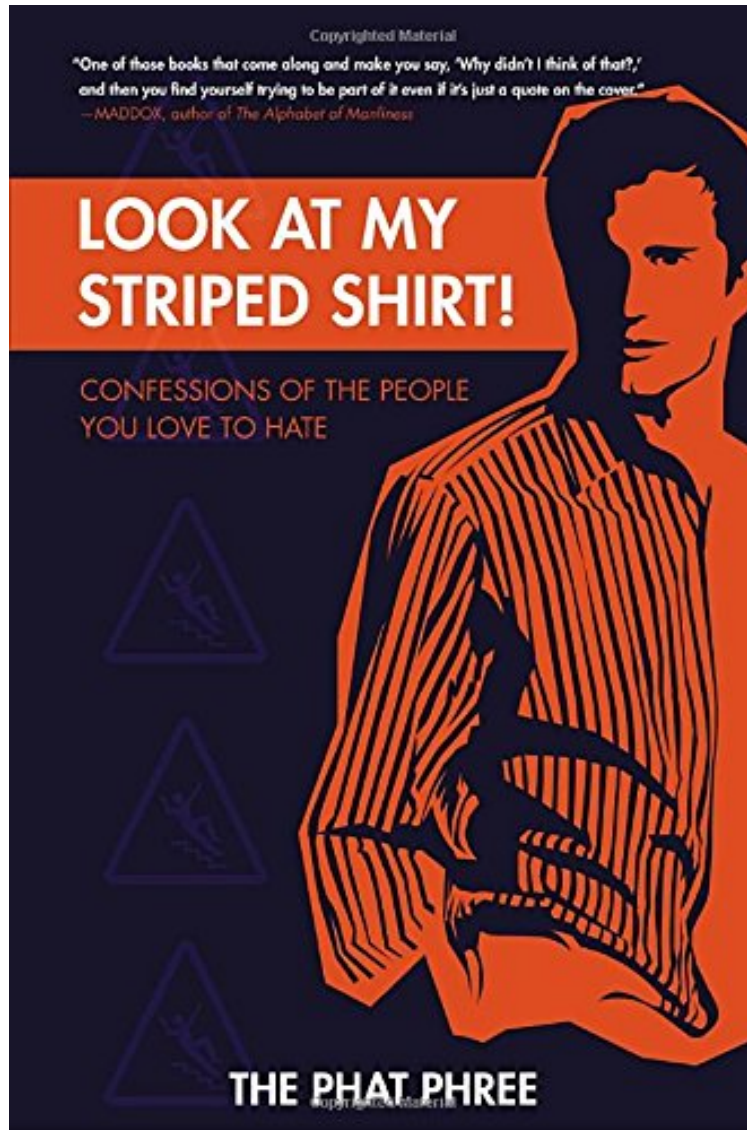


[DOWNLOAD] Look at My Striped Shirt!: Confessions of the People You Love to Hate

Look at My Striped Shirt!: Confessions of the People You Love to Hate

The Phat Phree

DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

#1651913 in Books 2006-12-26 2006-12-26 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.17 x .50 x 6.29l, .70 #File Name: 0767924185192 pages | File size: 17.Mb

The Phat Phree : Look at My Striped Shirt!: Confessions of the People You Love to Hate before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Look at My Striped Shirt!: Confessions of the People You Love to Hate:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. more please!By Mother TruckerHAHAHAHAHA - I just love this book (referring to the Kindle version)! Oh my god. I laughed from the beginning to the end. I saw coworkers in there,

family, friends, and strangers at the store. All skewered by by some very accurate descriptions of narcissistic public behavior. Hilarious. Whoever the authors are, well, they need to write some more material. I'm happy to see that someone else on the planet has the same sledgehammer wit I do. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. AwfulBy MichaelCringeworthy attempt to pander to bros everywhere. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. FabulousBy Robert T. ShattuckI think I have read about three thousand books in my life, and this is by far the funniest book I have ever read. It's the perfect bathroom book, because you can read it over and over and still continue to laugh. Biggest regret is there is no Volume 2, or 3, or 4. Just the best!

