**Sent:** Fri, 23 Jan 2009 11:15:49 -0500
**From:** "Smith, Traci" <traci.smith@ssa.gov>
**To:** "Boone, Andrea R." <andrea.r.boone@ssa.gov>, "Coppage, Lynda" <lynda.coppage@ssa.gov>, "Lartey, Solomon" <solomon_lartey@who.eop.gov>, "Hunter, Katrina Mr CIV USA IMCOM" <katrina.hunter@us.army.mil>, mike c [redacted]
**Bcc:** "Lartey, Solomon" <"/o=eop/ou=first administrative group/cn=recipients/cn=solomon_lartey">
**Subject:** Looking back at 2008 . . .

P6/b(6)

Sent: Tuesday, January 20, 2009 11:27 AM

Subject: Looking back at 2008 . . .

I just want to thank everyone for the educational emails over the past year! Let's take a look . . .

I can't use the remote in a hotel room because I don't know what the last person was doing while flipping through the channels.

I can't sit down on the hotel bedspread because I can only imagine what has happened on it since it was last washed.

I can't enjoy lemon slices in my tea or on my seafood anymore because lemon peels have been found to contain all kinds of nasty germs including feces..

I have trouble shaking hands with someone who has been driving because the number one pastime while driving alone is picking your nose.

Eating a Little Debbie sends me on a guilt trip because I can only imagine how many gallons of trans fats I have consumed over the years.

I can't touch any woman's purse for fear she has placed it on the floor of a public bathroom.

I must send my special thanks to whoever sent me the one about poop in the glue on envelopes because I now have to use a wet sponge with every envelope that needs sealing.

Also, now I have to scrub the top of every can I open for the same reason.

I no longer have any savings because I gave it to a sick girl (Penny Brown) who is about to die in the hospital for the 1,387,258th time.

I no longer have any money at all, but that will change once I receive the $15,000 that Bill Gates/Microsoft and AOL are sending me for participating in their special e-mail program .

I no longer worry about my soul because I have 363,214 angels looking out for me, and St.Theresa's novena has granted my every wish.

I no longer eat KFC because their chickens are actually horrible mutant freaks with no eyes or feathers.

I no longer use cancer-causing deodorants even though I smell like a water buffalo on a hot day.

Thanks to you, I have learned that my prayers only get answered if I forward an e-mail to seven of my friends and make a wish within five minutes.

Because of your concern I no longer drink Coca Cola because it can remove toilet stains.

I no longer can buy gasoline without taking someone along to watch the car so a serial killer won't crawl in my

back seat when I'm pumping gas.

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I no longer drink Pepsi or Dr Pepper since the people who make these products are atheists who refuse to put 'Under God' on their cans.

I no longer use Saran wrap in the microwave because it causes cancer.

And thanks for letting me know I can't boil a cup of water in the microwave anymore because it will blow up in my face...disfiguring me for life.

I no longer check the coin return on pay phones because I could be pricked with a needle infected with AIDS.

I no longer go to shopping malls because someone will drug me with a perfume sample and rob me..

I no longer receive packages from UPS or FedEx since they are actually Al Qaeda in disguise.

I no longer shop at Target since they are French and don't support our American troops or the Salvation Army.

I no longer answer the phone because someone will ask me to dial a number for which I will get a phone bill with calls to Jamaica , Uganda , Singapore and Uzbekistan .

I no longer buy expensive cookies from Neiman-Marcus since I now have their recipe.

Thanks to you, I can't use anyone's toilet but mine because a big brown African spider is lurking under the seat to cause me instant death when it bites my butt.

And thanks to your great advice, I can't ever pick up $5.00 dropped in the parking lot because it probably was placed there by a rapist waiting underneath my car to grab my leg..

If you don't send this e-mail to at least 144,000 people in the next 70 minutes, a large dove with diarrhea will land on your head at 5:00 PM this afternoon and the fleas from 12 camels will infest your back, causing you to grow a hairy hump. I know this will occur because it actually happened to a friend o f my next door neighbor's ex-mother-in-law's second husband's cousin's beautician...

You have a wonderful day, k?