

A Few minutes with the Boss

By: Joseph Andalina

How the Grinch is trying to steal your Christmas!

T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring except a Grinch—your mayor in his scary disguise. The stockings were hung, but he took out all of your presents, because there are concessions to be made. Our municipalities cannot make it unless you, the police officer, give back some of those presents you were going to give your wee lads and lassies. For, you see, you need to take some furlough days so there goes that remote control T-Rex for your boy, and that Barbie for little missy.

You also need to give back the 3 percent pay raise you negotiated last year in good faith, so now no longer does every *kiss* start with *k*, it's starts with a *k*, as in *kick me*, as in my teeth. Say bye-bye to the sterling pendant diamond you really wanted to give to your wife for putting up with your shift work, mood swings, and for hiding in the closet so much. The dollar store may have a nice friendship bracelet made out of doll beads that I'm sure your wife will just love instead. Train sets for the kids? Hockey stick? Baseball glove? And how about that new Ugly Stick fishing pole you wanted to catch that big bass once the ice breaks this spring? Forget it - the Grinch is taking it all. He really isn't the Grinch though, because even he had a soft spot in the end. It's your mayor just dressed up in a Grinch suit to show you that he means business. His town of Whoville can't have Christmas this year. You see, they spent it on \$300 an hour lawyers to fight you, discipline you, and make the Grinch look like George Clooney (who all, by the way, are going to have a nice Christmas because they work for the Grinch)! The Grinch also spent the dough on Christmas lights, Jubilees, Fests, firework displays, and other non-essentials that should go first, before the Grinch dips into your Christmas stockings. But no—the public likes things that go boom and probably admire the sights of drunk politicians as a way to reduce their stress.

And what about building expansions, underwriting golf courses, golf clubs, and real estate properties? Then there is the funding of theaters and the arts and the falling down architectural structures or facilities that went bankrupt and are now picked up by villages. Think a certain hockey and concert arena up north, as well as an arthouse up north along the lake where you can watch semi-famous people come in and get a piece of the toys in your stockings. Red speed cameras on so many corners just isn't enough—but your stocking money should do the trick. They want you to grovel, too. Money is not a motivator.

And how about towns like Plainfield, who wanted to take some of your money in order to pay for more police officers? You see some Grinches... er... I mean mayors wants you to work today for less money than you worked for yesterday. And of course, do more of it with no promise to take care of you in the future. They want you to give it up to the town cry of "you are a public servant." The press even believes you must give to help out the community because the citizens pays taxes—seemingly forgetting that golly, we pay

taxes too! Everybody is suffering, but we should suffer more because we are public servants?

They want to cut your pensions, too—because you're greedy. So what that some a-hole goes into a coffee shop and obliterates four coppers who loved and were loved? I guess that is not worth a "Cadillac" pension or insurance plan or whatever the government calls it now to remove more money from your wallets or holiday stockings. Now we are greedy. The Grinches have been inept or dishonest, and maybe corrupt, diverting, avoiding, and misappropriating pension money in many venues and now it's all our fault. So if y'all would just put lumps of coal and you can color them to make them festive in those stockings, your families will understand because you are a public servant and the Grinch wants your money.

And they want it now or they will eliminate some of you from your jobs that you are and have been dying for—because you care about humanity. What is amazing is that they all manage to find money for their pork, or to fight with you. As long as their stockings or beer mugs are full, they never need to show an honest accounting of their finances. We have not seen one yet, have you?

Well, my family, my kids, my loved ones deserve that lousy 3 percent pay raise for more reasons that I care to write about at this moment. So for you, Mr. Grinch and your little toadies, a kiss does start with k, but as far as I'm concerned, it's in k like kiss my "domesticated donkey." And if someone out there really believes it is up to us as a public servant to give up your wages, nobody is stopping you from writing a check on your personal account. Ask the Grinch if they have done that.

Have a Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays, besides the Grinches in our lives. Next year is upon us. Enjoy the love, the smiles on your kids' faces, and keep thinking of that big kiss. See you in 2010—stay safe!

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