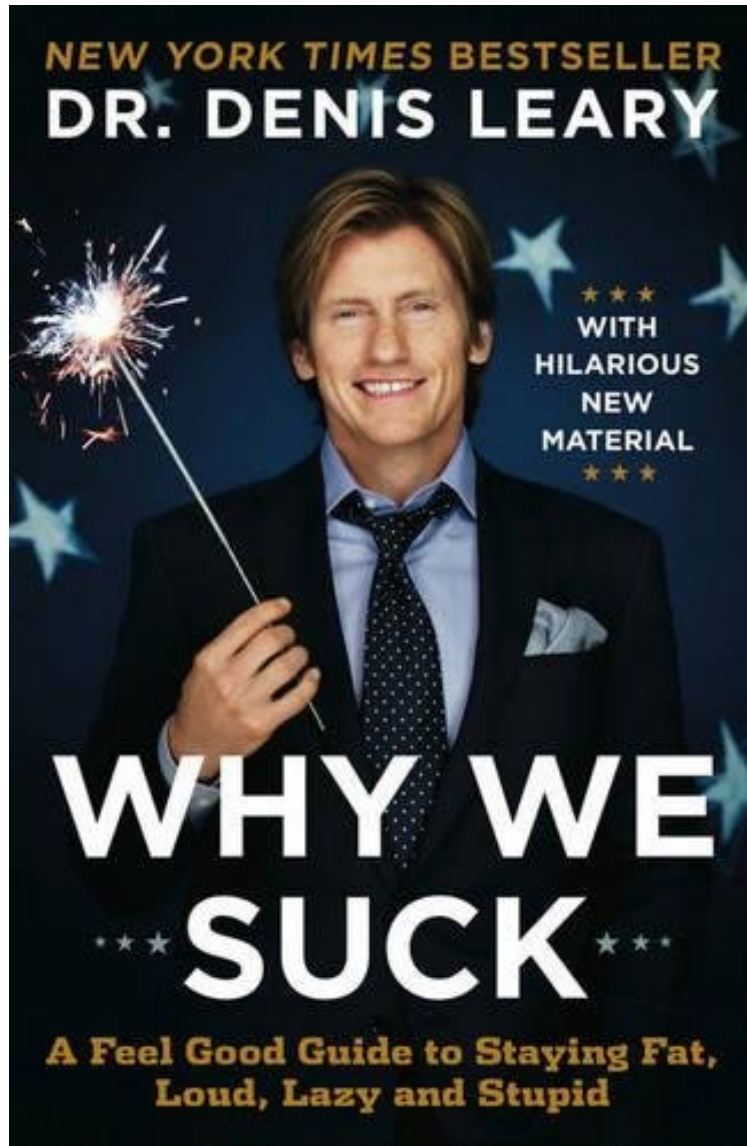


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Why We Suck: A Feel Good Guide to Staying Fat, Loud, Lazy and Stupid

Denis Leary

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Denis Leary : Why We Suck: A Feel Good Guide to Staying Fat, Loud, Lazy and Stupid before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Why We Suck: A Feel Good Guide to Staying Fat, Loud, Lazy and Stupid:

5 of 5 people found the following review helpful. STFU by Dr. Denis Leary come to lifeBy Lance C. HibbelerIn one

of his earlier stand-up acts, Denis spoke of writing a book directed at all the people who needlessly whine, called "STFU" (un-acronymed, of course). Some people have a hard life- if they don't whine, they are deserving of your worship. Some do whine- we should acknowledge their strife and seek to alleviate it. On the other hand, we have the people that lead cushy lives. If these people don't whine- thank you all, from the cockles of my heart...or maybe the sub-cockle area...or the liver, or the kidney, or maybe even in the... HAH. Then, there are those people that have untold freedoms and money and everything else, and they vocally complain about how hard they have it. This last group is the target of Denis' book. Oddly enough, these are the same people who leave 1-star reviews of a truly funny book just because their panties are all in a bunch. His "arguments" are easy to poke holes in- but that isn't the point. This is a COMEDY book. To enjoy it, you must have a sense of HUMOR. This is an easy read, but sometimes hard to take in- the text is written with a lot of run-on sentences, poor grammar, etc....but that is nothing more than Denis' comedic style appearing on a page, rather than through a microphone. I literally laughed out loud many times in the course of the book. Leary covers many topics, from his working-class Irish upbringing to misadventures as a university student to life as a husband and father. He makes some very astute observations along the way with regards to interpersonal relationships as well. I think I understand all of the characters on Rescue Me a bit better now, as bits and pieces of Denis' life ends up in the show (i.e., his late firefighter cousin = Billy in the first season). I have my faith in humanity restored, quite frankly, after reading this book. I'm glad to know that I'm not the only one that gets mad at certain parts of the status quo of modern American life (socialites, Dr. Phil, whiners, and other worthless people). Props to Dr. Leary for this work- I look forward to much more of his comedy in the years to come.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. 100% Raw, Honest, and Real
By literaturally in love
