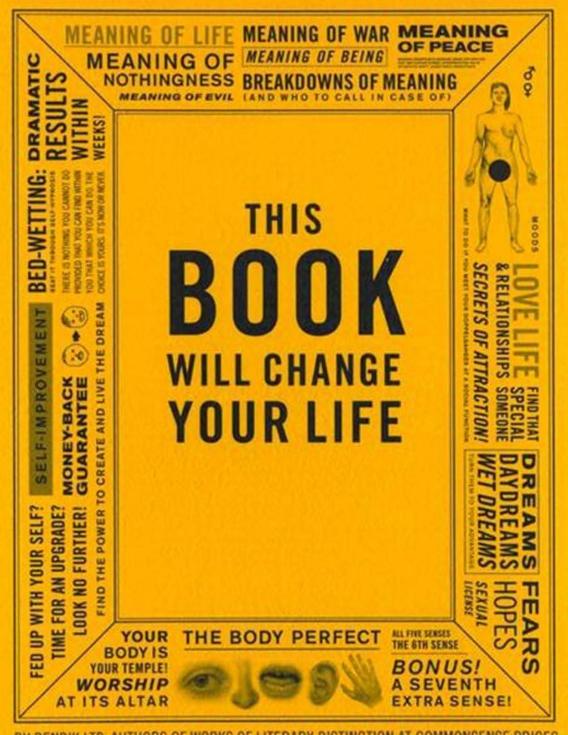
# This Book Will Change Your Life (Preview)

Benrik

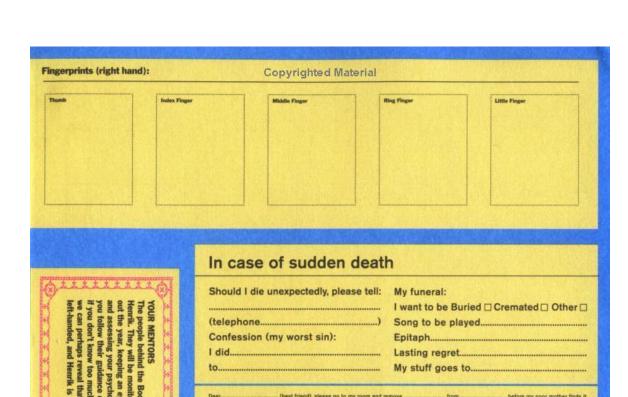


BY BENRIK LTD, AUTHORS OF WORKS OF LITERARY DISTINCTION AT COMMONSENSE PRICES

# **CHEWING GUM PAD** Stranger: If you find this Book please return it (Place gum here to me if I know the secret word (which is .....) and I will give you: while working on the Book) □ \$1,000,000 □ \$10,000 **\$100** ■ Nothing □\$1 □10¢ □ \$10 Important information about the owner of this Book in case of Telephone..... emergency: Blood group..... IS THIS BOOK A GIFT? **DONOR:** Explore reasons for giving it here Name of closest relative..... **RECIPIENT:** Explore feelings on receiving it here Cell phone..... Fill in life preferences in case of amnesia My favorite color..... My favorite food..... My lucky number..... My sexual orientation..... My best foot..... My best friend..... My most annoying habit..... My favorite football team..... My signature.....

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DRAW YOUR PORTRAIT HERE



# **HOW TO USE THIS BOOK**

The Book will only help you if you want to be helped. Welcome it into your life and who knows what or who you'll be by this time next year. Ignore it and your life will continue in its current orbit. Now, of course, not everyone will be in a position to follow the instructions to the letter every day, and some are more demanding than others. But make the effort and your reward will be a year to remember, the first of many. Do not underestimate the difficulty of following the Book. Its dictates may seem arbitrary, but only thus can we counter the arbitrariness of fate.

The writers and publishers of THIS BOOK WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE are not legally responsible for crimes, misdemeanors or actions of any kind undertaken as a result of reading or hearing of any part or extract of this publication. Any communications should be directed to www.thiswebsitewillchangeyourlife.com.

