

The Washington Bureaucrat

July 10, 2013 Vol. 4 Issue 2

Mostly Civil Satire

Price: \$1,900 for a Dupont studio

Talking Points

Yo Mama Jokes for the 21st Century

“Yo mama so ugly not even the NSA would spy on her.”

“Yo mama so fat she sat on her cell phone and four NSA analysts popped out.”

“Yo mama so fat when she leaked state secrets she had to seek asylum in Bolivia, Ecuador, AND Venezuela.”

Inside Information

Nation

Independence Day celebrated collectively across America, p. 4

Classifieds

Sources say sources not spying on sources, p. ?

Politics

Director's daughter totally got that internship on her own merit, p. 9

Local

Young professionals grab drinks, p. 5



Reference Points

The Bureaucrat's Dictionary

POWERPOINT, n. A presentation tool used to put your content to slides and your audience to sleep.

Fed Up

Incorporating Feedback

memo_draft_v1.doc

“The sky is blue.”

memo_draft_v2.doc

“The sky, the area above the ground, is the color blue.”

memo_draft_v5.doc

“The sky¹, comprising the² area above the ground³, is generally⁴ blue, which, among other things, is a color.⁵”

memo_FINAL.doc
(Sentence cut.)

Cold-blooded Coup Kicks Out Kong



Godzilla politely requests that King Kong hand over the power sash.

SKULL ISLAND—The long-ruling authoritarian Gorilla “King” Kong has been aggressively invited to flee the country in what is shaping up to be a cold-blooded coup. He is rumored to be headed for New York.

Early Tuesday official state media reported that law of the jungle

had been declared and former intelligence minister General Godzilla had been appointed interim head of state until elections can be held to make it sound more legitimate.

In his first public address, Godzilla announced that the Animal Kingdom will now be known as

the Democratic Republic of Animal. The rest of his speech is not available, as the U.S. only had one translator who spoke Reptile and he got eaten during the opening remarks.

Little is known about Godzilla beyond that he served overseas for some time as ambassador to Tokyo. He is rumored to be a reformer, but then again aren't they all?

King Kong was a social climber who ruled uninterrupted since riding a popular media wave to power in 1933. He oversaw a period of lasting stability but little economic development.

“What held him back was this irrational fear he had of skyscrapers,” said an unnamed former senior primatologist at the National Zoo, who asked to remain anonymous because the same could be said of Washington, DC.

Whatever Kong's legacy, it was certainly no beauty that deposed the beast. That Godzilla is a real monster.

Informational Interview Leads to Job Offer Following Polite Thank You Note

WASHINGTON—It started with coffee and ended with a full-time job offer to be director of operations for the Latin American region. Amanda Walters, 22, of NW Washington, DC, owes it all to a thank you note she wrote to follow up after an informational interview.

Says Walters, “I was talking with this friend at a party about how I hated my job, and he was like, you should totally talk to this other friend, and at first I didn't really want to because I'm terrible at networking, but then I did, and it turned out he was totally right!”

The actual interview did not go so great. “I tried to pay for his coffee,

but he was like, no, you can get me next time,” Walter says. “And then I tried to ask him about his agency but he was like, wow, you have such pretty eyes, why don't we start by you telling me about yourself?”

After taking up, at his insistence, way more than the twenty minutes of his time she had asked for, Walters realized she forgot to bring business cards. “But he was like, that's cool, why don't you just give me your cell and I'll text you sometime?”

Just to be polite, the next day Walters sent a nice thank you note as instructed by her college career center. To her surprise, the guy responded immediately with a job offer. “He

was like, wow, you're so eloquent and such and such, how about a job?”

Although her start date isn't until next Monday, they're meeting up for drinks on Friday night to talk more about the position.

Walters insists, “And I'm paying!”



A pen. She, of course, used email.

U.S. Seeks Extradition of Carmen Sandiego

THE WORLD—The United States is preparing to file a formal request for the extradition of wanted fugitive Carmen Sandiego.