He was right when he said if you get offended easily don't read the book! However if you bought it and read it and were offended your as dumb as the people he rights about for the exact reasons he calls to attention in this book. I loved this book and absolutely love Denis Leary he always tells it like it is he is raw and uncensored and as real as it gets. I loved how genuinely honest he is in this one and he's right too but you know what he made fun of himself and exposed his own faults too it's not like he's picking on anyone he's just saying what 98% of the population is thinking but wouldn't dare say out loud out of fear of being politically incorrect! Screw PC it is what is there is no changing that, dumbing it down, or manipulating the facts people hate us for every reason he said we have those rights, we take advantage of them, others don't have them and hate that we abuse something they would sacrifice their own lives for so their loved ones could experience it even for a single day. Beyond two thumbs up wish I was all thumbs he'd be getting 10 of them for this. Love it Love him, hope to continue to hear more from him both through his writing and his comedy he rocks!

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Brilliant - Your Cat Sucks.
By Dyers_Eve
Finally a brilliant book of someone saying the things we all wish we could say but would never be able to get away with. I found myself cracking up every few pages and nodding in agreement with Dr. Leary. Entertaining from cover to cover it's a breath of fresh air in a best seller of high horsed soapbox standing authors. Oprah, Dr. Phil, Britney Spears, Anna Nicole Smith...Leary covers it all. I'm sure a lot of people are surprised that Dr Leary is PRO Oprah all the way. But the most respectful aspect of Dr Leary I found in the book was despite his celebrity status, all the movies and tv shows he's done he's still so much in love with his wife and his love for his children. If you've ever watched Rescue Me on FX you'd see the temptation in his life along with his close friendship with Miss Hurley. His appreciation for what a lucky man he is to be married to his wife is both refreshing and hopefully make most men look differently at thier own marriages or girlfriends. Certain chapters stand out far mor than others but it's a brutally honest opinion of the state our country is in and may even be inspiring to people who pick the book up.

The New York Times bestseller One of America's most original and biting comic satirists, Denis Leary takes on all the poseurs, politicians, and pop culture icons who have sucked in public for far too long. Sparing no one, Leary zeroes in on the ridiculous wherever he finds it—his Irish Catholic upbringing, the folly of celebrity, the pressures of family life, and the great hypocrisy of politics—with the same bright, savage, and profane insight he brought to his critically acclaimed one-man shows No Cure for Cancer Lock 'n Load. Proudly Irish-American, defiantly working class, with a reserve of compassion for the underdog and the overlooked, Leary delivers blistering diatribes that are both penetrating social commentary with no holds barred and laugh-out-loud funny. As always, Leary's impassioned comic perspective in Why We Suck is right on target. Leary is the star and co-creator of the Emmy-nominated television show Rescue Me.

