago, the rescue I work with was called for a case of possible abuse. There we went and found a very angry, very drunk homeowner who refused to let us set a foot on his property, while we could see in the backyard two frenchie puppies chained to a metal barrel. No shelter, no accessible water .... As we were there, the garbage truck came in, and the guys waited for us after and asked a lot of

questions. We left empty handed and put a request for police help without much hopes ....

“The morning after our phone rang: the garbage guys had snuck the puppies out in a god[\*]mn garbage can! They had come back on purpose and saved the puppies for us! I still think about those guys regularly and hope the kindness they showed to two poor, starved dogs pours back to them by the hundredfold.”

5) ande8523 wrote this:

“My first grade teacher. My kindergarten teacher did fl[\*\*]k all to teach us anything and would mislead my parents about my progress in class, so I went into first grade barely able to read, write, and despite being well behaved at home, I was kind of a sh[\*]thead at school.

“My sh[\*]thead attitude went away real quick when I got to 1st grade. After many stern talks, calls to my parents, and timeouts (I still remember the faded white and green mat she had in the corner 25+ years later), I stopped being a little [\*]ssh[\*]le. She would work with me every day to improve my reading, and kept pushing me to work harder. By the end of 1st grade, I was reading at a 3rd grade level.

“When I was a kid, I would have told you she was my least favorite teacher. I hated having to take my free time to do extra work with her. I just wanted to play with blocks with my friends.

“Now, I look back on it fondly. I’m not sure who I’d be without her today. The next time I had a teacher like her who was willing to put in the extra time with a student wasn’t until 11th grade. I wish there were more teachers like her.”

Minniemaus22 commented, “I’m a teacher myself. If this lady is still alive, write her a letter or even an email and let



her know. Stuff like that can keep us going when everyone else is down on teachers. Most of us keep a drawer/file folder with notes like that. I pull mine out when I feel like I'm not making any difference."

6) PriorInsect wrote this:

"This troubled kid I went to school with accidentally saved my life once.

"So one day I'm in technology class (this was back when 'technology' wasn't in the classroom, you had to bring the class TO the technology) and the teacher is showing us how to do something. This teacher played favorites, and she was always asking me to answer questions or go to the board to do something. One day I have a random boner (it happens a lot in middle school) that I was trying to ignore when the teacher calls my name to solve something on the whiteboard.

"*"Why does he always get called on?"* the kid shouted out.

"The teacher looked caught off guard for a moment (maybe she didn't realize she played favs?) and then said, *'I didn't mean to. How about you solve this one?'*

"He went up to the board and saved me some embarrassment. Looking back on it, I don't know if I would've awkwardly tried to get out of going up there or if I would have gone up and tried to somehow hide my erection. I don't know how I would've done that either, it was one of them *hard all the way to the tip* ones you get in your youth.

"We're in our 30's now; the guy joined the Marines after high school and moved away. We're still friends on Facebook, and one day a couple years ago he posted something about being depressed so I told him the story of how he saved me. I hope it cheered him up a little."

## 74) “Who is that One Stranger Whom You Still Remember? Why?”

1) canes0813 wrote, “The elderly gentleman in Target when my daughter was two and on the verge of a tantrum. At the time, my husband had been deployed for three months out of a nine-month deployment, and I didn’t have much patience left before my own tantrum. He gently rested his hand on top of mine and told me I was doing all the right things and to ignore the judgy looks from strangers. It was such a simple act of kindness and empathy that was enough to put me back in the right headspace to console my daughter.”

2) yokayla wrote, “When I was visiting NYC [New York City], I was in a cafe and a woman stopped on her way back from the bathroom to call me breathtakingly beautiful. I have really low self-esteem when it comes to physical traits for a variety of reasons, but I remember that moment and her voice whenever I’m beating up on myself. It’s been a few years, so I doubt she ever expected her quick compliment would mean so much. But it did. Thank you, random New Yorker.”

3) kbooky90 wrote this:

“I was once crying in a restaurant bathroom about my hair. It was ... Hermione Granger-esque ... in my younger years, and I hated how impossible it was compared to my very pretty friends.

“A stranger came out of a stall and comforted me, and asked if she could help fix it up for me there. She gave it this really elegant bun with some bobby pins in her bag and sent me back out to my friends. I still remember her.”

4) palindrome03 wrote this:

“When I was about 10, my mom and I were driving through Pennsylvania and got lost. We stopped at a diner for dinner and while we were eating, snow came down hard, and our car stopped working. It was about 10pm and the restaurant was closing down. The waitress at the restaurant called a local mechanic nearby and stayed with us, keeping the restaurant open at least a few hours beyond when she should have gone home, to ensure we were able to get the car working again so we could drive to a nearby hotel. As a little kid, I remember being kind of scared in the diner while this was all going down and they had one of those claw games where you pick a prize. Another man who was working there gave me quarters to play the claw game while we waited.

“I am 24 now, but I will always remember their kindness as complete strangers. After we got home, my mom mailed the restaurant a card and a gift card to thank them.”

5) FromMyFingers wrote this:

“This one woman I met out on a walk with my dog. I came up on her at an intersection along a busy street. She was trying to coax this off-leash dog from walking into the intersection, but the dog had a very strong ‘stranger danger’ vibe he was giving off. **I put two and two together and concluded she was not the dog’s owner, but just a friendly pedestrian trying to do the right thing and return a lost dog.**

“I didn’t know what to do, but I did know the lights were about to change in favor of the not-so-dog-friendly lanes. While I was sitting there trying to come up with the plan, my dog let out one of her ‘concerned’ barks. This got the attention of the other dog, and he started coming towards us ... from across the intersection ... before the lights had changed.

“Luckily, all the drivers were cool about it and allowed the woman and dog to cross against the light to my side of street.

“This is where it got really interesting for me ...

“The dog came right up to mine and did the normal b[\*]tt sniffing and tail wagging. While he was distracted, I grabbed his collar with my right hand, and then took my left hand, which was holding my dog’s leash, and put it straight up in the air. I was about to say, ‘Could you hold her?’, but that woman was already ahead of me. Before I could even utter a syllable, my excited dog was in her hands, leaving me an extra hand to control the male.

“I go to work searching for tags on the dog. I find them, then turn the collar so I can read the name and numbers on it. Whomever this dog belonged to was completely prepared for this contingency as there were five phone numbers on one tag.

“I get a handle on the first number, and turn to the woman. She nods, phone in hand, ready to go. I start reading and she dials. No answer, but she leaves a good message. While she was leaving the message, I prepped for the next dial. She hung up, took a pause to get back to her dial pad, then nodded to me again, I read off the second number. Same result. We did this until we got the last number where someone picked up. Five minutes later, this dude pulls up in a work truck, calls his dog over to the truck, thanks us for helping out, and takes off.

“Without saying anything, the woman chasing the dog hands me back my dog, we nod to each other, and go our separate ways.

“The reason why this one sticks with me so much is that this woman and I were able to accomplish a goal by barely speaking a word to each other. We just knew what needed

to be done and we did it. Everything from her taking my dog from me, to how we ‘communicated’ for the dialings. You don’t find people like that everyday.”

6) [deleted] wrote this:

“The first time I went in a wave pool in a water park, my parents and I hadn’t realized that you had to pay extra for the rafts that literally everyone had in the pool. We didn’t spend money on sh[\*]t like that so I just went into the wave pool by myself. I’ve always been a strong swimmer so I was not worried, even at age six.

“The wave machine turned on and it was fun, but then people’s rafts started being pushed on top of me — over my head. I got pushed under water and couldn’t come up because the pool was stuffed with rafts, wall to wall, and as far as I can tell I was the only one who wasn’t on one.

“I started swallowing water and choking because I couldn’t get a good breath in because every time I would come up for air another raft would get pushed on top of me. At some point, a girl I remember as being an ‘older girl’ noticed my struggle and grabbed me and pulled me up on her raft. She seemed so old and mature, but when I think back on it she couldn’t have been more than 12.

“tl;dr [Too Long; Didn’t Read] I would have ended up as the drowned kid at the bottom of the waterpark wave pool in 1987 if a girl hadn’t grabbed me and hoisted me onto her raft.

“I remember this as a pretty defining moment in my life because I realized that I could actually die through no fault of my own. It wasn’t my swimming ability that was the problem — it was the other circumstances in the water that day. I always wonder if that girl remembers it, too. She’d be in her 40s now.”

## 75) “Teachers of Reddit, What’s the Saddest Thing You’ve Heard a Student Say?”

1) MastodonBob wrote, “Ex-wife taught first grade in a school district known mostly for trailer-park crime. At Christmas, she had her kids write stories about the best thing about the holidays. One extremely impoverished kid wrote that he was excited that Santa was going to let him pick out a single box of cold cereal that would be his and his alone, and he could pick from ANYTHING in the grocery store. Mom was dead-[\*]ss broke, working two jobs trying to make ends meet, and food stamps were the only way she could get her three kids a ‘present’. She played this up, and the kids got excited about this.”

Gourmetrash1 commented, “That’s an awesome mom, though.”

Rockidoge commented, “My husband is one of nine from a really poor rural Midwest family. They used to give the kids Pop Tarts in their Christmas stockings. Not a whole box, mind you, but a packet.”

2) TheDreadedLorax wrote this:

“I was teaching media (journalism, podcasting, video editing, etc.) to students in Southeast Europe who wanted to better utilize social media to share what was happening in their countries (think Arab Spring).

“One of my students from Burma mentioned sleeping with her father. I pulled her aside to have her clarify. Her father sleeps in bed with her and her sister to make sure they aren’t kidnapped overnight and sold into the sex slave trade.

“Most sobering moment of my life.”

Morris9597 commented:

“That was a roller coaster.

“- Sleeping with her father. *Oh no!*

“- It’s to protect them. *YES!*

“- From being sold into sexual slavery. *Oh, f[\*\*]king hell...*

Note by David Bruce: Wikipedia has an article titled “Human trafficking in Myanmar”:

<<https://tinyurl.com/y5hpowax>>.

Myanmar used to be known as Burma.

3) 88questioner wrote this:

“A 2nd grader told me that he was feeling weird and tired that day because he didn’t sleep much the night before because people were shooting each other on his street, and his dad went out to see what was happening and didn’t come back until morning. He was so worried he hadn’t slept at all.

“Another student told me he couldn’t take his ADHD medicine because his mommy sold it for food.”

LiamsArtWorld commented:

“I keep seeing all of these stories about food.

“My school does a little thing that isn’t much; but definitely helps. Every Friday, kids with a low income are sent home with a sack of food. Usually including water, juice, a can of tuna, a small bag of chips, raisins, and other small non-perishables. It’s a way a kid can have a meal or two if they otherwise aren’t able to.”

F[\*\*]kyourfirstdraft wrote, “My city does a summer meals program where kids can go to their local elementary school for a free lunch every weekday in the summer, and then

they get sent home with a similar bag of food on Friday so they can have something to eat over the weekend. Sad that there's such a need for it, but I've volunteered there and there's no way these kids are getting lunch without it; most don't even get breakfast."

