
Monday, June 6, 2011

work.



"its been a long time, i shouldn'ta left you/without a strong rhyme to step to/think of how many weak shows you slept through/time's up - sorry i kept you." - *i know you got soul* by eric b. and rakim

good day, my millions of eager followers. the young man is back! thank you, thank you... save it for the end...

so, since it seems that i have [love supremed](#) my changes in life (acknowledgement,resolution, pursuance, psalm), i have returned like the prodigal son... or jordan with the 45. so here are a few words about my new 9-to-5, word to dolly parton.

i have recently discovered that call centers and customer service departments are way different animals. customer service departments have cubicles, and name plates, and people are able to help customers in a friendly environment. there's soft music, and pleasant air fresheners, and candlelight, and mandolins, and violins... you get the picture. a somewhat comfortable existence for a buppie like me, never shoulda been let out the penitentiary. word to ice cube.

call centers, on the other hand (speaking of gangsta rap), are kind of like the customer service department's bad cousin that the customer service department's mother refuses to let stay at her house over the weekend because the last time he was there, nine porno movies were ordered on pay per view and all of the cheetos got eaten. do not get me wrong, i am thankful to have the opportunity to make money so i can take care of my family and support my sons' wii game habits. and i also get that its hard out here for a pimp and everybody needs a means of support for his or her own life and the components thereof.

however...

while i have met some very cool people there, men and women, those cool folks fall deep deep into the minority. in order to describe the scene, i have to divide the balance of the people (minus the invisible folks, those who come in, do their jobs and leave) by sex. so let me take you on a trip, around the world

and back, word to depeche mode.

male population: a bunch of yewts (what is a yewt?), with an average age of 25. these are the people who keep the young men's sections of marshall's, tj maxx and burlington coat factory in business. seriously, i have never seen so much u.s. polo association and coogi (whom i didn't even think they were still a company) clothes in one place at the same time. there is also a lot of BET network-type posturing, lots of "man, i was at the club las' night" talk, lots of newports, lots of black and mild cigars, and lots of cologne, word to germany. the goal for these guys is to look hard, frown a lot, and pick up their female co- workers. yawn. i ignore them for the most part.

and then, there is the female population... *le sigh* where to start, where to start...

average age is around 24, average heel height is 3-4 inches, word to jimmy choo. as much as the mrs complains about the pain stilettos cause, i don't get how they can rock these things for 10 hours a day.

ink: i have never seen this many women with this many tattoos in one spot where conversations were not conducted through 6-inches of bulletproof glass. these chicks got arm tats, wrist tats, NECK tats and HEAD tats. HEAD AND NECK TATS????????? i am scared. they're not like [birdman's head tattoos](#), but they have, like, up behind the ear type stuff, with messages and inscriptions. i haven't gotten close enough to read the messages, for fear of getting shanked on my way to chow. then there are your garden variety "pookie and ray-ray r.i.p." arm art, and tramp stamps galore. how would i know there are tramp stamps galore? this leads me to...

fashion faux pas: i dont think any of the women in this place know what "crew neck" means. there are more racks on display in this place than your local [california closets](#) store. its like a strip club without the cover charge and inedible hot wings. plunging necklines and low-waist jeans/pants/khakis are everywhere, all in a size my two year old could fit. i asked my psychiatrist sister-in-law where apparel of this nature is sold, and after a laughing spell, she told me [dots](#). nice. (DISCLAIMER: the young man is all man. testosterone abounds in him. he finds women attractive. he REALLY finds thicker women attractive. the mrs is a former plus-size model.) that being said, the confidence levels of some of these chicks is astounding. seriously, i am all about high self esteem, but its like some of them are saying to themselves "sheeeeeit... if beyonce can wear it, i can too!" thing is, ma'am, (1) you are at work, not ladies night at the pub and grub, and (2) you look as though you ate beyonce as an appetizer before consuming an entire bakery. not just the baked goods, but the building too. no joke, there is a woman there, and this woman's pale skin is so covered with random tattoos that she looks like a human nascar jumpsuit. and she is more than willing to show this off by wearing (1) a shirt made from two bandanas, and/or (2) a black mini dress which shows off her troy polomalu sized thighs. the latter outfit was the inspiration for this update.

for the most part, i go in every day and treat the workplace the same way i treat going to wal-mart: don't look anyone in the eye, do what i need to do and go. sad but true, word to [james hatfield](#).

thank you for your time. pray for the young man. put some money, cigarettes and crumb cakes on his books. and stay out of dots. attica! attica!