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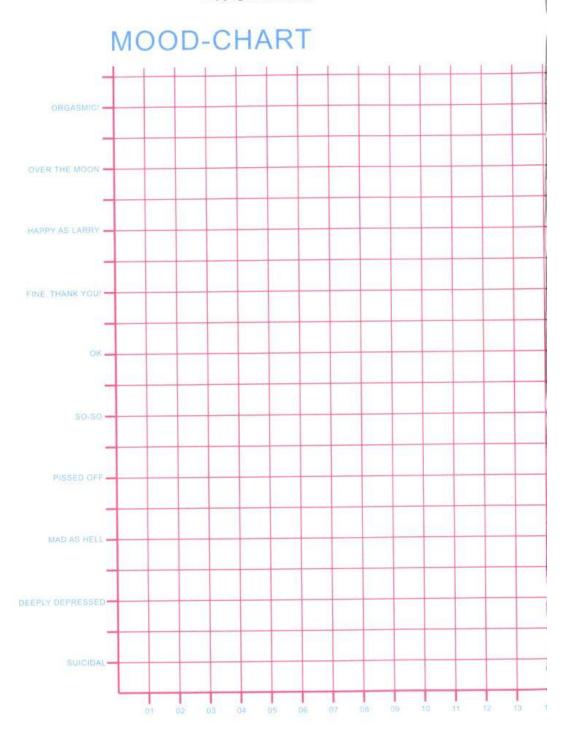
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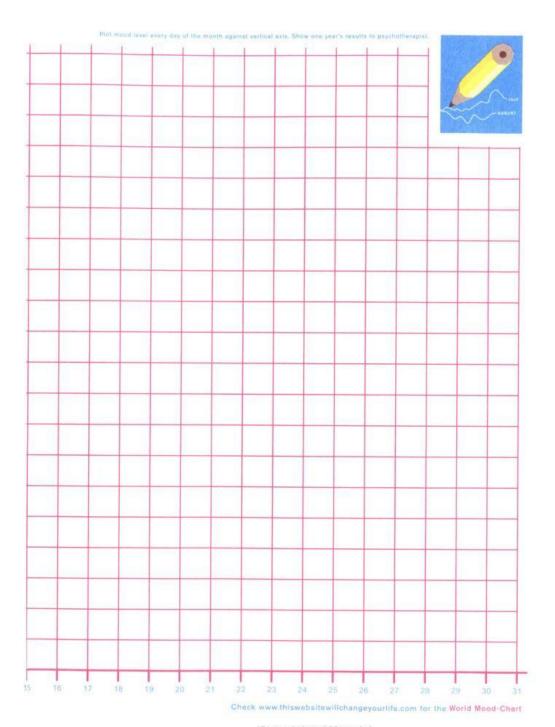
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37	49	61
38	50	62
39	51	63
40	52	64
41	53	65
42	54	66
43	55	67
44	Middife crisis 56	68
45	Take up golf 57	69
46	58	70
47	59	Pay off mortgage 71
48	60	Retirement party 72





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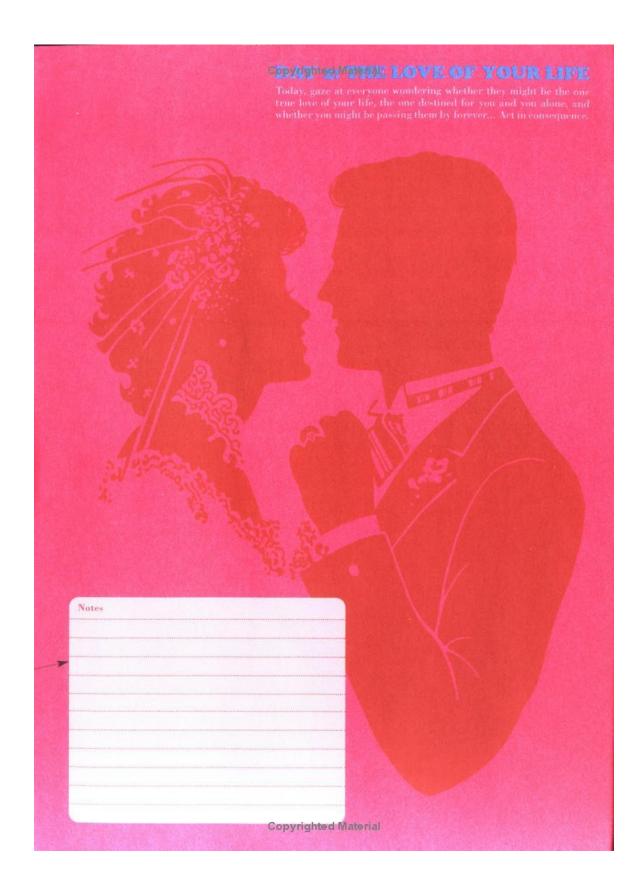
As this is your first day, you should warm up with an easy task that will only change your life a little bit.

