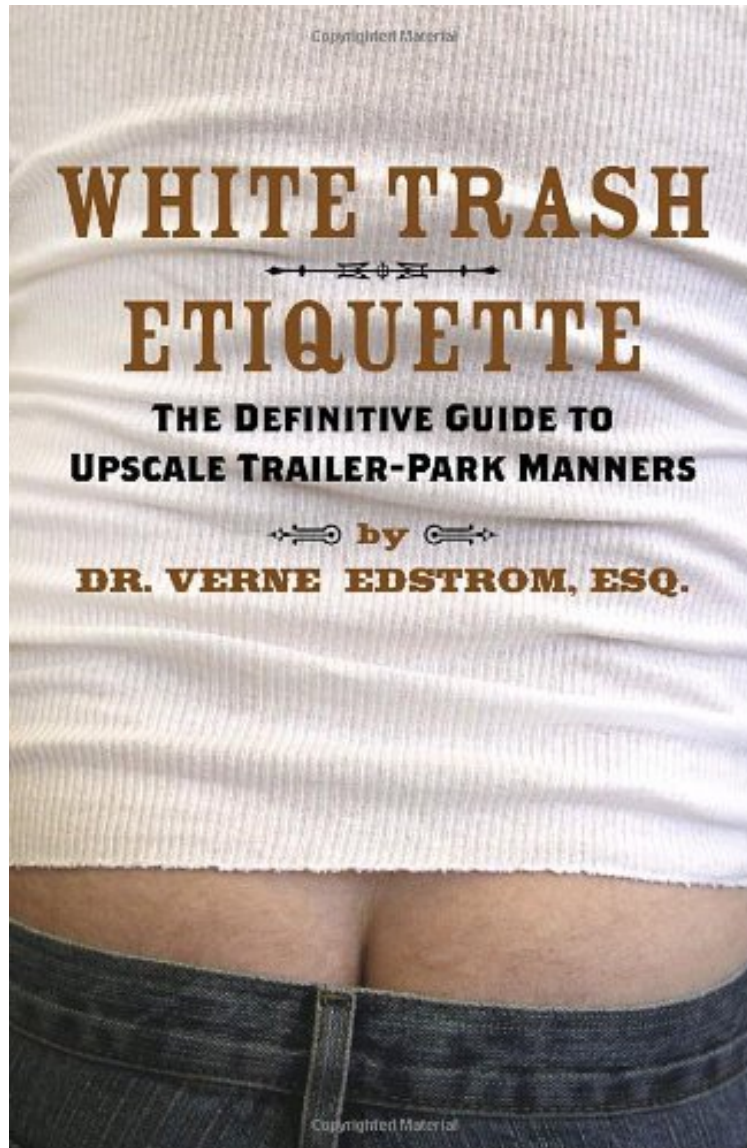


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White Trash Etiquette: The Definitive Guide to Upscale Trailer Park Manners

Dr. Verne Edstrom Esq.

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Dr. Verne Edstrom Esq. : White Trash Etiquette: The Definitive Guide to Upscale Trailer Park Manners

before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised White Trash Etiquette: The Definitive Guide to Upscale Trailer Park Manners:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Just Have FunBy Y. W.Tune out the world and have just have fun

reading this. It's a quick read, no deep meanings to uncover, simply for entertainment. If you get serious about it, perhaps it unjustly amplifies and promotes stereotypical attributes of a real or imagined segment of our population. So don't get serious. It was written to Just Have Fun - in that I feel it was successful... unless your name is Chad :-)

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. White Trash Etiquette By Patricia Raines White Trash Etiquette is absolutely the funniest book I've read in a long, long time. Do not read in Dr. offices, planes, etc, less the public around you might wonder! It is laugh out loud humor. Edstrom is a genius for the fact he writes exactly like some people talk-which is not an easy task! If you like humor, don't miss this one. Personally, I hope he's working on another book soon to be published! Pat in Indiana

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. laugh out loud funny By R. Neal The book arrived in a timely manner, and brand new just as promised, I have read only excerpts as it will be a Christmas gift for a snobby person that has everything. Just reading parts of the book, however, made me laugh out loud, so I know it will be a hit...just may have to order one for myself...Thank-you

White Trash Etiquette contains everything you need to know to live like decent trash, including: The proper way to fake a back injury How to prevent your in-laws from stealing the silverware at wedding receptions The Ten Hottest White Trash Career Opportunities How to improve your drunk-driving skills Sound advice on everything from lying to your boss to making your next convenience-store robbery fun for the whole family There's also troubleshooting for troublemakers: I'm getting married; can I still wear white if I'm a tramp? Can chicks ever really respect an accountant? How do I pick a good bail bondsman? How can I get my 14-year-old cousin unpregnant? And much more.