Rdwalt commented, "Where my daughters go, the cafeteria will feed any kid, even if they don't have money. The kids get a tab, and the parents pay on it. I asked about it. (My daughter chose to eat at the cafe rather than her packed lunch once.) And they said there's no cut-off limit — they'd rather lose money than a kid not eat."

## **76) "Medical Workers of Reddit, What were the Most Haunting Last Words You've Heard from a Patient?"**

1) readerf52 wrote this:

"It wasn't words, but the most haunting death was a patient who was DNR [Do Not Resuscitate], through her and her family's wishes. She was losing her battle, and her family wasn't there. She was getting frantic and looking around and half sitting up in bed, and a nurse with more experience than me took her hand and calmly said, 'It's ok. You're not alone. We're right here with you; it's ok to leave.' The patient immediately calmed, put her head back on the pillow and died.

"I knew I wanted to be that nurse when I grew up. How the hell did she know just what to do and say? I've never forgotten it."

Pyr0technikz commented, "My mom passed away a couple of hours after I told her I'd be okay and that it's okay for her to go. I've always hoped that I was able to give her the peace of mind she needed to let go."

Literallytheworst\_ commented:



“This is a common occurrence. I’m a tech in a hospital. I’ve seen this before. Patients pick their moment, often.

“The first I ever saw as a professional was a guy who said he was scared to die alone when he was lucid. He was DNR [Do Not Resuscitate]; my coworkers and I held his hand for the first three hours of my shift, taking turns. His family finally showed up at about at 2am. His wife and adopted daughters were there. They went in, and he was dead in 10 minutes. He was waiting for his family to go. He died at 98, with the people he loved, in a warm, comfortable bed. We gave him drugs for anxiety and pain, so it was as peaceful as could be. He had a really good death.

“When I was 13, my grandfather had a heart attack. He hung around for 36 hrs. He hung around for the whole family to show up, and then promptly died. Dude was always a fan of having an audience.

“More recently, I had a guy in his 60s with lung cancer. He was a DNR [Do Not Resuscitate]. His wife said, ‘Honey, if tonight is the night, that’s okay, I understand, I love you and I always will’. He gave a thumbs-up, smiled, and died 10 minutes later.

“As a healthcare worker, I firmly believe you helped sooth her at the end. I think of it like falling asleep, you say, ‘Hey, it’s okay, I got it from here,’ and then they can relax and let it go.”

2) Weaselnut wrote, “ICU [Intensive Care Unit] nurses are on a level all their own. When my late girlfriend was in the ICU with ARDS (I think? Her family never did well explaining what was happening, but she survived that stay, it was a MRSA infection a year later that took her), her family said I was her cousin because at that time they were only letting family come see her. I was in the room alone while her mom went to have a cigarette, and the nurse

comes in and instantly could tell I wasn't a cousin, that I was her boyfriend and called me out on it. I was shocked and started freaked out, but she just laughed and did the zipped-lips thing. The nurse would also sing to my girlfriend in her [the nurse's] native language, Vietnamese I think, while she was changing IV bags or doing anything else. I really appreciated that, and I know if my girlfriend had been awake she would have, too."

3) quaquero wrote, "(Nurse) In hospital caring for 40ish man with brain tumor, coming in and out of consciousness. Not to be resuscitated. His 16 year-old daughter was crying non-stop for 12 hours. His wife, who had been given a few months to prepare herself, was calm and focused on her husband. I had to routinely check his level of consciousness, which involved talking to him in a loud voice (responds to auditory stimulation), which I did not like to do. So I asked his wife to do the loud voice part, so the voice he would hear would be hers, not mine, and she did so without hesitation. The only response we observed with her vocalization was that this by now profoundly unconscious patient took her hand to his lips and kissed it. He stopped breathing very soon after that. I am haunted, but not in a bad way."

Rhomra commented, "My grandpa was similar, struggling to hang on but not responsive. My grandma grabbed his hand and said, "It's okay, you can go, the kids will take care of me.' He was gone within the hour. He loved her so much that it wasn't a surprise that he needed her permission to die."

## **77) "What are Some Nice, Do-Able Random Acts of Kindness?"**

1) printerbob wrote, "I'm old, so I still have the newspaper delivered on Sunday. It is loaded with inserts that have money-off coupons for various things. I cut them out and

take them to Wal-Mart and lay them on the shelf next to the products they are for. Not a big deal, but I think everybody likes to save a buck or two.”

2) randy888moss wrote, “When I was in college, we used go in the rough parts of town and replace old or non-existent basketball nets with brand-new ones.”

3) Portarossa wrote, “If you like someone’s work — artist, writer, Reddit commenter, YouTuber, whatever — then tell them, especially if they’re a small producer. When you’re starting out, getting positive feedback from the community is a big boost.”

4) Back2Bach wrote this:

“I take my elderly neighbor (she’s 95, and uses a walker) to the cemetery twice per year to visit her husband’s grave.

“It’s a small thing, but it means a lot to her. We plant flowers and she shares memories with me. I actually feel as though she’s doing me the kindness to allow me to be part of it.”

Note: Back2Bach wrote about this in answer to an earlier question, but this adds more detail.

5) njohnivan wrote, “At the gym I slide the weights on the scale over to around 400 pounds so when someone gets on there they get to move them back and can think, ‘Hey, at least I don’t weigh as much as whoever was on here last.’”

6) PrettyFlyForADeadGuy wrote, “Donate feminine hygiene supplies to any local women’s or family shelters. They almost always need them.”

7) RichChocolateDevil wrote, “My wife loves making bouquets of flowers. She makes several a week and leaves them on random people’s porches when we walk the dog at 5:30 or 6 a.m.”

## **78) “[SERIOUS] What was Something You Saw that You were Definitely Not Supposed to See?”**

IYELLWHENDRUNK wrote, “I used to work in the basement of a pretty large hospital doing engineering work. They’ll often cart dead bodies out of the hospital through the basement, so it’s usually not a big deal — you just tend to try and ignore it. One time as I was finishing up a test in a pretty remote room, I walked out to an entire security detail escorting a body. I just got immediately shoved back into the room so nothing really exciting happened, but I always wonder who that could’ve been.”

Jibzy commented:

“I work in a major hospital, and we service everyone from politicians to celebrities. It was most likely a well-known person or possibly a person from a hot news report that the media was focused on ... even if it was only a sheet and you couldn’t see the body. The ordinary people, the reporters, and the paparazzi try their best to take photos.

“We have caught people pretending to be patients. We prevent ordinary people trying to sneak a picture, which can easily be sold or leaked.

“No matter how famous, in life or in death, a person is entitled to privacy and it is the hospital’s responsibility to heal them and always protect their rights.”

## **79) “What’s the Bravest Thing You’ve Ever Done?”**

1) sacco\_palm wrote this:

“At 13, I told my rapist face-to-face during my statement in court that I hope he can work on himself and grow to have children so that when they reach thirteen, maybe he can understand how wrong it is for that child to be coerced and taken advantage of by an adult.

“And that all I wanted out of the trial was for him to come out of jail knowing what to teach his children not to do. He had already raped me. That part wasn’t going to change. I just wanted one fewer little girl to go through the same thing.

“Edit: Forgot to throw in that now, nine years later, he has two sons and a daughter. He’s a manager at a sandwich shop about three hours away from me. I hate to say he has a good life, but I’m happy he didn’t continue on a very bad path.”

saco\_palm added, “Happy to say I’m doing well now with a boyfriend who makes me feel safe and loved,” and added that the rapist got “six months and then let out for good behavior. But what can you do — our court systems are flawed af [as f\*\*k].”

2) arbusto wrote this:

“Was going to a sushi restaurant when an older white guy (the stocky, big-gold-chain, track-suit kind of guy) comes out dragging a tiny Asian woman along. She’s complaining and resisting. He smacks her and she falls hard.

“I go to get out of my car to intervene. Wife is yelling at me not to because, despite being 6’3”, I’m a complete wuss and she thinks he’s got a gun. I go anyway and then like three more guys do, too. Guy gets in his Escalade and guns it out of the parking lot, leaving the woman.

“Somebody has called the cops and they show up. She’s got cuts all over her legs from falling down and she’s bawling. Cops take statements. We go have dinner. I really hope we didn’t make her life worse by intervening in a parking lot beat-down.”

3) littleredhoodlum wrote this:

“Quite a few years ago now, I had a very good friend crash his motorcycle while we were out riding. He was behind me, and all I saw in my mirror was him riding off the side of the road and a cloud of dust.

“I went back and found him. Called 911 and started doing what little bit of first aid I know. He stopped breathing and I ended up doing CPR [Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation] on him until the paramedics arrived. I know it wasn’t more than 15 minutes, but I’ve never felt time move slower than it did that day.

“According to the doctors and paramedics, he died at the hospital, but there was a moment there in the ditch when all the tension left his body and I knew that was it.

“People complimented my bravery for sticking with him and doing CRP. It wasn’t bravery — it was being forced into action by the situation.

“My bravest moment came a few days later at his funeral. I hadn’t really slept since. I knew with every fiber of my being that his family would hate me for not saving him or pushing him too hard on the motorcycle. I knew that it was my fault. I made myself go to his funeral. I was ready to face his family and all the hatred and blame.

“His mom met me at the door with a hug and asked me how I was holding up, and I completely lost my shit. I just started bawling. She took me into a side room and just held my head on her shoulder until I was all cried out.

“I expected her to hate me. Here was this woman at her own son’s funeral asking me how I was doing. That was real strength and bravery.”

4) FaisalKhatib wrote this:

“I whispered in my daughter’s ear that it was okay to give up if she wants to because we were ready to let go. This was right after we ordered the doctors to remove her ventilator.

“Obviously like every child ... she didn’t listen to her parents and did whatever she wants. She’s currently lying in bed making spit bubbles and pulling her hair. :)”

FaisalKhatib added:

“My daughter was born with a rare genetic disorder (acrocallosal syndrome). At 18 months, she needed to undergo brain surgery to minimise the damage that was already being caused due to hydrocephalus. The brain handling during surgery caused seizures. Seizures meant her breathing was extremely erratic and she wasn’t maintaining her numbers. She needed to be ventilated.

“Doctors kept her heavily sedated because she kept biting the ventilator tubing. Heavy sedation along with poor brain function meant her breathing would remain erratic even with the ventilator. Doctors once again were trying to force us to get a tracheostomy done. We always tried to steer away from invasive procedures as much as possible (if we had a choice). Plus a tracheostomy has minimum requirements that our daughter didn’t meet.

“So we asked the doctors to instead unplug her. They said she’d die. The rest as they say ... is history. [...]

“Just to add some facts to the above. I’m not sure how ventilation usually works but she was ventilated through the mouth. Basic sedation is required for being ventilated but even in that sedated state she was unconsciously chewing on her tube. A further sedation was added to knock her out completely.”

