

Foreword

This book is for the hunters. The hunters of men. The designer suit wearing, sports car driving winners. Not the fishers of men, or whatever other ridiculous nonsense the minister spouts off at church on Sunday. (Note to reader: Attending church on Sunday is advised. It will improve your standing in the community, and it lends to the idea that you are ethical. Ethics, whatever that means, will be discussed in later chapters. Just know this, it will improve your bottom line.)

So read on gents. And learn how to behave like one of them, one of the weak. Though I know it may be painful, it will help you avoid prison, the SEC, and other unpleasanties involved with the enforcement of the ridiculous rules society has in place. And as always, most importantly, it will improve your bottom line.

Consider this a game. After all, what isn't a game to us? It is a game we will play, and like all of our games, it is one we will win. Let the games begin.

SECTION I - At Work

Chapter 1 - When Interviewing

When interviewing, remember to make the potential employee feel at ease. This can be accomplished by numerous methods. Greet the candidate warmly, as if you give a shit that they're there. Welcome them by pronouncing their name with a loud bellow. Stretch out the vowel. For example, if their name is Smith, greet them by extending your hand and proclaiming, "Mr. Smiiiiiiiiith." But be careful, if they are of Latina or Italiano heritage, this method could be misconstrued. If their name is Vincenzo, or Esperanto, and you emphasize the O, by saying Vincenzoooo or Esperantoooo, this could lead to the accusation of ethnic insensitivity. The rumor could spread that you're bigoted, and this could be bad for business. If they are ethnic, be careful with the stretching the vowel business. Plus, be extra mindful if the candidate is an African American. Do not, I repeat, do not attempt to relate to him as if you were black. If his name is Jackson, do not greet him by saying, "What's happenin Jackson?" Do not slap him five. Shake his hand. This is not the Jeffersons; it's an interview. The rest of society doesn't understand your sense of humor because they have none. They are so damn sensitive. I know it's a pain following these social norms, abiding by what many of our kind loathe more than the SEC: political correctness -- but do try and be very mindful of this advice, especially when interviewing a black man.

Once you have greeted the candidate with the required friendly and inoffensive gesture, the interview will be much easier for you. And this is of course the goal: making the interview easier for you. After all, you already are aware that the entire process is a waste of time. There's no need to make it any more painful than it already is. A man like you needs only a resume and a photograph to know if a candidate is an adequate selection. Give me a high GPA and a large set of tits and I'll give you a job. I don't care for personality, and neither do you. Personality is a concept that ugly men and women rely on in order to get fucked. The only important aspect of personality in the corporate arena is the ability to manipulate, and that comes with high intelligence, hence the importance of the GPA. On the looks side, tits aren't the only asset. A good-looking young man can be just as beneficial to your firm's bottom line as an attractive

woman. Placing a handsome young face on your company's website is always a strategic plus. Good looks imply good genes, which imply sound investments. All you need is their picture and their GPA. But unfortunately society has ordained the ridiculous ritual of the interview. So go out there, shake their un-manicured, nervous little hand, and welcome them into your throne room.

Once they are in your office, continue putting them at ease. Ask them a routine question, something like, "How was the trip down here? Did you find the place okay?" Any number of absurd conversation starters will assist in calming down the scared little rabbit and should reduce the irritation of the useless ritual of the interview. When they are seated, give them a moment to absorb your domain. It's inevitable that the candidate will be awestruck by the numerous accomplishments adorning your office wall, let them soak in the resplendence, be kind here, interrupting their moment of reverence might be awkward and could force the timid little turtle back into its shell, leaving the responsibility for leading the way through the rest of the interview on your already weary and overworked shoulders.

Let them gaze at the photo of your rippling muscles as you rowed with your college crew team. Have pity on the poor supplicant; they'll never have a body like yours. Let them scan the degrees, the pictures of your perfect wife and perfect children, the drawings done by your little cubs that you display to give the impression you're a family man. (Note to reader: If you have not placed any of your children's drawing on your office walls, do so. Women and pathetically emotional men find it charming. You'll be the last one they'll suspect in case you're forced to carry out some nastiness. If you don't have children, drawings by infants can easily be purchased online, but this can present some complications; the federal government has been known to track this type of behavior in adults. You can always hire some worthless idiot to draw them for you, or you can just draw them yourself.)

