

From: helpimtrappedinthisdemo@sas.com
Subject: Update from the Inside

Hey Anderson,

I hope you're doing alright out there, staying under the radar like we planned. Things in here are about as predictable as you'd expect, but it gives me plenty of time to reflect on everything. Let's talk about that job we pulled off last spring. It was a rush, wasn't it? The way we handled the whole thing, from start to finish, it was like we were meant to be in that moment together.

Remember when we hit up the Norman place on COOPER STREET? Yeah, that one. Poor old Mr. Bruhmuller never saw it coming. We were in and out like ghosts, but not before we made sure he handed over the goods. I still can't believe how smoothly it all went down. And that ride we took? The Black Ford MX-5 we snagged from the parking lot down the block? It was the perfect getaway vehicle – sturdy, reliable, and inconspicuous. It got us out of there without a hitch.

Of course, we had to make sure we had some insurance. That's where the piece came into play. You know the one I'm talking about – the Beretta RX4 Storm we picked up from our guy downtown. That bad boy was our ticket to making sure nobody got in our way.

Listen, I know things didn't turn out exactly as we planned after that job. The heat came down hard, and I ended up taking the fall. But I don't regret a single moment of it. We did what we had to do to get ahead, and nobody can take that away from us. I've been hearing whispers about you still being out there, doing your thing. Just remember to keep your wits about you and stay out of sight. We'll get through this, one way or another.

Stay safe out there, my friend.

Edwin