Choose one of the following options:

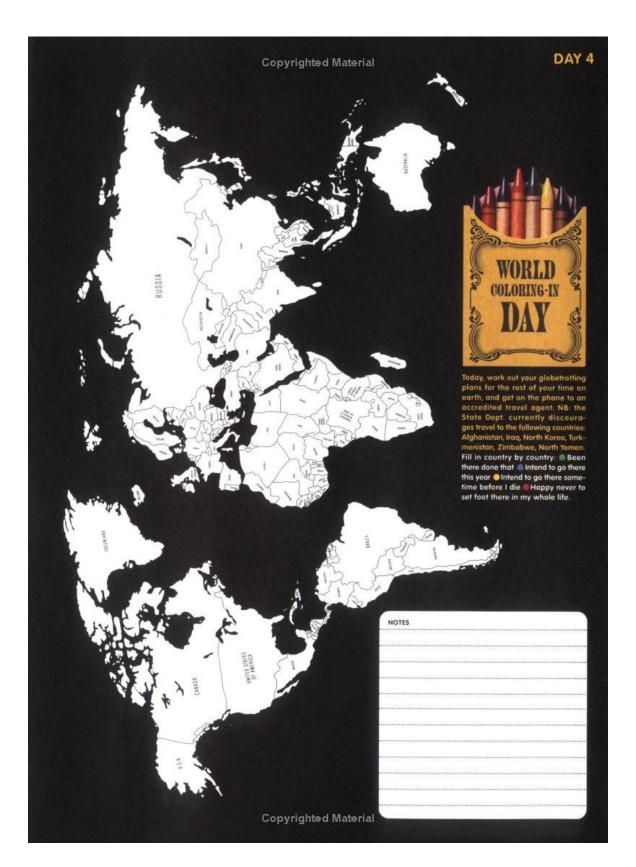
Do one press-up. Perform a striptease (in private). Triple-tie your shoelaces. Learn to play »chopsticks« on the piano. Increase your typing speed by three words a minute. Jaywalk in a pedestrian zone. Set all your clocks to exactly the right time. Whisper a white lie when no one's listening. Fantasize about your partner. Use a different thickness comb. Say »yo« instead of »hello«. Hold the phone up to your other ear. Tell someone your middle name. Try a new sandwich filling. Leave work five minutes early. Bookmark a new website. Give your genitalia pet names. Decide which one of your toes is the prettiest. Insult an insect. Go on a one-minute hunger strike.

And for those crazy individuals who want to dive in at the deep end: open this Book at random and perform that Day's task.

If you follow this Book's instructions, in a year's time you will be famous. People will be writing all sorts of stuff about you, and will want to know exactly how the Book's advice changed you. So make sure you note all changes day by day in these practical boxes, conveniently headed NOTES. Then just hand over to your biographers at the end of the year.







DAY 5	
NOTES	



Mass social experiment. Cut out and stick this sign on any item of public infrastructure you might encounter today, including, but not limited to: elevator posterior material anes, phone booths, toilets, ventilation units, escalators, entrances to subway stations. The aim is to achieve comprehensive social breakdown across the US.