Once the interview begins, you'll be able to relax. Just let them do all of the talking. Respond every now and then with a "right," "okay," or "I see." Nod occasionally as if you're paying attention to the meaningless drivel spewing forth from their pleading little mouths. Let them carry the conversation. Scribble on a piece of paper every once in a while, as if you're taking notes. Who knows, you may be able to complete an entire drawing by the time the interview is up. You could draw a quick sketch and then place it on the wall before the next interview slot; tell the following candidate that your kid drew it. You see, there are actually some ways to be productive during these useless fifteen-minute conversations. The best approach is to kick back, relax, and let the prospect sell themselves. Eight years of higher education, thousands of dollars spent on books sold by businessmen like you and me, businessmen who know how to squeeze every last cent out of a sucker (\$400 dollars for a textbook on Legal Ethics? Brilliant!); this should have more than prepared them to pitch their usefulness to the firm.

Once there appears to be a pause in the action, when your guest has finished spinning yarns about their qualifications, their work ethic and respect for your firm, you can pipe up with the only question that really matters: what do they want to get paid? These smart young bucks and mares come a dime a dozen, hurtled out from the ivy leagues year after year. The key is whether or not you can pick one up for a reasonable price -- turn a significant profit. When you ask them about salary, make sure it's not the final question of the interview. You don't want them thinking that, in your eyes, they're just a figure on a balance sheet. So ask them a follow up to put them at ease. Also, this way they will leave the interview feeling like you have actually listened to them, that you do care about their measly little accomplishments. Ask them what their greatest

strength is, what they can contribute to the firm. Do not ask them what their greatest weakness is. Some of these people are stupid enough to actually tell the truth. Having to listen to their pathetic confession of weakness could make you physically ill. You might vomit in front of them, or on them, and if this got around, it could hurt your bottom line. So let them answer your last meaningless question, having extracted all the information from them that you really need: how much they cost.

Chapter 2 - When Conducting a Staff Meeting

During conferences with staff, selection of language is key. The timid masses have created a minefield of sorts, laced with political correctness and lawsuits, ready to sink the unsuspecting man for a mere choice of words -- be careful. At all costs, avoid the word cunt. Though it is such a perfect word, suitable to a variety of situations, the utterance of it can lead to dire consequences. Avoid any reference to male or female anatomy. Even the word dick can land you in court. There are actually men filing sexual harassment claims now. That is how feeble the world outside of your window has become.

I would encourage you to do some research on the current state of sexual harassment law. Familiarize yourself with the EEOC; know thine enemy. Their favorite line of attack is claiming that you have created a "hostile environment." As if there are any environments in the world of American finance that aren't hostile. What a bunch of rubbish. Where do these sex police think we work, Gymboree? They also warn about "inappropriate staring at body parts." What would be an appropriate way to stare at a body part?

But take note of these ridiculous rules. When you're speaking at the staff meeting, do not talk to the tits. Keep your eyes on the eyes of the peons who populate your office. Resist laughing at them. We all have losers on our staff, fat slobs with incredibly high IQs, who will never do anything more than sit behind a computer and communicate with it, crumbs from their filthy snacks tumbling off the sides of their large lips. I know it's hard not to imagine what one of these oafs look like when they're sleeping with their poor wives, flopping around on top of the woman like a beached whale, desperately trying to make its way back in.

These kinds of thoughts must be stifled during meetings. A spontaneous fit of laughter can raise questions amongst staff regarding your stability. I know, it's ironic to think that a fat slob could challenge your stability, a woolly mammoth one cheeto away from a massive heart attack. But these are the vagaries of being the boss. Consider yourself a diplomat, a politician; after all, ninety percent of the men populating Washington are just like us. It should come naturally.

While we're on the topic of diplomacy, I think a short discussion of punishment would be appropriate. The staff meeting is not the place for it. You and I both know that public humiliation is a strikingly effective way to keep an employee in line. Alas, the outside world frowns on it. You just may have to sit through your staff meeting with an incompetent fuck up a few feet away from you, keeping his eyes from yours, quivering at the thought of the repercussions for his most recent blunder. Just enjoy the sight of his trembling, relish in it, knowing that in only a few minutes you can have him all to yourself -- begging you for mercy, for another chance at his lowly job. Do not take him to task in front of his colleagues -- wait. Public humiliation is a quick way to stir up a mutiny amongst staff, and this won't do. Can you imagine having to spend most of your day fending off a coup in your own office? Do you have any idea what kind of an effect this distraction will have on your bottom line? Better to stay cool and collected during the meeting. You can imagine the failure in the rack if you wish. Just don't

put him on one. The meeting will soon be over. And then you can have your fun.

Chapter 3 - When Firing

These are the moments men like us live for, when we can pull back the veil and let our servants get a glimpse of just how ferocious we really are.

Begin the meeting nonchalantly. Tell them you want to speak to them about “something.” Ask them to close the door when they’re inside your office. (That’s always amusing, the moment when they close the door. You can see the sense of impending doom begin to work its way into their inferior little brains, the smile on their face fading as the door shuts and they realize this may be something serious.)

At this point I usually grin. Just let them sit there silently -- and grin. I find it enjoyable to wait until I see the first bead of sweat cross their brow. The rest of the world may consider this an awkward moment, uncomfortable, but it’s times like these that we live for. (This is the section of the book where I’m not encouraging you to behave like anything but what you are, a magnificent predator. For all of the time we must spend building up this ridiculous, but necessary, facade of normalcy, men like us deserve at least an hour out of the week for fun.)

There are several different ways to toy with the target. Ask them why they think you brought them in. Make them guess. Make them guess until they come up with the right answer -- that they’re getting fired. When they pick the correct reason I usually just lean back and nod, never taking my eyes off them, watching them squirm, swearing under their breath. “What was that?” I ask, leaning forward in my chair. And then you give them an opportunity to beg.

Keep in mind that there’s always room for negotiation. I’m not the type that will just fire a person if there’s the possibility for keeping them on at a hugely discounted rate. Offer them an enormous slash in their salary as a way to stay on board. (You can see the thoughts of their family entering their brain, penetrating their pride. The infantile drawings you crafted mocking them from their carefully placed spots on your wall. It will take all of your discipline not to laugh here. If you do happen to laugh, so what? What’s the worst that can happen? They call you cruel? Who are they going to tell, human resources?) You’d be surprised at how many of these idiots are willing to keep working, to remain a fixture in your firm for an obscenely small amount of money. There’s a great deal of prestige accompanied with working for a man like you and many of these losers will do anything not to lose it. So exploit it. Why not? They have everything to lose.

They’ll make their decision and either way you’ll be better off. You can get rid of rotting wood or keep it floating around at a bargain.

Sometimes they cry. This can be particularly unnerving. There’s nothing quite as wretched as seeing a grown man cry merely because he is being taken to account for his incompetence. But that’s what they do -- they cry. They cry at the drop of a hat. They cry in envy at movies when they watch people with lives like yours. They cry during some over the top special on sixty minutes about a kid in a wheelchair who managed to roll his way up Mount Everest. They cry at the birth of their children (shortsighted fools, not realizing they’re going to spend the next three years cleaning up after the little bastard’s shit, paying for his every whim, all of this taking a nice little chunk out of their bottom line).

They have no self-control. They’re the opposite of you: a student of self-control. That’s what this book is for, another way for you to increase your stellar sense of discipline. I know you’d like to take a paper weight, or the signed baseball on your desk, that so many men have

stared at in jealousy, and fling it across the room at the side of the blubbering idiot's head. But don't; this can wind you in jail, which can end with a lawsuit, and we know what that can do to your bottom line. Lawsuits can be nearly as damaging as children.

Chapter 4 - When at the Water Cooler

There are some things in the lives of the exceptional that are just patently dreadful. Moments endured by the water cooler are one of them. But as with much of the other routines previously discussed, we must endure them in order avoid mutiny at the office.

The water cooler is where most of the meaningless staff under your command gathers to gossip, shoot the breeze, or waste time that they could be spending earning the corporation profit. That's the one silver lining. Spending some time at the water cooler with the retards in your office affords you a good vantage point to determine who of them is avoiding work. So think of the time at the water cooler as an investment, a chance to refine the edges of your bottom line.