From Publishers Weekly
According to Leary, his first book is not for the faint of heart, by which he means Americans: "I am here to debunk and declassify and otherwise hold up a brutally honest mirror to our fat, ugly, lazy American selves." Now, a good many comedians make a career out of daring to speak the ugly, gasping truths that few others would. Leary brings a particularly acid-tinged tone to his rantings about annoying children, why cats are satanic spawn, what an ugly racket the Catholic Church is and (more surprisingly) why he loves Oprah. The book will most likely appeal to fans of Leary, and while the material might have been better delivered as a live performance (some of these hate-laced monologues are just begging to be read aloud), Leary himself wildly entertains. (Nov.) Copyright ©

Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. About the Author Denis Leary has appeared in more than thirty films, including the Oscar-nominated Wag the Dog, The Thomas Crowne Affair, and Ice Age, as well as the Christmas cult classic The Ref, and such indie favorites as Jesus' Son and Suicide Kings. Leary was the co-creator, producer, and star of the critically acclaimed network comedy The Job. His one-man shows No Cure For Cancer and Lock 'n Load broke viewing records on HBO. Leary has also written for New York Magazine, GQ, Playboy, Esquire, and many other publications. He is the co-writer, creator, and star of the four-time Emmy and Golden Globe-nominated television series Rescue Me. He lives in Connecticut. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Put this book down. Right now. Do not buy it. Stop reading. Now. Why are you still reading this? Ok. I warned you. Now I will beg you, beseech you—in short, do everything possible in the limited format of this medium to get you to buy any other book within reach right now (if this book was a gift and you are at home or on a plane or sitting in a hotel room somewhere I would suggest grabbing a newspaper or a magazine or even your laptop) because this book is going to piss you off. If you are a woman, you soon will be livid. If you are a man, you are going to be filled with a burning rage. If you are a kid—meaning anyone under the age of eighteen—you will soon be filled with shock and awe. Scratch that. If you are under the age of twenty-five you will soon be filled with shock and awe. If you are a fan of Oprah—good luck. If you hate Oprah or Oprah tends to drive you insane—you too will need some assistance. This is not a book for the faint of heart or the politically correct or the weak or the extreme right wing or the left of center leftist Democrat or nuns or any other members of any religion or New York Yankee fans. I am warning you—I am not here to make you feel all warm and fuzzy or superior to anyone else or all soft and gooey inside. I am here to debunk and declassify and otherwise hold up a brutally honest mirror to our fat, ugly, lazy American selves. I am here to explain how we can and must thin the herd and extricate the stupid and eradicate the obese and take Rush Limbaugh's head and make a bong out of it. Senators, psychopaths, fence-sitters (all three of those may sometimes be the same person), celebrity assholes (hello), presidents, centerfielders, centerfolds—everyone is up for grabs here. Because I'm sick of it all. I'm sick of low self-esteem and fake fat—suit-wearing female talk-show hosts and extreme makeovers and Cats the Musical and cats in general and steroid-laden home-run hitters and Paris Hilton and Grey's Anatomy and Reese Witherspoon movies and Parks Hilton's himbo boyfriends and celebrity rehab and Dr. Phil and Terrell Owens and almost anyone else you can think of. This country—including you and most of the people related to you by birth or marriage or both—is populated by beings who have been so blessed for so long that they have become almost completely immune to any interests other than their own. Open ass—insert head. THAT is the mantra with which most of America lives each and every day. THAT'S what should be printed on the plaque beneath our beloved Statue of Liberty. Along with the following: Welcome to America where I'M not fat, I'M not stupid, I'M not the problem—YOU are. Americans have been so isolated geographically, financially and psychologically for so long that we don't even see reality in the mirror anymore. Everyone has bought so far into their own bullshit—backed up by other jerk-offs and human jack-o'-lanterns on TV that the truth has been distorted into a believable fantasy world: I can't be overweight, look at the tub-a-lard sitting next to me. The food I eat can't be bad for me 'cause the commercial on TV says it's actually healthy. I'm not addicted to these doctor-prescribed drugs, the drug company discovered a disease that I have and then invented these pills to cure me. Responsibility, research and actual factual thinking have gone out the window. If most people in this country see something on TV it must be