### DAY 6

«It is a truth universally acknowledged. that a single man in possession of a good fortune. must be in want of a wife. Pride and Prejudice, Jane Austen

\*1801-I have just returned from a visit to my landlord - the solitary neighbour that I shall be troubled with "Wuthering

»Mother died today.«

»You are about to begin reading Italo Calvino's new novel, If on a winter's night a traveller.« If On A Winter's Night A Traveller, Italo Calvino

-Longtemps je me šuis couche de bonne heure. . A la recherche du temps perdu, Marcel Proust

»I have carefully collected all I could possibly find out about the history of poor Werther and I lay it before you here, knowing that you will thank me for doing so.« The Sorrows of Young Werther, Johan Wolfgang von Goethe

Today write the opening sentence of your début novel:

ble each other; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.« Anna Karenina, Tolstoy

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\* The first thing you'll probably want to know is where I

\* The happy families resem
was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how

country, they do things differently there. The Go-Between, L.P. Hartley

»Call me Ishmael.« Mobv Dick, Herman Melville »Hale knew they meant to murder him before he had been in Brighton three hours.« Brighton Rock, Graham Greene

»And this also, has been one of the dark places of the earth.« Heart of Darkness, Joseph Conrad

»In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.« Old Testament, Anonymous

»Someone must have been telling lies about Joseph K., for without having done anything wrong he was arrested one fine morning.« The Trial, Franz Kafka

»It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.« 1984, GEORGE ORWELL

# »Now, what I want is, Facts.« Hard Times, Charles Dickens

»You don't know about me, with-

out you have read a book by the name of The Adventures of Tom

Sawyer, but that ain't no mat-

ter.« Huckleberry Finn, Mark Twain

fire of my loins.« Lolita, Vladimir Nabokov

»LOLITA, light of my life,

"The snow in the mountains was melting and Bunny had been dead for several weeks before we came to understand the gravity of our situation." The Secret History, Donna Tartt »Stately, plump Buck Milligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lav crossed.« Ulysses, James Joyce

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### WOMEN:

Dark storm clouds were gathering over the Alpine mountain top as Emma finally reached the refuge. Where were the others? Where was her husband Edward? Perhaps they had fallen behind and taken the safe track back toward St-Paul-des-Clercs and civilization, she wondered. Well there was no point in panicking now. Night was falling fast, and she would have to spend it up here all alone at the mercy of these peaks. Exhausted, she entered the deserted cabin and barely had time to strip off her drenched clothes and slip into the thermal sleeping bag that Edward had thoughtfully given her for their sixth anniversary, before a deep slumber overtook her naked body.

As even the moon retreated from the inhospitable horizon, strange and fitful dreams came upon her. She tossed and turned in the night, her feverish brow victim to wild imaginings, full of visions of werewolf-like creatures creeping around the cabin, circling, surrounding her with deep-breathing low whistles that seemed to hiss and crackle like FIRE?!!! Emma opened her eyes and shrieked in the empty night. There, across the room, stood the tall, dark stranger. She held her breath in terror as he looked up from the fire he had lit in the wide hearth and stared at her inscrutably. His eyes seemed to contain worlds beyond her ken.

"Who - who are you? What do you want?" she cried. The man made no reply, but simply tossed another log onto the fire with barely a flicker of his powerful deep-veined forearm. He breathed in deeply, closing his eyes. Emma's voice was trembling.

»Look, now, I don't know what is going on but...«

He silenced her with a look from his piercing green eyes that seemed to cut right through her. Before she even realized what she was doing, Emma raced through the door in a mad dash for freedom, through the door and out into a thick curtain of rain lashing down over her exposed skin. He caught up with her easily, his strong arms grabbing her by the waist and hauling her back into the cabin. She writhed desperately in his grip until she could no more. He held her still, stared into her eyes and finally spoke in halting English, in the manner of one who seemed above words.

