

Workmate Ed Wore Orange Pants

Written by Greg Mills



So I sent him the following emails. First line is the subject line, the second line is the body.

Ed, the Minute Maid people called...

...and they want you to stop smuggling their trees in

your pants.

Ed, the National Institute for the Blind called...
...and they'd like you to knock that shit off with
your pants.

Ed, PG&E called...
... and they wanted to know if they could borrow your
pants to shut down a lane on I-5.

Ed, NASA called...
... and your pants are giving their space station guys
headaches.

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Ed, the Coast Guard called...

...and their sending a chopper right over. Why?
Because your fucking pants are fucking orange.

Ed, the Liberace Museum called...
... and they were wondering if you could fucking tone
down your fucking pants.

Ed, the International Mariachi Festival called...
... and they asked that you leave those fucking pants
at home, because you'll distract from the trumpets.

Ed, John-Paul Gaultier called...
...he was wondering if you could return his drapes.

Ed, a career counselor called...
...he said "Don't worry. I KNOW what color your
fucking parachute is. It's fucking orange."

Ed, Starburst's lawyer called...
...just to let you know they want to give you the
patent for the color ORANGE.

Ed, the British Navy called...
...they wanted to know if your pants can prevent
scurvy.

Ed, the Pantone people called...
... and they said that they don't even have a chip for
that crazy shit. (Referring to the color of your pants,
Ed.)

Ed, the Orangina People called...
...they want to know if they could carbonate your
pants.

Ed, the Sun called...
...he surrenders

Ed, a shitload of rabbits called...
...they want to eat your legs.

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Ed, Linus called...

...he wants to wait all night in the pumpkin patch for your pants.

Ed, ING called...

...they wanted to know if your pants wanted to open a high interest checking account.

Ed, San Clemente called...

...they want their county back.

Ed, Alice Walker called...

...she wants to do a book about your pants called "The Color Orange"

Ed, Bill Cosby called...

...he thinks your pants escaped from one of his sweaters.

Ed, Carrot Top called...

...he wants your pants to stop stealing his act.

Ed, Kubrick called...

...he doing a film he'd like your pants to star in called "Clockwork Orange Pants".

Ed, the Teletubbies called...

...they have the ransom money and were wondering if you could please send Tinky Winky home.

Ed is a good sport.