

COURAGEOUS RED PEN BREATHES HER LAST

Senior Copywriter Paul M. Johnson grieves the loss of a charter member of the Copy Team

CARTHAGE, Mo. – In the end, a mere hyphen proved to be too much. “Rosie,” a red Bic Cristal ballpoint pen and part of Creative Services for more than three years, expired Tuesday surrounded by friends and family.

Rosie joined Creative Services shortly after the 2010 arrival of Paul M. Johnson, who was hired to add smart-sounding words and en dashes to marketing language for wire, wire-based products, wire-related products, and products associated with wire.

Born in the Parisian suburb of Clichy in 2009, Rosie moved to Southwest Missouri in 2010. She had a lightweight, non-roll hexagonal barrel and a brass point with tungsten carbide ball. Work was her passion, but she also enjoyed writing letters in her free time and did volunteer work grading papers at Carthage High School.

Rosie’s performance had been streaky in recent weeks, and the lack of color in her visible ink supply portended a fast-approaching date with death. After an exhausting day of editing and proofing on Monday, the elderly Rosy was back at work early Tuesday. But the writing was on the wall. Death hath a thousand doors, it’s been said, and Rosie entered after one final hyphen.

“Rosie will be remembered around here,” sniffed an emotional Johnson, who refused to blame designers’ myriad mistakes for Rosie’s demise. “She showed up every day, ready to work. She died with her cap on.”

CREATIVE SERVICES ASKS IF A “KELLI CURSE” EXISTS

CS staff fishes for answers to why Bettas keep suffering at the hands of Kelli Shoemaker

CARTHAGE, Mo. – After moving into his glass-encased water condo on the faux granite-covered penthouse stoop at Creative Services’ reception desk on January 4, “Brutus” was a fish in fine form. He decorated his new space with an impressive fern, which elegantly swayed in union with his joyful fits of swimming rapture.

But observers familiar with the history of Bettas at Creative Services knew he was in troubled waters. Kelli Shoemaker’s desk long ago became a sick vantage point

of death, from which fish would repeatedly turn up dopey, pale, and...dead. Shoemaker, who was previously questioned by Leggett & Platt's Aquatic Forensics Unit (AFU) after the death of "Burt," a previous Betta, had already consulted with her attorney by the time this correspondent arrived on the scene. All she would say was that Brutus was turning white and lethargic.

MATT HEFLIN'S PATRIOTIC BONA FIDES CALLED INTO QUESTION BY RIVAL

Paul M. Johnson refers to his coworker as "a baba ghanoush-eating namby-pamby who has never experienced the supreme rapture that occurs when devouring fine meats"

CARTHAGE, Mo. – After a disappointing loss in the inaugural SomniGel™ Francis Scott Key Award for Patriotic Dress, Paul M. Johnson took to the stump in front of a large crowd that had quickly assembled at the ComfortCore® Lunch Pavilion behind Creative Services. He didn't mince words, and in the process made mincemeat of Matt Heflin.

"In Matt Heflin's United States, you won't find hamburgers and hotdogs at your Independence Day party," Johnson bellowed, his voice reaching an enraged crescendo of sarcastic bile. "It will instead feature that great American staple – tabbouleh!"

The crowd roared its approval, but the mood quickly shifted when Johnson made things personal.

"Who out there has seen Heflin's birth certificate? How about his passport? Under 'country of origin,' I bet it says 'Republic of Vegan' or 'United Lentil States of Quinoa.' Pretty sure they don't have bacon in those places," Johnson said, letting out a meaty laugh at his own joke.

Johnson then brought things down a notch, speaking softly, his voice quivering with emotion.

"Where does patriotism come from? A shirt with eight wolves on it? A braided beard? A red, white, and blue head-based ornament with stars that are attached to the head-based ornament's infrastructural mainframe with two springy-type things on it? No, they don't. Not according to George Washington. Not according to Alexander Hamilton. And not in my America!"