»Don't. It is too dangerous out there for you. You are safe here with me.«

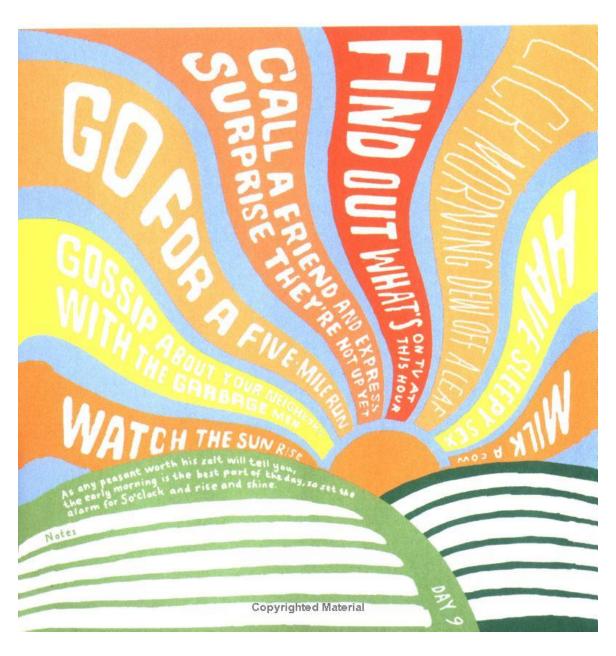
And somehow she knew that this was so.

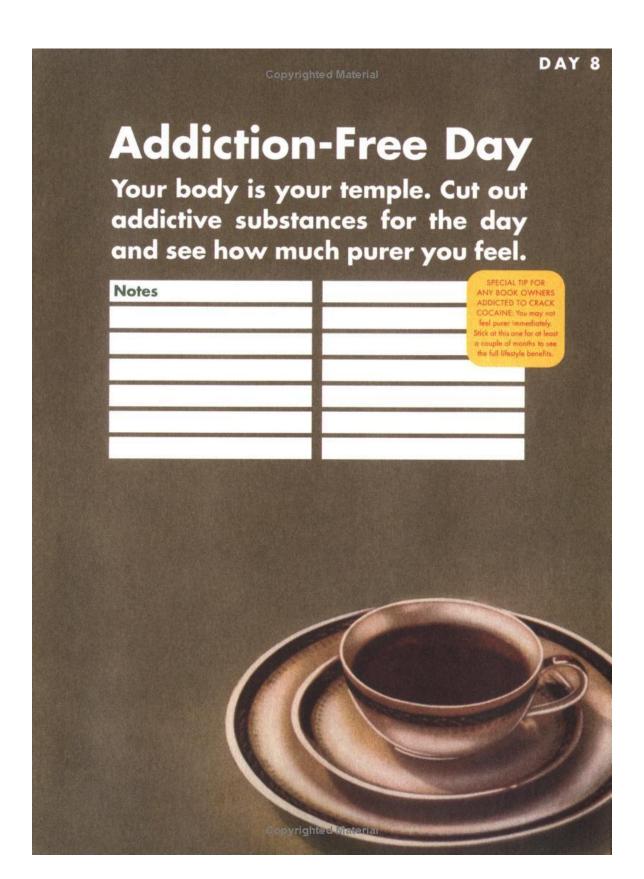
The fire dispensed a warm glow to the room. Before she had even recovered from the onslaught of the elements, she was trapped in an embrace as powerful as any of Nature's Furies. As the storm raged on outside, she stared into the infinite depth of his eyes. And then he was upon her, touching her deep within, roughly of course but with infinite tenderness. Suddenly lightning struck a tree nearby, while its thunder covered her animal moans. He held her tight for what seemed an eternity, until the first light of dawn broke the enchanting spell the mountain Gods had woven around them. And he was gone, as swiftly as he had come. Was it but a dream? Emma wondered wistfully, as she drifted off back to sleep smiling, her brow no longer troubled.

MEN: Two blondes. Doing it, Together.

Laboration and the state of the	
	William Waller Hill And An and Andrew Market

# DO SOMETHING BEFORE BREAKFAST TODAY





# MEET JONAS DAY!

This is Jonas Jansson, a courageous young fellow who has agreed to follow the Book's injunctions to the letter. In this, his first week, he has already been arrested once and lost his girlfriend. Go Jonas!