## 80) “What is Your Wholesome Little Secret?”

1) S\_vdM wrote, “My dad can’t work anymore due to ill health. He receives a little money from the government, just enough to enable him to get by. One of his biggest passions before he had to finish work was building model railways. He has two; both are still unfinished. He had to stop working on them because he no longer had the money to continue. When I took over looking after his finances, I started to transfer some extra money from my wages into his bank account so he could start working on it again. I told him there had been a rise in his benefits as I know he would never accept the money from me. It isn’t much, but at least now he can buy himself one or two bits every month to keep himself busy, and happy.”

2) jillywillyfoshilly wrote, “My mom works really stressful hours, so she thinks my dad is the one cleaning the house and doing all the laundry when really it’s me. He thinks she’s doing it; she thinks he’s doing it. No one ever talks about it, but I don’t take credit because it makes them more relaxed and happy with each other. :-)”

3) \_celli wrote this:

“I’d been saving a \$100 bill in my wallet for months on end waiting to use it. Every time I went to spend it, my gut said no. Every time I went to give it to a random panhandler, my gut said no.

“A few weeks ago, I saw a woman with her child on the side of the road asking for money for diapers/formula. She didn’t have any of the hallmarks of a long-term homeless person or of a junky. Just looked like a desperate mother in need. As I passed her, my gut just said, ‘It’s time’. So I stopped and gave her the hundred. The look on her face when she realized the single bill I was giving her was \$100



was priceless and I'll never forget it. Best \$100 I've ever spent.

“Only person I told was my GF [girlfriend] because she asked me why I always carry a \$100 bill on me that I never spend. So I told her when I finally let it go.

“Normally I wouldn't go bragging about it, but hey, if we're asking about wholesome secrets, I suppose this is an appropriate place to tell the story.”

Some people thought that \_celli had been taken by a con artist, so \_celli replied, “Well, she didn't have any track marks, wasn't jittery, wasn't in tattered clothing, and seemed genuinely taken aback at being given the money. Everything about the exchange leads me to believe she actually needed the money. So I was happy to do it!”

4) CarlSpencer wrote, “I live in the country and there are many old family graveyards. Farming families would have their own private graveyard with a dozen or more graves. As farmland was divided to make one-acre to five-acre plots for new houses, these graveyards were essentially abandoned. I 'adopted' one near me, and I care for it by clearing brush, mowing, repairing the stone walls enclosing them, etc. ... I've reached an age when I think of my own end, and I hope that someone does the same for me. It doesn't take much, but it gives me a sense of bettering my surroundings.”

Kajin-Strife added, “There's a few graveyards near my area of the same variety. There's also a prison right up the road from them. Every couple weeks the warden takes volunteers, and the prisoners go out and maintain these graveyards just because they can.”

5) JeffCentaur wrote this:

“Not mine, my dad’s. When he passed away, we had to go through a lot of his paperwork and possessions, and we discovered that my dad had been hiding something for many years.

“He had secretly been giving A LOT more money to veteran’s charities than we ever suspected.

“That’s the kind of deep dark secrets my dad had.”

6) Thai\_Food\_Mary wrote this:

“My mother was adopted and just recently found her birth parents. They had to give her up because they were way too young and couldn’t support themselves, let alone a child. She finally met them, and they are basically exactly like her and are the parents she was always meant to have.

“So, long story short, I’ve been finding any old photos I can of them and editing them into photos taken of our family around the same time, so they can see what it would be look like if they stayed together. Like an alternate universe or something. I’ve been doing this for months. I plan on giving them all to her on mother’s day.”

7) 5thAxiom wrote this:

“Still brings tears to my eyes thinking about this simple act of kindness. I’ve never really used my Facebook account for a few different reasons. But a couple of years ago a guy with the same first and last name as myself contacted me through Facebook Messenger. He lived several hundred miles away from me in a different state. He told me that my grandmother (who has dementia) had recently made a Facebook account and had mistaken added him thinking he was me. She was upset because I had moved so far away without telling her. After failed attempts of explaining to her that she had messaged the wrong guy, he realized that she might have Alzheimer’s. Instead of just ignoring her

and forgetting about the confusion, he took the time to find me, her actual grandson, and let me know what was going on. He told her that he would be moving back soon and not to worry.

“But even more unbelievable is that that guy was kind enough to not ignore some random elderly woman and let her be broken-hearted.”

## Chapter 5: Questions 81-100

### 81) “Redditors Who Won One of Those ‘Do X with a Celebrity’ or ‘Spend A Day with So And So’, What were Those Actually Like?”

1) darthbiscuit80 wrote, “I went to school with the president of the Dolly Parton Fan Club and bought a raffle ticket from her for ‘Dinner with Dolly’ at Pigeon Forge, Tennessee. I won and got to meet her and she is honestly the most kind, easy-going, fun person to be around ever. Like having dinner with a really close aunt. Really frank about her boobs and plastic surgery and anything else that popped into her head. She is also really, REALLY tiny in person. Like 5’ even. She loves to talk about her home and upbringing. (She bought the theme park that is now Dollywood to save the town of Pigeon Forge, Tennessee to preserve it and keep it from getting absorbed by Gatlinburg.) Dinner lasted for like four hours, but it felt like minutes. I think Mrs. Parton easily belongs up on a pedestal with Bob Ross, Fred Rogers, et al.”

leenie5 commented, “Dolly Parton has that whole book club [Dolly Parton’s Imagination Library] where she sends kids books. Two of my kids have it and they love getting new books every so often.”

Wratz commented, “I knew someone who worked for Dolly’s plastic surgeon in Nashville. As you can imagine, there were a lot of country music stars who used them. Apparently they had a back entrance they all used so they wouldn’t be seen at a plastic surgeon’s. Not Dolly, though. She rolled up in the front door and talked to everyone inside and out for however long they wanted. She signed pictures and sang for people. She really is a genuine person in a world where it seems there are less and less.”

AntiCorpse commented, “Dolly Parton is consistently brought up to be a really fantastic celebrity in AskReddit threads. Super sweet, runs a totally free book program so that kids in need can read books more easily, is accepting of LGBT+ people (which is a huge deal for such a big celebrity of the south), helps local communities very often. Just a wonderful person.”

2) analoguerevenge wrote this:

“Twenty years ago I won a contest to meet a famous (at the time) pop-punk band [MxPx] and go to the studio with them to see them record their new album.

“It was actually amazing. They flew me and my girlfriend into LA and put us up in the same hotel as the band was staying. The guys in the band were surprisingly down to earth. They were funny, not stuck up at all, and really easy to talk to. The singer was a bit of a sex symbol but didn’t give off that vibe. He was a regular guy.

“We hung out at the hotel the night we got in. We went to one of their rooms, listened to music, had some drinks (nothing excessive) a couple of the guys played PlayStation. I had a long talk with the drummer (who always seemed quiet) about a musical artist in another genre we were both obsessed with (Morrissey, if you’re curious) and it was great.

“The next morning we did a bit of tourist stuff in LA then they drove us to the studio. It was like in this garage in an industrial area, not at all what I expected. This was a really well-known studio, too.

“So we go in there and we just hang out in couches, chat with the producer for a while (who did a lot of well-known albums) and then the singer spends like four hours recording background vocals for a single song. It was very educational. The whole album was basically recorded on a

computer and they had this computer ninja doing all kinds of edits on the fly.

“Then we all went to Thai food and they took us to an awesome record store in Hollywood they liked.

“We said goodbye, spent the next day doing more tourist stuff and flew home. It was an incredible experience.

“When the album came out nine months or so later, it was incredible to hear the song we witnessed recording. I still love hearing it.

“The band and genre aren’t so popular these days, but I still listen to them because of what nice, regular human beings they were.

“Edit: it was MxPx.”

## **82) “When was a Time that You had a Substantial and Positive Impact on a Younger Person?”**

1) not\_doing\_that, a woman, wrote this:

“I’m a minister, I don’t look it, but when people find out I am, sometimes they ask me questions. I’m fairly non-threatening when I’m in my work garb so I’m approachable.

“Younger gal came up to me sobbing after a service. She said a few months prior her mom committed suicide and she was worried her mom was in hell over it. Asked me if I really thought her mom was in hell.

“I told her no, that her mother battled depression for as long as she could, but sometimes our demons win, and God wouldn’t punish her for that. He knows she was sick and would give her peace.

“She hugged me and said thank you.”

2) JivyNme wrote, "I had a student with special needs, kind of a loner. I made a suggestion in class that the kids ask their parents to bring them to a local museum to see a famous painting we were learning about. The boy and his family moved at the end of the school year. Fast forward eight years. His mom contacts me. Now in high school, the boy and his family had traveled around the country to see VG's work, his room was full of VG posters, VG was his favorite artist, they had so much fun visiting art museums together over the years, all from that one small lesson in first grade."

Note: "VG" was not identified. Vincent van Gogh, perhaps?

3) issius, a male, wrote this:

"One time I was messing around in a parking lot waiting to go mountain biking. Some kids were playing on their bikes near a pile of mulch, so I speed over thinking I'll show them what's up. I launch off the pile of mulch and immediately smash my face into the ground. Luckily I was wearing a helmet, which never even touched the ground.

"Lacerated tongue, lost teeth, whole shebang.

"I like to think I taught them a valuable lesson that day. I'm not sure what the lesson was, but they certainly remember it."

4) sleepless\_insomniac wrote, "In my last year of college, a number of underclassmen came up to me to say they'll miss me and to thank me for being the first person to talk to them and make them feel welcome/a part of the campus. This kinda surprised me because I was never super fond of the school, but it was nice knowing I was able to create what I didn't feel I had for other people."

5) thisbabe doestoomuch wrote, “I was a camp counselor last summer. Most of the counselors hung out with kids who were already very good at making friends (we’re college kids working with nine-year-olds in my group). I hung out with the quiet and shy kids who didn’t have a lot of friends. I thought it was better and I had a few kids cry at the end of the summer when it was the last day because they were going to miss me.”

### **83) “[Serious] Redditors in Places with Universal Healthcare: What is Universal Healthcare Really Like?”**

1) tazUK wrote this:

“My mother had multiple lifelong health issues and had her life significantly extended with an ICD [implantable cardioverter-defibrillator?] unit and over 15 different medications that my family could never have afforded

“Having inherited her chronic kidney disease, I’ve been offered Tolvatapan medication to mitigate the decline in my kidney function. For context, Tolvatapan costs £15,750 (estimated) per year for one person; I’m eligible to have it at an annual cost of £36. I have no private medical insurance.”

2) DeBasha wrote this:

“Well, I live in the Netherlands and my mom was diagnosed with lung cancer. She had a tumor the size of a tennis ball in her right lung. As soon as it was found out, they immediately started treatment in the hospital where she shared a room with three other people. At first they were skeptical she would survive, so she was put on a quite tough treatment (stronger chemo, etc.). She lost all her hair but she could get a wig basically for free (she didn’t take it, though, as she found them really itchy). The doctors and nurses were very considerate. And even though she didn’t



had a room of her own, she did have like a mini desk with flatscreen TV and all, and the food was quite decent. Eventually, she made a full recovery and the doctors told her the tumor was gone and that it had surprised them as well.

