

Ladies and gentlemen,

Well, the day has finally arrived. It's time to retire. Or as I like to call it, 'no alarm clock' day. I have to admit, I'm both excited and mildly terrified. Excited because I won't have to sit through any more of those riveting Monday morning meetings, and terrified because I might actually have to figure out how to use my gym membership now.

I've been with this company so long, when I started, the only things that crashed more than our computers were the stock prices. I've seen a lot of changes over the years, like the switch from coffee to herbal tea in the break room. Let's just say some of us are a little too awake for our own good!

I will miss the camaraderie, and by that, I of course mean the office gossip. Where else would I get my weekly dose of drama--outside of supermarket tabloids, of course? And let's not forget the secret stash of cookies in the bottom drawer--a.k.a. my drawer. Nope, no one knew about that.

What will I do with all this newfound free time? I might take up something exotic like gardening... or napping. I've always wanted to leave my mark on the world, and now I have a chance to leave it in my own backyard with a spectacular display of weeds.

To my colleagues, thank you for being the best part of work. I'm just sorry you now have to find someone else to laugh at the boss's jokes. Best of luck with that, by the way.

To the management, I would like to say thank you for the opportunities and the challenges. But mainly the coffee. That kept me going--literally. So, to sum it all up, retiring is a bit like that moment at the buffet when you realize you've tried everything twice. It's been delightful, but it's time to go lie down.

Thank you everyone for the memories. Keep in touch! Or at least Friend me, Like me, or whatever you kids are calling it these days. Cheers!