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The Script About My Ass

By Tim Mack

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Does anyone remember those early High School days? You know, the time when most of us started to discover the opposite sex in earnest, but we still weren't completely evolved yet. I can still remember those early day High School parties that we had.

You know, those parties that you would have at a friends house where all the guys would gravitate to the kitchen, and all the girls would gravitate to an up stairs bed room to talk girl talk. We all thought we were so cool. Some guy would always find a way to sneak a six pack of beer into the kitchen and another guy would always have a pack of cigarettes.

We would all take a small glass of beer and light up a cigarette and talk about what a buzz we were getting. While we were getting our little beer and cigarette buzz, we would start talking about what girls we thought were hot. Sometimes I wondered why the girls came to the party at all, they, always seemed to be upstairs.

All that changed after a while, but it was a real evolutionary process. But while we were evolving, sure, all the guys knew about all the guy talk in the kitchen, but no one ever knew anything about what the girls were talking about upstairs. Well, that is almost no one knew.

I overheard a very rare earshot of a conversation I wasn't supposed to hear. It was all very innocent of course, but rather interesting. This is how it all happened. I had to use the bathroom.

I knocked on the door, and one of my friends said, "I'm going to be in here for a while because I feel like I'm going to puke."

I thought okay, "I will use the upstairs bathroom."

I got almost to the top of the stairs and I heard all kinds of laughter coming from the girls in the bedroom.

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I thought, "I wonder what it is that's so funny that they are laughing about?"

Then I heard one of the girls say, "yeah that Kevin has the tightest ass."

And another girl chimed in, "I couldn't keep my eyes off of his ass for the entire football game."

I realised then, "They, were talking about my ass."

I thought, "no one cares about all the touch downs I got or all the great plays I made. They're just watching my ass."

Then another girl yelled, "yeah, I love that back field in motion."

Another girl chimed in, "yeah, I just love seeing Kevin's ass in those tight football pants."

"I'd love to squeeze those tight buns," another voice cried out.

And yet another voice said, "I get goose bums just thinking what it would be like to wrap my legs around his tight ass."

Well, at first I was devastated.

I thought, "all that pumping iron, all that hair blowing, all that expensive cologne."

And what are all the girls looking at? "Its my ass, just my ass."

Then I thought, "well, I better keep this little secret to myself."

I thought, "if I tell anyone I overheard this conversation, they'll never be able to keep it a secret and it will get back to the girls."

They kept talking and talking about my ass, but I couldn't listen any longer, I really did have to use the bathroom. So I used the bathroom and quietly slipped back down stairs again. Now I really needed a beer and a cigarette. So, I gulped down an entire can of beer and had a cigarette. But then I really started to feel weird.

I thought, "woh, no more of that stuff."

But then I started to think, "hmmm, maybe I can capitalize on this ass thing."

I applied for a Summer job, and the girl said, "oh, sorry, we have no more openings."

Then she said, "your shoe lace is untied."

I bent down to tie it. And then she said, "oh, I'm sorry, I made a mistake, we do have an opening."

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Now, I'm thinking, "hmmm, is this just a coincidence? Or was she really checking me out when I bent down to tie my shoe lace?"

Then I would start to notice other little oddities. Everytime I walked into the office to look for a file I would hear all this typing. But as soon as I would turn my back and start looking for a file all the typing would stop. And then as soon as I got the file and turned around again, the typing would suddenly resume.

"Another strange coincidence," I suppose.

When I got my first paycheck from my summer job, I thought, "its time to do a little shopping."

Yeah, I was going pants shopping, tight pants shopping.

I thought, hmmm, how tight can I get pants to fit?"

Then I headed out with my new tight pants. Wow, was I getting smiles.

I thought, "screw the gym. The heck with pumping iron. I had it all together in one neat package."

Then school resumed again, and I thought, "hmmmm, I wonder if I can get my marks boosted a bit higher if I have all female teachers?"

So, I went in to see the Guidance Counselor, and asked, "could I have all female teachers?"

"Why do you want all female teachers,?" he asked.

I said, "I seem to pay attention better."

He said, "well, I can give you all female teachers, except for Gym Class."

"Great," I said.

I couldn't beleive the difference. With all female teachers my marks were soaring. Every once in a while I would drop my pen or something in class and pick it up real slow just for insurance.

What was really weird though, was that I was getting even better at football. It started to feel good just thinking that I was giving the girls a thrill. I felt like they weren't cheering for the team, but rather they were really cheering for me.