true/news/necessary/important. Therefore, when things go wrong—how can the innocent citizen/TV watcher be at fault? I spill a vat-sized "cup" of morning coffee onto my giant cellulite-dimpled thighs at the take-out window and suffer third-degree burns because it was hot and I desperately needed to wash down the two-ton doughnut I just manhandled into my gaping mouth—do I blame myself and go on a diet and start working out? No. I sue McDonald's because the take-out window kid who handed me the cup of joe—who's from Bumfuck, Mexico, and has been in this country all of eighteen weeks and only knows the English words "can I take your order, please," "would you like fries with that" and "go Yankees"—didn't warn me that the coffee was the same temperature as the air in the hut he grew up in was every single day of his childhood. Open ass—insert head with flame-red tongue. My kid is the size of an out-of-shape NFL offensive lineman, has what within two months might become a full-blown Fu Manchu mustache and is already smoking two packs a day and watching Internet porn even though SHE is only twelve years old. Do I put her on a diet and make her start working out? Fuck no. I sue McDonald's because they make shitty, hormone-and-chemical filled food that she eats every single day three TIMES a day because I'm very very busy living my selfish extended adolescent life and don't have time to: A. Cook her normal food. B. Monitor her free time. C. Stop smoking pot and drinking so her easiest sources of alcohol and marijuana dry up. Open ass—insert thick, self-medicated head. An out-of-shape and overweight guy in Denver, Colorado, claims he developed lung cancer because he ate microwave popcorn with artificial butter flavoring. He loved when he would pull the bag out of the microwave and tear open the top and it would go "WHOOOF" and he would stick his face in and inhale the aroma. You can just hear him sucking in the sweet sweet smell of all that great fake butter, can't you? Just like Homer Simpson: Ooooh—buttery fake butter. After whiffing up the cloud of chemicals, this moron on a mission would proceed to scarf down the entire bag and then—that's right—start the whole process all over again. He admits to snorting and scarfing two bags a day so let's do the actual math and add the two more bags he won't admit to because he probably figures

four bags a day would be really embarrassing so what we have here is a guy who ate and sniffed so much fake butter that he developed the same cancer that people who work in the plant where they manufacture the butter did—people who make thousands of bags of pretend popcorn every single day. Should he blame himself for his lazy butter-assed slovenly ways? Nope. The popcorn factory workers filed a dangerous workplace/permanent health damages lawsuit and he decided to ride their cancer coattails all the way to the bank. Let's up his total to at least five bags a day. Whatever the actual number might be I'll guarantee you one thing right now—you don't wanna be THIS guy when you're sitting down in the lung cancer chemotherapy waiting room. 'Cause when the guy who worked in a coal mine for twenty-seven years or the fireman who spent decades pulling people out of asbestos-ridden burning bags asks how YOU got lung cancer the last word you wanna mention is "popcorn." Open ass—insert fake butter bag. And I don't wanna hear the words "misogyny," "racial profiling" or "politically incorrect." I'm talking common goddam sense. Misogynistic means you hate women—it doesn't mean you hate women because you are trying to tell them what they do not want to hear. Like yes, your ass IS fat. Or no—most heterosexual men do NOT find Renée Zellweger attractive. AND—it's not possible that every single pair of shoes or every dress you decide to buy can be on sale. Maybe four hundred and seventy-nine dollars is the ACTUAL price and "marked down from seven hundred" is what they teach the salesclerk to tell you. Danica Patrick—the much heralded and publicized and ostracized and cursed—about—by—men female race car driver finally won her first race in 2008. Legions of women all over the earth were quoted in happy, feminist quotes about female power and female challenges and equal rights and equal abilities. Danica cried as she accepted her trophy and was photographed in all of her glory and joy. But the picture that was most often seen the next day was Danica in a bikini. From her pages in Sports Illustrated's Annual Swimsuit Issue. In which she looked very very hot. Now—we can all agree or disagree that the picture and its placement and why she took it and are women objectified and blah blah sexist blah—but the truth is if you ask most men if they are attracted to a woman who can drive faster than them you will get either a no or a big fat maybe. But if you ask most men if they mind a woman who looks like Danica does in a bathing suit beating their brains out on the track? The answer is—not at all. Especially if she's WEARING the