

Dearest EB,

Since I haven't been paid in nearly 3 weeks, I herewith submit my resignation.

I'm sorry I have to do this, but my supply of Pop Tarts has run out, and I'm on the last jar of peanut butter. Once the peanut butter is gone, I have a half of a box of animal crackers left - then that's it. I'll either have to starve to death or stand on a street corner, holding a sign that says:

I WILL WRITE FOR FOOD

Now, I'm sure there's something grammatically wrong with that and English teachers will drive by me and shout obscenities at me - or throw things at me. I don't care. I have to eat and I can't work for you anymore EB. I am spending seventy to eighty hours a week working for you and you won't pay me. I can't do much else, so I'm going to write for food. I'll probably starve, but maybe someone will need a "Dear John" letter, a dating site profile, a love letter, or an obituary written, and I can make ten bucks a day; it's better than what you're paying me - anything is better than nothing.

I wish you well with your business. I'm sorry I can no longer afford to work for nothing. I'm down to 97 pounds now, and I have to wear a bed sheet since all of my other clothes fall off of me. You've led me down the primrose path once too often EB; I'm sorry but I cannot let you take advantage of me anymore.

Please accept my resignation effective immediately. Now excuse me, I have to go have my daily meal: two tablespoons of peanut butter and one saltine cracker.

Your friend and former employee,

*Thundercloud*