






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**Author** Topic: [The Most Bizarre Resume Ever...](#)

**revRecluse**  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 2224  
From: The Frozen North  
Registered: Jan 2001

 posted 26 July 2001 08:05 PM  [profile](#)  [mail](#)  [edit](#)  [quote](#)

I found this while surfing today, and I was in hysterics by the end. The funny thing is, I lived about 3 miles from where this guy lived in Phoenix, and know the address well.





Enjoy!


<http://www.drunkbastard.net/resume.htm>

IP: [Logged](#)

**Linda**  
Buccaneer

Posts: 2425  
From: The Ocean State  
Registered: Jun 2001

 posted 26 July 2001 10:00 PM  [profile](#)  [edit](#)  [quote](#)




Rv;  
Where did you find this site? It reminds me of some people I cared for during clinical rotations (and they LOCKED us in with them!!) 

-----  
~~ Linda in R.I. ~~  
C.M.O.


IP: [Logged](#)

**ElKamino**  
Buccaneer

Posts: 2238  
From: Sarcasm, Wa.  
Registered: Jun 2001

 posted 27 July 2001 12:52 AM  profile  edit  quote

Good Lord Rev! That truly is one of the freakiest things I've read in some time. (Save for the radio room nightly frolic...).

I wonder if he got the job?   
Possible candidate for congress?

-----  
QRZ

IP: [Logged](#)

**LisaA**  
Buccaneer

Posts: 1714  
From: Colorado  
Registered: May 2000

 posted 27 July 2001 10:15 AM  profile  mail  edit  quote

Sometimes I see these guys who look sad and the area of their mouth looks like they've spent a lot of time--years of their lives--pouting and whinging about all the bad stuff done to them. They take the concept of the wounded inner child and run with it. I've sat with them accidentally in coffee shops and heard them recount their sorry stories about why they're where they are, with no money and living with mom. Then they start to look me over for signs of me having something to give them and right about then I have to go do this one thing and I leave quickly.

But this guy... is that on steroids

IP: [Logged](#)


**revRecluse**  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 2224  
From: The Frozen North  
Registered: Jan 2001

 posted 27 July 2001 12:54 PM  profile  mail  edit  quote

quote:

Originally posted by Linda:  
Rv;

Where did you find this site? It reminds me of some people I cared for during clinical rotations (and they LOCKED us in with them!!) 

Found it at [www.weirdlinks.com](http://www.weirdlinks.com)

I've had my share of resumes to look at as a manager, but that one....

np: "Ohio" - Damien Juardo

IP: [Logged](#)

revRecluse  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 2224  
From: The Frozen North  
Registered: Jan 2001



posted 27 July 2001 12:56 PM

profile mail edit quote

quote:

---

Originally posted by Elkamino:  
Good Lord Rev! That truly is one of the freakiest things I've read in some time. (Save for the radio room nightly frolic...).

I wonder if he got the job?   
Possible candidate for congress?

---

Actually, he sounds like some of the people I've had to sit next to on the Greyhound across the country during my many roadtrips...

np: "Crazy"- Patsy Cline

IP: [Logged](#)

Gwen  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 693  
From: Arizona  
Registered: Oct 2000



posted 27 July 2001 01:21 PM

profile mail edit quote

---

I must be really out of step with the times or something...I think it is cruel to find humor at the expense of a man who is obviously mentally ill. In my volunteer work at a homeless shelter, I have met more than a few who were part of the great 'de-institutionalizing' years ago..they turned loose seriously mentally ill people with no one to assure that they took their medications, as long as they weren't a threat to themselves or others. Many of these people are the "homeless" you see on the streets mumbling to themselves.

There must be some other way for you to amuse yourselves.