bikini while she drives. Hell—I'll sign up right now and ride shotgun. As a matter of fact—I wish there were a whole race of female race car drivers who drove like cheetahs on crack and looked fine in a swimsuit issue—I think the ratings would go through the roof. But that will NEVER happen. If you are a woman reading this, odds are Danica will win another few races but not you. Or your daughter. Danica is an anomaly. You and your daughter most likely are not. Even if you somehow managed to convince yourself that you were Danica Part Deux and passed every physical and mental challenge in your path and got sponsored and suited up and officially entered and placed on the track—you would never win a single IndyCar—EVER. Even if all the other male drivers were involved in an incredible crash that left them literally without the wherewithal to circle the track, you would be unable to maneuver around between all the burning and airborne debris fast enough to see the checkered flag. Especially if you have or plan on having kids. Why? Because there's an instinct built into the female DNA—if a woman is still of natural child-bearing age—to protect herself and not risk the future of her children, whether they exist in egg or embryo or live germ-factory form. Potential kid, kid in the oven or kid running around. It's why most women don't wish to get into fistfights or shoot animals or fly airplanes into tall buildings—unless it's to protect or feed or avenge the lives of their own children. You wanna win the Daytona 500? We would have to strap your firstborn into the shotgun seat of a lead car driven by a crazed ex-boyfriend on a revenge ride from hell or your current lover while he was under chemical influence and give either of them a fifteen second head start and then and only then would you be headed for a victory lap. And the winner's circle celebration would probably involve breast instead of bottled milk. It's absolutely commonsense fact: girls like to dance and boys like to hit. That's why girls become cheerleaders and boys become football players. Girls play mommy and boys pretend to kill each other. Girls like pretty clothes and boys like fire trucks. For women, their list of hot men includes a dad who waits at the corner bus stop with his toddler son and places him on the bus with a kiss atop the head and waves goodbye as the bus drives away. This man could be thirty pounds overweight and wearing a goofy hat. Women will still find him sexy. For men—a mom doing the same thing—placing her toddler on the bus with a loving kiss and a wave—would be just as hot and sexy. As long as she was built like Giselle Bündchen and wearing a leopard-print thong. I know it's awful. I know it's incredibly simple and stupid and sad. But it's true. As a matter of fact—you could skip the kid and the bus and just have Thong Mom walk down the corner and stand there—same difference for straight men. A recent online poll by Women's Day magazine came up with these results: When asked which they would rather have—Jennifer Aniston's body or a million dollars—78 percent of the women chose the money. If you had asked men—78 percent would have chosen Jennifer Aniston's body—as long as they could press it right up against their own. As a matter of fact—if they had asked men—they would have found that most men WITH a million dollars would gladly give it up for the CHANCE to touch Jennifer Aniston's body. Or just see her naked. Maybe that's the difference between men and women. One of them, anyway. Here's another: Ninety-four percent of the people in the country who visit, pay and place heavy stock in psychics and what they have to say are women. The other 6 percent? Gay men. Women go to psychics to find out what the future might hold for them in terms of true love, their children, former lives they may have lived, where their dead father/boyfriend/best friend might be. Straight men? If psychics are capable of seeing into the

future—why the fuck can't they give us the score to next year's Super Bowl. That's it for men. Very cut and dried, very black and white. We'll discuss that and many other issues between men and women between these covers. By the way—bipolar? Bullshit. Every single woman I have ever known has been bipolar for SOME part of her life—one week here, nine months there, ever since her mother stopped calling—something. When I was a kid, bipolar meant either the twin axis ends of the earth or maybe a bear who swung both ways. Now it's an excuse for every other girl whose hormones are conducting a human body remake of Raging Bull. They didn't have bipolar when I was growing up. If they did—my mom would've been called TRIpolar. She could smack one kid with a wooden spoon, ask a second kid if she was retarded and give a third kid a sweet little kiss on the head—all within four and a half seconds. And ya know what? Each one of us almost always deserved what we had coming. And that's another thing I don't wanna hear ever again—dysfunctional families. That