Jonas was born in 1982, in the small village of Gävle in Sweden. He grew up, went to school, made some friends studied a bit, got drunk a couple of times, got a job – but something was still lacking in his otherwise eventful life. One day last year, the authors of the Book spotted him playing pinball in his local mall. Something about his style

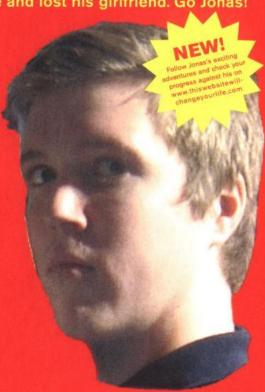


and look caught their eye. They approached him and asked Mr. Jansson if he would play the guinea pig for their venture. He said he'd think about it, and before he knew it, his life was totally and utterly transformed. It's only been a few days since Jonas has been following the Book but already it's pepped up his life no end. Only a week ago,

he read the \*love of your life\* page, and followed it a bit too far. First he chucked his girlfriend Magda, even though nothing was said about getting rid of current loves. Then he thought he spotted the love of his life, 59-year-old Canadian tourist Bibi Jeanmaire, busy enjoying a coffee in

downtown Stockholm with ex-Mountie husband Pierre-Louis. Jonas approached her, showed her the relevant Book page, and proceeded to woo her with a passionate kiss. That's the spirit Jonas! Local police agreed to drop all charges the next day, but not without fining him a substantial 1000 crowns. Better luck next time!



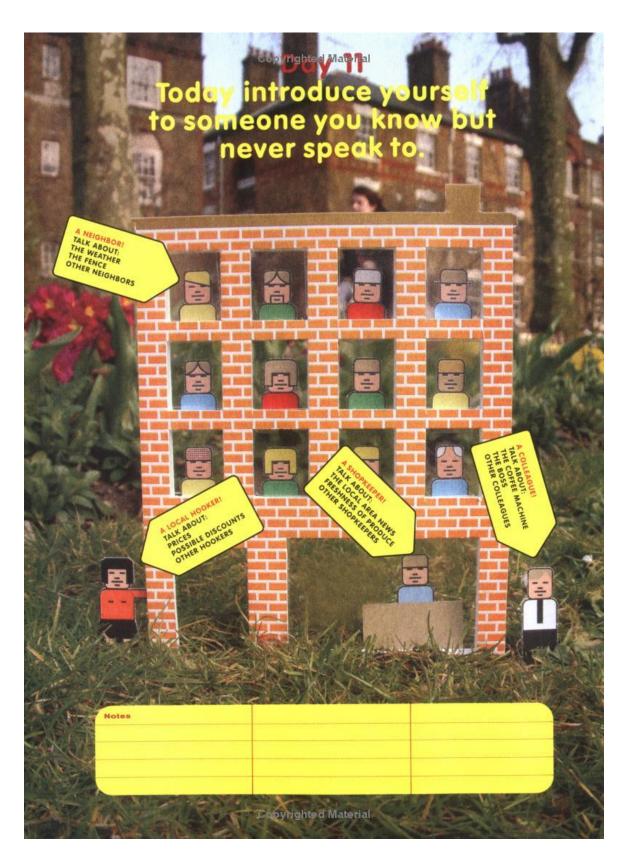


Jonas will be discussing his adventures during the year on www.thiswebsitewillchangeyourlife.com; be sure to compare his experiences to yours.

Notes	

VISIT US ON WWW.THISWEBSITEWILLCHANGEYOURLIFE.COM!
FULL OF ALL THE GOOD STUFF WE COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH PUBLISHING IN THIS FAMILY-FRIENDLY EDITION!

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# DAY 12: WTA S DUR TYPE?

Tick it here today as reminder at drunken parties



# DAY 13: SEND A LETTER TO A MASS MURDERER Nickname: "The Co-Ed Killer-California Medical bacility, 90 803, 2037, Vacaville, CA 95/095 - 2037, 2534 NOTES

# DAY 14: A DAY OF COMPLIMENTS

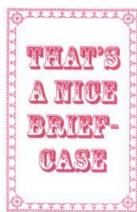
Flatter someone today and see if it does indeed get you anywhere.

