

Dear Mrs. Hippy,

I write to ask (again) for a small 'busy'ness loan. And if you're now wondering how I got a hold of your home address, then... stop worrying! It's literally not at all relevant to the content of this fine letter. The message to take away from this section, Jack, is... you'll feel pure *misery* if you don't immediately approve a big loan to me.

Look, both of us know I'm just *amazin'*, but that wasn't a thing I was simply born with! Ya see, a nice stranger on the roadside from *Colombia* once told me this idea: "Ayuda, t-tuve un ac-cid-den-te n-neces-si-to ay...u ...da" & then he got too sleepy to translate that but I bet it means, like "Just be yourself", and by following that keen advice I've really blossomed. So... if you somehow still think loaning to me is not a good idea then you're in *denial*.

Somewhere around 1907-1908

Frasier Street on the route from your office (back to where you and your family live) there's a huge shortcut that you keep missing! Consider doing me a big favor to reward that pro bono tip.

Thanks for your consideration!

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Dear Ms. Romanoff,

tbh idk whether things are going utterly crap or not, financially, as 3 or 4 health issues have kept all of that 'work' at an arm's length, like an acute *pain in the L.A.D. region of my heart* if I'm eating a big dessert. I need you to open up your (undiseased) heart, and pity me by giving a business loan.

Man, I got this awful *issue w/ a pointy hairline*, and I swallow 8 *crawly things full o' venom* while I sleep, yearly, so c'mon you make a guess at how itchy it IS all up there in my duodenum now! The smell, it's quite bad, too, so my office pal Pablo has now started to refer to his working hours as

'Pablo's gloomy period'.

Thanks for your consideration!

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Dear Mr. Twist,

Let's cut the crap.

Your verdict about my loan plea will truly make or break the lives for all of the working class people I could be employing now. They call me *Steve Jobs* because I'd hire so darn many of them.

Has that crap been cut yet??? I say things like that because I am bold like the *Baudelaires*. Yeah, my nickname was Dripper in high school since I sweat so much when I'm nervous. In some circles I'm called *Annie Bennett* because I grew up living quite a 'hard knock life' (we didn't have HBO and could only afford to go to Olive Garden once a week).

The kiss (the famous one) was

during prom: I sweated so much they had to stop the slow dance to bring in the janitor. Imagine what I could channel that energy towards if I got a loan! And I get called *Batman* since I hit every presentation out of the park.

They call me *Potter* since I really often blow my loan money on the reefer, ganja, weed, and chronic. They call me 'Rude E. Guiliani' 'cause I start all of my convo's with "Let's cut the crap." They also call me 'Matisse's daddy' for reasons I really don't know.

How can I have so many things but not have a half-decent loan? I have friends. I own so many pairs of Crocs. Even if there are no doors or locks, I've got a nice apartment. I've got a GED. I've got a nice kitchen, even if it gets invaded by strangers, but they usually stay out of the way. Well, except for that old kazoo player lurking right outside my bedroom and whose songs occasionally are

featuring the old guitarist.

Thanks for your consideration!

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Dear Mr. *Kismet*,

I am a simple man: when I hear a rhapsody from *Bohemia*, I will start screaming "I'm just a poor boy; nobody loves me."

Incidentally, by providing me a loan, you could make me a rich boy... and love me!

When I see a *firefly*, I will sing, " 'cause I'd get 1,000 Crocs from ten thousand... lightning bucks." And, when you give the full ten thousand bucks they'd better be some of those red and white and blue dollars and NOT those *maple leaf* country dollars. Ooh! 'Leaf' segues real nicely to my big idea:

Made with this kind of leaf

I found at the marina, I bet that boats would be SO much lighter and able to handle bigger cargo, since they are not wasting their capacity on their own weight.... Also, I had a cool idea for a business while eating *frog legs* I found on a frog there: what if these were sold in restaurants?

"Ummm, ring ring? Hello? Olive Garden? If you're gonna drop a million dollar idea on the ground, don't get upset when I pick it up!"

My rival restaurant, code named "*Winter Garden*", will offer frog legs and the *entertainer* will be a Santa (mechatronic) plus a big towering fish, an Irish Pollock (because they look so cool) in the dining room and it will dethrone the OG as the king of fine dining.

I'm so rich with ideas they call me Jeff Bez' or Bill G', e.g. (whoops, gotta not succumb to that *temptation* to list off all my nicknames to loan officers).

Thanks for your consideration!