



My Letter To Me, The Assistant Best Boy

by Michael Zimmer

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Dear Assistant Best Boy:

All I can say is - What the fuck?

I get into work this morning right around 5 AM, as usual. (5 AM is a good time to get work done in the *FLYMF* offices – before the rush, before the commotion, before James Seidler comes galloping through with his tighty-whities on his head, yelling “I need an enema! I need a douche!” - which might be funnier if he hadn’t just learned those words picking up his illegitimate son from elementary school.)

Anyway, I get into work, turn on all the lights, get the coffee machine percolating, and, as usual, I check my inter-departmental mailbox.

And what do I find? A memo, on official *FLYMF* stationery, saying that I’d been DEMOTED! Me, the Co-Editor-In-Chief – relegated by arbitrary fiat to “Assistant Best Boy”!

What a crock of partially digested ASS!

That’s right, you goddamned bastards – and I’m not talking just to James’s illegitimate son here - I’m **PISSED!** I’m **ANGRY!** I’m going to end every sentence in **CAPS!** And if the responsible parties for this travesty don’t watch their backs, I’ll give em some **CAPS!** Right in their miserable **ASSES!**

POP! POP! POP!

The note wasn’t signed, of course – because the gutless fucks I’ve been slaving away my miserable life for don’t have a single gut between them. I mean, as of Friday, Nick Holle didn’t even have a working Achilles Tendon in his left leg. And he’s qualified to make personnel decisions? I don’t think so, cheese dicks.

Do Nick and James really think I won’t know who’s behind this? I mean, yeah, the slinking in the shadows shouldn’t surprise me. It fits their profile. Nick and James won’t ever take public responsibility for their actions – it’s like all that art they just stole from Norway. Sure, the *FLYMF* men’s room is better decorated, but still...

Folks, don’t think for a minute that this **PUTSCH** will stand. I have some of the finest legal minds in the phone book examining the *FLYMF* Charter and our Articles of Confederation.

If there’s any way for me to regain my God-given title of Co-Editor-In-Chief, then I’ll pursue it. In the meantime, enjoy this issue. Despite the Machiavellian machinations operating under the surface, it kicks the proverbial ass.

Sincerely,

Michael Zimmer
Assistant Best Boy
FLYMF