

Sample Excerpts from “Just Make Me A Sammich” by Don Ake
From “Working From Home – Part 2” (pages 130-131)

The worst thing about working at home is the isolation. You are doing work, but you are alone all day. However, I am not truly alone. I am assisted in my important corporate tasks by my miniature German schnauzer, Midnight.

The problem is Midnight never attended business school and thus lacks the business acumen necessary to be a good assistant. He assumes the reason that I am now at home is to attend to his demands, not the company's, and it is very different having a dog as a coworker.

Midnight sometimes smells and is very irritating. Okay, so maybe I have had some coworkers over the years like that. Midnight occasionally makes disgusting noises. Yes, once again I have heard those in the workplace. And Midnight scratches himself in inappropriate places. Oh yeah, there was this guy who used to look at women during meetings and scratch his inner thigh with his middle finger. Midnight is not nearly as obnoxious and irritating as that guy.

So maybe Midnight is more like a typical workmate than I thought. And it does relieve some stress when he wants his head scratched during the day. Yes, you can pet your dog, but you can't pet your coworkers. Well actually you can pet your coworkers. However, if you get caught doing this with the administrative assistant in the back of the supply room, apparently the HR department gets very upset. And if your HR manager is a fat, old, ugly battleax, she is not going to understand your explanation and is going to put the incident on your “permanent record” which I'm sure is now in the possession of the government or even the Chinese.

Midnight does have a workstation in my office which consists of a pillow and blanket so he can sleep while I do all the work. If I try to keep him out of my office by closing the door, he gets very offended just like my old butthead boss Steve. If I closed my office door, Steve would always find some stupid reason to barge in, even one time when I was having a very personal discussion on my lunch break. And no, this discussion was not

with the administrative assistant mentioned earlier. We held all our important “discussions” in the supply room.....

From “Father of the Bride” (pages 175-176)

From the moment you first hold your infant daughter, you take on a set of very important responsibilities of which you are totally unprepared for. Raising daughters is often like driving an old truck full of highly combustible materials down a very bumpy road. You can drive masterfully and still end up smoldering, holding what’s left of the steering wheel.

The responsibilities get easier and less taxing once the teen years are over, but one major responsibility remains. It lurks out in the shadows, waiting to pounce when you least expect it. Then one day something called a “proposal” is made, and if accepted, this transforms you into an almost mystical being which our society labels “Father of the Bride” (FOB).

But this FOB thing is a really odd responsibility. And, when you are given a title that you did not seek, you can be sure you are being set up in some way. “Here’s a nice, new, title. My aren’t you special!” (Stupid sap you are!)” I was told to “save your money”, but I was not told how much money to save or what it would be used for. In reality, nothing can prepare you for the financial beating you are about to receive.

As far as I can tell, the primary function of the FOB is to write frequent and sometimes enormous checks for everything and anything wedding related, checks that have many zeroes and commas. You are playing the role of the superhero “Father of the Bride”, and bills and invoices come flying at you from all directions at warp speed. You must suppress these evil forces by all means necessary, using the super powers at your disposal; checks, credit cards, loans, whatever it takes!

The difficult part is that you are paying large amounts of money for things, which under normal circumstance you, would never, ever buy. Weddings would be so much different if men planned them, which is, of course, the reason men do not plan them. If they did, it would be a disaster.

However, weddings provide the opportunity for the women folk to go slightly insane doing extreme woman-type activities. The wedding planning is a series of estrogenically-driven actions without any limits. It is estrogen unchained, it is estrogen unencumbered, it is estrogen overflowing! This

results in things such as discussion and planning of every inch of the wedding dress. Women break down the details of the wedding dress similar to the way guys break down the details of a football game. The dress's train is discussed with the same enthusiasm and preciseness as a "Cover 2 Defense"

From "You Should Not Mix Sex And Golf" (pages 203-204)

A Playboy model and a radio show host are involved in a lawsuit regarding a golfing- related incident that occurred in 2012. Liz Dickson agreed to lay on her stomach with her buttocks exposed while Kevin Klein hit a golf ball that was atop a tee that was placed between her butt cheeks. (I am not making this up).

This gives a whole new meaning to the term "tee box" and it has to be the extreme example of "improving your lie". However, this is so wrong on so many levels.

Now I know women will not understand why a man would even think of doing this. But if a guy comes up with an idea that results in a beautiful woman lying at his feet with her tush exposed, that is what is referred to in the book of "man rules" as a "winner". In addition, this stunt combines sex and sports interacting together. Golfing involving Playboy models is close to nirvana for some men.

But there lies the problem. Golf requires total concentration. It requires you to focus squarely on the target. Unfortunately, when faced with a golf ball teed between the buttocks of a Playboy model, there is confusion about what the true target is. The male brain has difficulty handling this type of information. Of course, the male brain consists of the Upper Processing Unit (UPU) which handles almost all functions and is logical and rational. However, there is also the Lower Processing Unit (LPU) which is totally focused on matters of the "procreating" variety. Unfortunately, the LPU has the ability to totally shut down the UPU when it deems it necessary. This golf shot creates severe conflict between the UPU and the LPU.....