

PLEASE UNSUBSCRIBE!!! A little humor – 11.13.15

Saw this post recently in the New Yorker and thought I would share this humorous out take on "unsubscribing." I generally try to keep my "unopened" emails under 10 so as not to feel 'cluttered.' I know some of you are great about that and some are a little less vigilant, having the unopened emails climb up to the thousands. Having an optonline or verizon email is not helpful as deleted emails in general do not cancel amongst multiple devices due to being a "pop" server versus an email like icloud, gmail, yahoo, or hotmail, which now all use an "imap" server allowing you to delete on your phone and having it reflected on all your other devices.

At any rate, enjoy this cute post and UNSUBSCRIBE from the clutter as much as you can.

From the NEW YORKER:

Please Unsubscribe
BY ANNABELLE GURWITCH



CREDIT ILLUSTRATION BY TIM LAHAN

LinkedIn, the popular social media site for professionals and career opportunists, recently agreed to settle a class-action lawsuit for spamming its users with too many emails.

—Newsweek.

Dear Google+,

Not only do I not want to know when someone adds me to his or her circle, I have no idea what Google+ is, what a "circle" is, or why I am being added to one. I finally got the LinkedIn invitations to cease, and now this?

Dear One Kings Lane,

It is with the deepest regret that I inform you that my spouse has requested I recuse myself from your twice-daily flash-sale alerts, after he discovered my purchase of vintage-style nautical-themed textiles in Pebble, Pecan, Talc, Dove, Luna, and Lagoon.

Dear PajamaGram.com,

Thank you for suggesting the ultra-warm heavyweight reindeer-pattern marshmallow-fleece Hoodie-Footie™ pajamas for women, size XXL, monogrammed with my name or my initials. When I throw in the towel on the possibility of any sexual activity, you'll be the first to know. And, until that time, I'll pass on the VIPj™ e-mails.

Dear Juliette,

I believe I've accidentally migrated onto the mailing list of your real-estate newsletter. Perhaps my address was included on the Katrina-and-Christy-anniversary-drinks invite that didn't bcc the guest list? I've read that starting the day with laughter boosts the immune system, and when I clicked on the link to view the \$10.7-million, seventeen-thousand-square-foot "magical retreat" that you are hawking, the neighbors could probably hear me cackling from inside my "serene hideaway"—a.k.a. converted garage/laundry-room home office. So, thanks for that. It's so thoughtful that the listing provides the mileage to local Piloxing studios, raw juicereries, and CoolSculpting centers, but unless you can post the proximity to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow you should delete my e-mail from your client database.

Dear Daily Kos,

No, thank you for all that you do! Although I am retiring my online signature for good, I'm proud to have signed the petition demanding the arrest of Cecil the Lion's killer, the one demanding his extradition and the revocation of his dental license, the one demanding justice for Cecil, and the one demanding that the White House charge the big-game-hunting dentist with a hate crime. It's great to know that our voices were heard. Have you considered the Weekly Kos?

Dear Angela Rosenstein,

It's been forever!

I was so inspired to learn that you're heading into the next chapter of your life as a feng-shui master and bodywork practitioner that I'm taking your advice to "create space for stirring up new energy" by unsubscribing from your newsletters. I appreciated you sharing that you use White Sage & Dragon's Blood Aura Cleansing Mist when you travel, because it clears hotel rooms of lingering spirits; I prefer antibacterial gel

myself, but, good to know. I'm relieved to hear that W.S.D.B.A.C.M. isn't actually made from the blood of a dragon. Phew! Happy trails and namaste.

Hey there, crowdfunding entrepreneurs at Indiegogo,

LMK if you can help me here. I contributed to the campaign to fund "Cinderassic World"—which was described as a sci-fi meditation on what happens when A.I. technology and dinosaur DNA bring Disney princesses to life—after the filmmaker's mother, my college roommate, sent repeated e-mails. I am now receiving weekly updates. Wasn't giving money enough? Oh, and I don't need to get notifications about other campaigns, although "BOY EATS GIRL," the rom-com about "two zombies who fall in love while fighting over a dead woman's intestines," does sound promising.

Dear Bacara Resort & Spa,

I entered my e-mail address into your Web site so that I could check out pictures of the fifty-five-hundred-dollar-a-night room—and it really does look like the perfect place to recover from the flesh wound I sustained when I stabbed myself with a fork as I pored over the amenities list and reviewed every wrong choice I have made in the past fifty-three years.

P.S.: I was delighted to read that a two-night stay includes a grapefruit-scented candle.

P.P.S.: Person whose job it is to read UNSUBSCRIBE e-mails: Do they let you nap on the thousand-thread-count sheets? Is it like sleeping on butter?

Dear Spouse,

Honey, I know your texts don't have an opt-out clause, but I want you to know that I am aware of how many times you've unloaded the dishwasher this week, last week, and in the course of our twenty years of marriage. ♦