**The Dobler Effect by Bradley Wind**

It’s a daily basis thing. Every day I sit at my desk thinking how I can squeeze more compensation out of this shitty organization. I shouldn’t think that way. I should remember it’s a non-profit and we are doing good work for the elderly, and all the noble reasons I started working for non-profits instead of corporate America. “You’re Not Dead Yet!” is our new organizational catch phrase. I didn’t come up with it, but I have to keep it posted on my office door.

I’m staring at a check that just arrived and took me two years of phone calls and lunches to get donated. It’s for six hundred thousand dollars. Six with five zeros. It’d be so nice to figure out how I could put that in my checking, donate some to a cause I believed in and quit working for the next five years. Mr. Han’s family probably wouldn’t miss the money from the rest of their gigundo inheritance, but I don’t think they’d appreciate what I found while snooping in my boss’s email yesterday. *Our group deserves it this year. We’ve worked hard and now we need to play hard.* I knew exactly where that 600K budget line item would come from if they gave the bonuses out and why he suddenly wanted to shower himself and a few others with such largess. He didn’t even know Mr. Han’s first name.

I used to feel good about being part of a cause. I used to have the John Cusack dialog from the movie *Say Anything* memorized.

“I don't want to sell anything, buy anything, or process anything as a career. I don't want to sell anything bought or processed, or buy anything sold or processed, or process anything sold, bought, or processed, or repair anything sold, bought, or processed. You know, as a career, I don't want to do that.”

Watching the movie just now so I could write that out depressed the hell out of me. I hated it. I used to love the movie and now I hated it. No longer could I watch him holding the boombox up longing for sweet love from Ione Skye’s Diane fucking Court character and think “I want that kind of love too.” Now it just made me think of the Jesus t-shirt I saw last Christmas on one of the staff members here. The t-shirt read "*Jesus Loves You"* across the front and had Jesus holding up the boombox Lloyd Dobler style. Now I really just wanted to high-five Mr. Court, Diane’s father, for ripping off the IRS via the old folks.

Fuck you, Cameron Crowe. But at least I just squeezed a few extra hours out of my work day at the WatchNow movie site. Two hours of no-work cash in my pocket. I’d call it research if the IT geekholes snoop and inform my boss.

I’m the head of Marketing. You’d think that means something but they hired Shelly Frank as my Marketing “assistant” and since she’s got Macy’s Thanksgiving Day parade balloon tits and the rest of the executive team are men, she reports back about the meetings now and they wink at me as if it’s a joke she attends instead of me. Assholes. During the last wink-missed meeting I took the pens Shelly got ridiculous praise for, “Did you see Shelly’s new pens!? Why didn’t you think of getting pens with our logo on it, Lloyd?” (Yes, my name is Lloyd too.) out to the parking lot. I removed the ink inserts from six of them and stuck those fuckers into six tires of the winking executive’s company paid for cars. I should’ve used something sharp and punctured them instead of just pushing the pens into the valves. That way I could’ve tallied up more money I was costing the organization. Instead, as I leisurely pedaled out of the parking lot, I laughed my ass off at Ted fucking Festerback bent over with his fat ass hanging out looking like he probably did with the prostitutes he hires at conventions, as he tried to stick the little tip of the tire pump into his deflated tire. Hope the meeting was productive.

I know they’re going to give her my job. I know it. Shelly Fucking Frank. Just last Monday without a hint of irony I overheard her say, “You’re not dead yet,” to Brenda, the crying admin assistant. I mean, stupid bitch, don’t you get that Brenda just lost her mother and telling Brenda *she’s* not dead yet is…fucking stupid. It made me feel far less guilty about crushing up my box of Ex-Lax the next day and adding it to Shelly’s daily thermos of mocha java when she went on her half-hour morning fix-my-face bathroom trip. *Oh how I love mocha java*. *Have you ever had mocha java? I had it the first time when I was in Vienna. Have you ever been to Vienna?*

That’s the type they want to replace me with. They haven’t said anything and all my snooping hasn’t proved it yet but I know it’s coming. And so here I am. The 600k check just arrived from Mr. Han’s lawyer. No one knows about our definitely getting the donation except for me. What’s the worst that could happen?

I turned on my power shredder and got a boner as I slipped the envelope in.