IP: [Logged](#)

revRecluse  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 2224  
From: The Frozen North  
Registered: Jan 2001



posted 27 July 2001 03:37 PM

profile mail edit quote

quote:

---

Originally posted by Gwen:  
I must be really out of step with the times or something...I think it is cruel to find humor at the expense of a man who is obviously mentally ill. In my volunteer work at a homeless shelter, I have met more than a few who were part of the great 'de-institutionalizing' years ago..they turned loose seriously mentally ill people with no one to assure that they took their medications, as long as they weren't a threat to themselves or others. Many of these people are the "homeless" you see on the streets mumbling to themselves.

There must be some other way for you to amuse yourselves.

---

I volunteered too, Gwen. i'm sorry you took offense. I'm not making fun of the guy for what he is, but I do find this resume funny.

Sometimes, a sense of humor is subjective to who perceives themselves as being offended. One of the greatest lessons of my life was having a friend with MS. Those who didn't know her well walked on eggshells around her because of her condition, scared that they would say or do the wrong thing and offend her. Once you got to know her however, you learned that she didn't lose her sense of humor, and told more jokes about herself than anybody had a right to.

She was one of the most alive people I've ever met, even when she was in obvious pain. She made me laugh at the world, and yes, at herself, and me.

I don't think mentally ill people are to be ridiculed, and I'm sorry you got that impression.

np: "Hi, How Are You"- Daniel Johnston

IP: [Logged](#)

Gwen  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 693  
From: Arizona  
Registered: Oct 2000



posted 27 July 2001 03:52 PM



[profile](#)



[mail](#)



[edit](#)



[quote](#)

Rev, I shouldn't have taken offense..this is, after all, the brig.

I have seen that man whose resume was posted. He actually came into our small business about 7 years ago looking for work. I told him we were not hiring at the time, but if he wanted to submit an application, I would keep it on file for a year. He handed me that very resume. I still have it somewhere around in storage. He seemed to be at least 60 then and was wearing a very, ruffled, too large suit that went out of style at least 20 years previous. He was obviously not in touch with reality. Imagine my surprise when I glanced at the resume he had handed me and realized that he lived within a mile of my home. Our business was in a large industrial complex near the airport, and he went all around the complex leaving resumes. I just never forgot his appearance and demeanor and when I saw the resume online I was quite taken aback.

Hope you are enjoying your visit..have you been to the west Edmonton mall yet? Saw a show on TLC about it a few weeks ago. Quite a place. Regards to you know who and to the "real"

Monsterette...saw her on the website! 😊

[This message has been edited by Gwen (edited 27 July 2001).]

IP: [Logged](#)

