

October 3, 1985

Central Parking Idealists  
220 E. Las Colinas Blvd.  
Suite 290  
Irving-by-The-Sea, TX 75039

Dear Letter Openers:

I think I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown. My hands are shaking like a bowl of frightened Jello. I break-out in cold sweats, cole slaw, and acne. I'm a sick man. And I think I need help.

You know the story-- my lovey-dovey done walked-out on her smootchin' fellow (me) because I was tardy with the green stuff to the asphalt jungle tamers (yens-guys). Well now she's back. But back with a boyfriend. His name is "Jerry", and he is a parking lot attendant! Or, as he calls himself, "A Space Inventory Control Specialist". Could I about puke, or what?

Yeah, he's a sharp guy. Wears the denim blue shirts, dark cotton slacks, and the red baseball cap. Mr. Hot Shot claims he manages the best half acre of prime parking slots in downtown D-land. I told him to cool his jets and give a 20/20 to what you guys are doing. So he inspected. Said it was "not bad, but nothing to write home about." The creep! How could I tell him I'd been writing home to Ohio about it twice a week. I hate him!

Needless to say, I was curious about his lot. So I drove down there to give it the ol' "once over." Or, as my Aunt Gert used to say, "To see what the rooster's crowin' about!" I was darn shocked.

His parking lot is a pigpen. There were bottle caps, broken glass, and pebbles all over it. The lines looked like they had been painted-on by a peg-legged drunk ex-acrobat in an earthquake on a rainy Tuesday in April. The asphalt was broken and had an oily sort of tar and dirt taste to it. To tell the truth, I've tasted better asphalt on roofs! And the parking configurations were all wrong! Cripes, you could have easily laid-out a plan to squeeze an extra 20 or 23 subcompacts. I'm telling you, friend o' mine, you don't have to worry about this lot stealing living parkers! No siree!

You probably think I'm a bit sour because he happens to be moving in on my wife. And the fact that I have to cook and clean-up after him. Well yeah, that gets me a little pee-ode! But dagnabbit, a man can only take so much!

At any rate, I've seen happier days. And like James Taylor once sang: "I've seen fire, and I've seen rain, but I never thought I'd see you eggin'." I never did understand that song. What's his old girl doing egging cars?

Time to run. Suffice to say, I'll never be a late payer again!

Sincerely,

