



A *FLYMF* Farewell Letter

by Andrew Dombrowski

FLYMF June 2007, The Final Issue, Volume 4 Issue 6

Dear *FLYMF*,

When I first heard that you were being put out to stud, I was sad, knowing that my checks for \$6.73 with their accompanying letter instructing me to tell the IRS about the \$6.73 would no longer be coming in the mail.

And then I got angry, really angry. I swear to God if this is one of those retirements where one year from now you come out of retirement to play for the team in your home town, man that would piss me off. I hate it when humor magazines do that. Saying they are looking forward to spending more time with their kids and pursuing other types of creative work, and then not even two years down the line, they're back writing funny stuff like nothing happened.

Don't pull that tired act, *FLYMF*; you're too good for that. Your kids deserve a dad that can stay true to his word. Unlike that fat Yankee.

I think now, though, I've come to grips with the fast approaching end of *FLYMF*. You're leaving at the top of your game. Well maybe not the top, but you're not too far removed from it. Actually, I don't know if you actually ever had a top of your game, but you definitely had your moments. Like that one hilarious piece written about church-going ninjas or that one cartoon with the guy washing his balls in a sink. Man that was great. I didn't even know I could draw someone washing his balls in a sink.

FLYMF, you never sold out. Never bowed down before the almighty dollar. Never answered to some suit for money. That takes balls in today's world.

Now I know that if you'd had the chance to sell out, you would have done so faster than it takes to draw Furt and Sampter. And I respect that. You never sold out, but you would have if given the chance. That's how I run my life; I'll sell out as soon as someone gives me a chance.

So *FLYMF*, I wish you the best in all of your future endeavors. I hope that albino romance novel you're working on is a big success. I really think that's an overlooked market just oozing with red-eyed potential. And who knows, maybe in five or ten years someone will offer you millions of dollars for the rights to all of the content on this site. At which point you will be hearing from my lawyer.

All the best,

Andrew Dombrowski