

TOWN CITIZENS ENRAGED AT MAILMAN'S ANTICS

By AN ANGRY GUY

"WHO THE F
HIRED THIS F*****
GUY? THESE AREN'T
MY F***** BILLS!"***

Another day. Same mailbox. Someone else's mail. Seriously? Just stop, man! It was never funny. Eight months of this f***** bullshit! "The Meddling Mailman" has now delivered unsolicited mail to 2,200 houses and has been the subject of more than 6,000 residential complaints and 12,000 tears. Local authorities suggest they've been trying to track down the Meddling Mailman for quite some time, but he's "one slippery fellow". Some residents have allegedly seen him in their dreams, but sadly this information didn't help authorities. "Rest assured his location will be secured, but we can ensure you one thing is for sure: we're not sure who he is." Investigator Lucero reassured. Wow, thanks, detective! That really clears things up!

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Meanwhile, the Meddling Mailman continues to wreak havoc left and right. Beloved mail carrier, Phil Lagermann, routinely sees him empty the very mailboxes he fills up. "I know my work's only begun as soon as it ends," Phil strangely said as he clocked in at 5:00 p.m. Does this sound like your everyday mailman? Unhandy plumber, Randy Stanley, routinely receives water bills from companies he's never even heard of. As he so poetically puts it, "Who



the f*** hired this f***** guy. These aren't my f***** bills!". On a much happier note, Barbara Newman-a lively accountant- has never responded to any dire tax notices addressed to her because well ... they never arrived. "Now here I'm thinking I owed the government thousands of dollars, but I guess the mailman took care of that (Laughs). Lucky me! Anyway, who's hiring?" The Meddling Mailman has also been known to take things that do not belong



"THAT'S MY CAR YOU IDIOT!"

- A friendly neighbor

to him. Wealthy venture capitalist, Bill More Green, was down on his luck and lost a significant portion of his income. "I'm telling you, he just robbed my bonus check! I'm lucky my family's adjusted by eating caviar only once a week. Can you even imagine?" he griped to authorities. Even other mail carriers don't know who the hell this guy is. The town's post-office manager affirmed "Yea... he's not on our payroll. (Laughs) But you know... sometimes I wonder if I am too (Laughs again)." Which makes us wonder. Why's he doing this? What are his motives? Is this a hobby? Or is there really some financial incentive here? Rational head-turning conspiracy theorist Sandra Johnson, aptly named Honest Babe, postulates that the

goal of the mailman is to hoard money on the back end of various mom-and-pop paper suppliers, "Why waste your time if there's no money involved?" Great question, Babe. Great question, indeed. (By the way, please stop calling Babe, Babe. She insisted I include this right before slapping me across the face).

And this dude doesn't even drive a damn truck! I'm told he chooses vehicles based on convenience. An angry neighbor claimed that the Meddling Mailman used his Honda to deliver mail to a house down

the street. As he keenly notes, "That's my car, you idiot!". What's even more bizarre is that from time to time he'll drive different vehicles. One gentleman said he once saw him get out of a limo, shove some mail in, and then hop onto a bus. "It made zero sense." This odd behavior is further shown in his paper route. Based on eyewitness accounts, the mailman's daily paper route was predicted and modeled. As seen in this accurate figure (Fig. 1), it appears that the further the house, the faster he reached his destination. Now unless cosmic wormholes are now a popular form of public transport, I don't know how this is f***** possible. It can't be more blatantly obvious that his paper route not only maximizes total distance travelled but also total time wasted. As some renowned back-office mail fraud investigator notes, "It's like he doesn't even know where he's going."

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And rumor has it, he repeats the route until "he's satisfied". Wow! So generous! It's almost like he's trying to confirm that he's sabotaging a job he's not supposed to do. Unless you're expecting a new mailbox at the same f***** location, there is a



Figure 1: The Meddling Mailman's Paper Route

good chance you're wasting your life. And get this! One of my coworker's mailbox was actually dug up and replaced for "mailbox renovations". "Does my lawn look like a damn digging site?" he rhetorically asked me as his new mailbox laid horizontally flat. Hey Genius! That's what some of us call vandalism. It's also not surprising to see him skip streets altogether. "Maybe he's simply looking for the ideal house to squat." According to Babe, the Meddling Mailman is a vagabond seeking temporary shelter. If so, this further begs the question, "How's he getting into all these homes? Who's giving him spare keys? Is he even using keys?" Newsflash, buddy! Breaking and entering isn't the preferred form of entry. One resident alleged that the mailman broke through a window and then used duct tape to cover his tracks. Yes, let's

see if cardboard will do the trick. That'll fool'em! And now what? We have to buy additional f*****

