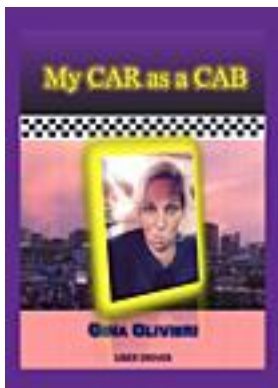


My CAR as a CAB



GINA OLIVIERI

UBER DRIVER



A first-hand look into Uber passengers' lives as to what happens inside closed doors. The author has driven for Uber for 2 years and has compiled the top comedic-most shocking stories in Part I and includes "How To Become an Uber Driver" in Part II along with advice on how to be successful and make good money.

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by

Gina Olivieri

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Gina Olivieri

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Published in the United States by
A Quick Laugh Publishing, LLC
ISBN 978-0-9980881-1-2

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I would like to thank all the passengers who have unwittingly contributed to this book and Uber for making it all possible.....

-Gina

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PART I

MY FIRST RIDE

The first ride is always the most memorable. Mine was no exception. After turning in paperwork for my updated insurance, registration, driver's license, and verification that I was not a serial killer, my cab company was ready to release me into the wild.

I can remember hearing stories from other drivers about all the busy spots and tricks to catch the best rides. I figured that the airport would be my cash cow. One driver told me that he actually brings his bicycle with him so that he can park his car in the airport garage and ride through the airport just to get a ride request.

The driver who is the closest to the rider gets requested. Location is everything. Not ready to go "all in," but ready to start my first ride, I pressed the **Go Online** button on my iPhone's Uber app and thought to myself

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“Is this really it?!! I’m going to pick up my first ride!” I pulled my SUV into a parking lot right down the street from the airport, thinking it should be close enough to get a ride request.

An hour later, no requests had come in. I checked my app to make sure that it was working. My Wi-Fi signal was on. Hmm...Still no requests. How odd. I waited....another hour.....By this time, it was starting to get hot out. I turned the engine on so I could cool off. Then, I thought, since my car is running, I’m going to move. I drove back home feeling bummed out, thinking maybe the guy who rode his bike through the airport was smarter than I.

I flopped on the couch and stared at my app thinking “Do I really need to go to these extremes just to get a ride?” ...Then I started to doze off in disbelief....And out of nowhere I heard a loud “Beep...Beep....Beep” coming from my phone. It was a ride request! Finally! Ironically, the request was from the airport. It was a 17- minute drive from the house, so I used more fuel then I had intended, but sucked it up to get experience.

The location on my app stated “Door 4,” so I pulled in and waited for someone to make a noticeable appearance. Several people were wandering around with cell phones, but none were looking in my direction. I checked the app again. Sure enough, Door 4. So, I texted the passenger to let him know I had arrived. Ten minutes later, an airport cop knocked on my window.

“Roll down your window,” he said in a demanding tone.

“Yes?”

“Are you here to pick someone up?”

“Yes, I am a cab driver.”

“Well then you need to get the hell out of the way. There are people waiting behind you.”

Common sense told me to listen to the officer. I started to pull away, and then my eye caught a man running wildly towards my car.

Out of breath, he said “Uber?!!?”

Relieved, I said, “Please hurry. There are people behind me.”

The cop’s face turned red and he started getting louder. “Young lady, do you

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know how to listen?!! I said to move!!! NOW GO!!!”

I dashed to the side of the car to let my passenger in, and apologized as I drove into the humid airport haze, threats trailing behind me.

Dodging further embarrassment, I turned back to introduce myself. The police officer’s tantrum hadn’t seemed to faze my passenger. He had a head full of grease and a shiny chain worn proudly around his neck. He was dressed younger than his real age. He didn’t have any bags, which I found odd. My mind wandered. How did he brush his teeth? Did he change his underwear? ... Was he wearing any underwear?...

My app showed a location for a sushi restaurant, so after affirming its location, he asked me if I liked seafood. I responded in the negative, mainly because I was imagining the putrid smell of his genitals from not showering. A similar odor could have been festering in the foot area.

