

His Excellency, Kofi Annan
Secretary-General of the UN
C/o The Executive Office of the Secretary-General
United Nations
New York, NY
10017
USA

Dear Mr. Annan:

So, you're the guy who's supposed to be in charge of everything... Chief Panjandrum of the gawdalmighty United Nations. So what? As far as I can tell, you are just the biggest yes-man on the face of the planet. Your rubberstamp is all over this awful New World Order. Don't you ever get sick of being the lapdog of the United States? If you had any guts you'd get drummed out of office like your predecessor, Boutros Boutros Ghalli. At least he stood up to the real monsters sometimes. In the old days, when the United Nations actually stood for something, the Secretary-Generals (i.e. Dag Hammarskjold) would, on occasion, actually put their lives on the line standing up for the oppressed peoples of the world.

You, more than nearly anybody else on the face of the planet, could actually change things for the better. Instead you don't. So, when people starve to death, when people are murdered by their governments, and when the planet is scourged to the point where soon it won't be able to sustain human life anymore, I hope you realize that the finger of blame will point directly at you.

Your enemy,

Garth Johnson

P.S. Could you send me an autographed picture, before the world ends?