<p><b>Linda</b> Buccaneer</p> <p>Posts: 2425 From: The Ocean State Registered: Jun 2001</p>	<p> posted 27 July 2001 04:27 PM <a href="#">profile</a> <a href="#">edit</a> <a href="#">quote</a></p> <hr/> <p>Gwen, I'm sorry if I was callous.....I truly do have compassion for the mentally ill. I assumed it was a character more in keeping with what Lisa was referring to.....the "poor-me-give-me-something-for-nothing" type that I suspect we've all had contact with at one time or another.</p> <p>I shouldn't have assumed that. I'm sorry to have offended you.....</p> <p>-----          ~ ~Linda in R.I. ~ ~          C.M.O.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">IP: <a href="#">Logged</a></p>
<p><b>ElKamino</b> Buccaneer</p> <p>Posts: 2238 From: Sarcasm, Wa. Registered: Jun 2001</p>	<p> posted 28 July 2001 01:27 AM <a href="#">profile</a> <a href="#">edit</a> <a href="#">quote</a></p> <hr/> <p>The state of our mental health institutions in this country leaves alot to be desired. The really good ones are overcrowded and far between. In all things we can find humor, and while I agree that this poor fellow was not of this reality, I think his resume' was funny and somewhat frightening at the same time. You have to give him credit though, he was trying to get a job. His methods are a little odd, but at least he's out there taking his best shot. Final thought...what if his story is TRUE? I mean really folks, we buy into some very weird stuff from C2C!</p> <p>If I put on my resume' that I'd been abducted by a UFO, or that I have OBE's, or even the famous "shadow people", what would be my chances of landing that CEO post at General Motors? (Bad example...based on everything Ive seen today...IT COULD HAPPEN!)</p> <p>Think I'll run for Congress... </p> <p>-----          QRZ</p> <p style="text-align: right;">IP: <a href="#">Logged</a></p>
<p><b>revRecluse</b> Swashbuckler</p> <p>Posts: 2224 From: The Frozen North Registered: Jan 2001</p>	<p> posted 28 July 2001 01:40 AM <a href="#">profile</a> <a href="#">mail</a> <a href="#">edit</a> <a href="#">quote</a></p> <hr/> <p>quote:</p> <hr/> <p><b>Originally posted by Gwen:</b>          Rev, I shouldn't have taken offense..this is, after all, the brig.</p> <p>I have seen that man whose resume was posted. He actually came into our small business about 7 years ago looking for work. I told him we were not hiring at the time, but if he wanted to submit an application, I would keep it on file for a year. He handed me [b]that very resume. I still have it somewhere around in storage. He seemed to be at least 60 then and was wearing a very, rumpled, too large suit that went out of style at least 20 years previous. He was obviously not in touch with reality. Imagine my surprise when I glanced at the resume he had handed me and realized that he lived within a mile of my home. Our business was in a large industrial complex near the airport, and he went all around the complex leaving</p>

resumes. I just never forgot his appearance and demeanor and when I saw the resume online I was quite taken aback.

Hope you are enjoying your visit..have you been to the west Edmonton mall yet? Saw a show on TLC about it a few weeks ago. Quite a place. Regards to you know who and to the "real" Monsterette...saw her on the website! 😊

[This message has been edited by Gwen (edited 27 July 2001).][B]

---

No prob 😊

Monsterette is every bit as beautiful, smart, funny, and wonderful as in her posts, and I'm a very lucky guy 😊

West Edmonton Mall is a trip and a half! It took us about 2 hours to get a thumbnail idea of the place, and that's without going into any stores! You could lose yourself in the place for an entire weekend and still not explored everything...

np: "Superman's Song"- Crash Test Dummies

IP: [Logged](#)

FairBecca  
Swashbuckler



posted 30 July 2001 11:51 AM



profile



mail



edit



quote

Posts: 2535  
From: over slept...I ain't sure....  
Registered: Jan 2001

Some.. news mates...  
"He"... is EVERYOVE of us....

Me.... neighbor....freinds....Brother...  
family....boss....  
etc...

"He"...is living with me...  
and right down the road!

"He" has a job...  
and is looking for work.

I don't worry for him...  
....he won't worry about me....

His anger is understandable...  
...his fear is contagious...  
but not his disease...  
try...if you will.  
He can't let it go....

I gave him a job...  
....he takes care of ME.

Becca

IP: [Logged](#)

Ninerism  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 1944  
From: Los Angeles, CA.,  
U.S.  
Registered: Oct 2000



posted 01 August 2001 12:08 PM



profile



edit



quote

Gwen: Though I have not gone to that website to read 'the resume', am certain you are addressing a most important reflection of the 'know nothing' Ray-gun years (y'know, Star Wars and all of that stuff, and where Ray-gun believed that a common alien enemy might help unify humanity -- UGH!). That's when those psychiatric hospitals unlocked their doors and booted-out lots of mentally ill to roam the streets as 'homeless people', too! How cruel can we get?

Oh, this could just as well have been a stupid liberal Demmy, but know, it was another Repubby calling the shots on how 'welfarism' was ruining the country -- though many mentally ill hardly got the gist of it.