Next, he started to talk about how he was married and even showed me his ring. I

had never felt sorry for a stranger until that moment.... His poor wife. Did she know that the man with no bags was thinking with his bag?

About fifteen minutes later, he asked me if I would like to join him for sushi, and I reminded him I didn't eat seafood. Not liking my answer, he changed from sexual to creepy.

"How much would you charge me if I asked you to drive me for an hour out into the countryside?"

Quickly I sneered, "How much would you charge your wife?" ... (Or is she chopped up somewhere inside a sushi roll?)

As the ride was coming to an end, and I dropped off the bag-less man from the airport, I didn't get tipped, and didn't want anything he had to offer. I felt as though I had survived a brief encounter with a Jeffrey Dahmer/Ted Bundy copycat killer.

After letting go of the graphic images of cornfields and mangled body parts in sushi rolls, my first cab ride was finally over. Little did I know that every ride after that would be just as disturbing and/or uncomfortable

ELITE DRUNKS

A group of excited rich people were on their way to a wedding party somewhere in the middle of a cornfield. The gentleman who was the most wasted decided to sit in the front seat. I always seem to be a magnet for drunks. Don't know why. Whenever a group enters the car, I always get to sit so close I could get drunk myself. This guy who probably had manners didn't seem to today.

Mr. Intoxicated tells me he's pretty sure that he's been riddled with a bad case of old-fashioned diarrhea. Well we were in the middle of the countryside, so I knew there were no restrooms in sight.

He looked at me like a lost deer and said, "May I roll down the window?"

I said "For what?"

He said, "I need to shit...Now!"

I said, "The window is staying up, but if you'd like to shit in your friend's mouth, that appears to be open.....in complete shock."

The wedding crew loved my comment, and the drunk guy with the red face took it as his cue to continue talking about his poop problems. He took us through his entire history of tragedies that involved his sore asshole. Finally, he convinced me to pull over. After he dropped off his load, a classy shit stain appeared right through his stark white tux.

Before he could make his way back to the car, I hit the Glade can. His look of relief was matched with a look of horror from me. I told him he had to fold up his jacket and sit on it. I didn't care if it was wrinkled. My seats were not going to be his victims.

All I kept thinking was "Why does this ride have to be so far out in the middle of nowhere?" The smell was outrageous and he kept getting louder with every word. In an attempt to shut him up, I turned the music all the way up. That seemed to be a winner for all. The whole crew joined together in an attempt to rap to some old school tunes that no one knew the words to.

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Just when I thought we were getting closer, my phone's signal was lost. This meant that my app would record that I had dropped them off at this point. Consequently, I would not get paid for the rest of the ride. . .

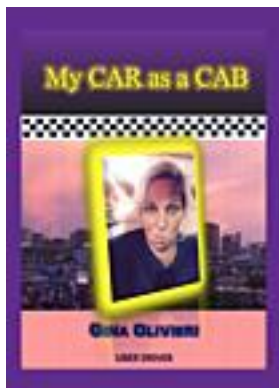
Now the guessing began. We drove back and forth, up and down gravel hills and all over. Nobody seemed to agree on the wedding party whereabouts. I was starting to wonder at this point if there really was a party. Maybe we would end up at a barn dance with everyone dressed like Dumb and Dumber characters. Maybe they had gotten so drunk that this was all a fantasy.

Finally, we all decided to head up a very steep hill. I agreed to go along with the plan, because maybe I could get lucky and we would all fall off a cliff together. The sweat beads and shit scents were killing me.

About a mile up the road, a hotel van almost hit me head on. Apparently, it was in a hurry to drop off drunks too. As we steadily reached the top of the hill and the end of the ride, I witnessed a beautiful castle. How

appropriate, I thought. Now the diarrhea king can finally sit on his much needed throne.

The lost signal had caused me to possibly have driven ten extra “unpaid” miles, but I wasn’t too upset about the potential loss of income. Hey, I got to go home with seats free of shit stains. It had been a good night after all.



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