Target. Observe. Ridicule. You run into them every day—the striped-shirt guy, the karaoke master, the dude with a pencil-thin beard, the guy who won't shut up about his fantasy football team—characters who annoy, irritate, and incense us all. Based on the wildly popular essay on ThePhatPhree.com by Mike Polk, this book is a look inside the heads of the most infuriating douchebags on Earth. It's the best of ThePhatPhree.com plus more than fifty all-new, hilarious pieces written by some of your favorite writers from this site. Everyone's (Least) Favorite, The Striped-Shirt Guy ... I will valet tonight! I will treat the valet with contempt and make sure that he knows that I am superior to him. I will tell him, "Take it easy on the brakes, champ"! When I do not hook up with a girl at the club, I will say that the place is "full of skanks" and wait in line at another bar, only to strike out again! Your "Cool" High School Teacher ... Here are some things I allow in my class that other teachers don't: eating, drinking, swearing, dancing, smoking, fighting, cell phones, Texas hold 'em, iPods, and sex. Like my Goo Goo Dolls tee? Anyone else here down with the Dolls? No? Meeither. I'm just wearing it as a goof. The Guy with Amazing Taste in Music ... Personally, I haven't listened to the radio in fifteen years. If you have ever heard a band on the radio, then I can assure you, I am not a fan. I stopped listening to American music about ten years ago.

"Very phunny."—Ricky Van Veen, cofounder of CollegeHumor.com "This is a very good book. But it is clearly not as funny as anything I have written."—Tucker Max, author of the New York Times bestseller I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell "I crapped my pants."—Robert Hamburger, author of REAL Ultimate Power: The Official Ninja Book About the Author THE PHAT PHREE is a gloriously irreverent group of talented comedy writers from around the country. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Chapter One Who's Up for Going Out? Look at My Striped Shirt! Look at my button-down striped shirt! Fucking look at it! This shirt means one thing! I'm coming home with some pussy tonight! That's right! It's been a long week at the office, and it's time to blow off a little steam! I am a junior vice president! I have business cards that say "Junior Vice President" on them! They're glossy and magnificent! Here! Have one! Take it! My boys are coming out with me tonight! They all have striped shirts too! I figure we'll kick off the night with some Golden Tee! I am going to smack the shit out of that little white ball! It's going to be so fucking loud! I'll bet I can drive that pretend golf ball six hundred fucking yards tonight! I'm that fucking pumped! I can almost taste those Jager bombs right now! I fucking love Red Bull! I put it on my goddamned cereal! I'm crushing one right now! I'm thinking about buying a boat this year! I'm gonna fight someone tonight! I pray to God someone makes eye contact with me! I will beat his ass! And God help him if he gets any blood on my striped shirt! If he does, I'll scrub it out with his dick and some bleach! I mean it! I'm gonna grind on girls' asses tonight! You heard me! When I see a group of girls dancing in a circle, I will select the most attractive one and dry hump her until it hurts! I will rub my cock against her so that she can feel my throbbing hard-on! I will valet tonight! I will treat the valet with contempt and make sure that he knows that I am superior to him in life! I will tell him, "Take it easy on the brakes, champ"! I will talk to people I don't know about my job tonight! They will all know that I am an important man! I will call female bartenders "babe" and male bartenders "chief"! When I do not hook up with a girl at that club, I will say that the place is "full of skanks"! We will wait in a long line to go to another bar, only to strike out again! I will give up and decide to order a gyro off a street vendor! I will make fun of him to my friends for being foreign! I will look ridiculous purchasing my gyro, because people will be able to tell by my striped shirt and tinted sunglasses that I struck out and am settling for a gyro! I will make one last attempt to hook up by trying to coax two big girls who are also ordering gyros into coming back to my place for "after hours"! When they say no I will make fun of them for being fat! I will leave! When I get home I will go to the bathroom and hold the straight razor to my wrist again! I will gently drag the razor laterally against my vein, making sure not to actually cut myself! I will then go to my room and pass out! I will need some shut-eye so that I'll be ready to fucking party again tomorrow! Striped Shirt Guy's Top Five Red Bull Drinks 1. Red Bull and Jagermeister Commonly known as the "Jager Bomb," this is a true classic. When I want to party my fucking balls off till morning, this is where I turn. 2. Red Bull, Malibu, and Pineapple Juice When I drink this it's like I'm relaxing on a beach or something, except I've got so much energy I want to fight a shark. 3. Red Bull and Bacardi 151 This is my emergency drink when I need to get messed up in a hurry. I usually bust this out on those rare occasions that I'm bringing home a "not-so-hottie." It eases the pain. 4. Michelob Ultra and Red Bull I invented this drink and it's fucking money! I get the energy I need without all the carbs. These abs aren't going to stay this fucking perfect on their own. 5. Red Bull and Red Bull That's right. Two Red Bulls at once. That's twice the energy! Just one of these cocktails and I could tear a fucking oak tree out of the ground. Fuck yeah! I Am the Karaoke

