

please tell me the point to this ridiculous anonymity exercise,  
hmm?

As it turns out, oddly enough, it seems that your real self is just an unknown programmer from Utah. The myth is that easily dispelled. Why not make something of your real self? (Of course I know why and can tell you: Because your fear of the world has clouded your ability to *do things to improve your situation*. You are stuck there in Draper, Utah, until you can cut through the paranoia!)

Please, Mr. Gillette, come on in. The water's fine. ;)

Best,  
Emery Pestus

Now, clearly this letter brought me no end of astonishment. Pirate O's General Store? Could there really be such a place? It seemed miraculous that a store by that name could exist!

I raced to open a browser, my first reaction being to look up Pirate O's and I slammed it into Google, only to be met with a list of garbage: links to a bar "Pirate Oars" in Cincinnati, Ohio; lyrics to the song "Pour, Oh Pour the Pirate Sherry"; nothing about such a pirate general store. From there, I moved on to Googling for "Pirate store draper" and "Chase McGuinn" and "Sangria Señorial", unable to find anything, although a search for "McGuinn Senorial" did turn up a poem entitled "Un espacio señorial donde" by Cezar McGuinn. (I didn't need to search for Jonathan Gillette, because I knew who that was.)

I wrote back to Dr. Pestus: