Quittin' Ain't Easy

by David James

Hey, Y'all!

Like I told y'all, I checked myself into this what you call a " *facebook Rehab Clinic"* up here just about 40 miles outside of Kalispell, Montana in a little town called Gulag. I quit MySpace and that got me a reduced rate.

Things are OK, so far. Food's OK. We got a TV. And nice, lime green, comfortable, overall-looking outfits.

Most days, after *defriend* therapy, we get to play, "Go Fish" and "Old Maid". Drats, I got the old maid twice yesterday. We're all on what you call the 12-step program. No posting or commenting or liking. I'll get to come home if I pass the *so long social networking* exam and undergo a full psychological debriefing after the 12th step. I'm on step 2 now. Every morning at breakfast you have to get up before the whole group of about 20 of us patients and say 12 times: "I am a facebookaholic."

There are NO women here at the Gulag clinic. I asked and Mr. Roy, my watcher, told me they have a special place in Hell, Montana, a few miles down the road. I miss being around women. Mr. Roy said there was a mixer scheduled for next month. I'm OK with waiting because there is this real cute buffalo I got my eye on. She's kinda flirty with dark, mysterious brown eyes and stuff. Y'all know the type.

I gotta go now because I hear Mr. Roy coming back out of the staff meeting. I sneaked this illegal *facebook* post and I sure don't want to be put back to Step 1. They call that a relapse and you get demerits and stuff.

Best,

Facebook Freddie

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