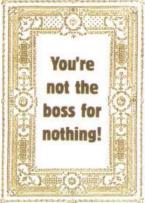


This
is the
best
memo
l've ever
read

THAT
TOUPEE
REALLY
SUITS
YOU,
YOUR
HONOR









DAY 15

# Be gay for a day!

As James Dean said, why go through life with one hand tied behind your back? Here are some hints on how to experience your other side in just one day.



8am During rush hour, try to brush up gently against someone in public transport. This is just to get yourself used to the idea of same-sex contact. Do not push this too far as technically it is known as frottage and could get you arrested.

11am The office coffee machine is the ideal casual flirting situation. Wait for the object of your affection to help themselves to a coffee before bumping into them. Their beverage will spill over them, providing you with the perfect opportunity to caress their chest with a kitchen towel.

1pm Because of social conventions, it is much easier to find a gay mate if you are officially on the lookout. Use your lunch hour to compose a carefully worded allstaff e-mail in which you come out of the closet. (You will always be able to claim it was a misunderstanding tomorrow.)

3pm By now you should have had plenty of responses to your flirting overtures, but you also need to start planning your evening. Ring a close same-gender friend and say you have something important to tell them. Arrange to meet in a romantic bar or restaurant. Candlelight is best.

5pm The end of the office day. As tomorrow you will be able to explain everything, why not turn up the heat a little by squeezing someone's bottom playfully on your way out. (If possible pick someone with a sense of humor.)

8pm By now your date should be going well. After a few drinks, some inadvertent touching and a lot of eye contact, you will have told your close friend that you think that your relationship could be taken to the next level. They may act unconvinced at first, even play hard to get, so don't be shy of forcing them to deal with their feelings by grabbing their hand or even French kissing them.

11pm Only one hour left to explore the outer shores of your new sexuality. After today's gradual physical emotional buildup, the last inhibitions shouldn't be too difficult to shed. The rest is up to you...

GAYS: be straight for a day! Adapt the above guidelines, only making it clear you're heading into the closet.

# Copyrighted Material DAY 16 Discreetly give the finger to people all day today







FIG. C: Hmmm... I wonder...









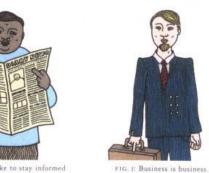


FIG. H: I like to stay informed

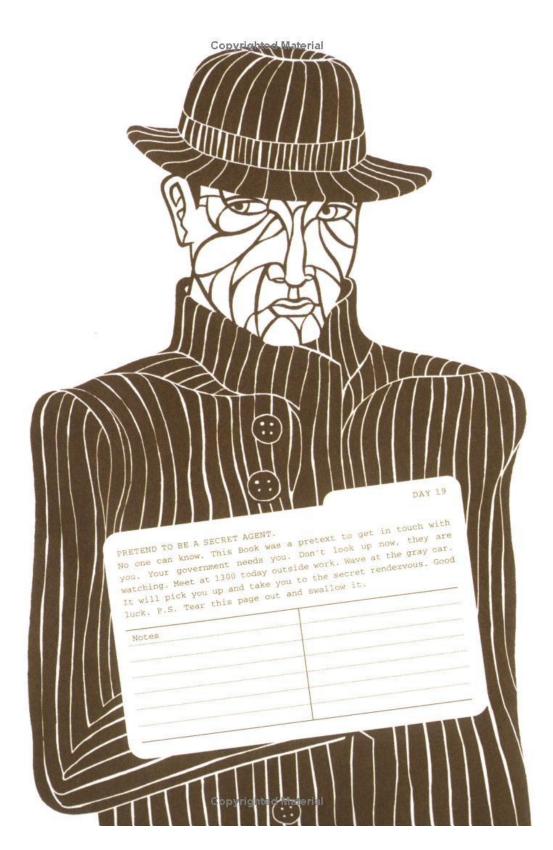
NOTES



# IN TOPY I SOMETHING DAY

So-called »Western civilization« suppresses our legitimate aggressive impulses. Cast off the chains of narrow morality and stamp out the sad life of a member of some inferior species today: an ant, or perhaps a gnat of some kind. Indulge your dark urges before they overwhelm you. After all, as top Russian anarchist Mikhail Bakunin declared: the passion for destruction is also a creative passion...

