

## Working Monologue- Jamie Smithson

My name is Charlie, I'll be twenty in three weeks. Coming to work for me was kind of a missionary kind of thing. I was bringing organic walnuts and organic raisins and just giving them away to everybody. I mean, in this stage of the game I was in a very spiritual mood. I was enjoying my job! Well, because I was answering the phone most of the time. People would call up and complain, or have a problem, and I'd say "Hey, this is a capitalist newspaper, and as long as it's a capitalist newspaper, it's not going to serve you because it's purpose is to make money for it's owner". And I'd tell them to call up the editor, or come down and take over the paper. A lot of people responded very well to these suggestions.

But then the editor calls me into his office and says, "Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah!" I wanted to take a baseball bat and smash his head in, you know. I mean he's a really nice guy, I like him a lot. I don't know if I'd get any pleasure from shooting him up with a fifty caliber machine gun and seeing his body splatter to pieces.

I mean my fantasies all spring at that paper was just getting a machine gun and shooting them, you know. Or, or getting a gun and walking into the editor's office and be like, "Okay, how do you face your death." I mean I wanted to do something to show them you know, like "Hey, Hey, I'm better than you motherfuckers and I'm getting fired because I'm different!"

But I had to think fast so I just looked at the editor and said, "I hope your happy with the conditions you've created", and then I just walked out and I started to cry, but then he hurried after me and was like "Wait a minute I'm not creating these conditions, you are", and I was like "No! No! I am not the one who has the power, you are the one that has the power!"

Now I'm on unemployment. I mean they were nice to me the first couple times.

And then a woman told me to get a number and I wanted to be like, "Hey I can wait outside your apartment, bash you over the head and steal your money, Bitch!"

But that's bitterness. I don't like being bitter. I'm a pacifist.