After a while, I kind of even developed a little back field in motion wiggle. The girls were going wild.

I thought, "hey, if you got it, flaunt it."

When I graduated High School, I was hired by a Wall Street Bokerage firm, but I had to take a medical

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exam before I could start working. I looked out the window in the Doctors examining room in awe at the sky line.

As I marveled at the sites, I felt a hand tap on my shoulder. I turned my head to see a Nurse standing there.

She said, "I have to take your temperature."

As she held the thermometer in her hand I opened my mouth expecting her to slip it in.

She smiled and said, "no, this isn't going in your mouth."

I asked, "where else can it go?"

She said, "drop your pants and shorts and find out."

I complied and as I layed down on my stomach, I could feel her stick the thermometer up my butt.

She started to chat with me and after a long while, I kind of wondered to myself, "why is she taking so long to pull the thermometer back out of my butt?"

Just then the Doctor walked in and asked the Nurse, "why are you taking his temperature in this fashion?"

Her face now a bit blushed, she exclaimed. "oh I had some medical questions to ask him, and he couldn't answer them if the thermometer was in his mouth."

I thought, "hmmm, medical questions. I couldn't remember her asking me any medical questions."

Then I thought, "hmmm, another one of those coincidences."

The Doctor asked, "so whats the temperature?"

With that she pulled the thermometer from my butt at last, and said, "your temperature is perfectly normal. And what department will you be working in?"

This segment was taken from

Special thanks goes to Hollywood Journalist and Script

Reader Tiffany Stone who has a wonderful blog called

Hot Sauce Collection - An Anthology Of Delight

By Chris McCarthy

Archimedes had his brainwave while in the bathtub. Newton had his when he was relaxing beneath an apple tree. Great ideas come in flashes. The idea of starting a hot sauce collection came to Hot Sauce Harry's while vacationing in the Caribbeans. Wanting to avoid the stereotype souvenirs, they found the notion of gifting hot sauce quite appealing. Thus were planted the seeds of a massive hot sauce collection.

Hot Sauce Harry's house their formidable hot sauce collection at their flagship store in Dallas Farmers' Market. Greenhorn hot sauce collectors can make their forays from here. The store has sauce collections that span the entire Caribbean, Mexican and Louisiana gamut. Name a hot sauce and get it here.

Hot sauce collectors can begin their sauce collections in two ways. They can go for sheer numbers where the more, the merrier it is. Thus, they can build up a voluminous hot sauce collection in no time at all. Or they may choose to be nitpicky, concentrating only on specific hot sauce types.

There is beauty in numbers. Therefore, you grab every hot sauce that you can lay your hands on. However, have your hot sauce collection catalogued right down to the minute detail. This way you can keep track of where your sauce collections are heading. Carry your list wherever you go so that you do not end up paying a fortune on a duplicate hot sauce.

The hot sauce debutants may start with the Ass Kickin Kit. An assortment of five hot sauces, Ass Kickin' Original, Candy Ass, Kick Yo Ass, Pain In The Ass and Smart Ass, they make great collectibles.

Specialty hot sauce collectors may fancy the limited edition hot sauce. Alternatively, they may go in for representatives from each region, state or province. They may choose to house in their sauce collections only hot sauce mementos like those released for special occasions and festivals or the hot sauce picked up while vacationing. These fastidious people avoid the run-of-the-mill hot sauce.

Fussy hot sauce collectors they may be, but whatever be their sauce of specialization, even they cannot resist the lure of 357 Mad Dog Collectors' Edition. Sporting the tag of The World's Hottest Hot Sauce Ever Made, this hot sauce is akin to the Penny Black among the philatelists or a Rembrandt among the art collectors.

The specialty hot sauce collectors would do well to purchase some literature on hot sauce. There are some exhaustive guidebooks on the matter like The Hot Sauce Collector's Guide: A Book for Collectors, Evans and Dewitt's The Hot Sauce Bible. These books will enlighten you on the various hot sauce brands, both the blue-blooded and the off the shelf types, their history and the names and addresses of hot sauce vendors.

Know your hot sauce well before starting on your sauce collections, so that you can distinguish the vintages from the fakes.

Heat up your hot sauce collection. Before you know, you'll have a showstopper in hand.

Chris McCarthy is the owner of

. InsaneChicken sells a wide variety of hot

sauce from around the world and was featured on the food network for it's Hot sauce of the month club.



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