MasterCall my name! Call my fucking name, dude! I am READY!“Debbie”? What do you mean, “Debbie”? That chick was just up there like two minutes ago, ruining a Shania Twain song. How the hell is it her turn again already?I have more than twenty slips of paper up there with my name on them. Every song that I have selected is more perfect than the last. Just call me so that I can set this place on fire. My mad karaoke skills are gonna get me laid tonight.Here's the plan: First, I'm going to rock the house with AC/DC's “You Shook Me All Night Long.” You know, to get the crowd on my side. I even do a hilarious Angus Young guitar solo pantomime right in the middle.After that I'll slow it down a little and do something soulful to get the girls all lubed up. I believe some Creed might be in order. It feels like an “Arms Wide Open” night. I'll do a little intro describing how that Scott Stapp dude wrote the song for his son. That'll get 'em right off the bat. As soon as they see my pouty expression while I deliver that heartfelt, lyrical bullshit I might as well just throw on a condom to save time.After that, it's time to show off the old sense of humor. If there's one thing I've learned, it's that chicks love dudes who crack their shit up. Luckily, I'm a certified cutup. I think I'll do Adam Sandler's “Piece of Shit Car.” That song is fucking hysterical! The car he sings about is so shitty. Everybody will be rolling.But wait ...what if these morons really think I have a shitty car because that's what I'm singing about? That could backfire on me. Chicks hate broke dudes. Maybe I could say at the top of the song that I actually drive a 2002 Pontiac Grand Am. No, that would sound like I was bragging. It's not worth the risk, I'll just do a Weird Al song.“My Bologna” it is.By then, everyone will be sweating my mad karaoke skills, and that's when it's time to select a chick and do some duets.First order of business: “Paradise by the Dashboard Light.” They don't get any more classic than this one, and you can feel the sexual tension build throughout the whole goddamned thing. I wouldn't be surprised if she jumped my bones right in the middle of the baseball announcer part.After that it's time for a ditty from a little musical called Grease. I believe “Summer Lovin'” is in order. Depending on my mood, I might even do the chick part and have her do the dude part just to score some extra laughs.I'll play it by ear.Then it'll be time to pull out the B-52's “Love Shack” and let nine bitches back me up while I do my patented Fred Schneider impression. I wonder if that queer had any idea when he recorded that song fifty years ago how much strange it would get me one day.I'll wrap up the evening with my end-of-the-night showstopper, “Closing Time” by Semisonic. It's way appropriate because the song's called “Closing Time” and it's closing time at the bar. So it works on two levels.After that, it's just a matter of watching all the broads duke it out over who gets to go home with the karaoke superstar. I hope it's that blonde over there.Call my fucking name!Does This Outfit Make Me Look Slutty Enough? Girl One: I just bought the hottest outfit. It's so slutty! I am going to show thick cleavage and wear a mini and a thong that leaves nothing to the imagination. I will definitely yell at guys for saying sex-laced phrases to me, calling them “pigs” and “assholes” unless they are hot. In that case I'll smile!Girl Two: Oh my God, girlfriend! That is awesome. I am going to drink Korbel and call it champagne before I go out just to get a buzz tonight.Girl One: Hell yeah, chica! Let's sing songs we really hate incredibly loud even though the lyrics are demeaning to women. Honestly, do you really care?Girl Two: Um, no! Women's libbers are granola crunchers! Let's do that ass dance that we do with a big group of girls while laughing as though it is funny!Girl One: The club we are going to is so awesome! Have you been?Girl Two: No.Girl One: It's called “Lace.” You know what it is ... it's the same club we went to last year that sucked, but its new name makes it cool again!Girl Two: Awesome! Let's wear our new slutty outfits so we don't have to stand in the line tonight. It gets so cold, and I am not even going to wear a jacket.Girl One: Yes! Everyone will hate us because we will walk to the front of the line and get in because we're two single, anorexic-looking hot chicks with fake boobs.Girl Two: ... and don't forget—with phat extensions like Britney and Christina!Girl One: I am so broke. Thank God I will not have to take my wallet out tonight! I am so hot that the men will spend their money on our drinks. I'll flirt and get them to buy them for you too.Girl Two: I'll do the same, promise. We'll have to pretend we're interested in them and then say, “I have to go to the bathroom.”Girl One Girl Two: ...and never come back!Girl Two: They will hate us when they see us talking to other guys!Girl One: And then we pretend to never have met them!Girl One: We have to be in VIP tonight. No matter how close the booth is to the others, we have to make sure there is a rope between us and everyone else, so that people know we are VIP.Girl Two: That is so easy, chica—we just have to find the old foreign guys and make them give us drinks from the four-hundred-dollar bottle of Grey Goose they bought.Girl One: They are so stupid! They always think we really like them. We should definitely dance on the booth and show guys how cool we are.Girl One Girl Two: We are so hot!Girl One: I hope I meet a hot guy tonight who buys me fruity drinks so I can act more drunk than I am and have an excuse to kiss him and act slutty.Girl Two: Totally! Then you can leave with him, make out in the cab, and go home and have sex with him—and he'll think you were just drunk! That will preserve your rep.Girl One Girl Two: We're going out!I Don't Care for the Term "Door Guy" What did you call me? No, say it. What the hell did you just call me? Yeah, that's what I thought. Listen up, loser: I don't like being called a “door guy.” And if you say it again, I'll kick your ass to the curb.I am night club security personnel. My duties are many, and they are important. My work is crucial to the effective operation of this establishment. And come hell or high water, I will have your respect.A lot of people are under the misconception that my job consists merely of checking IDs, emptying garbage cans, and getting ice for behind the bar. And yes, I do all of those things. But I do so much more. I'm not getting paid seven bucks an hour just to sit on my ass.I am a dress code enforcer. When some joker tries to sneak in here wearing jeans or tennis shoes, whose job is it to say, “No dice, dirtbag, head on

