



The computer screen? Can't face it. I would rather face my forehead in my hands, elbows on table, staring into doubt.  
screen of writing. But this isn't the computer  
computer screen of having to look for a job. This is the

It's been over six years. I've witnessed countless other friends do it through the era of Bush and I don't know how they did it.  
Now I face the consequences...

To be on the mark, my attack began in hell, or one-state-recession Michigan for the rest of you.

That being stated, I know people in four other economically booming states (California, New York, Texas and Philadelphia) that have similar problems.

So it's safe to say, other than being worse, what I write happens in these few pages is universal to everyone in the good 'ol USA.

To be brutally honest, these friends all said, "You will not find a job making what you did," "You won't find a job for a long time," even "It will crush you to powder if you let it."

And the one that stuck the hardest, "You're not  
[Odd Todd](#)

.

So don't sit on your ass."

So I sat on my ass for about a month before I took the situation seriously. At that point the portentous classified ads were unbearable.

But as money began to run out, I vigorously scanned through them and lo and behold, for such a recession the papers were filled with jobs.

The Internet was plastered with so many opportunities I can't believe the fiber optic cables haven't drowned in job creation.

I applied for the highest paying career focused ads in the areas that I had years of experience in, then waited.

A month past, I heard nothing. Not a reply. Not a rejection. Nothing. Fear and its brother Depression knocked the Raven off the window ledge and began rapping at my chamber door.

The funds were now nearly exhausted.

All my plans and ideas had crumbled.

Plan B, C and D were down the drain.

I began to apply for any job.

Management, Human Resources, Computers, anything I could do.

Still nothing.

Nearly the end of my third month I began to get desperate.

I applied for anything even the lowest entry-level job, moving furniture for&quot; Two Men and A Truck,&quot; even resorting to sales.

Now into the month of December I receive two rejection letters and a phone interview. That's 3 for 200.

These were interesting.

One of them stated that the job I applied for was filled, yet it was dated the day I mailed out my resume.

The other letter said they were not hiring at this time, yet that same week, the company placed another add out for the same job.

I got a call for a phone interview.

They asked my salary requirements and I low-balled them.

I learned quickly what “entry-level” means.

21K a year condemns me to my parent’s basement.

The hours:

8-5, M-F, cutting me off from interviewing for any real jobs.

And the job – selling medical equipment!

The biggest growing and profiting industry in the nation, and I couldn’t pay the overhead and had to pass.

The rest of December went, no responses, and over three hundred resumes out.

Between Christmas (giving out no presents as I had no cash and getting looks from relatives that hit like a wet switch) and New Years, I had two interviews.

The first, asked me if I knew some Oracle or Holy Trinity software or something, which is not on my resume.

I didn’t and I was asked to leave.

The second dismissed me for being “over-qualified.”

Didn’t you read my resume?

It was a waste of gas (which is no cheap commodity) and time.

And time is the most valuable constant of all.

At that point I made a New Year’s resolution: I was going to do something about this in 2008!

A few things became apparent real soon. There should be a law that requires Employers to at least say “No Thanks.” But that isn’t going happen any sooner than national health-care.

So you wait while you wonder if you will ever work again.

I arrived at my solution by connecting the dots while speaking with other job seekers.

Monster is a joke. It's almost completely an ad campaign to join the military and ship out to Iraq. Besides, does anyone hear back from them?

People advertise for jobs when they are not hiring. My guess is they do it to give the economy a false sense of stability. They are not hiring folks. Half of the jobs you see amount to a huge pile of false advertising.

Many employers, especially government jobs, are required by law to post open jobs even though they know those jobs are already going to someone who works there, or are even already gone. It's a bunch of snake oil, because we sit around for eight hours a day – a full time job – typing up cover letters and wasting stamps, wasting time, for something that is just not going to happen.

Cattle calls. There are so many jobs that say how great they are, how much money you can make, and give you their number. You call and they flat out lie. I threatened to put the actual company here in this story but they promised to sue me.

Anyway. I show up to my "interview" and find myself at a "cattle-call."

That's when you and fifty other people are all herded to fill out the same application.

After which they tell you they don't offer benefits.

The worst of the lot are those "fill-your-application-on-line" sites. I must have done near a hundred of those. I can't tell you the horror of getting half way through the voluminous collection of information about me when the Internet connection goes out and I have to start all over.

But that's when it dawned on me. "Collection of Information." I began looking at these sites

and companies more carefully.  
All the medical companies do it.

So do the government, banks, cable industry, military and pharmaceutical jobs.

And I never hear a word.

But they have all my info now.

The have my Important info like SSN#, addresses, dog's middle name and when I took my first shit.

And all this is sitting on a server somewhere right now.

And someone is looking at it right now.

Yes.

It was all a scam to get all my personal info.

What other companies would need it but them?

This is over.

I'm doing something.

Today.

And so I did. I figure, if they can lie and not give a rip, then so can I. After all, I'm just sending them words on paper. Th  
ey are not calling.

They will not meet me.

And I will never to get to show them what I am really like. So I changed the name on my resume to Phil McCrackin.

I'm not kidding.

Then I made up a bunch of places I worked at.

Top places.

Like Citibank and Napster.

And I made up my degree, going with the MBA of course (why not?).

Then I just falsified all my computer skills, MSCE, all of it.

Sure enough, I heard back. In droves. Because I included my “salary requirements.” NOTHING was all I required.

My in-box, and voice mail where full. So I called back the job that I like the most: [REDACTED].

I arrived for my interview, suit and tie, resume and briefcase. An older gentleman in a Polo shirt and jeans and a petite woman wearing a white button-down blouse and striped slacks greeted me with “Hi, Phil” and took me into the conference room.

It was casual Friday.

They asked me a bunch of “standard” questions that I answered with long anecdotes that Larry David would beg to get his hands on.

Then I told them the truth.

My resume was a lie.

Do you really think my name was Phil McCrackin?

I just wanted you to sit down with me-- the real me.

Right here. I can perform every job function we just talked about. I had to get my foot in this door.

I applied earlier, under my real name, with all the experience you preferred, and you never even called.

Now why not?

You didn’t answer MY resume, but Phil McCrackin--who will work for nothing--you called him right up.

Now I want an answer right now before I call Michael Moo-- And that was it.

In my “moment” I didn’t see the Polo shirted director of operations push the security button.

The black suited goons had me out of the chair and through the front door before I could grab their business cards.

I landed in a snow bank adjacent the front stairs.

I stared at the industrial park, realizing I applied to half of the companies encircling the cul-de-sac.

I also knew at that moment this stunt couldn’t go much further.

My money was gone and even the local McDonalds wouldn’t hire me.

I looked down, reached out my hand and dug into the bank and ate some snow.

At least it wasn’t yellow.

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PS – The writer (possessor of a Master’s Degree is currently working a third shift custodial job cleaning up after homeless people at a large sports venue.)

PSS – The movie rights to story are available. Please e-mail [crackpot@crackpotpress](mailto:crackpot@crackpotpress) for agent information.