

# pink sizzle rizzle

by Josh Spilker

Scott had said “we wanted to keep you,” a pink envelope in his fingers (a real live pink envelope!), his fingers passed it to me, I thumbed it, I didn't open it, he was in my office the blinds were open, he could see the retention pond from where he stood next to the bookcase, “hate to do this,” he continued, (hate to do what? Didn't you already do it?) “but I'm going to have to ask for your keys.” In the desk drawer, and I opened the desk drawer and found them, and pulled them off, bending the circle trying to get the circle to open, extending the awkwardness over and over hoping he would change his mind, realize his grave mistake, realize things weren't so bad after all, that I would stay and stay and that only the others, without offices and without key rings with important keys on them would have to go—an announcement, a nice email MEMO that said 'if you have a key fob, you are fired. If you have a real set of keys, you can stay,' there would be no judging on merit then, just pure unadulterated RANK, “but you can leave when you want, just by Friday. Drop your files off in my office on you're way out...” Others had been called to the conference room, with brown butcher paper covering the windows. They were told to leave and come back on the weekend. Scott said something else to me but I don't know what it was.

In the car I opened the envelope, there was no money, no nothing, just a note with Scott's autograph (this would be worth nothing on the open market) and I started the car and saw the retention pond, praying for floods upon floods of sewage backup at this place.

In the car. I turned left then right, then another left. Near my house, there is a church on the corner, the sign said:  
"Jesus is the rizzle for the sizzle."