When it comes to socializing at the water cooler, your tone is important. For the brief minutes spent chatting with some moron over a cup of instant coffee (you don't have to actually drink the stuff, my goal isn't to torture you), you'll need to assume the posture of an equal. I realize this appears impossible; how could somebody like you possibly relate to a person making less than 100k a year? I would recommend some cable television. The majority of sitcoms in the country are filled with typical working stiffs. Think Al Bundy in *Married with Children*, Ray Romano in *Everybody Loves Raymond* or Homer Simpson. That's who these people are: losers that move from one crisis to another, the only peace in their lives is the evening bottle of beer that typically turns into two, the belts on their slacks stretching to accommodate an already distended gut.

So as they reach for the fourth packet of sugar to pour into their filthy cup of coffee, and they try to converse with you as if you're friends, be their friend. For a small portion of your day, you're Homer Simpson, killing time with a sloth from one of the network TV shows. You're a talented actor. This shouldn't be hard. If you weren't one, you wouldn't have made it to CEO.

The three most popular topics of the mindless are sports, weather, and current events. If the underling was wise, he would spend the moments with you at the water cooler discussing your myriad of successes; taking notes is probably his greatest opportunity for advancement. But he won't engage in this kind of nourishment. He'd rather have a brief, mundane conversation.

So keep a copy of the Daily News in your desk, brush up on the latest sports info before venturing to the water cooler. If someone asks you, "Hey, did you see the game last night?" You can lie with confidence, having the relevant statistics at your fingertips. Your knowledge of some caveman's batting average will impress everyone gathered around the water cooler. They'll think of you as the "average joe," someone they can relate to.

This is exactly what you want. It's harder for the average "moral" idiot to betray a person they relate to. (Yes, that is just how simple this whole game is. Convince these people you're one of them and they will be less likely to rebel against your commanding oversight of the company.)

If you're lucky, they bring up the weather. This is an easy topic to parry. Just keep a weekly weather report open on your browser at all times. When you head toward the water cooler, and if the weather outside is overcast, just bear in mind the day it's supposed to turn. People with little to live for really care about the weather. They see a sunny day as portending hope, as if a break in the clouds will somehow wash over the failure their life has been thus far. It's the same idea

when they go to church. They're looking to be "washed in the blood of Jesus." It's just as ridiculous as gaining catharsis from watching a caveman swing a piece of wood at a small ball of yarn. But that's who these people are, hopelessly ridiculous. So be there messiah. Bathe them with the blood of Jesus. And when someone at the water cooler tells you how disappointed they are that it's still raining, look toward the heavens, spread your arms, and inform them that the clouds will part on Thursday.

Then there's current events, the news, the subject that the slightly more intelligent peon will discuss by the water cooler. They will undoubtedly be appalled at the affairs of the day, bemoaning the awful way some cruel Middle Eastern tyrant is treating his people. Just agree with the idiot. That's what they want to hear. They want to verify that you're just as empathetic, just as concerned with so-called justice as they are. The truth is -- these whiny types have never run a thing in their lives. They don't appreciate what it takes to run a business, let alone a country. We make decisions, choices that people like this crybaby would suffocate from as they crawl into a little ball and wish it would all go away.

A man makes his castle and guards it with all his might, dispensing of enemies within and without in the most efficient manner possible. It is so simple, but your counterpart at the water cooler complicates things with his sighing and pathetic pity for the victims of some so-called atrocity, some chemical weapons attack against rebels halfway across the world. "They're just fighting for freedom," he'll say. Right, the freedom to storm another man's castle and make it their own. Just agree with the fool. His ignorance is contemptuous, but defending a "dictator" can be damaging to your reputation. You don't want this guy whispering to your employees about your sympathy for the Assad regime. That's the kind of gossip that can spread like wildfire, and, most importantly, can end up harming your bottom line.

These people have no idea of the country they're living in. A guy like that, a bleeding heart, is somehow convinced that the United States is different than those countries in the desert. What do these idiots think the Central Intelligence Agency does? America does its dirty work the same as any other nation-state. We're just masters at keeping it concealed. That's one of the main reasons I admire this country so. Washington is filled with men fluent in the art of deception. The same type of skill I'm trying to teach you in this book. We do our dirty deeds for the greater good, to protect our castles, our accomplishments, our bottom lines -- and all the while we grin and nod in understanding as the poor sap at the water cooler shudders at the horrors being committed oceans away. It's good to be us.