

**I am very** adept at placing meat on sandwiches in an efficient manner. I'm also talented in putting other items on sandwiches. Take for example, cheese. I can place cheese slices below or above the meat. Not to mention, and I don't want to brag, but condiments, various vegetables, including the tricky tomato and wily black olives. If a customer wants, says, green peppers, mustard, roast beef, cheddar, and sadly, catsup, I will not try to talk them out of it. In fact, I will take comfort in the fact that I have a more sophisticated sandwich palate. I can also put the above ingredients on various types of bread, even honey roasted wheat. The truth is, name an object, and *I* can put it on a sandwich. Rabbit glue paste, cherry Chapstick, lion mane, organic influenza, mosquitoes fossilized in amber, title pages from unpublished novels, and even low levels of self-respect. But I will not, I will never put any pig products on a sandwich. This is not a religious thing, but the pig is my power animal. It has saved my life more times than I can count. I'm sure you can understand. I once made a sandwich wrapped in moonlight, which I know is just the watered down sun, but has more of a cucumber taste. All you have to do is take damp bread to your roof, lay it on a plate, and pray to be forgiven for needing food to survive. Cause let's face it, consumption of anything is disgusting, and it's even more disgusting to try and sell it.

**Upon carefully consideration** of your application---

ah fuck it, you didn't get the job. In fact, there is not job, we just wanted to collect your information, which we have already used to order bomb making material online and take out various credit cards in your name. We have also hijacked your email account and are currently sending (we changed your password and security question btw) anyone you've ever mailed fake virus links for boner pills. Not to mention a plea, to your grandmother and niece---*I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important, but please, send money, and to this address. And don't try and contact me. I fucked up, and you can solve it. It will never happen again.* Oh Christ, you fucked up thinking we wanted you for a job. And don't even try your phone. We cancelled it. It's what you get applying for a job too good to be true. There's no such thing as good or true, especially together. And by the way, your computer now has AIDS. And on Facebook, we changed your status to dead and posted a picture of our dicks. Though in the future, we hope you'll reapply. We were quite impressed with your stupidity, and have no doubt you'll find a way to work for a living.

**IF you want** the job, first, you'll have to take and pass our company exam. Don't worry, it isn't difficult. Almost anyone can pass it. It won't take long. You can only miss one. 1. Are you married? 2. Are you mostly white? 3. Where are you from? 4. Do you smoke? 5. What is your IQ? Guess. 6. Religious affiliation (are you Jewish for example)? 7. What is the meaning of life? 8. Have you ever received a scholarship? 9. Have you had unprotected sex with another man? 10. Are you a man? 11. What did your parents do for a living? 12. Public or private? 13. Filed a lawsuit? 14. Participated in a protest? 15. Missed work for an illness? 16. Because of a problem with a child? 17. Children? 18. Have you ever made your own clothing? 19. What kind of car do you own? 20. How many? 21. Rent or own a home? 22. How many? 23. Where? 24. How much do you tip? Why that amount? Would you tip less or more if your income was higher? Do you consider yourself powerful? How many people have you raped? Ever pay a bum to spit on the ground then lick it up? How many? Would you rather hire a hot woman or two extremely intelligent border collies? Do you have, or ever had, a street name? How many fire arms do you legally own? What is the public mission statement for this company? What do you think the private one is? Ever kill someone on purpose? Are you among friends? What rules can we bend? Jump when I say jump? Ever been a patsy? Do you sleep? Have you ever cried for someone else? Let me tally up your score here while you have a coffee. Oh dear. Oh dear indeed. You are *not* fit to be a part of this company.

**I attended Mumbleville** Elementary School, where I focused my studies on desk doodling with an emphasis on pencil chewing. *Everyone look at this*, Mrs. Smith announced, *apparently he thinks he's a beaver*, which of course is how I got my nickname, which of course, is just my name when I go home. *Hey! It's Beaver, still like sucking on hard wood you fucking faggot?* I also attended Mumbleville Junior High, where I must have graduated top of my class in masturbation and shame. I minored in awkward and macaroni and cheese. I ate it most every night watching TV while my mother was working. It was a lovely time to be alive, windows open, channel surfing, jerking off to Late Night Bikini Car Wash. Now, at Mumbleville High, home of the Fighting Bullies, I graduated with honors in dime bag ditch weed and double minors in *please don't look at me*, and *what? Me? But I wasn't doing anything*. I don't know why, but it was like the police had a tracer on me. You go to the park at 3 a.m. with a bong and a six pack, start singing Violent Femmes songs as loud as you can to the trees, and what do you know, there are the police, asking for ID, patting you down, and making you pour out the last beer. Or you're simply parked in an old girlfriend's family garage with the car running, listening to "Bat Out of Hell" and before you decide to go to sleep, or course, there are the police. Such events did not make attending college easy. But it was at Mumbleville State where I really found my calling. I buckled down; I studied computer science, world history, and the theatrical arts. I made the dean's list, then I just kind of left. I left my dorm room, with its books and boxes of stuff, left my clothes, family and friends. I took my oboe (I play the oboe by the way) and my student loan money, and I got on the first bus east. It wasn't long before my money ran

out, and being very poor is an education in itself. An education that doesn't teach you anything. By the time I moved back, I had flunked out of Mumbleville State. All my friends had moved on--- *hey Beaver!* I heard, heading into your office today. *Hey*, I said, waving to someone I didn't recognize. It's amazing really, I mean, I don't even recognize me.

**In regards to** the letter of recommendation written for me by Bigfoot, who I met by a motel dumpster in the Sierra Mountains, I ask that you forgo judgment on his lettering abilities, as he has received no formal schooling, though his life experience should prove most valuable and insightful concerning my prospects for employment at\_\_\_\_\_. We became quick friends. It was because I didn't run away or try to attack him. Though I must say, it was tense for a bit. Me scared, him scared, holding a pizza box he was scraping the old cheese from. I didn't try to take his photo. I didn't try to collect samples of his hair, or take molds of his feet. I offered him, carefully, a cigarette, which he, carefully, took. I lit a match and showed him how to smoke. It is funny looking at Bigfoot, with his extra jointed fingers, smoking a cigarette. He got loopy, he liked it. I gave him the pack and the matches. He gave me the box with the old cheese. He slept in my room that night. He told me he wants the world to know about him, but also wants to be left alone. I said the same thing. So please do not try and contact him. But if you must, if you must, do the call of a Rough Legged Buzzard, but a pitch higher, a mile north of the dumpster. Smoke a cigarette and wait. If he doesn't show up in an hour or two, maybe three, it's because he doesn't trust you. Did you bring your camera? That was a dumb thing to do. He can smell everything.