



My Letter To Me, The Associate Editor

by Nick Holle

FLYMF June 2004, The Miscarriage Issue, Volume 1 Issue 4

May 31, 2004
12:01 am PST

Dearest Associate Editor,

A few minutes ago I was informed that this month's "My Letter To Me" was being demoted from the story in the upper left corner of the home page to the one on the bottom left.

"It's nothing personal," Zimmer said before turning to one of our interns and saying, "Miller High Life is the champagne of beers."

"It's all right," Seidler said. "The 'My Letter To Me[s]' suck anyway. Whose idea was it do them?"

"Mine," I said.

"Oh, um, sorry."

So instead of being on top where I belong, I must relinquish my spot to *FLYMF*'s First Movie, a short motion picture, shot and edited by Zimmer, which conveniently portrays me as difficult and unfunny.

And while the picture is wonderful at showing everything that goes on here out of context, it doesn't seem to take into account that my "My Letter To Me" has gotten far more hits than either of theirs have.

In fact, if I had an egg for every hit more my stories have gotten than theirs, I'd have a whole goddamn truckload full of eggs. And I'd throw them at their cars and their apartments and their girlfriends. And I'd smear them on their door handles and slip them into their backpacks. I'd Fed-Ex them to their parents and siblings and grandparents too. And if their grandparents are no longer among the living, their gravestones would get it good.

And you know what? I'd even beat a few of the eggs and add some sautéed mushrooms, peppers, and a little spinach because I fucking love a good veggie omelet.

But I don't have a truckload of eggs. And that's okay. I don't need them. Because I've got offers. I do. There are a dozen publications out there that I could be hilarious for. I mean, I used to write the newsletter for the National Hospice and Palliative Care Organization.

I don't need this crap. If these Johnny I-Think-I'm-Funnies don't start giving me the respect I deserve for carrying this magazine, I'm out of here. And, in the immortal words of Rick Vaughn in *Major League*, "I'm going to catch on somewhere else, and I every time I pitch against you, I'm going to stick it up your fucking ass!"

Enjoy the issue.

Yours,

Nick Holle
Associate Editor
FLYMF