

DR. ANGUS



"If you can't stop and smell the roses, I'll teach you to stop and eat The Angus!"

# Power Sitting



## Learn How To:

- Get DOWN with The Angus!
- Savor its Knee-Buckling Taste
- Re-Activate Dormant Sit Muscles
- Re-Discover Your Own Lap!

*Get Your Sit Together!*

General and Specific Program Information



*Just out of frame to the right, my Rhesus monkey prepares for ambush. The little sucker.*

## We've All Gone Batty

Why are you reading this? You probably have no idea. Allow me to tell you so you don't tax your over-worked noggin. You're reading for two reasons. One, because the title of this little tome is *Power Sitting*. And two, because you're a part of the human race - a species hopelessly predisposed with an insatiable appetite for power. That's right. Each and every one of us is constantly striving, reaching and running ourselves ragged in search of upward mobility or "juice." You can argue this point if you want. But I'm not there in front of you, so you'd be rambling to yourself like a nutcase. You're better off just believing me. Besides, I'm right. Power is why we all run around like we have ants in our pants.

Speaking of, the other evening I was relaxing with this gorgeous friend of mine who has these wonderfully manicured eyebrows. We were watching a fascinating television program on anteaters. Suddenly, a commercial interrupted which featured a business-man protagonist running through a subway station trying to catch his train while scarfing down a sandwich, emailing his boss, and flirting with a female who was running alongside him doing the same thing. The whole production was backed by this very inspiring, anthemic music - as if to suggest that this multi-tasking display were as grand a spectacle as a medieval jousting contest. The message was clear: **"Go get 'em you go getters!"**

Now, excuse me for a second, but I have just one question. Why should this kind of strung-out, mega-multi-tasking non-sense be celebrated? Do we really believe that this kind of behavior is the way to achieve more power? To get more done? To rule the roost? Yes. We silly ducks have actually come to *believe* that if we're not 100% go go go, it's a no no no.

**You're  
better  
off just  
believing  
me.**

Well, what if I told you a few things to blow this theory clean out of the water? What if I told you I have developed a program that can help you achieve more power by doing the opposite? A program that prescribes stopping. Taking it all in. A program that can help you be the person with all the juice while simultaneously reacquainting you with that peaceful feeling we once enjoyed on a daily basis. The feeling of being sated.

Well, don't answer. Because you're reading a program, not talking to a person.

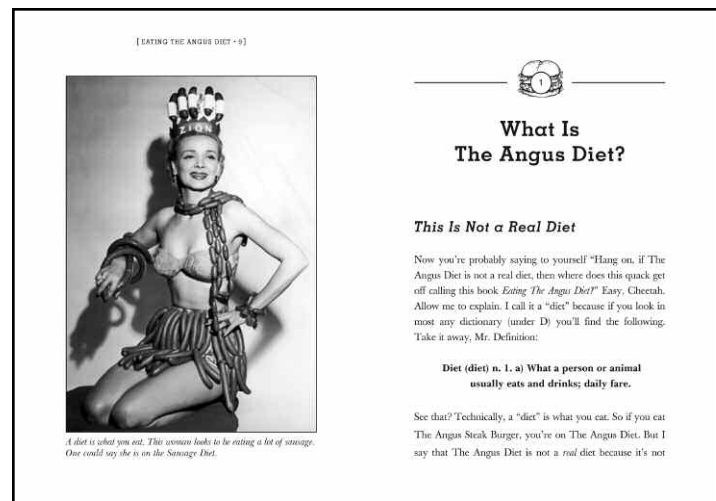
## I'm Dr. Angus. And I'm Full of Sit.

