THE IF A DEDICATED MIDDLE MANAGER WHO GOT TURNED IN

It wasn't all bad. It was all I ever had. All the downsizers above me would try to tell me what to do. I'd try to tell the synergics below me what to do. That's all I ever had to do. I never had to screw. I never had to screw a screw. I never had to seat forward Jap nor Jew. I'd sit in a chair and stare at the air. I'd get along very nicely with everyone. I out shine no one. I got good earnings and took few market share hits and every once in a while could afford to be mean and hurt some dip shits. I mean I'm not a bleeding heart non-equity return like some. It's easy, you say? You try to sit in a chair and stair at the air for enough hours each day to make low level executive pay. I'd say, Core competency, Can I get back to you on that? and, We don't have the resources for that, and, Let me look into that. I didn't come in over budget. I begrudged it. Everything I did cost justified. Yes. I lied.

4.Don't lose veneer. After a 14 hour blue ball Monday came

Because I never bought any 3.Don't ever volunteer. the magnificent Lo performance

TO A BUICK ROADMASTER COULD TALK GATE

event of God forecasted thrill divested grace of fillerup digital thrall. Huge magnificent leaps of cost effective spreadsheet faith rolled the old career ball

! into an extensive cry of, Let's team assemble it, Let's flush it down the toilet and see if it pollutes, psychorobotic arms clapped my arms. They welded them shut into deep clunk steel door. My eyes flashed with a wide splash into windshield glass. The megaphase ergonomical financial industrial odds are sweet. My heart got fused into pure vinyl morocco leather seat. Sit on it. It won't loose a beat. My shoulders were fendered. My knees hubbed. My gut gas-tanked. My lungs double air bagged. My spirit is become a straight Northstar V8. Kick my tires! Slam my trunk! Holy Flint! Saint Belle Isle! My soul was filled with new car smell! I took a hard look at my line as soon as I got the time to square my shoulders to my carreerpath line! It's not over 'til it's over! What a blast! I made it! At last! The fat lady sings! The magnificent bottom line! I'm fully committed! The promotion divine! Touchdown! Sure they all come O won't you pasture blaster! I'm a Buick Roadmaster! and they go! But! I made it! Suck my Come w/me Lucille

On bang for buck gross points