

Get Fucked, Bigdaddy! FEATURING AN OPENLY GAY BOY!

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Sitting at my desk at Nations Bank on Thursday afternoon, I started feeling a little depressed because in one more day I would be unemployed again. The department I had been temping for was being eliminated and my job along with it. It was sad because I actually liked my job. The people were cool and the pay was decent. I hadn't gotten a response from any of the 26 resumes I sent out over the past few weeks and it was bothering me. Didn't it matter that I knew every software package known to mankind? Didn't it matter that I had a college degree (even if it was in Piano)? Finally, my office phone started ringing and I answered it. It was my lucky day! One of the temp agencies had found a job that was "perfect for you and your personality." Yeah, like they really know me well enough to take the time to get to know me as a person? I was a money maker for them and nothing more. Hell, they probably thought they could find a perfect mate for me. Shit.

The job turned out to be for one of Atlanta's most successful commercial real estate firms. They needed someone to take over as the office manager while their real manager squeezed out some puppies. The pay would be decent and they would keep me as an assistant when she returned. The office was only a few miles from my home. I would have insurance and it would magically make my life a beautiful scene.

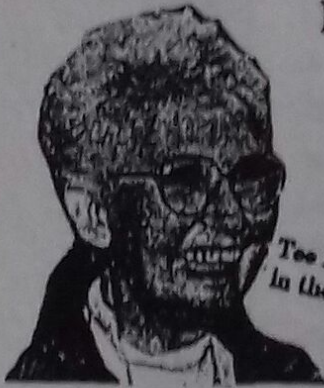
First, I had to be interviewed by three of their executives. I, of course, had to meet the approval of the top dogs and then I could be part of their little hetero-family. I bring up family because this "highly successful company" was little more than a rinky-dink family business. I always thought it would be cool to work for a family business because the people might actually have some depth and personality. I was wasting wishes.

Temp of the Month!

Minerva Monera has worked 55 hours a week for 11 straight months at \$5 an hour in a pretzel factory. Minerva does the very important job of dipping pretzels in chocolate. She loves

her work and her bosses!

WAY TO GO MINERVA!



*Tee Hee...time to go pee
in the pretzel pot.*

HAPPY TEMP INC



"Your slavery is our luxury"

In my first interview, Pigdog (this was the lady whose place I was taking), had to grill me on my computer experience. She wobbled into the office and splurged all over me about how wonderful the company was even though they treated her like shit and abused her. She was convinced it was the job of everyone's dreams. She immediately fell in love with me and knew that I was perfect for the job.

The second interview was even more fun. Buttlick, the VP of the company, put me through a grueling set of personal questions. My favorite was, "Why did you leave your jobs after only a few months?" I furtively tried to explain that the reason they call temp jobs temp jobs is because they are temporary. Hello? Is anyone home?

I somehow managed to impress this guy because I had a degree in piano and "used my talent to glorify the Lord." I wanted to scream out the truth about my church jobs. I was only there

for the money. I didn't care about singing hymns and playing that really wretched and foul music. Buttlick wondered why I didn't have a church job anymore. An honest response would have been "I would rather lay down in my own vomit than take part in the hypocritical subculture known as American religion," but I decided to lie instead saying "I just haven't found the right church family yet." I don't know how I said that without hurling all over Buttlick's desk. I could have elaborated, adding, "You know, the kind of church family that accepts us queers ... do you know of any churches like that?"

My final interview was really interesting. BigDaddy, who founded the company, decided to inquire about my own philosophy of life. He informed me that I would have to read the book he recently published about how religion is the only thing that can make a company successful. He wondered,

"Don't you think a man and a woman can have the best kind of relationship?" Well, no, actually, I would rather be with a man. I'm a big gay boy and my husband is going to do me tonight. I didn't say this. I smiled and nodded my head. I assured BigDaddy that I was the heterosexual worker he wanted me to be. I was his hetero-wet dream. I knew then that I was going to have a lot of fun at this job. Maybe more fun than anyplace I've ever worked.

How did I know that three months of fun awaited me? Easy. You see, I'm gay. I can come across really straight (whatever that means) when I really need to have a decent job for awhile. I'm an activist too. I take jobs at fundamentalist companies and totally destroy them from the inside out. It brings me so much joy! A lot of gay people don't understand how I can work for these shit-sucking companies but it is so much fun. The president of the company always wants me to go out with their daughter. (Forget the daughter, dude, don't you have a hot-looking son?) They *love* me! They think I'm an outstanding young Christian boy. Ha! I should have been an actor.

