

It's Time To Retire From *Lilly* When...

You're so happy, you could scream.

You use the word "global" in every other sentence.

There's not a depressed person left on the planet.

You invite a guest to the top floor corporate dining room and they "no show."

You and the FDA are at irreparable odds.

In your enthusiasm to do the right thing, an error emptied The Endowment.

More than once, you've hit the emergency lockdown button at the slightest whiff of an unfamiliar odor.

You speak every language; know every custom, cuisine and protocol... so now what?

You're the one who suggested they sell the company and move out of Indianapolis.

You've converted to Scientology.

You moonlight as a street dealer.

You make it a habit to sample every batch.

The Humane Society won't let you adopt any more animals.

Even the catering temps know your in house nickname is "Zac."

You've recently begun pestering Ruth with your poetry.

You've stopped speaking to Sidney and refer to him only as Mr. T.

You offer to take your Christmas bonus in product.

It's become a bit monotonous: you entering the boardroom humming, "Eli's comin' ..."

The way out of the tunnels has escaped you.

You're caught secretly pushing home remedies to potential clients.

You've moved into Oldfields and refuse to vacate museum property.

Being on Boards bores you... matter of fact; it's downright depressing.

You've said, "Oops!" one time too many in the lab.

You're hell-bent on faith healing.

Just to be on the safe side, you sterilize yourself.

You've gotten silly over things your can do with Green Soap.

Your department has earned the nickname: "Side Effect City"

You let loose lips leak a new formula.

You can't quit quoting Quayle.

All's well.