“After that she had to be examined like every three months to make sure she still was cancer free. Eventually, it came back and she was immediately put into treatment again and eventually was cancer-free again.

“This all was over four years ago and she still is being checked regularly, after a while they cut it down from every three months to every six months.

“She still has some issues due to the chemotherapy and radiotherapy, her eyesight had been greatly reduced for instance and is still being treated for that. She even got placed in a pool of people who would be the first to receive some sort of new injections that could fix this. She is receiving these shots for the last couple of weeks now and she is able to read the subtitles again on the TV!

“All in all, I am extremely happy with our healthcare system, it practically saved my mom. I’m from a family who had quite some financial troubles so we would never be able to afford top-tier insurance.”

diMario commented:

“No excessive paperwork.

“By law, every inhabitant of the Netherlands must purchase health insurance from a private company, of which there are several and they are supposed to be competitors. The government establishes minimum coverages for the insurers (what sort of treatments are included) and most insurers offer the basic insurance package at about €100 per month per person.

“On top of the basic package you can choose to purchase a more extensive coverage, which many people do in order to access therapies not covered by the basic package such as a better class of hospital room should you need to be hospitalized, access to alternative healing methods if you are so inclined, more coverage for dental work etc., etc.

“In general the caregivers (doctors, dentists, clinics, hospitals) do their billing directly to the insurance company without the patient being involved. Sometimes a part of the cost is not covered by the insurance and then you get a bill from your insurance company. To the best of my knowledge, such bills will rarely be in excess of a few hundred Euros and will not be a cause for bankruptcy.”

3) benamurghal wrote this:

“I used to live in the US, and now I live in the UK, so I have literally had the exact same surgery in both countries.

In the US, I was scheduled for surgery a month or so after I was diagnosed with a ‘probably benign’ tumor. I had open surgery and spent four days in the hospital in a private room because I had good insurance. Just after the surgery though, I was told that my insurance had lapsed due to a late payment (which wasn’t even true) and I had to spend weeks of my recovery time stressed out and on the phone with the insurance company.

“A few years later, the benign tumor came back and I was living in the UK. I was put on the waiting list, because it was known to be benign. I had to wait only a couple months (honestly not much longer than I waited in the US), and I was given keyhole surgery and spent one night on a ward with three other women. It wasn’t comfortable, but it was definitely adequate and the nurses and doctors were all kind and attentive.

“Did I really need to have open surgery and a four-day hospital stay in the US, or was that prescribed only because I had the insurance to pay for it? I’ll never know. But my recovery in the UK was much less stressful and I never had to worry about paying for it, even though I was unemployed at the time.

“The healthcare system here is not without problems. Bloated management, underfunding, and all the usual things you get in every system. But from the patient level, I can tell you I will probably never go back to the US just because of the health care. I can always get in to see a GP [General Practitioner] when I need to. I live in Scotland, so even my prescriptions are free. I don’t mind paying my taxes here because I know I will reap some benefit from the taxes I pay.”

DreddPirateBob4Ever commented:

“UK chipping in. Mum was on a waiting list for a hip replacement for a few months but mainly due to having an earlier surgery cancelled because the surgeon was caught up with an emergency (which is fair enough). Got her hip done, up and at them.

“When she broke her other hip, it was done by the afternoon and they did a full hip rather than just the socket because it’d save having to do it later. She ended up in rehabilitation for a few weeks because of post-operative delirium and is right as rain now (for 80). Cost us nowt [nothing] but parking, coffee, and chips :)”

4) poppy810 wrote, “UK NHS [United Kingdom National Health Service] is brill [brilliant]. I had stage 4 cervical cancer. Put on a clinical trial. Twelve cycles of chemo. Thirty radiotherapy sessions. Three brachytherapy. Follow-up appointments for five years, free prescriptions for anything for five years. Even gave me a pass for free

parking at the hospital throughout my treatment. All tea, coffee, etc., free. Even fed you if you were there more than four hours.”

### **84) “What’s the Nicest Thing You’ve Done For Someone?”**

1) germanywx wrote this:

“Former Boy Scout here.

“I worked a summer camp in Missouri one summer. One week we had a troop of mentally disabled guys stay at the camp. They were all older than standard Boy Scouts.

“One I took a liking to. Big dude who you would be frightened to death to cross on a dark street. But he was mentally a five-year old. He had zero confidence.

“I wanted to work on that.

“So I guide him all week but make sure he does as much on his own as humanly possible.

“We get to woodworking day and I help him construct as much as he feels he can. He just doesn’t want to use the hammer to sink the nails. I do a few but notice every single thing he does, he does better than he feels and I decide I’m going to have him do it, whatever the cost.

“I give him the hammer. He declines. I tell him I believe in him. He declines. I say, ‘Tell you what ... I’ll hold the nail for you, I trust you that much. I know you won’t hurt me.’

“He took the hammer. I hold the nail. I bit down hard expecting a broken finger.

“WHACK!

“That nail went down like it was made of butter. He didn’t even pinch my finger as the head of the nail went down. He hit it PERFECTLY.

“He saw it and dropped the hammer and started wringing his hands and tried to be excited without ‘making a scene’.

“My heart was so full for him. I felt amazing for taking that risk. “That was over 20 years ago, and I’ve never forgotten it.

“I now have two young daughters who I put my physical self on the line for regularly. Sometimes it works out. Sometimes I gain new scars. But I know being the someone who trusts you no matter what makes any physical pain not even a consideration.”

2) moose\_tassels wrote this:

“I (riding on my bike) saw a man lying on his back in the middle of an adjacent sidewalk. While it’s fairly common around here to find homeless people passed out in doorways and whatnot, and therefore relatively easy to ignore, this guy was different. Nicely dressed, clean, not obviously homeless, and really, really still. Nobody was stopping. It was in broad daylight.

“I got off my bike and checked on him — his eyes were rolled back in his head, then would randomly roll around, his pulse was weak and slow, he was breathing, but very slowly and shallowly. Once I stopped, people started getting interested, but when I asked someone to call 911, everyone took off. I called them myself, and they wanted me to do CPR [Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation]. I only had one functioning arm, so I again asked for help. All the rubberneckers again disappeared.

“Fortunately, an ambulance arrived quickly. I still don’t know what happened to him, but I hope he was okay.

“I also called 911 for a guy who was obviously homeless, and drunk, at night in a mostly deserted area, because he was passed out face down on a sidewalk with a nearly empty bottle of bourbon in his hand, and a growing puddle of blood stemming from where he slammed his head when he fell down. I would rather risk some personal safety than wonder if another human bled out because I didn’t want to be bothered.

“Yes, I understand not stopping to help a guy in a van on the side of a deserted road in the middle of the night, or another dozen other scenarios. Get somewhere safe and call the police! But I’m baffled as to how people can just flow around a person in need in broad daylight in a well-populated area.”

3) 41-6C-65-78 wrote, “A friend I went to high school with is an elementary school teacher at a school without a lot of money. She did one of those ‘GoFundMe but for teacher’ things, I can’t remember the site exactly or what the project was — something tech-related. She posted it on Facebook and there was a decent amount of sharing and stuff, but outside of a few \$25-50 donations there wasn’t a lot of actual activity. A month or two goes by and I check up on it again, it’s only like halfway to the goal with a few weeks to spare. I finished it out and paid for the rest of it, I wanna say it was \$300 or something like that. Never told anyone I know about it, left it anonymous on the donation, too. This is actually the first time I’ve mentioned it to anyone at all. Just felt good.”

4) walker-nomad wrote this:

“Took the time to listen.

“There was this girl who was a grade below me. She didn’t have a lot of friends. She seemed to come from a strict

family. We went to a small school so it's hard not to at least know a face.

“On a school trip we got to talking. Her details are not important. I had been through some sh[\*]t. Small school. Small community. My sh[\*]t was known. I assume that's why she opened up to me.

“I ran into her several years later. She said I saved her life with that conversation. She'd been thinking about suicide. Now she was thriving in college.

“I haven't forgotten that lesson.”

5) Zilreth wrote, “I came home late on a delayed flight and there was an old woman sobbing at the bus depot because no one was there to take her home. This was in the middle of a bad snowstorm at 1 am so no one wanted to drive. I picked her up and drove out of my way to drop her off. Had to drive an extra half hour in the worst conditions ever but it all worked out.”

6) bolivar-shagnasty wrote this:

“I switched from one type of insulin to another. After switching, I had about 30 vials of Novolog left over that I didn't need.

“We had a guy come out and do electrical work on our house and saw that he wore an insulin pump. I asked him what kind of insulin he used. He said Novolog. I asked him if he wanted my leftover, non-expired, still sealed vials. He said sure. I imagine he was thinking that it was going to be only a few.

“I loaded them all up into a Wal-Mart bag and gave them to him. I don't know if he had to pay out of pocket or anything for his, but even if he did, the total cost to him for it could have well exceeded \$1,500 in just co-pays alone.

“He was nearly in tears when I told him to keep it all.”

**85) “Ex-prisoners of Reddit, What is the Nicest Thing You have Seen People Do in Prison?”**

1) Jen-o-cide wrote this:

“I had a relative who was in prison in the 1990s. He was at two prisons during the time, but the artists there were amazing. They would draw Precious Moments characters on paper and fold it to make a card for other prisoners’ kids. They would use water and a brush to lift the ink from newspaper comics to watercolor paint the cards.

“I thought how sweet that these artists care about other guys’ kids so much to use their talent to make them special cards for their birthdays.”

Mikevoss commented, “That couldn’t have been free. Must be their prison hustle.”

Mister-Sister commented, “Eh, even if so, that’s one wholesome hustle!”

maybebabyg commented:

“My uncle was in prison in the 1990s, too. At one point he was in with a known hit-man. This bloke was big news; you had to hide under a rock to not know about him. The media portrayed him as evil personified.

“My mum forgot to bring coins for the vending machine and, being a tiny child with a clear view of candy, I wanted a Mars bar. Mum said no, because she didn’t have the money, but if I could wait a little, she’d get me one on the way home.

“Anyway, our visit coincided with the big bad guy getting a visit, too, he asked his guest if he could borrow a couple bucks, asked my mum if it was ok, and took me to the



vending machine to pick out whatever treat I wanted. He was genuinely lovely, and my uncle told me later the bloke was always really polite to staff and people on work duties.”

2) KitKaty89 wrote, “I was in a small county jail for like a week. I was an emotional and scared wreck and my cellmate lent me her shampoo for a nice shower. When I was done, she used her rollers to curl my hair, plucked my eyebrows with string, shared her juice, and played Uno with me all night. Just pampered the sh[\*]t out of me. Really changed my perspective on things, honestly.”

