

Consolidated Systems, Inc.

Consolidating for a Better Tomorrow

CONSOLIDATING FOR A BETTER TOMORROW

July 30, 1998

To: All Middle-Managers and Associates
Re: A Message from the Chairman of the Bored

Dear Faithful Employees,

It has come to my attention that a great number of you are dissatisfied with your wages and displeased with your job requirements. I fully understand your opinions on these matters and would like to address them.

First, what the hell are you complaining about? In Thailand, children are forced to work 17 hours days at knuckle-bleeding work for \$1.29 a week in wages. All for the sake of making tennis shoes for your fat, spoiled children. And what does your job entail? Little more than showing up on time, shuffling paper, and speaking to others on the phone in a respectful manner. Oh yes, and operating those horribly complex machines, the facsimile and photocopier. I'm sure those Thai children feel really sorry for you.

Second, what is all this crap about finding your job 'unsatisfying'? As if any of you had a soul, you one-dimensional buffoons! If you want a spiritual job, go feed the poor in Calcutta or become a goddamn priest. Our job here is to make money. And anybody with a brain in their head knows that making money ain't much fun. Spending money is. And you people get more than enough for that. I don't recall seeing any of you without shoes. And if memory serves, everyone here has at least one car and can afford to piss away their cash on overpriced crap like Te-Amo cigars, Bud Light, and trips to Disney World. Hell- and just look at how goddamn fat you people are! Poor people are people who can't eat, and those people are skinny. Which you aren't.

This brings me to another fashionable gripe- the 40-50 hour work week. Jesus Christ, people, what do you expect? It's not like you are asked to live here. You have your evenings free, free to skip through the petunias or go stick your nose in some silly poetry book. And you have weekends, when you can go play golf, take a walk in the woods, or screw your wife or anything else you damn well please, for that matter. Then there's your vacation time. How many of your parents had 2 weeks worth of vacation time each year and enough money to fly to the Bahamas or rent a Winnebago and drive all over God's Green Earth, looking at innane things like, "The World's Largest Ball of String"??

In closing, thank you for your time and attention. Now get back to work or you'll be out on your ass.

Sincerely,

Harold Fist
Chairman of the Bored