**But then again, I'm not really a doctor.**

You may remember me from my last great venture - the societal and dietary phenom known far and wide as *The Angus Diet*. I was able to trigger its landslide success with a little help from my long-standing friendship with The Burger King®. If you'll recall, *The Angus Diet* isn't really a "diet." But then again, I'm not really a doctor. No, *The Angus Diet* is better described as more of a "lifestyle plan." A lifestyle plan that prescribes living the good life. The Burger King® Angus steakburger acting not only as delicious fuel for living this good life, but also as a delicious reminder for how to live it. A tasty ambassador that says "Hey pal, get out there and do what feels good! Eat big, beefy, fire-grilled burgers like me made with 100% Angus beef! And if you have an alligator, wrestle it!" Truly, *The Angus Diet* generated more success and fervor than even I could ever have imagined. But that was just the beginning. Because today, you're about to learn what else The Angus can do. And conveniently, it has to do with power.



*Like a sled-dog team. Only a lot more gratifying to reward for good behavior. If you've never been carried around like this, what are you waiting for?*



*See? The Sausage Queen illustrates how you can even Power Sit while draped in links of meat.*

Make no mistake about it, I know a thing or two about power. I've spent great spans of time under the tutelage of some of the most influential and success-oriented humans on the planet. The Captain of the Cutty Sark. Tibet's alpha Monk. Eastern Europe's top veterinarian. The Burger King®. Studying under energetic humans like these has taught me a great deal. And my resume proves it. While I lived in South Africa I was the first person to successfully coax a group of Great White Sharks to attack and eat sea lions in a choreographed way, with music piped into the water through sonic speakers. I became the world's first super-hand-model while living in Zurich. And I've been the owner, master and trainer of no fewer than 17 different primate species. Do you know what all this experience with power has taught me? It has taught me that the way people go about amassing power today is askew. Because no one leaves time for sitting anymore.





Upon her moment of first-sit, this attendee was so overcome with sit-bliss that she let out a little shriek. Like a small goat.



*See that window above my head? Once a bird flew into it. I saved it with a little CPR.*

## The Myth of Lazy

I know a man called Ted. Ted is ambitious and successful, bright and energetic. Ted is a goer. A doer. But Ted has a problem. Ted never sits. Ted hasn't rested his bodyweight upon his buttocks in ages. He views sitting as a sign of laziness, of giving up, a sign of weakness. There is no getting through to Ted with an argument for the contrary, either. Even nail-on-the-head analogies such as "you can't win the rat race without the occasional pit stop" fall on deaf ears. I even once counseled Ted that the most honed endurance athletes in the world could not do what they do without recovery time. He looked at me as if I were **speaking the ancient language of moo koo vai**. Ted simply does not buy into the fact that occasionally taking a load off will allow him to perform at an even higher level. Ted is a hopeless non-sitter.

## Do You Think You're Better than a Cheetah?

Are you like Ted? Do you think that sitting is a sign of weakness? Before you answer, consider this. The cheetah is the fastest, most vicious land animal on the planet. He can run at speeds in excess of 50 miles per hour, turn on a dime, and take down a wild beast with a lunging tackle that resembles a lightning strike with teeth. (If you've never witnessed such a raw display of sheer power, do yourself a favor and spend a month or two on the plains of Zimbabwe. It's really quite something.) How is the cheetah able to accomplish such astounding feats on a regular basis? Simple. When he's not catching wild prey twice his bodyweight, the Cheetah prepares for action by *sitting*. Just kicking back, like cats do. Fact be known, if the cheetah did not sit to recharge and relax, he literally could not accomplish those killer cheetah feats. Still think that sitting equates to laziness? Fine. I'll make you a deal. If you can be the first to reach, tackle and consume a young antelope in a head to head sprint against a cheetah, I'll give you my remote Power Sitting compound where I hold my intensive Power Sitting seminars. Really. There's just one thing though. You'll get terrible cellular reception up there. So you'd probably hate it.

**The  
Cheetah  
prepares  
for action  
by sitting.**



## ***Is Power Sitting Right for You? Take this Simple Quiz.***

Do you think you're better than a cheetah?

