

WANTED: SOME DICKWAD

Not all of you may be aware – though **ONE** of you certainly is – that our fine hotel is in the midst of a **CRIME SPREE**. Over the past three weeks, the following have disappeared from the staff room fridge:

1. six cans of Cherry Coke
2. one bag of nut-free bite-sized brownies
3. one box of microwave bacon

These things were, and remain, **MINE**. Whoever took them is a **DIRTY, DIRTY THIEF** with the obligation to **RETURN MY FOOD** as quickly as possible. Food that had been consumed or has gone off must be **REPLACED** with attention to its original brand, size and variety.

The fact that my food was in a shared fridge and was not labeled with my name should not have confused you. Do not ask yourself, “Whose food is this?” Ask instead, “It is mine? Did I buy it and bring it here?” If the answer is **NO**, then it **DOES NOT MATTER** whose food it is. It is not yours and that is all that need concern you.

If my food is returned within 48 hours, nothing more will come of this. If not, I will hunt you down and neuter you like the dog you are.

I will find you eventually. The longer it takes, the hungrier I will become and the more gruesome your fate will be. You will wish you had never heard of sweet cherry cola goodness. You will weep.

In the service of peace, order and good government, I remain,

Bryan, your local night auditor