Ray-gun is also the guy who brought us the really safe bumper-less cars, or the ones with plastic bumpers! ha ha ha And his wealthy friend, a noted car dealer, who was a beneficiary of my friend's father's personal loans to him, well, that was the Russian connection that no-one ever hears about that helped Ray-gun get into office. At least head-rests on car seats were thrown in a few years earlier, and that helped minimize the serious injuries occurring in cars without bumpers.

Ninerism

IP: [Logged](#)

Ninerism  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 1944  
From: Los Angeles, CA.,  
U.S.  
Registered: Oct 2000



posted 01 August 2001 12:12 PM



profile



edit



quote

Gwen: What an astonishing coincidence, for you to read that posting of resume so many years later, the one you originally had received! Talk about strangeness -- nothing is coincidence, eh?

I still have not read it.

Ninerism

IP: [Logged](#)

Ninerism  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 1944  
From: Los Angeles, CA.,  
U.S.  
Registered: Oct 2000



posted 01 August 2001 12:42 PM



profile



edit



quote

Readers: Oh, yeah, that's so hilarious, what a scream.....? Everything the guy was writing is pretty much true! But we want to think that a drunkard in public is the sicko one only, though apparently the entire thrust of his message, as garbled as it appears in its brevity and yet extensive as it is in enumerating many high-crimes and high-cabal intrigues, is one of trying to have people understand that the extent of corruptions within our government agencies is pervasive and covers all arenas. Just how is that supposed to be funny or entertaining of simply dismissed because it seems to be an incoherent rant of a public drunkard, though deals with many specific facts of myriad corruptions.

I fail to see the humor in any of this, but if this is supposed to be part of RIDICULE when a drunkard goes on a rational-rant, well then we are truly destined to eating ourselves up in our collective lust for power.

After all, only a drunkard in public would ever dare speak about these real political horrors, huh? I didnt take the time to analyze each

specific issue, though over-all the guy presents lots of disturbing factual and historical occurrences.

Isn't a government run of by and for criminals just a scream, a virtual riot?! Such a hoot.

Ninerism

IP: [Logged](#)

Ninerism  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 1944  
From: Los Angeles, CA.,  
U.S.  
Registered: Oct 2000



posted 01 August 2001 01:11 PM



[profile](#)



[edit](#)



[quote](#)

Readers: Am certain that some will find that "entertaining", maybe humorous, and though I know RevRecluse was not pointing fun at drunkards, I will say this, that a long-time friend, extremely well-read and highly-intelligent, perhaps near genius intellect, is a drunkard.

There is nothing funny about his life -- it is one of the most tragic stories I have ever seen, and not just because he has been such a long-time friend, either.

From early on, since high school, he began doing the social graces of drinking at parties, and found himself being quite witty and was the center of lots of attention for many years during his youth. He was very tall, handsome, winning smile, and very charming and oh so witty.

As his youth and star-like good looks began to wane, his popularity was still going strong at parties with his old drinking companions, several of whom are multi- millionaires. His drinking-buddy popularity was still going strong up until several years ago, until he began to really show severe signs of aging, and he began to smell like a common old drunk-bum wino you might not look twice at on the streets; and then his friends slowly vanished over the last years.

No-one can do anything for him, unfortunately. Yet oftentimes in reflecting back on his life, some wonder if some intervention could have saved him....?

It does not seem that that is the case. The guy was just too damned smart and witty for his own good, and somehow he became his own grave-digger over the many years, and mostly he was too fixated upon his own self. He really had no real time for anyone but himself.

Virtually every nice apartment he rented over decades, he simply trashed! Every wonderful newer luxury car he bought, he simply trashed! That is the nexus of his live, a cesspool of unclean living due to his drunkenness most of the time. He only sported the veneer of respectability, and was well-dressed and could attend many social functions and be accepted (prior to his extreme physical dissipations), though his home-life was a wreck.

He moved back to his old town where he grew up several years ago, and found himself quite popular with some old drinking-buddies who were his former high-school friends, though they began to see how far gone he was, and they mostly escaped him when he came around their luxury home.

