

Finding myself very impressed by Dr. Pestus' writings, having dabbled in pseudonymity from time to time, I dashed him off a letter:

Dr. Pestus, good afternoon.

I am a fellow, a professor of sorts, who is doing work under an anonymous guise and I have just finished reading your book "Kill Yourself! The Terrible Things People Say and Do When They Aren't Themselves." Now, before you start to usher a reply, I am not writing to disagree with you.

My complaint is that my real name is very plain and I prefer to have a fictional one. You don't seem to suffer this problem, since your real name is quite fictional-sounding on its own.

I do realize that having a fictional name makes me a bad person, but how bad of a person does it make me? Please rate on the scale of John Q. Public to Mister X.

Also, is it too late to be real?

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His reply came in a few days:

Dear Mr. Jonathan Gillette,

Yes, it's true! I know your real name! I asked a few of my experts to trace back the little e-mail you sent and it lined up with the coordinates of one Pirate O's General Store in Draper, Utah. It seems that you composed the e-mail while you were plugged into their connection, enjoying a Sangria Señorial it seems. A quick call to store owner Chase McGuinn sorted all of this out. Now