- ☐ Yes. *(Stop reading. Get out there and chase a wildebeest.)*
- ☐ No. *(Keep reading. You're a future Power Sitter!)*

## Sit Dowwwnnnnn!!!!

Okay. You agreed that you are inferior to a Cheetah. Good. Now let's get you sitting. Problem? You've literally forgotten **HOW**. But that's okay. You can never have a solution without a problem. This is something I learned long ago, working as a pole-boy on the River Ganges. My raft boss, Muckluck, used to delight in the finding of a solution. I helped by creating a problem. We were the wonder twins of Africa. A dynamic duo of fixing that which was broken by first breaking stuff in order to fix it. Having forgotten how to sit is nothing compared to the

**Once we  
were attacked  
by a colony of  
flying leeches.**

problems we'd encounter in those disease-ridden waters. Once we were attacked by a colony of flying leeches. Did we scream like little girls? Hardly. We turned our raft poles into giant nun-chucks by joining them together with a wayward link of chain found on the deck of our boat and we set about knocking out every last one of those airborne bloodsuckers. We defeated the problem with the tools at our disposal. Which is *precisely* how we're going to defeat your sit problem. The tool at our disposal? The Angus 'Shroom & Swiss, from Burger King.®



*Even as a pole boy in my early 20s, I was sitting in my mind.*



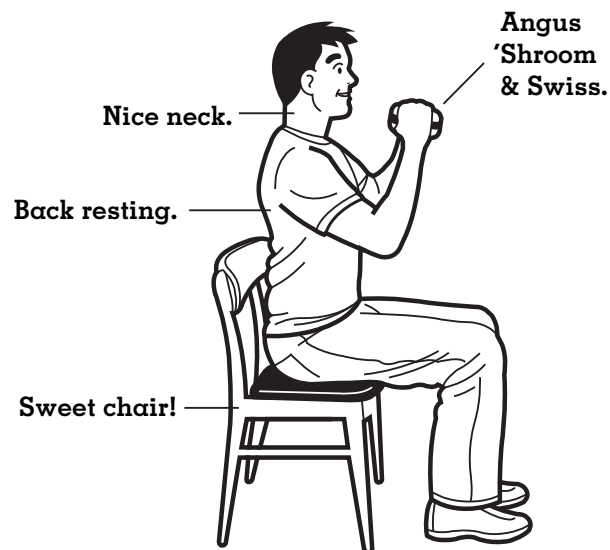
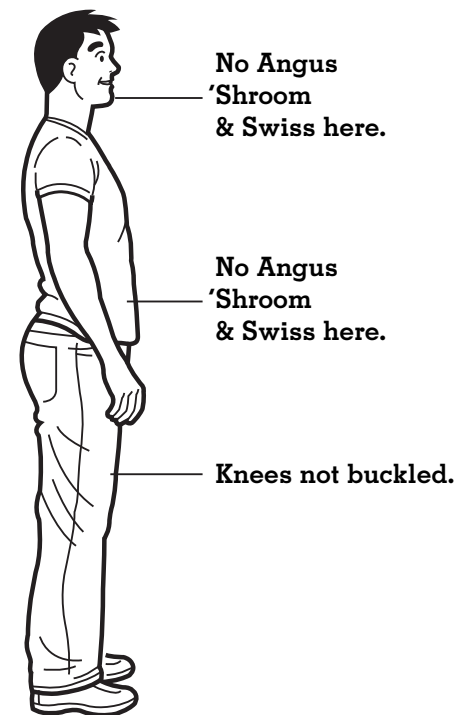
## Program Phase I - Using The Angus

Whether you view sitting as a weakness or you've been going non-stop for so long that you've forgotten how, the fact is the same: you cannot sit. You've literally lost the ability to simultaneously bend at the knees and lower yourself onto a surface, thereby resting your weight upon your gorgeous glutes. You've hit rock bottom. You have to be broken.

I realize that forcing you to sit might sound brutal. But believe me, it's not. This is simply where I hand you The Angus 'Shroom & Swiss. And that's all it takes. Why? Once a person picks up The Angus and attempts to enjoy its big, juicy 1/3-lb fire-grilled patty and savory toppings, **that person automatically sits down in order to fully savor its heady goodness.** To appreciate it. And as the doctor of Power Sitting and the one responsible for breaking the non-sitter, I appreciate it even more. Because it keeps me from dropping a large weight on you to make you sit. I tried that a few times and it always proved problematic.