-tym

Posted by the young man at 9:30 PM  

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4 comments:



Beeker's Mom said...

Remember the first time that we worked for the same company? I think that I worked in that same

environment you're in only 13 years earlier. People would come into that place with neon pink hair extensions wearing Scooby Doo slippers. And don't get me started on the girls who went and got WASTED at lunch and then passed out at their desks. Word.

June 7, 2011 5:40 AM 



Kristen said...

Sounds like a great establishment. I would be slightly scared to go to work, but at least it is entertaining - just like this post. I look forward to more tales of the workplace, I think you may have embarked upon an unknown muse...

June 7, 2011 5:44 AM 



nikondon said...

LOL!!! Good stuff.. Dude, I've asked this before but feel the need to make certain... Your not in the County lock up are you?

June 7, 2011 7:09 AM 



disnyms said...

AAHHHH Stella, I don't know where even to begin. But I laugh right along with you...PS-I hide my ink.

June 7, 2011 7:01 PM 

Tuesday, June 7, 2011

work, pt. 2 (a quick update)



thank you for phoning the call center, this is betty, how may i help you?

hey, i forgot some stuff yesterday.

piercings: lots of women there with "sh*t in their faces," word to [vincent vega](#). if you have never seen pulp fiction, that line won't mean much to you. and if you've never seen pulp fiction, i weep for you. that is the young man's favorite film, next to when harry met sally. now i'm all verklempt. don't you judge me. word to [harry connick, jr.](#) but seriously, how do you even conduct an interview with a person with these piercings? "i see you studied at yale, you have your master's in waffle-fry making, and that glowing skull stud in your eyebrow indicates your lifetime mensa membership, no? you're PERFECT for this place!"

gender confusion: no disrespect, but i caught myself staring HARD at a couple of folks, looking for that elusive adam's apple, to no avail. word to [chaz bono](#).

weave: weeeave. and bad weave. on more than one occasion, i have seen people either trip over or complain about a piece or pile of yaki#9 on the floor. (for the uninitiated, i am talking about hair extensions.) proof positive that there are a lot of cold clydesdales and bald indian children in the world, word to [chris rock](#).

ladies room funk: and before you ask, no that is not the name of the new george clinton cd. i heard a male supervisor say, with a completely straight face, that the ladies room on the call center floor smells worse than any mens room in the entire building. and he was able to make this assumption by walking by as the door to the ladies room was closing. as jerry seinfeld used to say, that's a shame. word to [george romero](#). i know - that wasn't even called for.

okay, i'm done. for now...

-tym

Posted by the young man at 10:23 PM  

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2 comments:



disnyms said...

The sad thing is I agree with the weave thing...

June 8, 2011 5:46 PM 



Beeker's Mom said...

I can't stop laughing. Good thing I wore my water proof mascara today because it's making me cry. I know you must be in your own personal hell, but this is some goooooooooood material, man.

June 9, 2011 7:03 AM 

Wednesday, July 20, 2011

yawn...



...so everyone is at lunch now but me?

i know you all have been enjoying my ribald tales of my adventures in a hell that smells not like sulfur, fire or brimstone, but more like axe body wash, summer's eve and phillie blunts. unfortunately, unless a truckload of wayward video vixens and ex-cons breaks down in front of the office building and the executives offer jobs to the lot of them, this may be my last post about working here. why, you ask? simply stated, the thrill is gone, word to [bb](#), not [bebe](#) or [bebe](#).

during the heyday of "ignorant is the new skinny," i had one-liners and stories galore. this was also the time of what i referred to as the "slave mentality badge swipe." that is when every morning, every employee of this place, regardless of color, immediately turned into this guy,



thinking "i sho do hopes dis heah badge iz still wurkin'..." because they were firing people left and right, like it was a sport. it was like that movie [surviving the game](#), but everyone here was ice-t, no [coco](#). actually, yes [coco](#). more [coco](#), please. (DO YOU WANT MORE?!?!?!?!?! word to [questlove](#))

so now, the herd has been thinned way out. my training class had at least 15 people, and i'm the only one left. and that includes the trainer, who was canned right after our class for making an anti homosexual joke in front of the next training class, right after showing that class a video on diversity. isn't that ironic? don't ya think? being the only one left from that class makes me think two ways: 1, i'm like "wow, they value my talents, so they kept me on!" and 2, "damn, everyone else got paroled but me... no-bahh-de knoooooows, da trouble i seeeeeeennnn..."

