



"How I Got A Job"

November 5, 1986

Central Parking Palsies
220 East Las Colinas Blvd.
Suite 290
Irving-On-The-Bayou, TX 75039

Dear Letter Opening Department:

My lovely wife and I took a few days vacation and jetted up to that "city that never sleeps." We guzzled gallons of pipin' hot java on the plane and took many speeders so we could stay up the entire time we were up there. We did not want to be nodding off and give ourselves away as tourists.

That city is something. No wonder it's called "The Big City." If you've never been there, let me give you a description of what gives.

First off, it's an island. But not the kind that Gilligan, the Skipper, et al lived on. Rather, it's a big, bold, beautiful kind of place complete with skyscrapers and pretty tall buildings, too.

Way back when, Indians lived on it. One day, the white man let the injuns toss back a few too many firewaters and tonics and bought the whole damn kitten the poodle for a mere \$24! Imagine-- that don't even buy you a day's parking there today!

Once the Indians sold, the white folks shipped them west where they found ponies and guns and lit arrows and scalped white women and that kind of thing. I don't think the injuns really enjoyed it, but it was a gig, and I guess the pay wasn't so bad.

So here's all these white dudes with a big island that's decked out with tall buildings and a pretty neat subway system. They called it "New York" because it was close to Newark.

(more!!!)



real life fantasy,

Parking Lot Letter/11-5-86/Page Two:

Pretty soon, New York became the hot spot of the world. The discos stayed open all night, the delis were great, and there were these beef and brew joints where you could tie on a feedbag and tie one on for next to nothing. The word spread.

There were all these people over in Europe who were poor and hungry and tired. And they'd huddle together and complain about what a pain life was. Next thing you know, they get a postcard from New York with this big green broad holding a torch and yammering to: "Bring me your hungry, tired huddle masses..." so they take her up on it. They go to their travel agent and say, "Gimme a one way ticket to New York-- how many Advantage miles is that, anyway?"

So all these wild ethnic cats jump the big puddle to New York. And the place is bustling like you wouldn't believe.

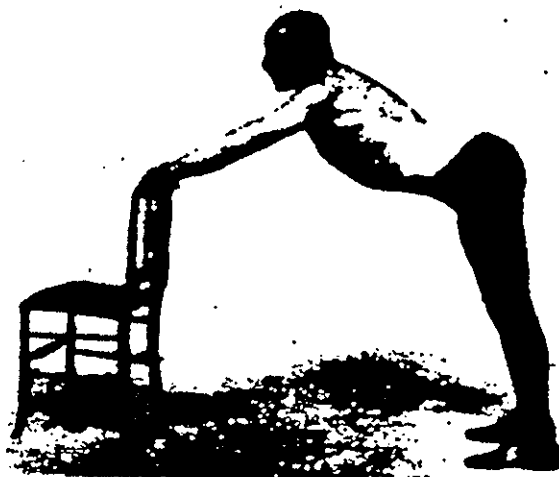
A lot of people went into real estate. A bunch of them went into the garment industry. A mess of others bought a lot of garment remnants, sewed all the pieces together and went into the insurance industry. Some shysters became lawyers. The ones who couldn't do that became admen. And a whole slew of folks became stockbrokers.

Then one day, the stock market crashed. It seems all the tickertape machines ran out of tickertapes because they had too many tickertape parades, so the whole dang market went bust. A lot of people jumped out windows. The ones who jumped from three stories or below sprained their ankles. The ones who jumped from higher perches buried their heels into the sidewalk, sending their heads to their waists. It was something!

That made the whole country depressed! Back then, you could park anywhere you liked for about a penny a day! I can still remember my grandpappy telling me about those days. His eyes would light up as he cooed: "And in those days, your automobiles were a mile long and a mile wide! It was a wonderful time, Sonny-Jim! Now get off your grandpap's lap, you little porker!"

After awhile, things got back to normal and people weren't depressed as much. And they went and bought some more tickertape for the machines and it was business as usual!

(more!!)



HOW TO USE YOUR HEAD TO BUILD YOUR BODY.

Parking Lot Letter/11-5-86/Page Three:

And then the Ney York Yankees were really good, and they won a lot of ballgames.

Oh yeah, and there were some wars.

And then the Beatles came over and played in Shea Stadium. And they were really funny and everyone was excited. So they took a lot of drugs and grew their hair real long and never took baths and didn't have much use for parking at all because they just wanted the natural life and you know how that goes. And I imagine parking was about \$8.00 a day back then.

Then man landed on the moon. And that was a parking space that cost us millions. But it was worth it because we brought back some rocks and dust. And it gave Tang something to talk about in its commercials. And it also helped astronauts become famous so they could make endorsements back on earth.

Next, the really big news-- Studio 54 opened! And people would line up to get in. But you could only get in if you were really cool or you sold drugs. And all the really cool people hung out there and snorted drugs and talked arty and danced beneath the flickering lights and pulsating music. This will be remembered as one of the pinnacles of civilization.

But then disco was out and punk was in. And people dyed their hair and cut themselves and looked sad and complained and everyone realized that life really did suck and all would come to anarchy. And that was really something.

Then a bunch of people became really into religion and salvation and they preached that this life was nothing and all would end in anarchy and armageddon was just around the bend and it would be a good idea to donate all worldly goods to their religious leaders because it could help buy your way into paradise, etcetera.

Next, Reagan came and life became swell again. And parking in New York is a fine business. That's all! Happy parking!

Patrick D. Scullin
A guy who's been there and back.