

DeadLine

“You have reached the Department of Death.
No one is available to speak with you now, or at anytime.
All appointments are final and unchangeable.
There are no exceptions.
Have a nice life, and good-bye.”

<< Connection Terminated >>

Fine. I can wait. I was just trying to make this easy on everyone: *I'd* contact *them*, make the payoff and get a life – or at least keep the one I've got. No biggy. I know Death will reach me any minute now. Hah, that's funny... Death will...any minute...

I guess DeadLine humor is an acquired taste.

I'm not worried, but I *am* feeling a little tired, so I'll just pop another Red Rooster 'til they call. Not that I'm hurtin' for people trying to reach me. And every one of 'em wants to sell me a death-defiance scam.

If a built-in expiration date isn't depressing enough, there are always the latest predators to spice up one's doom. They come in all shapes, sizes, genders and clone-types. Everyone's date of death – a.k.a. DeadLine – is supposed to be strictly confidential. But there are leaks in the system. Once the vultures get hold of your date, you can't open a door or screenee without a death-defiance marketer popping up. What with so many clever variations on the theme, it takes constant vigilance to resist die-fie pressure. Of course, in 100% of the cases, the saps fork over their last credit, and die right on schedule. Very neat. No one lives to file a complaint.

I should know. I own a piece of the best die-fie scams on the market. That said, a scan of my latest screenees gave me the creeps. If I didn't know for sure my DeadLine is negotiable, I might be worried. Heck, I might even panic and waste my credits on one of these cheesy scams.