so now that this former traveling disco/meat market/God-awful fashion show has been downgraded from xxx to pg-13, it's back to being just a sh*tty job. nothing really exciting or overly ignorant (aside from lady nascar - yes she's still there - more on her in a bit), so i don't have a lot to rant about. yet. i'm impatient. don't you judge me, word to [joe brown](#).

but for now, here's [more of what you're funkin for... feet don't fail me now, heh-heh](#). word to [dude in the diaper](#).

*being a guy, female bodies are way up on my list, next to godfather's pizza and movies with automatic weapons (damn you testosterone). there was a woman there whose... arse was... wait. keep in mind this woman was caucasian. her bottom was...enormous. and i don't mean like free on the bet awards (don't judge me. yes i'm a snob, but kevin hart hosted...), or even employees of club 112 in atlanta. her bottom looked like she was smuggling a u-haul trailer in her pants. and unfortunately i am not even exaggerating. it was like it had its own moons orbiting it. where in the land of testosterone this would normally not be a bad thing, she also resembled ernest borgnine. i'm sad now.

*hair, part 1: i'm not sure how many of you remember the cartoon hair bear bunch:



but, again, no exaggeration, there is a woman there who has a wig that looks like the bear in the middle. except it is black, and shiny. and unkempt. and she leaves her f**king house with that on, looking, as my sister-in-law would say, like cats have been licking it all night. she is one of those people that you want to grab by the shoulders and shake the sh*t out of, all the while shouting through clenched teeth "you know your hair looks like that! what the hell is wrong with you? you left the house looking like that on purpose!"

*piercings, an update: there is a guy there with 4 studs in the back of his neck! what the f***? what is neck piercing? where have i been? has the apocalypse been scheduled and i missed the memo?

*my first weekend there, i was a witness to the following conversation. let me set the scene: i'm seated, taking calls, there's a girl across from me, about 19 or 20, and a girl next to her, around the same age, maybe a bit older. the girl across from me is standing, holding a copy of russell brand's biography my booky wook. a supervisor is on her phone, talking to an angry caller.

girl across from me: ...yeah, this book is really good. he said that last year he won an award for shagger of the year.

girl next to her: what does that mean? what is shag?

me being me, i am searching my mind for a pc way to explain this. as i open my mouth to explain, the girl across from me says, pretty loudly:

it means to f**k! to shag is to f**k!

did i mention that there was a supervisor on her phone talking to a customer? did i mention that the girl next to her was reading THE BIBLE? wow.

*hair, part 2: this hairdo is cute on her:



if you are old enough to drive, or have bills in your name, and you walk around your job with this hairstyle, you deserve to have the shite smacked out of you at random until you rethink that look.

* hair and ignorance: remember the hair bear bunch statement? there is another... person there, who also feels as though combs are taboo for whatever reason. she also used the term "my baby-daddy-mama's car" with a completely straight face in a sentence while i was seated at a table with her. die. her hair looks like cats went on an all night drinking and white castle binge, and barfed in her hair.

*my plan was to continue my tirade against lady nascar's ghetto fabulous ass, but she tires me out. so, i will just display [this picture of her 15 minutes of fame from back in the day](#), and never speak of her again.

thank you for your time. please enjoy [this incredible song](#) as a gift from me.

-tym

Posted by the young man at 5:32 AM  

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3 comments:



egotripping1980 said...

Ha ha ha ha ha! Loved it!!!!

Thanks for the shout out ;)

xoxo

July 20, 2011 6:38 AM 



Beeker's Mom said...

I cannot stop crying. That was the funniest thing I have read all week. If I ever wear a wig that looks like cats have been licking it all night, please just push me off a mountain. Please. Please make that solemn vow.

July 20, 2011 9:13 AM 



nikondon said...

Dude, Seek help!!!

July 20, 2011 11:56 AM 