The job was easy. I managed a staff of 6 people. My assistant, Vomit-Wench, was the sister of the president of the company. She was without question one of the least intelligent people I have ever known. She was pitiful and disgracefully stupid. She could however type and being a "family" business she had secure employment. Vomit-

Wench never had a clue as to what was going on in the office. She blindly did everything I told her to do. She was a better TEMP SLAVE! than me!

I got to network and made contacts with other real estate agents. The agents of other companies would take me out to lunch and I would give out (for a *free* lunch!) all you might want to know about my right-wing company. I was fucking selling them out! I gave out the client list and met some pretty cool people. (People in the real estate biz, i.e., an agent, etc., are not bright people. They are the kind of people who can't get a college degree so they settle for being a real estate agent. They are Way, Way, Way overpaid.)

One of the best things about this job was the postage machine. I had access to all the free postage I wanted. I started sending my friends in Germany, Canada, and Brazil all kinds of cool stuff from the States. I would send whatever I wanted including my significant other's mail. I even sent out a gay newsletter, all of which was paid for by this company that backed the Christian Coalition. It was priceless!

I already had a computer at home with a printer but I needed lots of paper. Since I had my own key to the office, I could get in early and send out all the stuff I wanted. I even mailed the security guards' letters and bills. Since I helped security they never turned me in for carrying loads of mail down to the mail room. The accountants didn't know what was going on. The Prez

suspected that one of the agents was using the postage machine. *They never even suspected me.*

I decided that mailing stuff wasn't enough and I needed to call my friends. It didn't matter anymore whether I got caught because I knew I was moving away in two weeks. The worst thing they could do was fire me. Why not make the most of it?

I became friends with the receptionist, TooNice. She was the only person of color at this company and the agents — who were all racist pigs — treated her like dirt. I started giving her 2-3 hour lunch breaks and made VomitWench answer the phone. Oh the joy it brought me! I told VomitWench that I had given TooNice a special project that required

her total concentration. VomitWench, who's disgustingly idiotic, believed me. I, of course, made sure that TooNice got paid for a full days work.

One of my favorite things that happened was when one of the older farts of the company asked VomitWench to take his clothes to the dry cleaner. *I was appalled.* Even though I didn't like VomitWench I decided it would be more fun to use my power and cause a ruckus. I immediately sent e-mail out to everyone in the company

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expressing that the staff of this company did not do laundry and other crap. We did the office work and that was it. The OldFart hit the fucking roof and demanded that I be fired. The prez, who thought I was the greatest thing since candy, refused to fire me. He was proud that I had the guts to stand up for staff (especially since it was for his little spineless sister). I had set a new standard for the staff at this pitiful little company. I was a hero to them.

The head accountant (a complete loser) kept inviting me to play piano at her church. I told her I would be delighted to. I arrived on a chilly Sunday morning and banged my way through a rendition of Tori Amos' "Icicle" and Prince's "Darling Nikki" for the offertory.

The younger people in the congregation flipped. This was the Sunday before my last week so I couldn't have cared less about what happened.

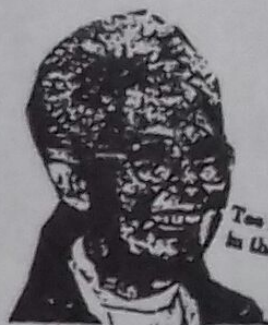
The last day was very quiet. I was low key and kept to myself. I stayed at my computer most of the day writing my little "good bye" letter. I fixed it so that the letter would be waiting for everyone on their computer the next Monday morning. The letter basically said that I was a gay activist and that I had totally taken them for a ride. I never

heard from them or the agency because we moved that weekend to another state. I know they were screwed because Pig Dog decided not to return to her wonderful job and they would have to train someone all over again. They would probably never trust another temp!

Those idiots probably had the entire building cleaned to rid it of all my germs. Being gay, they probably automatically assumed I put AIDS germs on everything. I remember BigDaddy talking about Greg Louganis and how

Greg should have been shot with all the other fags in the world. But BigDaddy didn't know that his favorite employee was a big fag! Why are people so stupid?

A lot of people probably take great offense at what I did. It doesn't matter though. I'm going to do it to every company out there who discriminates against women, blacks, Jews, gays, Native Americans and anyone else. This stupid little company liked me so much that they were going to send me to real estate school. They would have paid all my expenses. Of course, since I'm gay, I am no longer worthy of love. I am something horrible. I am anti-family. Wrong, wrong, wrong. I am anti-discrimination. If you are a company that discriminates, watch out. I'm coming to your little fascist company next.



**HEY, TEMP SLAVES! REMEMBER
MINERVA MONERA FROM ISSUE 2?
SABOTAGE IS FUN!**



**"EAT UP THE PRETZELS YOU ROTTEN BOSSES!"
—MINERVA**

LITTLE JOE