



My Letter To Me, *FLYMF*

by *FLYMF*

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Dear Me,

You're awesome. Congratulations on your tri-triumphant anniversary. There comes a time during one's existence to step back and manifest things, to taste the aroma of accomplishment. (Even if you misuse words, haven't accomplished anything, and have no sense of taste because you're an online humor magazine and you dress like an eighty-year-old man.)

In the three years since *FLYMF* published its first issue, some truly amazing things have happened. Hitler was defeated. So were the Japs. Practically everybody was shot: some Kennedys, Reagan, Pac. Global Warming became almost as believable as God. We got indoor plumbing. AIDS was cured by Magic Johnson. And the internet was invented.

And you were there for all of it. Showcasing your irrelevance. And irreverence. Your irony and your ironing. Your pompousness. And your pompadour.

Although it's taken three years—while the world has changed practically dramatically—you've gone from Point A to Point B. And there's something to be said about that. (Even if the points aren't that far apart. And even if that "something" isn't actually said aloud.)

Even if nobody was really paying attention, you've stayed on the cutting edge of comedy, not letting unpopularity or casual dismissal damage your ego. You've continued to assume (wrongfully) that the world was reading and loving it, creating this inability to feel despair...and...not arrogant. But you wear your pride on your sleeve. And a jacket over that. And frankly, that's something to be proud of. Although not too.

What I'm trying to say to you...myself, is that, sure, you contradict myself nearly constantly. (Come on, first person or second?) But when it comes down to it, what do you have with all of this language and nonsense? Well, I'll tell you. Two words:

Three years.

Not bad. Take off your hat, dear *FLYMF*, and your pants. You've shown that not just anyone can survive three years on the Web...the freakin' World Wide one. (Even if all it really takes is enough scratch for a domain name fee.)

Congrats, again. And here's to a few more months!

Love yourself...I know I do.

FLYMF