

I recently lost my job as a sale rep. at one of those fancy-ass clothing stores. The paycheck was nice of course, but what I really miss about working there is getting to wear a suit to work. I'd put that sexy thing on and I looked like freaking James Bond. Oh man, everyone thought I looked good, and I don't just mean girls. That suit was so classy, there was an air of understanding from all sides. And when I grew out that sweet goatee, I was watching these chicks steal looks at me all day! I'll admit I even grabbed a few quick glances myself as I passed a dark window on my way to Banana Republic, I just couldn't help it. I guess that sounds a little conceited. Well, if you think that's bad, one time I was walking down 4th street and I saw this dude straight up making out with a window of a restaurant. Apparently, he had glanced at his reflection and fallen madly in love with himself. The people eating at P.F. Chang's looked pretty pissed. He was getting all slobbery and climbing up on the window and the waiters were just staring at him, not sure what to do. I didn't stick around to see what happened to him but when I was walking back from work he wasn't there anymore. The cops probably carted him off. I feel for the guy, I mean he was wearing a tuxedo. If I had one of those I would look exactly like James Bond and then I don't know if I could resist my reflection either. I guess I don't really have to worry about that though. The suit disappeared with the job...and I haven't showered in a while anyway.