

Mike D'Antoni Resigns from the Knicks

By : **Bill Rayburn**

A fictional account of what Coach D'Antoni might have said when he resigned from the NY Knicks.



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Mike D'Antoni's Resignation Letter

To The New York Knicks

Dear Grunny, Dolan, and poor Woody (interim coach),

I quit. I'll give my exit interview to DeBusschere's cadaver between periods at the next Ranger's game.

â Melo sucks. As teammates go, he makes Terrell Owens look like Mark Messier.

Good luck with an Asian point guard who can't jump and commits more turnovers per game than Michael Ray Richardson did lines at half time, on a mirror depicting himself, facing a 15 point deficit, and watching Hubie Brown's face turn different shades of orange while writing stats on the chalk board.

Stoudamire's nice signing. I told you he was a paper tiger in Phoenix, and without Nash to make him look good, he would be more overrated than Mark Sanchez. But you wouldn't listen. Well, \$20 million a year ought to keep him in titanium goggles and 6 rebounds a game for the rest of his life. He does well for a guy with a total of 1/3 of a ligament between both knees. I guess Bill Walton's feet weren't on the market.

And giving up half the roster for a headband-wearing ball hog from Syracuse who, when put into a motion offense, brings things grinding to a halt faster than Trump walking into a black neighborhood barber shop in Queens and proclaiming, "Who's got the balls to give me a haircut?" And sending Galinari west was a smooth move, Sherlock. He should be a perennial all star only until 2025, the same year that â Melo will cash his final check, only he'll have been retired for 8 years.

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And thanks for bringing Baron Davis aboard. What, Randy Moss was busy running over a dyspeptic, arthritic Mall Cop in Hackensack with his Hummer? Barry Bonds wouldn't come out of retirement? Stephen Jackson preferred to go back to Oakland where rock cocaine is enjoying a comeback? The Lakers wouldn't give up Ron Artest and his anger management counselor, Charlie Sheen, for a couple of 8th round draft picks?

Jesus Christ, the American Cancer Society has a life-size cardboard cutout of Baron in the lobby of their national headquarters, with a red circle and a slash painted on his face. Lance Armstrong has shot so many Baron Bobble Heads down on his ranch in Texas, Baron's started wearing a Kevlar Vest and isn't even sure why.

J.R. Smith? Excellent choice, you little known Maloof Sister. He's more inconsistent and unpredictable than Cazzie Russell on a triple espresso. You mean to say you couldn't exhume the fossilized remains of John Tresvant?

And you couldn't pull Bernard King out of that dilapidated crack den in the Bronx for a comeback?

Who's your next brilliant move? Peyton Manning, or bringing Scott Skiles out of retirement?

Have I mentioned I am resigning?

Tell Jim Dolan that, after my front row seat at his total befuddlement at how to run a professional sports franchise, I'm going to go work for free for the corpse of George Steinbrenner. Maybe George can teach me how to treat my employees with dignity and respect.

You've had a wonderful run here. I guess it's only a matter of time until you bring Ernie di Gregorio back so he can make Jeremy Lin look like a combination of Earl Boykins and Nate Robinson.

I'm sure gonna miss Spike Lee. Nothing like a pigeon-toed troll in a different jersey every night, sitting courtside, trying to recapture a past he never had and pissing off every white fan AND the other team's best player. Why didn't you just sit Nicolas Cage down there and have him continually load and unload a Glock 9M while glowering at the refs?

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I guess it's time to bring Isiah back, too; the cute Nicaraguan chick in accounting hasn't been groped in over a week. In fact, nobody has sued us since the poor, misunderstood Mr. Thomas left in a hail of Manolo Blahniks, 13 figure settlements, and lottery picks.

I'll resurface, thanks for asking. Probably in Philly when Doug Collins throat explodes from one too many distended veins. I'll get to play the Knicks 8 times a year. That'll be fun. Then I can double team Jackie Chan's earth-bound adopted step-child and watch him float one soft cross-court pass after another over 12 outstretched arms, resulting in a highlight-reel slam on the other end. In my favor, this time.

So, I guess this is a goodbye.

Here's Keith Smart's cell phone number. 1-800-BAD-COACH

Sincerely,

Mike D'Antoni

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