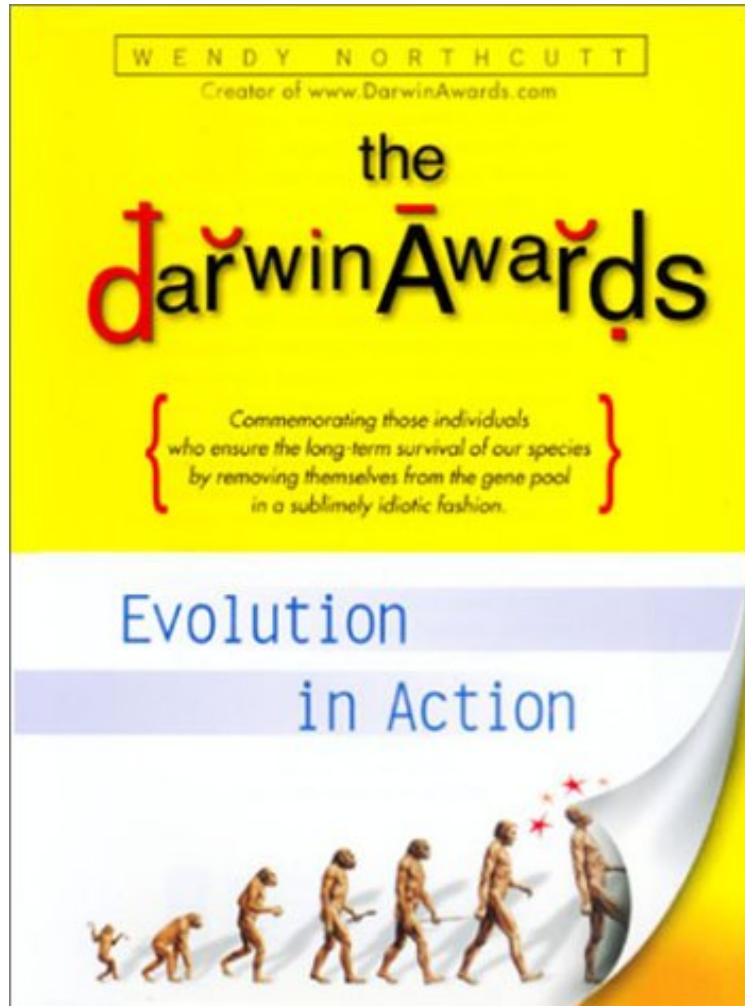


(Download) The Darwin Awards : Evolution In Action

The Darwin Awards : Evolution In Action

Wendy Northcutt

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Wendy Northcutt : The Darwin Awards : Evolution In Action before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Darwin Awards : Evolution In Action:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Absurdity at its best By james For those not familiar with the 'Darwin Awards' series, these books list bizarre ways people have managed to kill themselves and stop their ability to pass along their genetics to a future generation. These books have nothing to do with evolution in the typical sense and I even know conservative Christians (who are NOT fans of Darwin) who find these books to be amusing just because they are collections of human stupidity at its best, or at its worst, depending upon your viewpoint. These books read in small sections and are perfect for a quick dose of entertainment when one does not have time to read at length. It is just funny in most cases and not in bad taste. Despite the somewhat macabre aspect of being about people who kill

