Nation Relieved As New 800-Page Book Confirms Everything Is, In Fact, Terrible

AREA MAN DISCOVERS UNCOMFORTABLE TRUTHS, IMMEDIATELY WRITES SEVENTEEN CHAPTERS ABOUT THEM

NEW YORK—In a development set to finally put minds at ease, a new philosophical doorstop titled *PT$D: Truth as Currency in a Market of Denial* has reportedly confirmed what many have long suspected: that society is a thinly veiled sham, your happiness is a delusion, and everyone you know is probably a 'Draped Ape' operating on faulty wiring.

The sprawling magnum opus, penned by an author who appears to have survived a childhood seemingly designed by a committee of existentialist playwrights and a particularly vindictive DMV, argues that true clarity only comes after one has accumulated sufficient 'Trauma XP.' Readers still clinging to quaint notions like 'hope' or 'the inherent goodness of brunch' are gently informed that they are merely cogs in the 'False Economy of Comfort,' a complex system apparently designed to prevent them from realizing they should be feeling much, much worse.

"*I used to think my nagging sense of dread was just anxiety,*" commented local reader Brenda Peterson, halfway through Chapter 3 ("Systemic Stupidity & The Cassandra Complex"). "*But now I understand it's actually a highly developed 'Trauma Lens' allowing me to perceive the 'Orphaned Truths' that my blissfully ignorant neighbors are too busy 'Masking' with their 'performative normalcy' and, frankly, their offensively cheerful lawn gnomes.*"

Sources indicate the book meticulously details how everything from your choice of breakfast cereal to the lingering suspicion that your cat is judging you can be traced back to deep-seated societal hypocrisies and the universal cognitive fallibility of the human species. A particularly riveting section in Chapter 17 reportedly uses complex socio-economic theories and what appears to be a diagram involving several angry squirrels to explain why at least one prominent 'Technoking' is, in fact, the emperor with no clothes, no car insurance, and possibly questionable hygiene.

"*It's incredibly validating,*" said another reader, Mark Jenkins, emerging from Chapter 9 ("The Architecture of Ignorance") with the haunted gaze of a man who has stared too long into the abyss, or possibly just his own Twitter feed. "*I always suspected my inability to understand blockchain was a profound personal failing. Now I know it's because algorithms are deliberately 'flooding the zone with shit' to maintain my 'algorithmic complacency.' So, it's not me, it's* <u>*the system*</u>*. I feel so much more coherently powerless.*"

Experts predict *PT$D* will revolutionize the self-help industry by replacing trite affirmations with the cold, hard, seventeen-chapter realization that the only 'Inner Coherence' available is the consistent, soul-crushing awareness of how comprehensively doomed everything is. The author, sources confirm, feels marginally better now that this has been thoroughly documented for posterity, and is already outlining a twenty-three-chapter sequel on the socio-political implications of lint.