3) coloradoconvict wrote this:

“I was in the Denver city jail for a stay of a few days. When I came in, I was (deliberately) ready to crash from a meth binge. When you come out of a crash like that, you generally crave sugar. Good luck with that in jail, but I wanted to sleep through the time.

“Well, I slept for three or four days as expected, waking only for meals. My cellies, who did not know me and never would know me, woke me to eat. When I finally came off the crash and woke up for real, there were half a dozen oranges in my bunk. The guys had saved their orange ration for two days so I’d have the sugar and carbs my body was desperate for.

“Other people did nice things for me, but that was really kind of them, and I was a stranger to them.”

In answer to a question about how he was doing now, especially regarding meth, coloradoconvict wrote, “In recovery. One day at a time.”

## **86) “It’s Always About the Worst Stories, So, Tattoo Artists of Reddit, What are Your BEST Stories?”**

shelleystrawberry wrote this:

“One elderly man around 65, I think, came in. This was about five years ago when I was still learning under my mom.

“He just wanted a simple anchor like sailors used to have back in the day. The reason was that he was scared of people judging him back in the day, and he really still wanted this one thing off his bucket list.

“He was very grateful, and it was the only tattoo he ever got. But he was so happy with it.”

## **87) “What’s the Most Seemingly Obvious ‘Girl-Code’ Rule You’ve had to Explain?”**

1) myrustythrowaway458 wrote this:

“Not leaving your friend alone at a party or similar setting.

“I was frustrated, once, with my girlfriend. She was party hopping, and I went along thinking it would be a single party and then we’d go home. Nope. Middle of the night, walking around, looking for a 3rd party.

“My guy didn’t understand why I didn’t just leave and go home alone. I’m sure it’s more because he was frustrated for me, but still. I had to explain that I can’t just leave my friend out in the middle of a dark street while she’s drunk and looking for a 3rd random party to attend at 2am, because it would mean an extreme compromise in safety. It’s just a no. If anything had happened to her, I would have blamed myself for leaving.

Eventually I just said, ‘All right. We’re done. We’re going home.’ And took her with me. She was p[\*]ssed, and I

made it a point to never go out with her again so that I wouldn't be put in that position.”

2) Cassandra\_Canmore wrote this:

“The first time, I walked a drunk girl I didn't know to my apartment. Really confused my girlfriend.

“The next morning:

““Babe, who's this?”

““I don't know, I was sitting on the porch drinking tea, saw her stumbling down the street, and honestly, I think she was being followed by two dudes a dozen or so paces behind her.”

“Made her waffles, and let her take a shower.

“Now after the 11th time I've done this, my gf [girlfriend] will just go. ‘You and your strays — you make the waffles yet?’”

ExhaustedPolyFriend commented:

“I was walking down the street once, and there was a girl in pajamas walking ahead of me, she looked like she had been crying and it was the dead of winter.

“My now ex-boyfriend's place was nearby and he gave me the best ‘Who tf [the f[\*\*]k] is this?’ face when I brought her in and made her hot chocolate.

“I don't even remember her name, but she'd had a fight with her boyfriend and waited with us until someone could give her a ride.

“I explained girl code to ex-bf [ex-boyfriend] after she left.”

3) God[\*]mn\_Bandersnatch wrote, “Friend and I are 14 and walking around in summer in broad daylight in the town we live in. We’re were headed to the pancake house down an alley we travelled through often and a guy came out and said, “Hi, girls! We’re having a party. Do you want to come? What’s your names?” My friend whom at this point I thought was INCREDIBLY intelligent gave him her real name and asked what time the party was. I was utterly dumbfounded. He was very obviously graying at the temples and had absolutely ZERO business asking us to go to a party. I lied about my name, grabbed her arm, and said THANKS, BUT WE HAVE PLANS and RAN my [\*]ss down the alley, her in tow looking confused. We got to the pancake house and MAN did I rip into her. I had no idea how she couldn’t comprehend how creepy that whole thing was, let alone how she could hear him over the alarm bells that were going off. She apologized but f[\*\*]k was I angry.”

4) jess\_audio wrote this:

“I’ll go first because this happened last night. I was walking home with my boyfriend around 2am from a downtown show. We passed this girl who was falling all over herself drunk and being pulled along by two larger men. I looked at her and then my boyfriend trying to subtly say something like ‘Let’s make sure she’s OK’ and he just kept saying LOUDLY, ‘I don’t know what you’re saying. Let’s go home’ and ‘Why do you keep looking at her? She’s just drunk.’

“Now I know that he meant well, but man it just blows my mind how people who haven’t had scary experiences (not generalizing men — my boyfriend just personally hasn’t) can be so oblivious to these situations.

“Anyways, as girl code dictates, I just pulled my boyfriend back towards her with me and pretended to look for

something in my purse until I saw her group join with some more girls who got into an Uber with her and the men stayed behind.”

### **88) “Sons and Daughters of Reddit, What is Something You Love About Your Mom?”**

1) babypigeongang wrote, “When I fall asleep on the couch, she brings me a blanket and covers me with it.”

plantsrgr8 commented, “My parents just shouted, ‘IF YOU’RE TIRED GO TO BED.’ Idk [I don’t know] why I find it funny today; it always annoyed me as a kid.”

2) Aquarigo wrote, “Despite her growing up in an abusive atmosphere, she broke the cycle and has successfully raised three children in a very stable family. I will always love that about her.”

NuclearHubris commented, “My mom grew up in an abusive atmosphere and only as of last November achieved no-contact with her abusive, horrible family. She did not manage to break the cycle, but she’s done a bang-up job raising us with what she has, and she’s prepared us for a lot. It’s not her fault my brother is a sociopath or that I have PTSD [Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder], but it is her fault that we were clothed, fed, taught survival skills, and weren’t shot in the head by my father growing up. I admire her a lot, her strength, diligence, perseverance, and undying devotion to her children.”

ProfessorCameltoe wrote, “Same here! My mom’s mother was an alcoholic and rotated physically abusive husbands while her father was out banging whores and doing coke/meth in a jazz band while blowing his inheritance from my famous painter great-grandfather. My mom got most of those attributes from both, especially rotating boyfriends. My father used to be one, but he broke that cycle and became a pretty good father later on in my life,

but through all the mistakes my mother has made she still made sure I was well fed and clothed. She was mostly too tired to be around as much when I was a kid and after she fell into a depression when she was fired from her bank job, so she over-indulged in a lot of sh[\*]t again. Although she still made sure I was fed and clothed, and even made some pretty radical memories with me playing *Diablo 2* and *Warcraft 3*, as well as helping me with *Metal Gear Solid* when I needed it. She's a pretty cool mom, honestly. She and I get together sometimes and go to the casino and shoot the sh[\*]t once a month or more."

3) sorayamora wrote, "How she broke the cycle by never abusing me the way she was abused as a child. She was never shown any affection and never heard either of her parents say 'I love you' to her. She has told me she loves me everyday since I was born, and I'm 25. I love you, too, mom."

### **89) "Ex-Racists of Reddit, What Event or Events Changed You?"**

1) Said1942 wrote this:

"I wasn't a self-proclaimed 'racist'; I actually was very certain I wasn't racist at all. But then as I got older, I realized I had some underlying assumptions about people of color that weren't correct, and were racist.

"What really changed my whole perspective was a video titled something like 'Race Doesn't Exist' and I was like, well, that is dumb, but I clicked on it.

"Among other things, the video showed a photo of Barrack Obama, and some famous white person I didn't know. The narrator said, 'Racially, what is the difference between these two people?'

“In my mind, I was like, ‘Well, one is black and one is white.’

The narrator said, ‘Both of these people have one black parent, and one white parent.’

“And that’s when it hit me. ‘Race’ doesn’t exist. Humans have a spectrum of skin color, some darker some lighter, but it doesn’t make any difference where you are on that spectrum, you’re just a human.

“We made up ‘races’ to categorize people, but they’re all just made-up boxes. There’s nothing different between a black person and white person other than how much melanin is in your skin. That’s it.

“I realized I had always had these underlying assumptions that people of other races were ‘different’ than me. And then I realized they aren’t, and it changed the way I think about it and interact with my fellow humans.

“EDIT: I can’t find the exact video, but here’s one that covers much of the same material.

“<<https://youtu.be/VnfKgffCZ7U>>.”

2) RoyalIntention wrote, “Technically not ‘racism’, but when I was a young lad I detested homosexuals. I didn’t understand it and thought it was disgusting ... until I met my gf’s [girlfriend’s] brother. He was openly gay, competed in drag queen contests, and was proud ... in a redneck Oklahoma town, population 900. He was, and is, one of the nicest people I’ve ever met, and he totally reversed my opinion of the LGBTQ community.”

MisanthropeInLove commented:

“My dad was one of the most bigoted, homophobic men I’ve come across while growing up. I always heard him say homosexuals should be wiped out because they’re

‘immoral and disgusting’. Until I, his only daughter, turned out to be the most butch lesbian in the world LOL [Laughing Out Loud]. He almost went nuts over it. One day, I told him I wish somebody would kill me for those same ‘reasons’ just so he can see how shallow that’d be. I saw his eyes panic when I said that. I saw defeat and realization and sadness. Believe me. That night changed our lives.

“He now loves my girlfriend like his own daughter, feels personally attacked when people are being homophobic, and makes himself responsible to educate them why gay people should never be treated like second-class humans.”

MisanthropeInLove added, “You know that news last month when the king of Brunei wanted to start stoning homosexuals? My countrymen (typical unthinking bigots) were applauding him like crazy baboons — begging for the same law in my country. Before I told anyone how much that hurt me, I called him [my father] sobbing. I told him how afraid I was and how cruel people are. The man who wanted to kill homosexuals back then, told me he’ll die first before he let any ‘barbarian’ hurt me and my girlfriend or any other person ‘over something so stupid.’”

JohnCenaFanboi commented:

“A lot of people have closeted hate simply because they never met and engaged in a conversation with different people.

“Whether it’s the LGBTQ+ or people from other regions of the world, we are all pretty much the same. We just have different life experiences and different goals in life.

“I was becoming pretty arrogant toward a lot of people simply because I never had any real experiences being friendly with them. Once I got that done, it all became clear



that hate is getting me nowhere and that I gain a lot more by listening to them than to put myself in a box.”

3) BPGnosh wrote, “I wouldn’t say I was racist, but more uneducated. I grew up in a predominantly white town so when I was 10 and I moved to a city that was more diverse, it was weird for me. All I had to go off of was how other ethnicities were portrayed in pop culture. Well that and my racist aunt and some other closed-minded family members. So it was weird for me at first but then I realized we weren’t that different at all, and all was all right. Plus it helped that my older brother talked to me about it before we moved. We were driving in our dad’s black Ford truck and we saw another truck very similar to his, just a different color, that was broken down on the side of the highway. He asked what I thought was wrong with it. I said probably the engine or something like that broke (remember, I was 10). He asked if I thought it was because that truck was a different color that it wasn’t working and ours was. I said no, that made no sense. He said, ‘And that’s why racism makes no sense.’ Oddly, I still remember that but I barely remember us moving. Weird.”