themselves, they are not written in a graphic way nor are they written to cheapen human life. Instead, they are just about the incredibly stupid things we humans are capable of doing. 16 of 20 people found the following review helpful. There but for the Grace of God . . . By Theodore A. Rushton This is a wonderful book. I can vouch for its excellence as a twice failed nominee for such an award. Many years ago, setting out for a fishing trip on the Severn River just after the ice broke up, we came to a narrow rock cut where the river plunged 10 feet to 15 feet. Other boaters had wisely halted, ready to begin several hours of arduous portaging. We decided to take a closer look to see if we could run the rapids, running the motor at trolling speed. If it wasn't safe, we could accelerate to full power and race away from the fast water. It wasn't safe. Then, the motor stalled. We went down the rapids, paddling like mad to stay in control. We managed to survive unscathed. A quarter mile downstream, the motor started without a hitch. We pattered back to the rapids, intending to warn the others, and saw a second boat sail out breezily and plunge down the rapids. It vanished. The boat owner bobbed up about 50 yards downstream, and we raced to haul him out. Then we asked why he tried it. He replied, "When I say you guys cut your motor, I figured anyone could do it." No awards that day. But, it serves as an example of how not thinking, or acting on incomplete information, lures people into such trouble. Some years later, I was taking photographs in a bull ring. We'd all been graciously hosted with a bottomless pitcher of margaritas. Fueled with such liquid wisdom, I decided on a never-taken-before photo of an enraged bull just after it charges past the matador's dramatically upflung cape. To do so, I knelt on the ground about 25-feet from the matador, near the center of the ring, to take my picture. Everything went perfect until the cape was flung upward. Then, with the big red target gone, the only thing left in the bull's vision was me. I dropped to the ground before the bull could change direction or lower his horns; he passed over me, smashing my camera. Needless to say, I've never since been allowed into another bull ring. The newspaper even ran a story about it, "Situation reversed: Bull throws reporter." So, I'm lucky. God truly does favors drunks and fools. But, there's a limit to such patience. It's what makes this book rather poignant. Time and again, it cites brave, daring, unique and foolhardy courage -- that should have been avoided with a little thought. It's a very dull person who has not, at some time in their lives, been involved in a situation that could have qualified for rank embarrassment if not for an actual Darwin Award. After all, it commemorates "individuals who ensure the long-term survival of our species by removing themselves from the gene pool in a sublimely idiotic fashion." It's great not to make the cut. Read it. You'll be amazed at the sublime idiocy of some people, and perhaps of your own good fortune. It's well written, with a marvelous light sense of humor; and a reminder that some people are really unlucky. Or, in blunter terms, stupid. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. You! Out of the gene pool By Trent Norman Ross Gillespie I have been a HUGE fan of these since the late 90s and love the collection, especially reading them in high school or adult ed classes for fun.

The Darwin Awards commemorate those who improve our gene pool by removing themselves from it, showing us just how uncommon common sense can be. These tales of trial and awe-inspiring error illustrate the ongoing saga of survival of the fittest in all its selective glory!

.com Warning: The Darwin Awards are not for the tenderhearted. The vastly popular Web site, now a book, recognizes "individuals who ensure the long-term survival of our species by removing themselves from the gene pool in a sublimely idiotic fashion." Who wins a Darwin Award? Terrorists who set their bombs on daylight saving time and delivered them on standard time, blowing themselves up. Folks who put garlands around a Bengal tiger's neck. Guys in Cambodia who took turns stomping on a land mine they'd brought into a bar. The six Egyptians who drowned trying to rescue a chicken that fell into a well. (The chicken alone survived.) The Buenos Aires husband who threw his wife out an eighth-floor window during a spat, noticed she'd gotten caught in power lines, and jumped after her, "angrily trying to finish the job, or remorsefully hoping to rescue her." He went splat; she escaped unscathed. There are some urban legends, like the sergeant said to have attached a Jet-Assisted Take-Off unit to his Chevy and hit a cliff 125 feet up (not true, says author Wendy Northcutt), and all-too-true honorable mentions, like the man who put weather balloons on his lawn chair, soared to 16,000 feet, crashed into power lines, blacked out Long Beach, California, and told police, "A man can't just sit around." My favorite winner: the man who was bitten nine times by the same king brown snake because he put it in a bag on his car seat and kept sticking his hand back into the bag. Why did he pick up the snake with his left hand? "Because I was holding a beer in my right one." And where did this take place? In Darwin, Australia. If you think somebody up there doesn't have a wicked sense of humor, The Darwin Awards may change your mind. --Tim Appelo From Publishers Weekly Anyone who has e-mail has probably already been entertained by the Darwin Awards, honors that stand out from the miasma of e-humor for several reasons: they are often genuinely hilarious and they are supposedly true. For those unfamiliar with these awards, they are given to people, mostly now deceased, whose actions reveal an astounding lack of common sense. The awards go only to those who have either died or rendered themselves unable to breed, confirming Darwin's belief in the survival of the fittest. Among the winners: terrorists who set their bombs on daylight saving time and delivered them on standard time, thus blowing themselves up; and a lawyer who crashed through a skyscraper window while demonstrating its safety. The audiobook also contains an honorable mention category for those who survive their idiotic behavior. This set provides

hours of bizarre yet disturbing listening, mostly drawn from the author's popular Web site, DarwinAwards.com. Jason Harris does an excellent job of reading each reported incident; basically, they sound like standup comedy: yarn after yarn of such astounding stupidity that one cannot help but laugh. The lack of common sense exhibited here is undoubtedly comical, but Harris's reading accentuates the fact that beneath the laughter lurks a kind of pathetic sadness. Based on the Dutton hardcover. (Sept.)nCopyright 2001 Cahners Business Information, Inc. "Jason Harris does an excellent job of reading each incident; basically, they sound like standup comedy."