

Very funny resignation letter. long one. but true. Don't miss!

There are many tips on how to write resumes. But how about this for a resignation letter...

(An actual letter sent by a fed up US employee in Port Huncliff, New England)

Dear Mr. Baker,

As an employee of an institution of higher education, I have a few very basic expectations. Chief among these is that my direct superior shares an intellect that ranges above the common ground squirrel. After your consistent and annoying harassment of myself, and my co-workers during the commission of our duties, I can only surmise that you are one of the few true genetic wastes of our time.

Asking me, a network administrator, to explain every little nuance of everything I do each time you happen to stroll into my office is not only a waste of time, but also a waste of precious oxygen.

I was hired because I know about Unix, and you were apparently hired to provide amusement to myself and other employees, who watch you vainly attempt to understand the concept of "cut and paste" for the hundredth time.

Additional Details

You will never understand computers. Something as incredibly simple as binary still gives you too many options. You will also never understand why people hate you, but I am going to try and explain it to you, even though I am sure this will be just as effective as telling you what an IP is.

Your shiny new Mac has more personality than you ever will. You walk around the building all day, shiftlessly looking for fault in others. You have a sharp-dressed, useless look about you that may have worked for your interview, but now that you actually have responsibility, you pawn it off on overworked staff, hoping their talent will cover for your glaring ineptitude.

In a world of managerial evolution, you are the blue-green algae that everyone else eats and laughs at. Managers like you are a sad proof of the Dilbert principle.

Seeing as this situation is unlikely to change without you getting a full frontal lobotomy, I am forced to tender my resignation, however I have a few parting thoughts:

1. When someone calls you in reference to employment, it is illegal to give me a bad recommendation. The most you can say to hurt me is "I prefer not to comment." I will have friends randomly call you over the next couple of years to keep you honest, because I know you would be unable to do it on your own.

2. I have all the passwords to every account on the system, and I know every password you have used for the last five years. If you decide to get cute, I am going to publish your “favourites list”, which I conveniently saved when you made me “back up” your useless files. I believe that terms like “Lolita” are not usually viewed favourably by the administration.

3. When you borrowed the digital camera to “take pictures of your mother’s birthday”, you neglected to mention that you were going to take pictures of yourself in the mirror nude. Then you forgot to erase them like the techno-moron you really are. Suffice it to say I have never seen such odd acts with a ketchup bottle, but I assure you that those have been copied and kept in safe places pending the authoring of a glowing letter of recommendation. (Try to use a spell check please, I hate having to correct your damn mistakes.)

Thank you for your time, and I expect the letter of recommendation on my desk by 8:00 am tomorrow, not ONE minute later. One word of this to anybody and all of your little twisted repugnant obsessions will be open to the public. Never f*** with your systems administrators, because they know what you do with all your free time.

Yours Sincerely,

Ted Brewer

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