About the Author After graduating in just eleven years from the White Trash Studies program at University of Wisconsin Green Bay, Dr. VERNE EDSTROM, ESQ., set out to write a book Emily Post would be proud of if she knew how to hang drywall and steer a bass boat with her feet. PETE KOTZ, a.k.a. Verne, lives in Cleveland, where he edits Scene, one of the Midwest's best alternative weeklies. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER I WORK (In case you're wondering, this ain't Chapter 1. This here's your Roman numerals, which was thought up by them ancient Romanians. Everybody knows these guys was deep--even if they pranced around in bedsheets on account of nobody invented clothes yet.) Now unless you wanna spend your golden years like your grandma--living in a Pontiac in the scrap yard--decent trash knows they gotta earn so you always got money for cigs and meat. But a lot of people has a hard time figuring out what's the best career option: work, welfare, workers' comp, or crime? Most folks go straight to welfare or workers' comp, seeing as how jobs and crime can rarely compete with laying on the couch all day watching cable. You don't wanna be stuck cleaning bathrooms or casing out a laundromat if some fat lady's gonna take off her shirt on Jerry Springer today, am I right? But unless you got a job at Wal-Mart, working generally pays better than welfare, which means you got more jack to buy them fineries in life, like Hamburger Helper and propane. And the fact is, some jobs ain't all bad.

How to Tell If Your Job Sucks In its recent scientific report entitled Jobs That Don't Suck, the U.S. Department of Commerce discovered there were at least thirteen in America. So how do you know if you got one of 'em? Just answer yes or no to the following questions. Your job's suckage rating got figured at the bottom.

1. Does your job got free coffee that ain't that limp-wristed kind guys with berets and sandals drink?
2. Can you ash on the floor and set fire to stuff if nobody's using it?
3. Do you get time off on major holidays, like Opening Day, St. Patrick's, and Deer Hunting Season?
4. Is it okay to be drunk some of the time, just so it ain't every day?
5. Do the other employees bring good lunches you can steal outta the company fridge when they ain't looking?
6. Does the boss still fall for the Call-in-a-Bomb-Threat-When-You's-Too-Hung-Over-to-Show-Up-for-Work Scam?
- 7a. If you're a man, do the women employees wear halter tops and not look like them Russian ladies?
- 7b. If you're a woman, are the men employees you're having affairs with respectful enough not to call your house when the old man's home?
8. Is there wildlife you can shoot out the window during lunchtime?
9. Is there a bitchy human resource lady who's fun to torture by putting cig burns in her paperwork and telling her, "You look pretty today, kinda like Eva Braun"?
10. Can you make a decent score by busting into the pop machine when no one's looking?

Suckage Rating Give yourself 1 point for each yes answer.

- * 8-10: If you answered yes to eight or more questions, you're probably in the Lucky Thirteen. That means it ain't a good idea to spray paint cars in the executive parking lot no more.
- * 5-7: Your job's probably worth keeping--if you answered yes to question 10 and you're getting at least fifty bucks a week.
- * 3-4: Get your ass outta there right quick--but don't forget to hold up the payroll department before you leave!
- * 0-2: What are you, some kind of moron?

The Ten Hottest White Trash Career Opportunities Now I'm figuring most of you done failed that last test. That's because the guys who invented jobs is called "bosses," which is Cherokee for "Antichrist." But don't go a worrying. Your ol' pal Verne got you covered. Fact is, ever since them bulletproof windows killed the convenience store robbing industry, it ain't been easy for people to score themselves a decent career. And seeing how most of the factory jobs gone to China and Mississippi, where the bus line don't go, a lot of us trash is in what you call your state of despair. But there's still a lot of jobs where you hardly have to work--much less show up--and the pay's better than AFDC. According to my scientific calculations, this here's gonna be the Top Ten White Trash growth professions in the twenty-first century. So stop looking at the Baywatch reruns and pay attention.