4) [Name Censored] wrote, “Not me but my 6th grade teacher had a brother who served in Vietnam. Apparently he had a guy in their unit who was pretty openly racist. One day he gets hit in combat, and while the rest of his unit is staying in their bunker the only black guy runs into open fire and drags his [\*]ss to safety. If that doesn’t fix you, idk [I don’t know] what would.”

transemacabre commented, “My daddy said something similar about Vietnam. He said a black soldier might be dragging your [\*]ss to safety, while white soldiers run past you both. He was pretty enlightened for a white dude who grew up in 1950s Mississippi.”

5) KingDave46 wrote this:

“I haven’t worked in retail for a solid five years now, but I still struggle with stereotypes from my time doing it.

“Not anything I would say is hatred or anything but if I see a middle-aged housewife type complaining in a shop or restaurant I automatically assume it’s some self-entitled bullsh[\*]t.

“On the other end, though, Polish people were always the most polite people I interacted with; that’s a stereotype that’s never been disproven either. Super well-mannered and extremely apologetic when they either struggled with English words, my accent, or our currency. All the time in the world for Polish folk. Inversely anyone complaining about Polish people coming over I assume is an arseh[\*]le.”

### **90) “Redditors Who are Supposed to be Sleeping at This Hour, Why are You Still Awake?”**

akiws wrote this:

“This is my wife’s first Mother’s Day. She accidentally fell asleep on the couch about an hour ago. I can either wake her up so we can both go to sleep where we’re supposed to and take turns soothing the baby, or sit here watching the baby monitor while my wife gets the most peaceful sleep she’s had in months.

“I’m not f[\*\*]king this one up.”

ForksforFries commented, “If no one has told you yet ... You sound like an amazing husband! Keep it up. I hope she has a good day tomorrow (and you, too)!”

Dancevance commented, “You’re a hero. I’m typing this while feeding my 11-day-old at 5 AM and looking at my beloved husband with his useless nipples.”

sals85 commented, “All my wife asked for as her first Mother’s Day gift was to get eight hours of sleep. I’m

sitting here awake right now after an hour of trying to get the baby to sleep while my wife sleeps upstairs. I think he's finally asleep. Your wife will really appreciate you letting her sleep!"

### **91) "When did You Realize You Grew Up Poor?"**

1) notthatbailey wrote, "When I started working, I earned more monthly than my mother who raised four of us and what I earned was sh[\*]t. When she died, I found her ledger from when we were growing up and in which she recorded what she spent, literally, to the penny every month. No vacations, no nights out, nothing. I really don't know how she pulled it off."

Stunfall commented, "Sounds like a phenomenal mother you had."

Rina-4Knowledge commented, "My mother, all alone, working three jobs, even though she's got a major health issue, provides all she can. She wants us to finish university and have a great future and happy lives. I understood ever since I was little our situation (even though she didn't want me to know — she is always with a smile on her face, never disappointed or angry or sad), but once I started working and making more money than she ever could with only one job, I couldn't believe the hero she managed to be every single day. There's no other person I'd rather have as a mother, even if it meant my having the financial capabilities for a much better life."

2) BolthMC wrote, "When I was 15, I went straight to work and most of my paycheck went to the family. No questions, just work. My folks did treat me a lot more like an adult than they did my sister. I got to sleep in on the rare weekends I didn't work, my dad would talk to me about sports like I was an equal, Mom would trust me with doing things a child wouldn't be trusted to do, like taking care of

my siblings when my parents were at work (which was often). My day was non-stop from 4:30 am to around 9:30 pm. By the time my brother and sister were old enough to work, I was out of the house and my parents were doing well enough not to need them to work. I never realized how important that was to my folks until my brother's graduation from college where he was to give a speech as president of the SGA [Student Government Association?] and named me as his biggest influence because I worked and took care of the kids when my parents were away, making sure they had someone there for them and my mom just grabbed my knee and just started bawling.”

3) schakarín wrote, “I never had the realization because I knew we were poor earlier than I can remember. My parents told me the story of how a kid in preschool told me Santa wasn't real, and I said back, ‘Santa has to be real because Mommy and Daddy are too poor for presents.’”

4) flychinook wrote, “My teenage years, when I found out what ‘government cheese’ is. Up until then I just kinda assumed that everybody went to the town hall monthly for free cheese and peanut butter.”

kittyyykatttt commented, “Made the best grilled cheese of my life when my aunt gave us a block of government cheese.”

## **92) “What are the Creepiest Situations You have Been in with Strangers?”**

GeraldFord210 wrote this:

“I was in downtown St. Louis on my way to a Blues game and a little lost. A homeless guy approached my buddy and I and asked us for some money. We gave him some cash and asked him if he knew which way to the (then) Scottrade Center where the game was. He said, ‘Sure, follow me.’”

“Cue the guy leading us through some super sketchy-looking back alleys. My buddy and I start shooting each other glances like ‘Oh, sh[\*]t, we’re about to get murdered, aren’t we?’

“We came out of the alley, and sure enough he had led us right to the Scottrade Center with a great shortcut. Super nice dude.”

### **93) “What Helped You Become More Comfortable with Being a Sexual Being?”**

chipsvegan added, “I feel like women are taught we’re not supposed to want and enjoy sex the way men are and that can bring on shame and self-restriction, so I was wondering what led you all to your personal ‘sexual liberation’?”

1) gvxo wrote this:

“When I met my fiancé. Having a partner who cared about me in general and wanted me to enjoy sex and be excited about exploring my sexuality with him made a huge difference. He’s my third partner, but the previous two were both LTRs [Long-Term Relationships]. They would do their thing and roll off of me. That was my sex life from 16 to 22. Occasionally my second bf [boyfriend] would try to get me more involved and make it feel good for me, but the fact that I wasn’t writhing around and screaming in pleasure right away frustrated him, so he’d give up. If that happened before we had sex, he’d get pretty mad, like slamming things around and cussing sometimes. I actually broke up with him after he threw a full water bottle at me following one of those incidents.

“It’s amazing how big a difference it made to be with a patient, mature, normal man. I felt safe, comfortable, and confident with him. I was able to let my guard down and finally enjoy sex. He liked sharing that with me — I had a hard time accepting it was a big turn on for him at first. I

thought I was a burden and believed I wasn't a sexual person before meeting him, but now I love sex. :)"

2) childfree\_IPO wrote this:

"Having sex for the first time.

I was raised Roman Catholic, and they teach that sex is bad, unnatural, etc.

"The first time I had sex, I realized that [what the Roman Catholics taught me] was a load of bullcrap.

"Humans have been having sex since the beginning of existing.

"It's normal to have sex, and it's normal to desire sex."

throwawaycandie commented, "I like that statement: 'Humans have been having sex since the beginning of existing.' It's a natural, loving thing to do, and it's only recently that people wanted to control the masses through shaming."

#### **94) "What is the Most 'Chaotic Good' Thing You have Ever Seen?"**

1) gilllian wrote, "At a birthday party when we were kids, the birthday kid broke the piñata and my friend dived in and vigorously grabbed almost all the candy only to hand it out to kids on the outside (mostly smaller/slower kids) who couldn't get any ;). Twelve years later, and she is still the kindest but boldest person I've met."

2) angryacorn wrote this:

"In grade school the administration p[\*]ssed our grade off (I think they promised us a pizza party for perfect attendance/behavior, then told us the party was cancelled but thanks so much for being good!).

“So we protested (we had a very strict uniform policy) by all wearing the tallest, most obnoxious socks we could find. “Since over a hundred of us were in on it, with even the guys pulling knee-high rainbow socks up over their pant legs, they couldn’t do anything about it. I remember a lot of the teachers even found it funny.

“The school told us off but gave us our promised pizzas later that week. :)”

3) theinfamousj, a female, wrote this:

“I live in a town with a statue that people confuse for one of those faux Civil War statues erected during Jim Crow. Ours is older. No less of a reverence to the Confederacy, but just older and not erected in the era of Jim Crow. I think it important to get facts right, but that is an aside.

“Anyway, some people showed up to shout their love for why the statue should remain. You know the types: white men and only white men. They came with a banner, even.

“I was across the street from the statue, eating rice balls. I saw them approach. I knew this could go poorly. I, being chaotic neutral usually, knew I could help keep good people out of jail (the good people being the inevitable counter-protesters).

“So these dudes with their banner start screaming things like, ‘You will not replace us’ (which is one word off from the anti-Semitic drivel I expected, but hey, even they can make mistakes and be wrong about how to hate sometimes) and, ‘Heritage.’

“So I walk up to them and their body language says, ‘Yeah, finally someone who is going to engage in the kind of turf war we are looking for.’ They look like eager puppies. Having their attention — there were only three or four of

them so it was easy to do — I then turned to them and screamed, ‘Do you need an audiologist recommendation?’

“They looked confused. Of course they were. This wasn’t the script. This wasn’t the narrative.

“One screamed at me, ‘You will not replace us.’ To which, keeping my voice at the same loudness level I replied with a maternally concerned/helpful tone, ‘You’re right. I don’t have any desire to. But you keep yelling, so I think you may be hard of hearing. Do you need a recommendation for an audiologist? I know a good one. Hearing aids are nothing shameful.’

“One other guy now lowered his voice and mumbled something whose only word I could pick out being, ‘Heritage.’

“‘Is that a yes?’ I asked, voice still raised like you are talking to the deaf elderly who forgot to put in their hearing aid.

“They all started to give each other uncertain looks. And then took off for their respective cars.

“This is what happens when only one side shows up for a fight. They don’t win. They slink off. Consider that next time you feel that the only way to prevail is to fight back. And remember that the power to aggressively mother is a power and can be wielded; you don’t have to try to out-man.”

### **95) “Metalheads of Reddit, What is the Weirdest Experience You had During the Live Show?”**

centric37 wrote, “I was about 16 when this happened. I used to be about 110 lbs soaking wet and my two step-brothers took me to a Children of Bodom concert. They had gotten me into metal and all that and they wanted to take



me to my first show. Everything was about what I expected until they started playing ‘Needled 24/7’ — everyone fucking lost it. Now I was told before we got there don’t go into the mosh pit and to stay close to them. But when about half the floor turned into a mosh pit/fist fight it was difficult not to get sucked in and we got separated. I was trying to push my way out of it, wasn’t making any progress, and was clearly distressed. Next thing I know this 6’5” 265-lb monster of a man picks me up over his head and starts to bring me away from the moshing. He puts me down a safe distance away from it all, and just walks away. Step-brothers find me eventually; they’re all like ‘Oh, my God, are you okay? What happened, we told you to stay out of the pit,’ and all that. We stay until the end, and on our way out we run into the guy. I ran up to him, started thanking him and all he said was ‘No reason to thank me. I just did what any other person should do if they saw you.’ And walked away. Never got his name, never said anything other than that last thing. It was strange, but I was very grateful for him.”

