

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A MANAGER INTO A LICKED **CHOCOLATE PUDDING** BOWL GATE

My new assistant came into my office and asked, “**Do you want me to go to this meeting?** Can I go to the training too? How should I prioritize my time? What should I do **today?** **Does this sound good?** **Do** you want me to handle this? *Can you talk to this person for me? Can I give this person something so they’ll buy from me? Is this account mine?*

Can I spend some money? Can you order this for me? **How do I sell this?** **What** should this product include? *Can you sign this? Would you like to answer this? How important is this project? How do I word this? Can I run out for a few minutes? What should we charge to rent **this space?** When can I take a vacation? Can you send E-mail for me? Why doesn’t this work? Would you **u** make sure food is served? Can I go swimming with Eddie? Can you help me put on my socks? Can I **get a pack** of gum? Can you take me to go to the potty? Can I have milk instead of OJ?” I felt licked. I slowly began to drop in height. I widened. I smoothed out. I felt a flush of brown gelatinous colloid. I entered into a state of matter which finely divided the particles of my substance to suspend into another gooier one. My leg turned into one long wood spoon. My sides turned to colloidal slimed stoneware. My chest diffused slowly into a huge lump of chocolate pudding! It slowly emptied until there was just a trace of brown glop on my ceramicked sides. I creamed, “I have diffused slowly into an old stoneware bowl drained of chocolate pudding before my time! I am **the** chocolate pudding mother of us all!” I blurped slowly. I screamed in hoary blurbine glops, “Now link what I tell you and you can lick the breast, I mean the rest of my **chocolate pudding server.**”*

Stars shine bright on shatter light.
Goo ing that when you see
some one toddling to their work station beautifully dressed who never works you know they got an ace in the hole
suck ing up chocolate pudd ing by the gallon back in the network hub. Blubb. Blurb. **Bl000bp.** That’s the great
choc olate pudding mother of
all is the s e r v e r of all
chocolate
pudding
lickers,
bl0ps.