back to the bowling alley”? That would be mine. If I weren't here, who would ensure that no one in this bar was wearing backwards hats, skullcaps, or do-rags? In other words, who would keep the blacks out? The bartenders? I think not. Those pretty boys and struggling actresses mix up drinks, not trouble. They'd be dead meat. You need me. I have this headset. It keeps me in constant communication with the manager and all my fellow security personnel. It's imperative that I tirelessly monitor my radio so that in the event of a violent situation arising I can be on the scene instantly. It's also convenient if they need me to bring some more Coors Light up from the basement cooler. I catch about three fake IDs a night. My trusty U.S. state-by-state driver's license handbook never leaves my side. So if your birthday is in the wrong place on your Missouri ID, you can kiss that card good-bye, jerkoff. And don't try to get a fake military ID past me either, thinking I won't question it. I spent two years in the National Guard. God bless America. We night club security personnel can smell trouble brewing from a mile away. Some people say that we overreact at times and get too violent. Nothing could be farther from the truth. For instance, on Techno Night last Thursday we saw these two little guys jawing at each other on the dance floor. Now, they hadn't actually gotten physical yet, but my fellow security personnel and I decided that the best way to defuse the situation was for four of us to jump on them and beat them into submission. And I'll tell you what I told the cops: if you were there, you would have done the same thing. I didn't get into this business to make friends. Of course, there are perks to the job. I get 15 percent off appetizers and all the soda I can drink. And let's just say that the chicks are big fans of the "Security" T-shirt. I guess it just emits a sense of authority that draws them to us. But I don't have any time for that while I'm on the job. I don't like to mix my work with my personal life. As soon as I punch in, I'm all business. Because that's how it is for a professional. Now if you'll excuse me, I just heard over my headset that someone puked in a urinal. I've gotta get on that.