one is officially off-limits. Done. Retired forever. Has anyone ever heard of a FUNCTIONAL family? Who? When? Where? The Jacksons? Nope. The Osmonds? Nope. I don't think so. You wanna know what a functional family is? One where no one ends up killing everyone else. You can't have four or five or fifteen people live together in one place WITHOUT war and envy and greed and anger and theft and every other available weapon. You disagree? Then you gotta be a chick. Open vagina—insert head. I told you this book was gonna tick you off. Let's face it—the raw truth hurts. Like this fact: I don't know a living man on this planet who DOESN'T have attention deficit disorder or spends at least twelve hours of each day thinking about his penis. I didn't know the guy personally but I would bet my left ball that even Jesus thought a lot about his johnson. Hey—he could probably make his do special tricks. If I was the Son of God, special dick tricks would probably be the second or third thing I'd be spending my time on after I found out about my secret identity. That's a lie. Who am I kidding? It'd be the first. Here's another lively topic: It says somewhere in the piece of paper that this country of ours was founded upon that all men are created equal. Bullshit. All men are created equal as long as they don't wanna blow each other. And then decide to keep on blowing each other long enough to fall in love. And then suddenly express a desire to formalize that relationship by getting married. It's apparently okay to have sex with other guys as long as you keep it secret and have a wife who somehow doesn't know AND you are either the pastor of a church or a sitting senator or both. In Larry Craig's case the term "sitting senator" will more than likely get a laugh out of you—as will the term "wide stance." Yup—there is a real fear in America that gay marriage will somehow up-end heterosexual unions and throw the entire moral fabric of the country into a tailspin—no pun intended. I know several gay men and gay women involved in very committed and honest relationships with other gay men and gay women that would put a lot of straight married couples to shame. They are monogamous and caring and devoted and affectionate. Besides—why shouldn't they get married? Why should straight married couples be the only ones who never have sex, argue incessantly over what to watch on TV and walk around on a daily basis harboring a deep and bottomless well of resentment and anger pieced together brick by murderous brick over years and years of both real and imagined slights and emotional warfare and wallpaper choices? Shit—I say marry every gay and willing couple off right now. Mark my words—just like that the rest of us—within eighteen months at least half of them will come running back to court begging to be released from such an endlessly mind-and libido-numbing fate. Open ass—insert the Bill of Rights. Here's another inarguable factoid: Racial and ethnic stereotypes exist because they are TRUE. For instance—don't tell me the Irish don't love to drink. I AM Irish. We invented whiskey, for crissakes. You know what whiskey means in Gaelic? Water of life. I rest my case. Of whiskey. On YOUR political correct goddam lap. Years ago I wrote a piece for the New York Post about the St. Patrick's Day Parade in which I made fun of the fact that most of the Irish and a few of the Puerto Rican guys I knew would annually—which means every single fucking year—spend the unofficially holy day painting their faces green and getting drunk and then beating the living shit out of each other after an argument broke out over who had better pitching, the Yankees or the Mets. The Irish Defamation Society threatened to file a lawsuit against me for perpetrating an awful and ruinous myth about Irish Americans. Several weeks went by and no lawsuit emerged. Why? Because they soon realized that all I had to do was call up any local news channel and request footage from ANY St. Patrick's Day Parade held since the invention of the television camera and there in front of our eyes would be green-faced Irish Americans in a drunken punch-up with their own cousins and best friends and actual brothers—many times right in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Puerto Ricans and the New York Mets didn't enter the equation until they both started playing baseball during the 1960's. Otherwise? Case closed. The right to bear arms and the right to vote and the equal rights amendment and freedom of speech and every other piece of paper evidence you wanna throw onto the pile may guarantee you the right to spout stupidity (see Newt Gingrich, Mel Gibson, Barry Bonds, et al.) but it also guarantees that the rest of us don't have to buy into it. Ya wanna build a giant fence to keep all the Mexicans out? Fine. Who's gonna build the fence? Where are we gonna get our cheap Mexican weed? Who's gonna host The Dog Whisperer? Our country has been so driven into debt by a drug-addled, imbred, dry drunk of the Republican revolution—a man who ran an oil company into the ground (do you know how hard it is NOT to make money off of oil? My daughter's Chihuahua could pull it off)—that we are now borrowing money from China. China. The same country that tried to KILL our dogs with poison dog food three years ago. China. Where there are seventeen BILLION people and eight automobiles. China. A country so corrupt that if I lived there and typed the words "CHINA SUCKS" as I did just now? Within a day I would have disappeared off the face of the earth, leaving