1. CEO The upside: The hardest thing you're ever gonna do is say, "Have my

helicopter ready in ten minutes, Cheeves." Most of the time you sit around pretending to read reports from the Pacific Rim project or firing people cuz they're too old. And you always got an excuse for missing work when you get drunk and fall off the porch. Just call your secretary and say, "I'll be at home working on my vision statement today." Nobody ever actually reads these things, so nobody's gonna know you was actually watching Judge Judy, who's kinda hot for an old broad. The downside: Guys'll expect you to play golf, which means you gotta dress up like retirees from Florida and swing little clubs that ain't even manly enough to hunt geese with. You also gotta get one of them molded executive hairdos, which means hacking off the mullet. Forget about ever shacking up again with ladies who can hold decent conversations about muscle cars. The pay: Higher than you can count with an eighth-grade public school education. Plus, you get stock options. I don't exactly know what these is, but you ever see a CEO mooching drinks at closing time?

2. Crack Whore The upside: You can call in sick every day on account of it's part of the job requirements. You don't gotta pay taxes or rent, cuz crack whores figure good living is clean cardboard in an alley behind a carpet store. Plus, you get to travel to exotic places like the bus station. The downside: No paid vacations. Company headquarters is the men's room of a Phillips 66. The pay: None. But since you're keeping expenses low, this is what them granola eaters call living off the fat of the land.

3. Designated Hitter The upside: Sit on the bench, say uplifting things like, "C'mon, Jonesy, we need a hit," swing a bat four times a day, then beeline it to the clubhouse deli spread before your teammates get in and all that's left is the bean salad. The downside: You don't get to play in the field. That means you won't score extra bus fare when the drunks pelt you with quarters in Detroit. The pay: We're talking guaranteed contracts of \$5 million a year, plus you get to gouge kids twenty bucks a pop for autographing their crap at card shows.

4. Trophy Wife The upside: Watch TV. Lunch. Watch more TV. The downside: You gotta marry some candy-ass who'll buy you exercise equipment, which means if you pound cheese puffs all day, he'll trade you in for a new model that runs on grapefruit and bean sprouts. The pay: Free Lexus, big screen, and makeup. You also get unlimited credit cards to binge shop for halter tops and plastic lawn animals.

5. Third World Dictator The upside: You can call yourself a general and order aircraft carriers to take your buddies fishing. Live in a palace where they got servants who'll fetch cigs and chocolate milk from the Circle K. The downside: Everybody's calling you El Presidente, which sounds kinda sissified for the boss of a country. Most third world gas stations ain't worth robbing. Everybody talks Mexican on cable. The pay: You own the country. This comes in handy when you're short on gas money.

6. Symphony Violinist The upside: Hack away with a funny stick on a violin, then pretend the screeching is famous music from Austria. Rich guys pay top dollar to hear this stuff. You only gotta work three-hour shifts. And the boss is some guy who wears white gloves and is always flopping his arms like a mallard with a sore wing, which means you don't gotta follow his orders. What's he gonna do to you? Hit you with his little baton? The downside: You gotta wear a tux. Your relatives is gonna think you're a waiter from them bird food restaurants downtown. The pay: How am I supposed to know? Get off your ass and find out yourself. I'm tired of doing all the work here.

7. Bar Hag The upside: Sit at the bar, sweet-talk toothless guys who couldn't buy a decent woman with a profit sharing check, and be ugly. The downside: Shifts last from 6:00 a.m. to 2:00 a.m. You gotta survive on cocktail wieners from happy hour. The pay: Free drinks. Some nights you get to sleep in the cab of a new Dodge Ram.

8. Congressman The upside: Basically the same job as a bar hag: sit around, blab, and mooch stuff. Mostly you just eat free steak dinners from lobbyists, go on fact-finding missions to country clubs in Hawaii, and vote to let chemical companies build hazardous waste dumps at preschools. The downside: They cut out your heart as a job requirement. People will keep a close eye on you so you can't steal the silverware when you come over for dinner. The pay: Six figures plus bribes, junkets, free dinners, sex with interns, and an office full of Ivy League ass-kissers who can haul shingles in case you get a roofing job.

9. Punk Rock Hairdresser The upside: Change your name to Francois, get a caulking gun, blast their hair with some tub and tile sealer, mess it all up, and charge 'em \$100 a pop. They're punkers. They'll think it's cutting edge. The downside: You gotta tell people you're a hairdresser. If you get the urge to color coordinate your belt and your shoes, call 911. The pay: One hundred bucks for three minutes of work. Try making that selling plasma.

10. Workers' Comp The upside: It's kind of like being a trophy wife, only without the credit cards or exercise equipment. Just fake a back injury, sit around reading TV ...