

**Note:**

Include in your paper ALL forms of technology: Cell Phones, smart phones, tablets, computers, TVs, Twitter, texting, Facebook, gaming, gambling/betting, sports, dating sites, etc. Do not limit yourself to any one media. They all disrupt your life in one way or another.

## ON SOCIAL NETWORKING

Now the cliques are moving online. —Kim Komando

Rather than bringing me closer to others, the time that I spend online isolates me from the most important people in my life: my family, my friends, my neighborhood, my community. —Clifford Stoll

There are three kinds of death in this world. There's heart death, there's brain death, and there's being off the network. —Guy Almes

## The Most Annoying Facebookers

In this 2009 article for CNN.com, Griggs draws on his personal experience and his sense of humor to call attention to behaviors that are guaranteed to alienate anyone's network of friends.

This Brandon Griggs's web article, "The Most Annoying Facebookers," appeared on CNN.com in 2009

*Facebook*, for better or worse, is like being at a big party with all your friends, family, acquaintances, and coworkers. There are lots of fun, interesting people you're happy to talk to when they stroll up. Then there are the other people, the ones who make you cringe when you see them coming. This article is about those people.

Sure, *Facebook* can be a great tool for keeping up with folks who are important to you. Take the status update, the 160-character message that users post in response to the question, “What’s on your mind?” An artful, witty, or newsy status update is a pleasure—a real-time, tiny window into a friend’s life.

But far more posts read like navel-gazing diary entries, or worse, spam. A recent study categorized 40 percent of *Twitter* tweets as “pointless babble,” and it wouldn’t be surprising if updates on *Facebook*, still a fast-growing social network, break down in a similar way.

Combine dull status updates with shameless self-promoters, “friend-padders,” and that friend of a friend who sends you quizzes every day, and *Facebook* becomes a daily reminder of why some people can get on your nerves.

Here are twelve of the most annoying types of *Facebook* users:

**The Let-Me-Tell-You-Every-Detail-of-My-Day Bore.** “I’m waking up.” “I had Wheaties for breakfast.” “I’m bored at work.” “I’m stuck in traffic.” You’re kidding! How fascinating! No moment is too mundane for some people to broadcast unsolicited to the world. Just because you have 432 *Facebook* friends doesn’t mean we all want to know when you’re waiting for the bus.

**The Self-Promoter.** OK, so we’ve probably all posted at least once about some achievement. And sure, maybe your friends really do want to read the fascinating article you wrote about beet farming. But when almost EVERY update is a link to your blog, your poetry reading, your 10k results, or your art show, you sound like a bragger or a self-centered careerist.

**The Friend-Padder.** The average *Facebook* user has 120 friends on the site. Schmoozers and social butterflies—you know, the ones who make lifelong pals on the subway—might reasonably have 300 or 400. But 1,000 “friends”? Unless you’re George Clooney or just won the lottery, no one has that many. That’s just showing off.

**The Town Crier.** “Michael Jackson is dead!!!” You heard it from me first! Me, and the 213,000 other people who all saw it on TMZ. These Matt Drudge<sup>1</sup> wannabes are the reason many of us learn of breaking news not from TV or news sites but from online social networks. In their rush to trumpet the news, these people also spread rumors, half-truths, and innuendo. No, Jeff Goldblum did not plunge to his death from a New Zealand cliff.

**The TMIer.** “Brad is heading to Walgreens to buy something for these pesky hemorrhoids.” Boundaries of privacy and decorum don’t

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<sup>1</sup> Creator and editor of the *Drudge Report*, an online news and gossip site.

seem to exist for these too-much-information updaters, who unabashedly offer up details about their sex lives, marital troubles, and bodily functions. Thanks for sharing.

**The Bad Grammarian.** "So sad about Fara Fauset but Im so gladd its friday yippe." Yes, I know the punctuation rules are different in the digital world. And, no, no one likes a spelling-Nazi schoolmarm. But you sound like a moron.

**The Sympathy-Baiter.** "Barbara is feeling sad today." "Man, am I glad that's over." "Jim could really use some good news about now." Like anglers hunting for fish, these sad sacks cast out their hooks—baited with vague tales of woe—in the hopes of landing concerned responses. Genuine bad news is one thing, but these manipulative posts are just pleas for attention.

**The Lurker.** The Peeping Toms of *Facebook*, these voyeurs are too cautious, or maybe too lazy, to update their status or write on your wall. But once in a while, you'll be talking to them and they'll mention something you posted, so you know they're on your page, hiding in the shadows. It's just a little creepy.

**The Crank.** These curmudgeons, like the trolls who spew hate in blog comments, never met something they couldn't complain about. "Carl isn't really that impressed with idiots who don't realize how idiotic they are." (Actual status update.) Keep spreading the love.

**The Paparazzo.** Ever visit your *Facebook* page and discover that someone's posted a photo of you from last weekend's party—a photo you didn't authorize and haven't even seen? You'd really rather not have to explain to your mom why you were leering like a drunken hyena and French-kissing a bottle of Jagermeister.

**The Obscurist.** "If not now then when?" "You'll see . . ." "Grist for the mill." "John is, small world." "Dave thought he was immune, but no. No, he is not." (Actual status updates, all.) Sorry, but you're not being mysterious—just nonsensical.

**The Chronic Inviter.** "Support my cause." "Sign my petition." "Play Mafia Wars with me." "Which 'Star Trek' character are you?" "Here are the 'Top 5 cars I have personally owned.'" "Here are '25 Things about Me.'" "Here's a drink." "What drink are you?" "We're related!" "I took the 'What President Are You?' quiz and found out I'm Millard Fillmore! What president are you?"

You probably mean well, but stop. Just stop. I don't care what president I am—can't we simply be friends? Now excuse me while I go post the link to this story on my *Facebook* page.