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Rallying the Troops

I put my aviators on remembering a fateful birthday morning when, after snoozing my alarm clock for the third time in a row, playing hooky seemed as reasonable as getting up and going to work. Considering the myriad hours I had obediently prostituted to corporate America for a few negligible dollars—which were usually squandered on disposable, overpriced, and superfluous materialism—it occurred to me, in the span of a forgettable career made up of successive dead-end jobs, that missing a day at the office would be absolutely inconsequential compared to the ballistic adventures I knew were possible if left to my own device.

Careful not to disturb the cobwebs of sleep hanging parched and raspy in the gully of my throat, I reached for the phone on my nightstand. With one eye cracked barely enough to make out the number pad through dream crusted lashes, I dialed the office. At the end of my boss's recorded message, I croaked out something along the lines of coming down with extreme nausea and flu-like symptoms. Intermittent sniffles and a phlegmy cough were added for realism. Having liberated myself from the company yoke, I moved on to the next imperative at hand: recruiting a pair of worthy sidekicks.

Particular consideration goes into deciding with whom to blow the day on such a fine occasion. Too low on the company totem pole and they couldn't afford the required expense necessary to carry out a proper binge. Too high up and they couldn't afford the screw-ups their underlings were doomed to make without proper supervision. A mid-level worker bee was ideal. Their job involved more than robotically fucking papers all day, but less than having to suck cock to snag a window office—unless of course, that was their style.