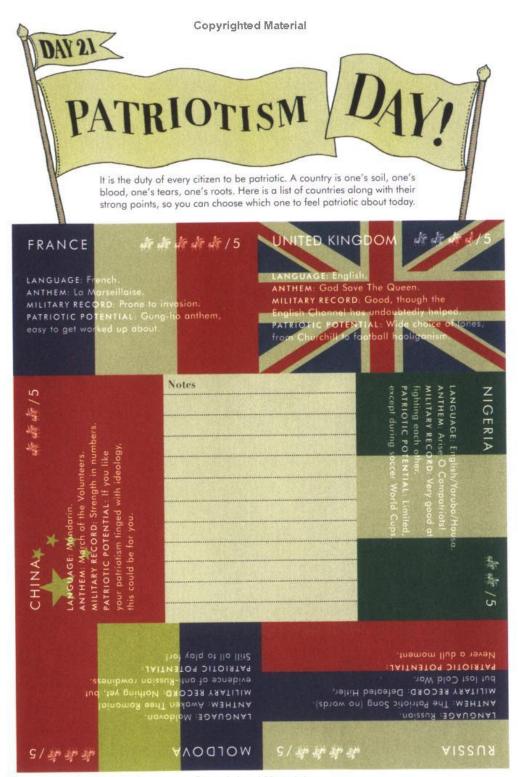




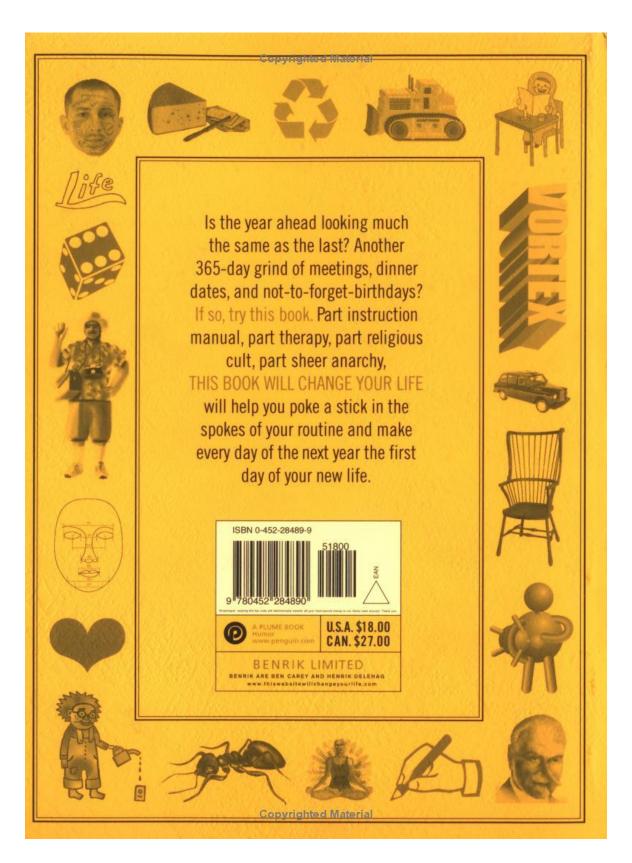


# »MERCY, CRIED THE POPINJAY TO THE POPE«

	Notes
THE IAMBIC PENTAMETER FOR IDIOTS. This oeuvre	
is to be composed in iambic pentameters, undoubtedly the	
most versatile form in the English poetic idiom. The iambic	
pentameter runs ti-tum ti-tum ti-tum ti-tum, its ten	
syllables tripping off the tongue effortlessly, thus enabling	
the poet to propel his meaning forth. William Shakespeare	
wrote mostly in iambic parameters: Shall I compare thee to	
a summers day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate,	
and so on and so forth. If it was good enough for him, it's	
good enough for you. Happy composing.	



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