So, he gravitated to more bar scenes, the down and out places, and found "friends" galore to bolster his very fragile ego. At those bars for derelicts and criminal types, he became more enmeshed in their own

sordid lives, and found himself spending far too much on the bar tabs each night.

He didnot quite sense how tragic were those lives of the criminal elements, until they began to target his own stuff, and that is when he decided to move elsewhere, fast!

Fast forward several years down the road, he has lost nearly everything, a very sizeable fortune he had inherited, all was blown away on the "fast living" or decadent life-styles found in those dives for drunkards. Nearly everything he has owned has been recently bartered or sold for a dime. His watch, his cameras, his radio, his computer, all are gone now.

He attempted suicide a few months ago. I told him that his gun having mis-fired was a spiritual sign for him, and he scoffed at the idea, perhaps finding that idea to over-whelming to think that he was worthy of God's "divine" graces? It is a question I ask, since he cannot even seem to see how his life was spared when the gun misfired, failed to ignite the bullet that would pierce his brain and give him relief from his tragic travails and sorrows, most of which he had created all by himself, sorry to say, too.

He sees no hope, of course. The gun misfired, and he does not even see that as a good thing. The gun had never misfired before -- it was loaded, the lock was off, but it didnot fire when he aimed it at his head and pulled the trigger. He thinks that his being "saved" was just another fluke of life, nothing mysterious, nothing even to consider as validation of his worthiness.

Such depressions are over-whelming, as others have told us elsewhere, and such over-whelming depressions even do assault the drunkards we might meet.

I feel sad just thinking about this.  
Ninerism

IP: Logged

FairBecca  
Swashbuckler



posted 01 August 2001 05:35 PM



profile



mail



edit



quote

Posts: 2535  
From: over slept...I ain't  
sure....  
Registered: Jan 2001

Niner...  
Yes...Gal!  
That's my "point"...as well.  
I've no farther than my kitchen  
table...to look.

And folks wonder "why I trust  
spirit" rather than the locals!?

WE ARE ALL WELCOME HERE!  
Thank you FahvahKarol.....

It's a shabby shack outside.

Think this Pirate....  
will bung up  
indoors....for awhile.  
In the "meantime"...  
I'll keep the light on for....YA!

-----

FairBecca...  
Love and Warmth  
to you!!

IP: [Logged](#)

FairBecca  
Swashbuckler



posted 01 August 2001 05:41 PM



[profile](#)



[mail](#)



[edit](#)



[quote](#)

Posts: 2535  
From: over slept...I ain't  
sure....  
Registered: Jan 2001

Post Script...  
Alcohol....and gun powder...  
DO NOT MIX !!

For any reason!

Karma my ASS!!

If a soal will be lost...  
it's not to blame the Taker...

only weeping one...

this is all I'm willing to say...  
about this issue.

IP: [Logged](#)

FairBecca  
Swashbuckler



posted 01 August 2001 05:48 PM



[profile](#)



[mail](#)



[edit](#)



[quote](#)

Posts: 2535  
From: over slept...I ain't  
sure....  
Registered: Jan 2001

And another stinkin' thing...  
while I'm here..  
while,  
embracing someone...or ourselves..  
for the love of the day...

when should WE ...  
be responsable?

Isn't our soal....connected...  
to anothers....  
and anothers...  
and anothers...  
and anothers..  
and anothers.....?????  
What?

IP: [Logged](#)

Ninerism  
Swashbuckler

Posts: 1944  
From: Los Angeles, CA.,  
U.S.  
Registered: Oct 2000



posted 04 August 2001 12:06 AM



profile



edit



quote

FairBecca: To this day, no-one in the family of my friend has any inkling of why he sought the road to self-destruction, and why that became for him such a neat thing to do.

He had been brought up in a very loving home environment, had the best of things, schools, education, many golden opportunities, and had some of the most highly-intelligent people on this planet as his own personal friend for many many many years.

