



# My Letter To Me, The Year 2005 A.D. by The Year 2005 A.D.

FLYMF January 2005, The New Year, Same Old Bullshit Issue, Volume 2 Issue 1

12:01 a.m., January 1, 2005

Dear 2005,

It's been a while since I've written, mostly because before a minute ago, I never really existed. But I wanted to get a couple of things out of the way while they're on the brain, and then you can get back to celebrating yourself and fondling that stewardess.

You've got a big year ahead of you, 2005. Your year. And with it comes a great responsibility.

The first thing you must prepare yourself for is that a lot of people are going to resolve to do things in your name. You're just getting started, so they think this is a good time to try to reinvent their lives. This will include anything from losing weight to repressing their pedophilia, from being kinder to their neighbors to killing fewer Iraqi civilians. It's important to realize that you shouldn't bother stressing over any of these because the resolutions will be forgotten by Valentine's Day, and people will return to their selfish, ignorant selves.

Which means they're going to have weddings and babies and celebrate anniversaries and graduations this year. And they're all going to remember that it happens in 2005. I know. You don't want to anything to do with that crap. That's why it's best to try disrupt them as much as possible. Get in cahoots with the weather. Tornado some weddings. Fires are great amidst a crowd of college grads. And, oh, talk with the SIDS Fairy and see if you can't knock off a couple of newborns. That's a surefire way to dissociate yourself from those wretched twinklings of banal minutia. You have a legacy to build, mister, and only 365 days to do it, and celebrating a golden jubilee is right up there with masturbating with tree bark.

Unfortunately part of taking on a legacy is accepting the role that history plays in your existence. You can't take something that happened last year and claim it as your own. If the Red Sox win The World Series in 2005, for instance, they will not finally win it. They will win it again. If hundreds of thousands of people die from a tsunami in Asia, Americans will shrug, dismiss the destruction and suffering, and say, "What else is new. That happened last year." And if George Bush runs for re-election again, don't be surprised. He's a flighty one.

That's why you must encourage the new and undiscovered. A major invention. A landmark document signing. A blow job to end all blow jobs. Only then will you form your true identity.

Of course, it's imperative that you hope that tons of terrible things happen this year. Like in 2001, for example. Or 1941. Those years each had a major bad thing happen in them. So if you can get two major bad things to happen, you'd probably have a leg up on them. But make sure that whatever bad shit happens that it's done by the end of the year. Otherwise, you'll get lopped in with a bunch of years that surround you, like the sixties.

I suppose I could sit here and lecture you until the middle of March, but I know you'll learn as you go along. Just watch out for those jumps in the space-time continuum. They don't like that shit upstairs, by the way. And make sure you forget most of what happens and exaggerate and overblow the rest of it. Other than that, I think you'll be just fine.

Stand tall. Pucker up. Have some schnapps.

Sincerely,

The Year 2005 A.D.