"It's like he doesn't even know where he's going"

homeowner's coverage just in case this idiot shatters our windows. That's some grade A, high-quality horseshit! :

And please don't get me started with actual mail. Or should I say a lack thereof. Empty envelopes inside empty envelopes? Empty boxes inside empty boxes? Seriously? Nobody thinks that you're funny! Last Christmas,

I bought my daughter a singing Elsa doll, or so I thought. My daughter opened the box and cried out, "Love the box, Dad! Hope something will be inside next time!" It was the most embarrassing moment I've ever had as a father. Others have had it far worse, with some even having their mail pre-opened. Nutritionist Baker Butterworth purchased a dozen processed blueberry mini muffins only to find them half-eaten upon delivery. "Shucks! Only 150 grams of sugar? This'll cover the other half," she asserted as she devoured a plate of fudge brownies. Another couple ordered a 1000-piece puzzle that was completed and laminated upon arrival. "Unpiecing a puzzle is still challenging, right honey?" she oddly commented to her husband. All this time we've taken routine packaging for granted. I guess you don't know what you have until it's gone. And as far as our mail is concerned, I guess it's gone before you know what you have. In the rare case he does deliver



"DOES MY LAWN LOOK LIKE A DAMN DIGGING SITE?"

mail (with contents inside), you can't get it. 'Cause why would he make your life easier? In case you weren't aware, the roof isn't easily accessible to us humans. You're not f***** Santa Claus. If you need a 25-foot ladder to drop off mail, maybe there's something wrong with your approach. One unlucky mail recipient had their mailbox glued shut with a note just saying "Couldn't stop by today. Will be back tomorrow!"

Also, by the way, you know signing your own certified mail isn't legal. Right? Yea, you heard that right. My chiropractor claimed this brainiac, dropped off a certified mail package, changed clothes, signed off on it, and then changed back into mailman attire. "HEY! THOSE ARE MY BOXERS!" my chiropractor remembers calling out loudly. And the signature wasn't even close!! Look for yourself.



Like what the f*** is that? My six-month old infant son doodles a better signature with his tiny non-dominant hand. My lazy chiropractor, whose signature is at best

chicken scratch, looks like goddamn John Hancock compared to this boiling hot garbage. The Meddling Mailman has also been known ring the doorbell ad nauseam. As one lady certifies, "He rang the damn doorbell nine times! At 3:30 AM!! Do you think I'm expecting your smelly sock at 3:30 AM?" Oh, you don't have a doorbell? Don't worry. He'll leave a notice on your door to have it quickly replaced. One unfortunate homeowner said a mechanic came to his house and started installing a new doorbell without permission.

"THOSE ARE MY BOXERS!"

After getting justifiably screamed at, the unphased mechanic calmly said, "Hey, I simply do as the notice says," and walked away. And sometimes the notices are just plain ridiculous. One notice informed a local resident that the mailman felt overworked and will be taking a much-needed "leave of absence". FROM WHAT! The only thing you're "over-delivering" is under-delivering mail!!!

Apparently, another town citizen- Camila Díaz- ordered stamps, but a mail carrier, now believed to be the Meddling Mailman, gave her two Pokémon stickers. With ultra confidence he stated, "This'll do" and left before she could get her money back. She said the mailman was Indian, which we all know can't be true, so take this story with a grain of salt.



"This'll Do"

But, when some big-name small business owner on the same street had shipped out a big box of wine glasses to a small client, he allegedly

saw the pesky Meddling Mailman (abiding by the rules of certified mail this time) place a small label with the big-sized words, "SUSPICIOUS", on the box in front of him and take it to god knows where. I wish I could've slapped that damn label on him!

By the way, is this dude even licensed? There's no record of him ever passing a 473, 474, 475, or 101 exam. So, what makes him qualified to handle mail? He looks like some high-school dropout trying to pass for a college dropout.

I'm stuck at home and need my mail now more than ever. In fact, this used to be the highlight of my day. I'd get up every Sunday morning, drink coffee, and read the Wall Street Journal. Now I read f***** bunny magazines. I don't even own a goddamn bunny! I used to read Top Five Ways To Invest Your Money. Now I read Top Five Ways To Dress Your Bunny. Who the f*** buys their bunny a tuxedo? For the bunny prom?



Who's giving him spare keys? Is he even using keys?"

I'm done. I can't do this anymore. And you know any complaint I send out will just get redirected, so here I am pleading to anybody who'll listen to me. We must find this guy and oust his ass once and for all. He's not a f***** mailman. He's just a guy who has way too much time on his hands. Is this really how you want to spend time on this Earth? GIVE US OUR F***** MAIL!!!

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