

Confessions of a Corporate
Whore

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CONFESSIONS OF A CORPORATE WHORE

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Dedicated to my loving parents, Poppy, Demetri, Eboni, G,
Shelly, and Tiffany. You guys supported the corporate whore
the most! Thanks.

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I've Been Pimped!

I became a whore at age 16. I've had all types of pimps since then. My first "real" job was at a grocery store that catered to soldiers on a military base. Yes, my first pimp was Pimp Daddy Gov. He paid me \$8 an hour for the first six months and after turning tricks as a cashier for six months I received a whopping \$8.35 an hour. Not bad for a 16 year-old kid in 2004, I thought. Needless to say, I was more than pleased.

My college work-study program supplied me with my first minimum wage job; up until that point I thought minimum wage to be a myth. My last job working as a security guard was what provoked my tolerance, even though it was my highest paying job to date. The pay was not what got me upset; it was what happened while I was making the measly \$9 an hour.

I was sitting in my golf cart monitoring the parking garage at the hotel where I worked. I was reading a copy of *Rich Dad, Poor Dad* when a "gentleman", who turned out to be the owner of the garage, passed me. This was my fourth day on

this particular site and I had no idea who anyone was. Well, this “gentleman” told my employer that I was not doing my job. I didn’t find it hard to read and look up every couple of seconds to make sure all was well. My job was in no way, shape, or form difficult. Maybe my employer and the garage owner found it amazing and unbelievable someone could be capable of what I was doing. Anyway, after the garage owner complained, I faced the risk of losing my job. For reading and trying to educate myself, what did I get? Well, not the boot, but I was told not to read while working. I was insulted and hurt.

That day forward I decided that I would never let someone else determine my financial fate. My job was in jeopardy - a potential loss that would destroy my cash flow. I had given the fate of a roof over my head, food in my stomach, and simple luxuries like a night at the movies to some employer. It was complete BS, and I decided to end it immediately.

But I had obstacles to overcome - that niggling voice inside of me telling me not to leave my job or put in a two weeks’ notice. I had to give myself a good reason why I should make plans to quit. As determined as I was, I did give myself a

good reason - *I was being pimped*. I wasn't only being pimped at work, but also in retail stores, car shops - you name it, I've been pimped there. Even as a consumer, I've overpaid for purchases and services thinking I was actually getting a steal. I started berating myself. How could I have let this happen to me? Why wasn't I doing anything about it? I'm sure it was fear. But anger was the only emotion I felt, and it lead me to leave my whorish ways behind...forever.

What Doesn't Make You a Whore?

I would bet my fully-paid-for favorite car that the majority of those who read this book are whores too! Think about it. Let's say you're a call center associate who takes an average of seven calls an hour. You work in the sales department so majority of the time people are calling you with orders. You sell a fitness DVD (for \$29) that guarantees you the perfect body in eight weeks. Excluding the creative production cost, the DVD costs about \$2 to duplicate and package. If you take seven orders and the company earns \$27 per order, you've now made your company \$189 in an hour. Whore! Here you were bragging to your co-workers about the raise the boss just gave you from \$13 to \$14.20. Who wouldn't reward their most productive whore?

For those of you reading this book with jobs but are still not convinced you're a whore, you may be right. You may just be an upscale escort. It sounds better, and the pay's more appealing. Nonetheless, you're selling your most valuable asset (your time) for pennies on the dollar. Would you like to know

the one thing that doesn't make you a corporate whore? You are not a whore when you can pass the *Corporate Whore Quiz*. If you can honestly answer "yes" to all the questions below, please accept my deepest apologies for spreading that nasty little rumor.

1. Do you truly enjoy what you do for or with your employer?
2. Do you wake up excited to go into the office (or wherever it is you work)?
3. If you were to get a 50% cut in pay would you bother to come in the next day? (**Note:** I'm not talking about how you will live due to your decrease in pay. I mean, are you willing to take on more hours, responsibilities, or another job to stay with your current employer?)

If you answered "no" to any of these questions, you may be a corporate whore, but wait! What's a quiz without a bonus question? If you can answer, "yes" to this question you'll automatically be put off the whore list. Ready?

Is your job one of your greatest love affairs?

Great...I get to keep my car! And I think I have proven my point. Those of us who are happiest with our jobs or means of getting income (i.e. entrepreneurs, the self employed, etc.) treat it like one of the greatest love affairs of our lives. We can't wait to see what the next day promises, and we can't wait to share with others the progress we are experiencing. We just love taking advantage of all the luxuries this affair brings us, like time, peace of mind, and a sense of pride.

However, don't go and get the fishnets just yet. I am going to share with you some of the things that lured me on the path to leaving my pimp and changing my corporate whore ways.