“The paperwork is all ready to go,” says State Department spokesperson Gina Broderbund, “now we just have to figure out where in the world she is.”

Sandiego stands accused of stealing numerous national icons, including the Grand Canyon, the Golden Gate Bridge, and, following the failure to pass effective gun control legislation, the President's bully pulpit.

Sandiego was seen buying a ticket to a former British colony given

back to China in 1997. The ticket agent reported that she expressed an interest in finding good dim sum.

Authorities there claim she then departed for the site of the 1980 Summer Olympics. She was wearing New England Patriots owner Robert Kraft's missing Super Bowl ring and was overheard ordering vodka shots.

From there the trail goes cold. After a piano nearly fell on his head, one impatient investigator didn't check his clues against the dossier before applying for a warrant for Sandiego's arrest in an Andean country where you can visit Lake Titicaca.

He found himself having to apol-



Surveillance footage of the suspect. ogize for grounding their president's plane in the birthplace of Haydn and Strauss, and then the Chief demoted him back down to gumshoe.

Fiction: Parables of Public Service

THE CONTRACTORS

King Philip II found himself short of soldiers in his war against the Ottomans. Unable at home to recruit enough men schooled in the art of battle, upon the advice of the grand vizier the king sent forth for a band of seasoned mercenaries.

"But can they defeat the Turks?" the king asked of his advisor.

"Verily," came the reply.

"As ruthlessly as my own men?" the king asked.

"Better, sire, and at lower cost."

"But how can I trust them to act in the interest of my realm?"

"Why, we shall conduct thorough investigations of their backgrounds and moral character and the company they keep."

His concerns mollified, the king ordered it so.

Within a week of taking up arms in defense of the kingdom the mercenaries turned their swords upon it and sacked the capital and raided it of its treasures.

"But how could this have happened?" cried the king, offering his advisor the opportunity to share any last words before being beheaded.

"In retrospect," replied the soon to be ex-grand vizier, "we probably shouldn't have contracted out the background investigations to the Ottomans."

THE FISHERMAN

A weathered fisherman returned home yet again without a catch despite having spent from dawn to dusk out at sea.

"Empty handed again?" accused his wife in a rage by then so routine it no longer attracted the interest of even their nosiest of neighbors.

"These are austere times," said the fisherman.

"But have you not a boat?" his wife demanded.

"I have a boat, my love."

"No bait then, is it?" she asked.

"I have plenty of bait, my love."

"A sail? Did I myself not sew for you a sail cut from the finest canvas?"

"My love, I have your sail. The other men remark often upon its fineness."

"Well, what then? What about your net?"

The fisherman sighed and looked at his wife with eyes of rue.

"Do you remember, my love, when we resolved to trim expenses so as to afford the tuition for our son's humanities degree at a top tier private university?"

"I do, I do, and it was essential that we did," she said, "or surely he would be a barista at Starbucks."

"In retrospect," replied the soon to be ex-fisherman, "we probably shouldn't have cut out the net."

With that he dropped the tattered shirt he'd been using to fish with on the floor of their cottage and went off to become a Turkish mercenary.

THE ADJUDICATOR

A woman known for reasons unknown to all except her mother as Clarence was also known for her prowess in the resolution of disputes. Her Mount Everest, had such an apt metaphor for challenge yet been discovered, was an argument between Mayor Tony Ponytail and Sam the Village Elder, and Clarence had a long way left to climb.

"We must close the village school; we can hardly afford it," said Mayor Tony Ponytail.

"Nay, what we hardly can afford is not to educate our children," said Sam the Village Elder.

The only thing they could agree upon was to put the question before Clarence. She listened with deep attention to each side of the story and

then retired to the seashore to deliberate. There she came upon a rueful man fishing with a tattered shirt for a net.

"You'll catch no fish to eat with such a net," the counselor in her could not refrain from calling out.

"Fine by me," said the fisherman, "I'm a vegetarian."

