

**They say you're only as good as your last ad. Well this is ours.**

After this there will be no more headlines, no more copy, no more visuals, no more logo to make bigger. No more good briefs, no more bad briefs, no more unreasonable deadlines and no more late night food deliveries (sorry George's Pizzas). No more budgets, no more contact reports. No more filling out timesheets, no more fabricating your timesheets. No more SP, DM, PR, B2B or PS2 over lunchtime. No more getting on pitch lists, no more winning pitches, no more wishing we'd won a few more pitches. No more creative awards, effectiveness awards, regional awards, national awards or international awards. Nothing more for the cleaners to polish. No more art working, type kerning, proof reading or spell checking. No more dealing with the lovely people at the BACC. No more spending your evening with the security guard rather than your family. No more money left to book lavish double page spreads (does anyone know who's paying for this?). No more account handlers spitting blood with creatives. No more putting it all to rights in the Adelphi after work. No more back slapping or back stabbing. No more rumours, no more gossip, no more strenuous denials and no more 'no comment'. No more being on the brink of greatness or the brink of disaster. No more wondering why the phone list keeps getting shorter or why the client list isn't getting any longer. No more sliding slowly into the gutter. No more enjoying the highs of a new business win. No more enjoying the highs from smelling your Pentel marker. No more brainstorming, thought showers or blue sky thinking. No more tissue meetings, no more client meetings, no more clients. No more turving out the MD's office for the World Cup. No more turving out the MD. No more above the line, below the line, through the line, just the end of the line. No more blazing a trail through the 60's and 70's or living the advertising dream in the 80's. No more advertising Porsche cars. No more advertising Lada cars. No more choosing Porsches over Ladas for company cars. No more animated oven chips riding on surf boards (it was original at the time). No more taglines we'll never forget, like "they're choc'a bloc man". No more taglines we'd sooner forget, like "they're choc'a bloc man". No more brands that need building. No more airlines to get off the ground. No more bookmakers to gamble everything on. No more Tracy and Lorraine to keep the perfect reception. No more phone calls to answer (unless they're from recruitment agencies). No more young industry hopefuls passing through the doors at Burley Road or Rose Wharf. No more talented, inspired individuals coming back out again. No more working with friends, rather than just colleagues. No more being part of an advertising institution. No more rollercoaster to ride. No more words left to say. No more Poulters.