Lostremote commented, “Years ago my gf [girlfriend] at the time got sucked into a mosh pit. A big guy saw me trying to get her out; he powered through the crowd, picked her up, and pulled her out. I bought him a beer.”

### **96) What’s Something Nice Someone Did for You that They Probably Don’t Remember?”**

1) jurassicfool wrote this:

“In my last two years of college, I had two part-time jobs in addition to an extra-full course load that was designed to let me graduate a semester early, even with my double major. One was an easy desk job, but the other was a very physically demanding restaurant job with a leering boss who liked to make inappropriate comments about my body. I was in two grad-school-level classes with one of my

favorite professors and mentors who had taken a chance to help me shine. All of my friends were studying abroad, which I had done over a summer on a scholarship to maximize my time.

“I was exhausted all the time, and all of my final papers and projects were due in the same week, which was coming up way faster than I wanted it to.

“I lived in a big city in an apartment that I could barely afford with a roommate who I wasn’t particular friends with, so I lived frugally. I usually (badly) cut my own hair with kitchen shears.

“But one day when I had a rare afternoon off, I decided to go get my hair cut at a mid-quality salon. The flamboyantly gay hairdresser welcomed me in, saw the exhaustion all over my face, and was so kind to me. He didn’t say much, just said my hair was pretty, gave me an extra-long scalp massage that nearly made me cry, rubbed lotion on my hands that were tired from hot dinner plates and typing 40-page papers, and gave me a cute cut that framed my face well and fixed all of the places where I had accidentally chopped it too short.

“He made my whole life easier, and I still remember how relaxed I felt in that moment, not thinking about any of the things waiting for me.”

2) palibe\_mbudzi wrote this:

“I spent a couple of years teaching in Malawi with the Peace Corps. I came down with a terrible fever and missed school one day, so the headmistress came over to check on me. Ordinarily I would have been mortified to have a Malawian woman come into my very messy house unannounced, but I was dangerously dehydrated and too weak to fetch water or fill my water filter, so I was just glad to see another person. (In hindsight there were like 10

people I could have texted to help me who would have been there in two minutes, but I wasn't in the right state of mind.)

“I asked her if she wouldn't mind pouring what was left in my water bucket into the filter and she did. Then she went to fetch more water and washed my dishes. Then she swept the floor. And I just sat there. I forget what she said to me, but it was something along the lines of “you live very far from your mother to be here; I'll be your mother today.” I wanted to cry. She was such a strong woman, and it was such a humble, loving act.”

3) UNionizePokeMarts wrote, “The couple of random people in Europe who bought my prints online. Don't know if they got it for a gift or to hang on their own walls, but it's kinda cool knowing these people I'll never meet liked my photo so much they wanted to spend money on it.”

### **97) “What is the Most Heroic Thing You have Ever Done?”**

1) DalaranHobo wrote, “My girlfriend was doing something on the patio and saw a spider and started panicking, and I was freaked a little, too. I didn't know she was so afraid of spiders. Well, I did what I had to ... I pulled up my big-girl panties and took that spider by the thread he was hanging from and threw him off into the yard. Then I pulled her close and hugged her tightly until we both stopped shaking. Did I mention I'm afraid of spiders, too?”

2) mooshymumu wrote this:

“I'm afraid of water, but went into deep flood water to save our dog whose collar was caught on a branch (she was howling in terror). The kids stood on the bank and watched, and they made a big thank-you card for me afterwards. Mom was a hero that day.

“I also persuaded a couple thieves in a multi-story car park to put my husband’s tools back into the toolbox on his truck. I had taken the kids to the movies and when we went back to the truck the car park was deserted and they were in the middle of stealing them, putting them into a hockey bag. I gave one of them \$13 as compensation, and he wanted my address so he could pay me back! I told him it was a gift, and that he should sort his life out. He acted really ashamed, but I doubt it made any difference.”

### **98) “Bartenders of Reddit, has any Male Customer Ever Ordered the ‘Safeword’ Drink at Your Bar? What Happened and How Did It Go?”**

TastyTophier wrote, “I’ve never tended bar, but I’ve mouthed ‘help’ to a bartender before. Handsy older lady refused to take hints or stop touching me. It was beyond just physical contact — she was rubbing my thighs and whispering in my ear and doing that type of stuff. I was worried about physically stopping her for obvious reasons, and I didn’t want to run out on my tab (working out of town and ate dinner in the bar, so big tab). Bartender actually distracted her and waved me out while mouthing ‘just go’. I came back the next night to square up, and the new bartender said he heard all about it, and they put my food/drinks on the older lady’s tab so don’t worry about it.”

Luke5119 commented, “This is something you don’t hear about often, but it definitely happens. There are a lot of older women who are aggressors and can get just as animalistic as men in their approach. They get a few drinks in them, and situations like yours take place. God forbid you stand your ground and say ‘No!’ Then you look like the [\*]ssh[\*]le who in hindsight to everyone else in the bar looks like you’re yelling at a poor older lady.”

**99) “What is the Scariest Thing that has Happened to You In/Near the Woods?”**

brydeswhale wrote this:

“I used to walk my dog down near the river, along the same path everyday, which had a section going through the woods. One day he just passed that section up and walked towards the sidewalk instead. I went along with it because it was the same amount of time, either way.

“I happened to glance down the path as we passed it, and saw two figures dart into the woods. I passed people all the time on that path, even after dark like that night, and I never got chilled like that before. Even the really WEIRD stuff didn’t really bother me. Something about those guys was different, and I think my dog knew it.

“He was a good dog. He used to knock me down and stand on me when he heard gunshots and stuff like that. He saved me a lot, but I couldn’t save him. He died of a brain tumor when he was three. I’ll probably never have another dog, tbh [to be honest]. He was it.”

**100) “What’s a True Emergency You were Involved in and How Did You, and Those Around You, React?”**

ampsr2 wrote this:

“When I was 14, I watched someone try to commit suicide by hanging.

“He was about 300 feet from my kitchen that overlooked the park behind my house. I just happened to be looking out the window at the time.

“I knew him. A former neighbor. I watched him tie the rope around a bridge that was over a small creek.

“I had no idea what he was doing at the time, but I didn’t feel good about it. I kept watching as he put the loop around his neck and stepped over the side.

“From the moment he put the loop around his neck to when he jumped was less than two seconds.

“As soon as he jumped, I grabbed the closest sharp object, which was a butcher knife. I called 911 and shouted into the phone what had happened and then I was out the door. This was before cell phones. I left the phone hanging and didn’t answer any questions.

“I sprinted down to the spot and cut him loose. Because of how the bridge was designed, I couldn’t really do anything except hold the rope so he didn’t float away. And I heard the sirens so I knew help was close. He was face up. Blue.”

The police arrived and dove right in. I helped the first officer pull him over a retaining wall so he could perform CPR [Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation].

“Two ambulances arrived and more police.

“He survived and came to my house a couple months later to thank me and apologize to my parents.

“I still think about him often.”

## APPENDIX A: POVERTY

By David Bruce (2,300 words)

Poverty is not a good thing to experience, but poverty exists and we ought to know about it.

The word “poor” has two meanings: 1) lacking money (impoverished), and 2) lacking quality. I will be writing about poor people, by which I mean people who lack money. I think we all know that some high-quality people don’t have a lot of money.

My mother grew up poor in Georgia. She and her brothers and sisters ate a lot of lard sandwiches. A lard sandwich is a slice of bread, spread with lard, and sprinkled with a little sugar, if your family could afford sugar. Often, my mother’s parents couldn’t afford sugar, and their lard sandwiches were sprinkled with salt.

We would not call this nutritious food, but fat fills the belly, and lard is 100 percent fat — and it was cheap.

Sometimes, my mother and her siblings would steal vegetables from the next-door neighbor’s garden. He knew they were stealing vegetables, but he never said anything about it.

For a time, my mother had one dress and one pair of underwear. Once a week, she would stand behind the door, as she called it, take off her dress and underwear and wait until her mother hand-washed them and then let the sun dry them on a clothesline.

Georgia is hot, and in the days before air conditioning — and my mother’s family could not have afforded air conditioning even if it had been invented back then — every door and every window was open.

One day when my mother was standing behind the door, her boyfriend came to visit. How old was my mother? Old enough to be embarrassed.

As an adult, one of my mother's first jobs was working in a store that sold clothes, including baby clothes. One day, a woman walked in with a baby. The woman was not well dressed, and the baby was wearing rags. The woman set the baby down on a table displaying baby clothes, stripped the baby, and started putting new clothes on the baby. My mother looked at the woman and knew that she would not be able to pay for the clothing. But my mother helped her dress the baby and then watched as the woman carried the baby out of the store without paying for the new clothing.

One way out of poverty is to marry someone with a job, and my mother got out of poverty by marrying my father.

My mother's brother wanted to escape from poverty, so he tried to run away from it. He stole a car so he could drive up north where he hoped to find opportunity, but he got caught and ended up on a Georgia chain gang for several months. In a chain gang, prisoners are shackled every few feet by the ankles to a long length of chain to keep them from escaping. They work in the hot sun while shackled to the chain, and when they sleep, they are shackled to the bed. No freedom, hard work, hot sun, no pay, bad food, and some mean guards.

When my uncle got released from the chain gang, he hitchhiked up north. He did what a lot of people trying to escape from poverty do: He drifted. He drifted from town to town, seeking opportunity and not finding it. He worked when he could, but the jobs were temporary and low pay. My uncle slept rough often, and he was hungry often. Once, when he was completely broke and completely hungry, he saw a restaurant with a buffet and went inside and asked to speak to the manager. He said, "I am very



hungry, I don't have any money, and I would appreciate it very much if you would give me any food that the restaurant is going to throw away. I will be happy to wait by the rear entrance until you are ready to throw away food.”

The manager told him to sit down at a table, and then the manager went to the buffet, loaded a big plate high with food, and gave it to him free of charge.

One way out of poverty is to get a good job, and my uncle got out of poverty by getting a job working with sheet metal.

My uncle's work ethic helped him. His employer sent him to California to do some special sheet-metal work, and the people in California wanted to keep him there. They explained that their California employees liked to come to work late, leave early, and take many days off. It was difficult to get someone who would show up and do the work they were supposed to do and were paid to do.

My uncle was also good with money. He got married, bought a house, and raised six children. Each time he made a mortgage payment, he paid extra money so he could pay off the mortgage faster.

If there was a sale on food, he bought lots of it. He had a large pantry, and if there was a sale on peanut butter, two jars for the price of one, he would buy twelve jars and sometimes go back the next day and buy six more jars.

If you went in his pantry — a closet set aside to store food — you saw that it was packed with food. If you went in his kitchen, you saw that he had taken off the doors of the high cabinets in which he stored food so that he could see the food. If you went in his bedroom, you saw that he had all the regular bedroom furniture, but he also had lots of shelves he had installed. The shelves were loaded with

things that he had bought on sale that that he knew his family could use: food (of course), light bulbs, toothpaste, toilet paper, etc. His bedroom looked like a warehouse.