*I think the lettuce looks like a little green afro underneath its tasty bun hat. Don't you?*

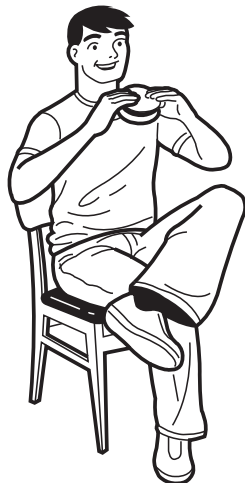




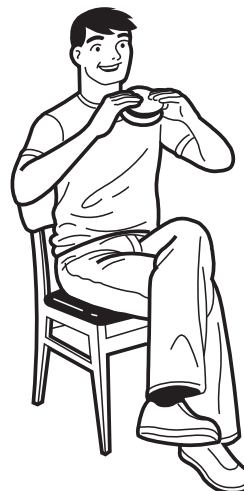
## *Types of Sitting*



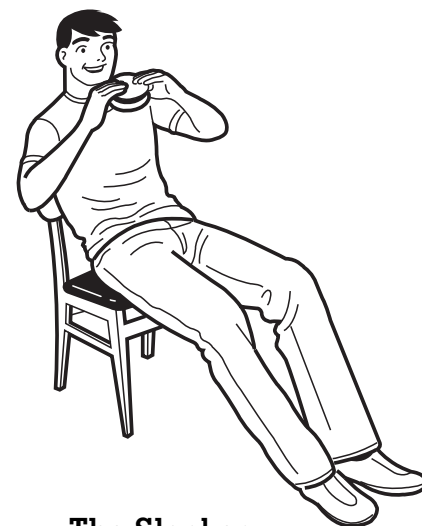
**The Standard**



**The Cross Leg**



**The Fembot**



**The Slacker**



**The Native**



**The Abtastic**



**The Dear Lord**



**The Evacuation Drill**



*The one on the left, that's Judy. She holds a door open like nobody's business.*

## ***An Interruption Between Phases - The Retreat***

I can teach you. The Angus can make you. But first you have to get your butt to my Power Sitting Compound. Where is it? I'm not telling you. But I will say that it lies in an idyllic location. It's exclusive and remote to limit distraction for harried attendees such as yourself. It ensures spotty cellular reception to help maintain focus during lectures. It features clean air and open spaces to conduct my sit-workshops. And the villages surrounding it are filled with the kind of women I need to help me teach Power Sitting. We're talking real mountain women here. The sort for whom I have a great weakness. Not the burly kind who resemble rugby players. The lithe sort. The strong but lanky. With curves in all the right places and a penchant for yodeling the alphabet when prompted. Do not question my taste in assistants. I can do whatever I want and prefer whichever sort of women I choose. Do not forget, I know the Burger King®!

**...a penchant  
for yodeling the  
alphabet when  
prompted.**

## Program Phase II - Relearning

Once we've broken your non-sit tendencies with the power of The Angus, Power Sitting attendees then participate in a host of scientific and knee-jerk exercises, both refined and un-refined. These exercises provide support and work to ensure a uninterrupted future of Power Sitting. Here now are a few of the activities that you'll practice and master during The Workshop portion of your retreat.