And with that she had her answer. Upon her return, the whole village gathered round to partake in the dispensation of her wisdom. The whole village, that is, save for the ex-mayor and the ex-village elder, who had long since left public office and gone on to lucrative lobbying gigs representing the interests of the Ottoman Empire.

THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS

During the excavation of the site where the Department of Administration once stood some centuries before, a team of Turkish archaeologists encountered what appeared to be a mummy arranged in a position of repose under one of the ancient desks.

Yet when they bent close to take a sample of its tattered shirt so as to estimate its age the artifact stirred. The archaeologists leapt back in terror as it raised its head and spoke to them in a foreign tongue.

"Is it five o'clock yet?" the mummy asked.

Lead archaeologist and accomplished linguist Batu Mustafa checked his watch, stammering, "Er, no, it's about a quarter to four."

"Long day," said the mummy.

And with that it was still once more, and the archaeologists were able to collect their sample and move on to the next room, which ex hypothesi of several fossilized burnt popcorn kernels discovered therein may well have been the communal kitchen.

Ask a Bureaucrat

Servicing the public good

Dear Bureaucrat,

Wendy's last day is Friday, and she has one of the good office chairs. How do I snag it before one of the other analysts gets to it?



-Edge of My Seat

Dear Edge,

Hide your guest chairs then invite Wendy over to touch base. When she drags her chair over, shut the door and promise that if she leaves you her chair you'll let her lobby you for whatever she wants from her new job on K St. If that doesn't work, you may as well go trendy and ask the ergonomics office for a standing desk.

Dear Bureaucrat,

A reporter from the Post wants to interview me about a recent rule-making we promulgated. What's the protocol for talking to the press?

-CelebriCFTC

Dear Hot Shot,

Section 204.b of the Department's General Policies and Procedures states that all media requests should be directed straight to the Office of Communications and Media Affairs without passing GO and certainly without collecting \$200, unless you want to have the Office of Employee Ethics to reckon with.

Dear Bureaucrat,

At my agency we're not allowed to check personal email on work computers. They block gmail.com, but they forgot mail.google.com, which redirects to the same page. Is it wrong to use that loophole to log in?

-email.addict

Dear Email,

By acknowledging your inquiry, per Section 306.b.q.17 of the Employee Ethics Handbook I would be required to report you to the Office of Employee Ethics. Therefore, I'm not going to acknowledge it. Instead, let's pretend you asked which form you need for ordering office supplies. The answer is form 545B. Or steal them from another section.

Dear Bureaucrat,

My job title is economist, but my assignments are mainly administrative tasks like binding briefing books. Meanwhile our admin watches TV all day. How can I get her to do her job so I can do mine?

-Federally Frustrated

Dear Fed,

You must be new here.

Worse Than Fiction: Public Service Poetry

STAFF NOTE:

FROM DUET TO SOLO

The right chord was struck
And the note was true;
Busily, busily wrote we two.
(Excellent talking points we had).
On to the Director
With political clout,
He hated the note,
And my boss dropped out.
(Were the talking points that bad?)

YOUNG TALENT

When Lucy was little
She wanted to work
For the United States of A
But then she grew up to be a CEO
And that came with far better pay

HOUSE SHMOUSE

A voter from Zouse asked his
rep in the House
for a town hall
where he could then grouse.
And he said, "Well, you louse, are
you man or a mouse?"
From his breath all could tell he
was soused.
Then that voter, named Klaus,
charged again with a joust, hand in
hand with his fundraising spouse.
And she had on her blouse
some notation by Strauss,
which was shortly then doused
in sweat as she espoused
all her views for that Congressman
there from the House.

MID-YEAR EVALUATION

Said a voter to a hard working fed:
"I thought you a total slacker, my
friend."
"So I am, so I am," said the go-getter
caught—
"But not 'til my mid-year review
cycle's end."

THE BRIEFING PAPER

so little depends
upon
a briefing
paper
drafted by the summer
intern
for a cancelled
meeting