Once he made a bad purchase: he bought a case of baked beans. Beans are beans, but the sauce they came in can taste good or bad, and the sauce these beans came in tasted bad. His kids told him, “Dad, throw those beans away! They’re awful!”

But when you grow up poor, you don’t throw beans away. For a long time, whenever my uncle and his family ate baked beans, they ate a mixture of one can of good baked beans and one can of bad baked beans.

My uncle’s kids never had to eat lard sandwiches, and neither did I.

I was never the kind of poor that my mother and uncle were, but I did have times when I worked low-wage jobs and could have eaten better. That happens to a lot of people, including college students and people pursuing creative careers. Sometimes, people want be independent and not ask Mom and Dad for help. This can make it hard to both eat good food AND pay the rent.

For a while it seems like I lived on peanut butter-and-jelly cracker sandwiches except that I couldn’t afford jelly. I was like my uncle and stocked up on peanut and crackers when they were on sale. I also got bags of apples and bags of carrots occasionally.

Don’t think I was hungry. For a while, I worked at a place where I could eat all the doughnuts I wanted, so I weighed 40 pounds more than I do now and resembled the Pillsbury Doughboy.

Once, I was looking forward to getting my paycheck. I like doughnuts and peanut butter and crackers, but eating them

every day gets old. I was looking forward to getting my paycheck and eating something good.

I was going to get a sub, and not just any sub — I was going to get a 12-inch sub.

I even wrote a song — songwriters, take note. It goes like this: “I’m going to eat tonight! I’m going to eat tonight!” Repeat 10 or 11 times.

I got my paycheck and it was exactly two cents more than my rent, which was due. So I went to my landlord and signed my paycheck over to him and got two cents back.

My landlord was a nice guy and offered to wait a few more days for the rent, but I turned him down. I didn’t have any more money coming in and if I spent my paycheck on food, I wouldn’t be able to pay my rent. I did not want to sleep rough.

After paying my rent, I went to my one-room apartment with bath and ate peanut butter and crackers.

Two weeks later, I got another paycheck and ate a 12-inch sub.

I got out of that kind of poverty — which a lot of people go through — by earning my degrees and getting a good job in the Ohio University English Department teaching composition.

Many of my assignments were practical writing because I wanted my students to get jobs when they graduated. My assignments gave students things to talk about at job interviews and papers to add to their writing portfolio.

For example, I assigned a problem-solving letter in which students would write someone and make a recommendation about solving a problem. No one was allowed to write their roommate and recommend that he or she take more

showers, but they could write a former manager about ways of increasing profits, raising employee morale, and improving customer satisfaction.

I learned some things from students by reading their assignments, some of which were autobiographical essays. Sometimes I could read between the lines and realize some things that the student may not have realized.

Some of my students wrote about special nights when everyone would eat pancakes for supper. Kids like pancakes with syrup or sprinkled with sugar or spread with peanut butter, so these were really special nights.

If this happens once, then Mom and Dad are probably tired and don't feel like cooking, but sometimes they happened a few nights in a row.

When and where I was growing up, it wasn't unusual for a mother to send a kid over to borrow a cup of flour or a cup of sugar or a couple of eggs. The family was having a special-pancake supper because it was the end of the month and money and food were running low.

Parents really do take special care of their kids. Jerry Clower, a country comedian, remembers that when he was young whenever his mother made chicken, she would tell her kids, "Save the back for me! That's my favorite part!"

Of course, a chicken back is not good eating, and when he got older, he realized that his mother loved her kids and wanted them to eat the best parts of the chicken.

Kids often realize later in life what their parents did for them when the kids were growing up. Sometimes a single mother would sit her kids down at the dinner table, feed them, and not eat. Later, the kids would see her eating peanut butter and crackers. When they got older, they would realize that there wasn't enough good food to go

around, so the mother would feed the kids first, eat what they left behind, and then fill up on peanut butter and crackers.

One of my students wrote about one of the best weeks in her life. She was in elementary school, and one day she got off the school bus and went inside her home. The electric lights were off, and her mother and father were wearing jackets inside the house.

Her parents told her that they had a special treat for her: They were going to go camping — in the living room.

They used candles because you don't have electric lights when you go camping, her parents made a tent out of a rope and blankets, and her mother cooked on a tiny portable camp stove that was normally used by backpackers. The "campfire" was twelve tea lights (small candles) on plates in the middle of the living room; they cooked marshmallows over those tea lights. Her parents sang camp songs and told scary camp stories, and they told family stories about how Mommy and Daddy met and what their little girl was like as a baby. My student had a really fun time camping out in the living room because her parents made it a fun time: She had lots of quantity time and quality time with her parents.

Then one day she came home from school, walked inside her home, and the electric lights were on and the house was warm.

My father made good money as a power lineman, but before he went to lineman school, his job was turning off people's electricity if they couldn't pay their bill. Sometimes, he would knock on the door of a run-down trailer, and a poorly dressed pregnant woman, or a poorly dressed woman holding a baby, or a poorly dressed woman with a couple of toddlers standing behind her would answer

the door. Often, the poorly dressed woman wouldn't have the money to pay the electric bill, so my father would tell her that she needed to pay it quickly or her electricity would be cut off. He would then mark on a form that no one was home at the trailer because if no one was home he wasn't allowed to cut off the electricity. He always had to give them a chance to pay their overdue bill, and if they weren't home, they didn't have that chance..

Make no mistake. It's good not to experience poverty, but I think it's good to know what poverty is as long as poverty exists.

Note: David Bruce is a retired English and Philosophy teacher who taught at Ohio University.

## **APPENDIX B: FAIR USE**

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## **APPENDIX C: SOME BOOKS BY DAVID BRUCE**

### **Retellings of a Classic Work of Literature**

*Ben Jonson's The Alchemist: A Retelling*

*Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: A Retelling*

*Ben Jonson's Volpone, or the Fox: A Retelling*

*Christopher Marlowe's Complete Plays: Retellings*

*Christopher Marlowe's Dido, Queen of Carthage: A Retelling*

*Christopher Marlowe's Doctor Faustus: Retellings of the 1604 A-Text and of the 1616 B-Text*

*Christopher Marlowe's Edward II: A Retelling*

*Christopher Marlowe's The Massacre at Paris: A Retelling*

*Christopher Marlowe's The Rich Jew of Malta: A Retelling*

*Christopher Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Parts 1 and 2: Retellings*

*Dante's Divine Comedy: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante's Inferno: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante's Purgatory: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante's Paradise: A Retelling in Prose*

*The Famous Victories of Henry V: A Retelling*

*From the Iliad to the Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose of Quintus of Smyrna's Posthomerica*

*George Peele's The Old Wives' Tale: A Retelling*

*The History of King Leir: A Retelling*

*Homer's Iliad: A Retelling in Prose*

*Homer's Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose*

*Jason and the Argonauts: A Retelling in Prose of Apollonius of Rhodes' Argonautica*

*John Ford's The Broken Heart: A Retelling*

*John Ford's Love's Sacrifice: A Retelling*

*John Ford's Perkin Warbeck: A Retelling*

*John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore: A Retelling*

*John Ford's The Queen: A Retelling*

*King Edward III: A Retelling*

*Robert Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay: A Retelling*

*Tarlton's Jests: A Retelling*

*The Trojan War and Its Aftermath: Four Ancient Epic Poems*

*Virgil's Aeneid: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 5 Late Romances: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 10 Histories: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 11 Tragedies: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 12 Comedies: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 38 Plays: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 1 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 2 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 2: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 1 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 2 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 2: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 3 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 3: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's As You Like It: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Comedy of Errors: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Coriolanus: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Cymbeline: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Hamlet: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Henry V: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Henry VIII: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Julius Caesar: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's King John: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's King Lear: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Love's Labor's Lost: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Macbeth: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Measure for Measure: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Merry Wives of Windsor: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Othello: A Retelling in Prose*

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*William Shakespeare's The Two Gentlemen of Verona: A Retelling in Prose*

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*William Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale: A Retelling in Prose*

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### **Personal Finance**

*How to Manage Your Money: A Guide for the Non-Rich*

### **Anecdote Collections**

*250 Anecdotes About Opera*

*250 Anecdotes About Religion*

*250 Anecdotes About Religion: Volume 2*

*250 Music Anecdotes*

*Be a Work of Art: 250 Anecdotes and Stories*

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*The Coolest People in the Arts: 250 Anecdotes*

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*The Funniest People in Books, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Books, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Comedy: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Dance: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 4: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 5: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 6: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Movies: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Music: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Music, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Music, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Neighborhoods: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Relationships: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Sports: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Sports, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Television and Radio: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Theater: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People Who Live Life: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People Who Live Life, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds, Volume 1: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*Maximum Cool: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Movies: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Politics and History: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Politics and History, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Politics and History, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Religion: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Sports: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People Who Live Life: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People Who Live Life, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*Reality is Fabulous: 250 Anecdotes and Stories*

*Resist Psychic Death: 250 Anecdotes*

*Seize the Day: 250 Anecdotes and Stories*

## APPENDIX D: ABOUT THE AUTHOR

It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly a cry rang out, and on a hot summer night in 1954, Josephine, wife of Carl Bruce, gave birth to a boy — me. Unfortunately, this young married couple allowed Reuben Saturday, Josephine’s brother, to name their first-born. Reuben, aka “The Joker,” decided that Bruce was a nice name, so he decided to name me Bruce Bruce. I have gone by my middle name — David — ever since.

Being named Bruce David Bruce hasn’t been all bad. Bank tellers remember me very quickly, so I don’t often have to show an ID. It can be fun in charades, also. When I was a counselor as a teenager at Camp Echoing Hills in Warsaw, Ohio, a fellow counselor gave the signs for “sounds like” and “two words,” then she pointed to a bruise on her leg twice. Bruise Bruise? Oh yeah, Bruce Bruce is the answer!

Uncle Reuben, by the way, gave me a haircut when I was in kindergarten. He cut my hair short and shaved a small bald spot on the back of my head. My mother wouldn’t let me go to school until the bald spot grew out again.

Of all my brothers and sisters (six in all), I am the only transplant to Athens, Ohio. I was born in Newark, Ohio, and have lived all around Southeastern Ohio. However, I moved to Athens to go to Ohio University and have never left.

At Ohio U, I never could make up my mind whether to major in English or Philosophy, so I got a bachelor’s degree with a double major in both areas, then I added a Master of Arts degree in English and a Master of Arts degree in Philosophy. Yes, I have my MAMA degree.

Currently, and for a long time to come (I eat fruits and veggies), I am spending my retirement writing books such as *Nadia Comaneci: Perfect 10*, *The Funniest People in Dance*, *Homer’s Iliad: A Retelling in Prose*, and *William Shakespeare’s Othello: A Retelling in Prose*.