my wife and the only child we are allowed to have—and our three bikes—to fend for themselves. We will delve deeper into each and all of these matters during the next couple of hundred pages. And I do so as a doctor, ladies and gentlemen. Dr. Denis Leary. You don't believe me? Here's a photograph of the actual degree I received from my alma mater Emerson College on the afternoon of May 16, 2005. Suck on that, Dr. Phil. Or as I like to call him—Dr. Full. Hey—I don't know what his actual weight was when he started pushing his diet book, but let's just say he was more than a little puffy and really now what I would call an authority on that particular subject. Hell—he might as well have written a book on how to stop being bald while he was at it. Let me point something out—Dr. Full doesn't even have a license to practice in the state of California, which is where he tapes his daily talk show. Let me point something else out—if I needed to go on a diet, I'd want the guy selling me his diet book to not only be thin but actually be in shape—is that too much to ask? But this is America—where if you're on TV—especially if you appear on Oprah—you MUST be some kind of authority. Well, I haven't been on Oprah but I DO have my own TV show and a degree that calls me a doctor. So here's my point—if Dr. Full can write a diet book then I can sure as hell write a self-help book. And that's really all I'm trying to do here—help you to help yourself AND make a shitload of money while I'm doing so. Because I really do believe we live in the greatest country on earth but—just like that fixer-upper you get a very good price on—there's still a lot of work left to do. We live in a country that's still very very young, as countries go, and I think the whole idea of the American Dream has been convoluted and undone. We live in a country where the first pictures of Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie's baby were sold for over four million dollars. Shit—for THREE million dollars I'd sell you the pictures AND the kid. We live in a country where Rosa Parks had the courage and conviction to sit down long enough to start a revolution that led to Al Sharpton screaming racism every time Barry Bonds gets indicted for taking performance-enhancing drugs in order to break a home-run record set by a black man who didn't even have the benefit of Advil. We live in a country where—once upon a time—the President Medal of Freedom was given to people who fought for civil rights and equal rights and other matters that made a genuine difference and real contributions to a better future for everyone on the planet. Now it goes to guys who so botched the War on Terror that the president has to accept their resignation before they squirm off into the shadows to lick their wounds. We used to honor our living war veterans with respect and bury the dead heroes with dignity. George Bush The Second avoided Vietnam through privileged connections, shot down the brave deeds of another privileged son—John Kerry—who volunteered to serve, came home with medals on his chest and made the mistake of thinking the best man might win when he ran against a guy whose administration was caught cremating dead American soldiers from Iraq in a pet cemetery incinerator. Because it was cheaper. Open ass—insert Oval Office. It's time to tear down the walls of the stupid and the inane and the politically correct and the righteous and the pretentious and the bald and tell them how much they suck and how fat they are and how everything in the Bible is NOT necessarily true and no your hair will never grow back and yes you look much older without it and no—women really don't find bald guys attractive unless you're Mark Messier or a multizillionaire or both. It's time to shave your back and pay attention to your kids and buy a bigger-size dress and stop wearing spandex until you lose a hundred pounds. Skinny jeans are meant for skinny people. In case you don't understand the term "skinny"—if your ass doesn't fit into a seat at the ballpark or hockey rink or football stadium—yer fat. Too fat for skinny jeans. What would Jesus say? What I just said. Only louder. And his hands and feet would be bleeding so he'd probably be in a very pissy mood. So listen up. I'm trying to help you here. It won't be pretty. But it will be goddam funny. Strap yourself in. It's gonna be a bumpy-assed, roller-coaster-on-fire type of ride. No helmets allowed.