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# A Letter to F.E.A.R.

To the Federal Enemy Assignment Registry:

It is with deep regret that I offer my two weeks notice. My term with F.E.A.R. has been long and fulfilling, but it is time for me to accept that my career is at an end. Despite my best efforts, I can no longer strike fear in the hearts of men, women, or even children.

I know that in this business it is customary to quit as soon as you pass your peak. But when I was just a trainee coaxing fear into the hearts of men, women, and children—and later nudging, pushing, or smacking fear into same—I never imagined that this day would come.

I've spent a lot of time pondering why I am suddenly unable to strike fear in people's hearts, and I've come to the following conclusion: something is very wrong with today's society. Women are too strong—Tae Bo and Title IX were the worst things to happen to the super villain industry since the Great Kryptonite Shortage of '52. Children, hardened by bloody video games and graphic television programming, are tougher to scare than they used to be. I just hope that our company will continue to support extremely wholesome programming in order to neutralize this problem. I know our agency was hard-hit by the tragic loss of our valuable agent Mr. Rogers, but I am confident that other villains' rights advocates will arise to take his place.

As for my retirement plans, I hope to stay active in the super villain community. Right now I'm working on a new kind of maniacal laughter. My wife says the neighbors have started to complain, but they got used to all the noise from the construction of my evil underground laboratory, so I figure



this should blow over.

I'd also like to make a few suggestions for my replacement. Captain Likeable is a devious fellow, and he must be assigned a suitable nemesis. I suggest the Meticulous Menace or my former protégé, the Deranged Duke of Darkness. (I believe he prefers "D-Diddy" now. Kids these days!)

I'll always remember the good times—making very large maps, recruiting menacing-looking animals to do my bidding, and suspending Captain Likeable above enormous tubs of sulphuric acid and forcing him to listen to the tale of how I "went bad."

But for now, it is time that I go to a quiet retirement, away from the sickening idealism of milk-drinking, self-confident, mama's boy superheroes and their uncanny ability to foil my evil plans within twenty-two minutes (plus commercials).

Best Wishes,

*J. Dementio*

Shadow Dementio