Oh, I will say this much, in the latter years, when he would discuss his problems, he would say that his mother was a large part of his problem. I donot know that much to say otherwise, though I know that she was highly-educated, college grad, and had high hopes for all their children. She was disciplined, and expected the same from her children. She also was somewhat devout Christian, and early-on the boy who would become the drunkard, had challenged his parents vociferously about his attending church.

He had early-on formulated the opinion that most of church-ism was too fraught with dogmatisms, and such holy-nonsense, and that much I certainly can appreciate.

Obviously there had to be much more going on in his tormented psyche in later years, for him to have become so bitter about life -- and as I said, he caused nearly all of his most vexing problems/issues due to the way he chose to live.

In his later years mostly alone, with his girlfriend, a Jewish princess long gone for greener hills in Africa and to leave his stinking messes, he thought his own life had become plagued due his girlfriend's own political dissident activities in Oakland and San Francisco, California. She was a brilliant person, anti-war in Vietnam, supporter of race equality issues (which at that time was very dangerous think-tank stuff, even perceived as anti-government, as if one were an anarchist because of support for race-equality issues), and of course, the FBI et al were busy keeping surveillance upon all (of us?!), because the truth must be twisted -- that is how things work here, too.

In his own disillusionments with life, and his growing alcoholic dysfunctions, he became paranoid that the FBI et al were twenty-some years later still spying on his activities. Much of that he fed to himself, making himself feel a bit important when nothing was left to bolster his waning ego. He had been employed at the missile-men silos or something, knew where they were all located while in college, but that didnot explain his growing paranoid delusions, and why he became so vexed about life in general.

He had gone to three separate therapy groups/ to cleanse himself of alcoholic disabilities, though he resented most of the focus upon the youthful drug-culture. He had been mixed-in with the drug-dependencies groups several times, and he thought that alcoholics had different sets of problems, and of course, he felt that drug addicts were beneath his dignity to become involved in the rap-sessions.

At every turn, he did his utmost to undermine any good that therapies may have provided him. He had ample opportunities to make good changes -- but he never sought to change himself! He was still then in

much denial about his worsening alcoholism -- though I think if it had not been alcohol, something else might have served as crutch to get him pie-eyed or stoned into oblivion.

Now that is a sad legacy that does occur with some people, like it or not. Not that they cannot improve their lives, but that they refuse to do anything to change themselves. It is a stubborn wilfulness, and a very ugly streak of being defiant to the end.

Maybe his own name made him that way? Oh, I dunno, but maybe names do influence people, too....? Maybe it was the stars that did it? Was it in his charts? Was it the number of his name?

I will say this, many alcoholics at least donot let themselves and their homes become a total mess. At least they retain some semblance of self-pride, self-worth. And other drunkards, they are on the skids, and they smirk about it, and they have little constant self-deprecating ways to make others feel a bit uncomfortable with their own messes they have made, but still they do nothing, absolutely nothing to change themselves.

Likely, he seems destined to die a very bitter man. He had more golden opportunities than tens of millions out there struggling. His family has just resigned themselves to let him be, do what he wilt, and he will wilt as he has wilted during the past three decades, with all his lustre and bloom dead on the vine long ago, and his good-head mostly gone with boozing imbecilities and numerous psycholoigcal and physical dysfunctionalities, all of his own doing over the more than thirty years of hard-boozing. A demon he could not shake, and felt it more terrifying to be rid of, now thinking that demon-alcohol his best friend in the world, truly fearing to change himself in these last several years, though still quick to blame his problems on his mother if anyone cared to ask him, anymore.

Even when he was offered expensive supplements, brain supplements, to help him turn himself around, he just would revert back to this old ways of drinking and stinkery. Years of loving prayers have not penetrated his consciousness, either. Can we blame God for that, too?

Ninerism

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