

The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled

Posted by youknowwho - 08 Mar 2024 15:01

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Welcome to...**The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled**

This thread is a place where one can feel free to rant, vent and gripe.

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Please Remember:

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-**No** personal insults (Sadly)

- **Absolutely no:** Nice, positive, warm, loving, optimistic, motivational, supportive or inspiring posts. (Not sadly)

Enter at your own risk!

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by babayakob - 24 Feb 2025 01:53

[youknowwho wrote on 19 Feb 2025 01:53:](#)

Official Announcement by Order of the Grouchery Administrative Association: (Article C544 Sec 69001)

\$1000 "Grab All You Can" Lingerie Shopping Spree for the person that gets HHM to post a real grouch.

(Void where prohibited, not to be combined with other offers, terms and conditions apply, not for resale, may cause reproductive harm in the state of California)

Very big grouch, I askinged HHM to making here a grouch if not I gonna falling and he don't caring...

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by youknowwho - 24 Feb 2025 02:52

[Markz wrote on 23 Feb 2025 22:59:](#)

Validation and empathy do not belong **on Mr Tzitzitz's thread**. When did this become a thing???

Markz hummed happily as he drove towards his home. He'd just written a cute post on The Grouchery. It was funny indeed, and who but him would notice that sneaky little line about it being "*Mr Tzitzis Dude's thread*"? He silently chuckled to himself.

What could *possibly* go wrong?

He pulled in to his driveway, the mini van spitting up some loose gravel as he drove up. Malky was serving fried chicken fingers, mashed potatoes and grilled veggies, one of his favorites. He gave a blissful sigh.

Life was good.

It was then that he noticed a raccoon sitting right near his garage door.

Strange, thought Markz. *I don't recall ever seeing a raccoon here...*

The raccoon stood stock still, staring intently at Markz with a very intense gaze.

Silly me, thought Markz. *Raccoons don't stare.*

This must've been what Vernon Dursley had felt like when he had chanced upon Professor McGonagall, he thought wryly.

He honked. That ought to frighten that little sucker away!

The raccoon stood still.

Markz suddenly felt his hands get clammy on the steering wheel. The fang shaped scar on his neck twanged uncomfortably. He was suddenly filled with a sense of foreboding...

He honked again and rolled down the window, hurling an old, crumpled receipt at the raccoon.

It just stood there and glared. In the dim evening light, he could make out what seemed to be two angry, red eyes...

No, he muttered hoarsely.

He fumbled with the car door and opened it slowly, moving in small increments to see if the raccoon would make a move.

The raccoon didn't budge.

With the car door completely open, he made a beeline for the front door. He quickly punched in the combination and closed the door behind him, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Malky, I'm home!" He called.

"Hi honey", she said. "Supper is almost ready."

"Malky, I need you here urgently."

"What's going on, Hun?"

She appeared at the doorway, her shpitzel slightly askew.

"Quick! I need you to look outside, do you see that raccoon standing by the garage?"

Malky peered through the peephole.

"Nope, nothing there," she said.

"Let me check again..." Markz took a turn at the peephole, and a chill ran down his spine...

"Don't you see it? Malky, *please* tell me you see it?"

"Totally not!"

"It's standing at the garage door, staring right at the front door!"

Malky sighed sympathetically.

"Look dear, you're probably just all tired out from a long day at work."

"Yeah, that must be it".

They walked towards the kitchen.

The scar on his neck began to burn.

"Malky, I'll be right down, I'm going upstairs for a sec", he called.

He walked upstairs, fumbling for the light switch in the darkness. He finally found it and flicked it, but, strangely, it did not work.

Hmmm, must've burned out the bulb.

He made his way through the dark room and felt his way to the window. The room was facing the wooded area behind their house, and so he was not really expecting to see much else but darkness from the window. He peeled apart the blinds slightly and stared, and it was then that his heart froze into ice.

Hundreds of pairs of red eyes stared up at him from the woods.

"Noooooooooo!" he cried.

"Malky!!!"

He stumbled his way back towards the stairs, but it was too dark...there was a thick blanket of darkness that seemed to swallow up the steps leading down. Suddenly, there were no steps, no kitchen, no Malky...everything was dark and silent and all he could hear was a strange rustling...

An awful rustling of thousands of red-eyed little feet.

The raccoons.

They were coming towards the house.

Markz fumbled wildly with his phone, desperately trying to log back onto GYE to quickly edit his post...

Thousands of little feet, little red eyed raccoons slowly pitter-pattering, closer and closer...

"YOU HAVE NO PERMISSION TO EDIT THIS POST, blared the screen. "Please contact help@GYE.com for further assistance"

No, no, nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by simchastorah - 24 Feb 2025 03:51

[babayakob wrote on 24 Feb 2025 01:53:](#)

[youknowwho wrote on 19 Feb 2025 01:53:](#)

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Could be this itself is a certain kiyum of what you asked for, HHMs people management knows no bounds

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by Markz - 24 Feb 2025 12:25

Mod, please remove the '**Thank-You**' button from this part of gye

youknowwho with his team of raccoons from china, is generating too WAY too much positive energy here

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by ben711 - 24 Feb 2025 17:55

[youknowwho wrote on 08 Mar 2024 15:01:](#)

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thanks so much for creating this haven.

the darkest day in history is the day I was born

childhood: disaster is an understatement

marriage: ????????

at least I have a place where I can vent to a crowd of unjudgmental, accepting, common sense. Which is a rare commodity.

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by m111 - 24 Feb 2025 19:28

Hi everyone.

"Grunt and Uch"

I guess this is the place to express this.

That's what I feel right now.

(Don't ask why, because I don't have patience asking that to myself)

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by lamaazavtuni - 25 Feb 2025 01:07

Hmm not sure if being grunt and much is enough of a reason to post in the grouchery that's what we feel like on our wedding day a real groucher doesn't roll out of bed till he is absolutely klur with 100% conviction that he's fully gruntuched

Warning: Spoiler!

For the entire remainder of that coming day. Not sure if moderators necessary I think even you can understand this on your own.

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by chancyhk - 25 Feb 2025 18:21

Oh Voldy,

If only you would've put house elves instead of raccoons.....

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by azivashacheit101 - 25 Feb 2025 19:43

[chancyhk wrote on 25 Feb 2025 18:21:](#)

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I'd prefer wrackspurts

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by ratherstayanonymous - 25 Feb 2025 20:27

[chosemyshe wrote on 30 Oct 2024 17:37:](#)

Wow please keep the gushiness off the grouch thread.

Back to our regularly scheduled programming:

MONEY. HOUSING. KIDS. MONEY. WORK. SPOTTING. MONEY.

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by iyh2023 - 25 Feb 2025 21:05

Life - An unpredictable state of being, where nothing is up to you, in fact, **you** are meaningless.

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by redfaced - 27 Feb 2025 18:01

[azivashacheit101 wrote on 25 Feb 2025 19:43:](#)

[chancyhk wrote on 25 Feb 2025 18:21:](#)

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Even Acromantulas would have been cooler. If a guys gotta go, he should be allowed to be carried off by Arragog

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NNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You think Ron hates spiders.....you should(n't) see me in the same zip code as one.....

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Re: The Grouchery: Haven for the Grumpily Disgruntled
Posted by tzitzis dude - 02 Mar 2025 00:36

So. Dear Grouchery,

are y'all tired of the TD Motzoai Shabbos rant? Or are all y'all ready for some more?

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