Bob Joseph

Tar and Feather Company

1 Not Britain Way

Boston, MA 02121

Dearest Colleague Joe Bobby:

Why did you leave a TARRED MESS in the break room?? Are you serious? I am this (holding fingers mere NANOMETERS apart) close to calling your supervisor. Who just brings in 10 different buckets of **tar**, fresh from the road, and pours them everywhere? Don’t even try to deny it. I saw you lug them in. I raised my eyebrows at you. You walked into the breakroom. Not 30 minutes later, I took my break, and I was almost permanently stuck to the floor from the copious amounts of tar! What gives??

Please respond promptly. I am in the cubicle next to you. I am watching your every move. Your incessant screams that “it’s a *magic trick*” are clearly just further evidence towards your insanity. How is tar magic? It’s just a confusing mess! I’ve haven’t seen such inappropriate misconduct in *at least* three days at this prestigious company, and the flagrant misanthropy is frankly showing.

Kindest Regards,

Bob Joseph