### Buns Up Buns Down



*Repetitive act of picking up and putting down  
The Angus commits sitting to muscle memory.*

### Time to Arm Wrestle!



*Sitting truly does open doors once closed.  
Arm wrestling is one of these doors.*

### Cow Milking



*It's pretty hard to milk a cow if you don't sit.  
In this exercise, I drive this point home.*

### See Saw



*I allow attendees to ride a see-saw as a reward  
for putting up with my day-3 glutius lecture.*

### Ride that Camel!



*As my attendees sit for a break with The Angus,  
I ride by on Basha and show Power Sitting possibility.*



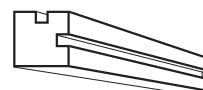
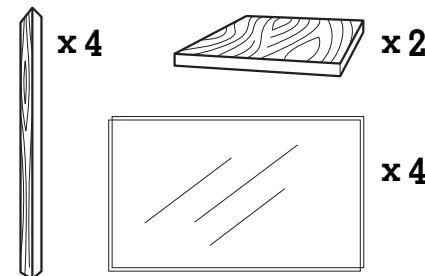


## Now You're a Power Sitter!

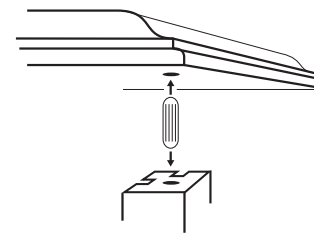
The Power Sitting Program lasts four days. That's 96 hours of intense seminars and lectures, in-depth workshops and field learnings. Successfully navigate through every level, and at the end of the fourth day you shall experience a Power Sitting version of the time-honored tradition known as graduation.

Now, I don't know whether you've been fortunate enough to experience the euphoria that comes with graduation or not, but I have. I've earned degrees from colleges, universities, martial arts programs and vocational philosophies. **(In my developing years I even graduated from a female boarding school - don't ask).** And with all my experience in achieving goals and having them marked with pomp and circumstance, I have ample perspective on the Power Sitting graduation. Not only is the ceremony more fun than a barrel of seated monkeys, the trophy you will receive is so magnificent that you'll insist on building a fine-wood pedestal and plexi-glass case to handle display duties.

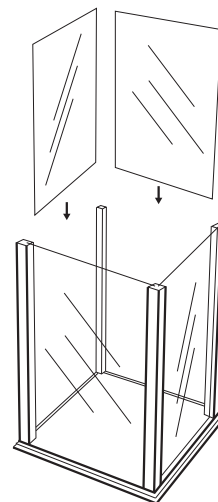
*You'll need to procure wood for four long corner supports, a base and a top. You'll also need enough glass (plexi works too) for four sides. So go get it. Then cut it to size. And good luck with that.*



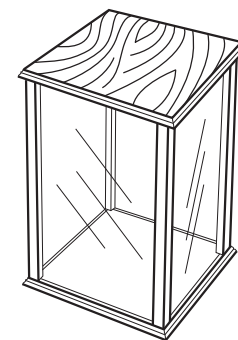
*Use a router to cut channels running the length of two sides on all four of your corner supports. Geesh, sure hope that makes sense.*



*Drill holes in the ends of your corner supports as well as your top and base - in order to put it all together with little dowels and wood glue. This is extremely tricky and requires major precision so all bets are off. But give it a whirl. Oh and see that ornate edge on this top? You can make that with your router. I think.*



*Slide your plexi-glass into place. This is where you'll see it all come together. Or you'll go bananas because you measured wrong.*



*Now place your Power Sitting trophy inside and secure top with those dowel thingys. You know the ones. They look like little Vienna sausages.*





Never before have more people gathered in a room full of chairs and refused to use them. The good Dr. Angus has opened the doors of his 75,000 square-foot European sit-complex to this desperate group of sit-seekers. All in attendance have traveled vast distances and paid obscene prices for his help. But their ever-shortening attention spans will not let them sit to hear the Doctor's welcoming words. It's chaos and mayhem wrapped in the pitiful excuse of text messaging and wireless technology. Drastic measures are needed. Dr. Angus wastes no time. Summoning his beautiful assistants, platter after platter of hot and juicy Burger King® steak burgers enter the room. Now, every un-sitter in attendance holds The Angus 'Shroom & Swiss - The Ultimate Sit-Down Burger - and every chair is full of buns. They sit. They savor the taste of a burger made with 100% Angus Beef. They listen and learn. And the healing begins. This is Power Sitting, with Dr. Angus.