

**To:** [REDACTED]  
**From:** G. Max  
**Sent:** Sat 1/1/4501 5:00:00 AM

Dear Mr Mega

Last week you were spotted with a strange woman sporting a 60's wig. Our sources reported that she volunteered that she was a secretary who collected dinosaur bones. It was also alleged that she made references to salacious and totally unfounded reports of Royal affairs and a family previously connected to the media.

We would like to inform you that her past is one with a tortuous beginning, toiling in the salt mines, picking cotton from the branches of cotton bushes and serving as a waitress in the evenings at the local taverna Bindi on the Island of Oblook.

Ok well enough crap - you win - second part of the evening of my ramblings bore an uncanny resemblance to the truth.

Regarding the second part of your boy chat - that sounds more like the tattle that I enjoy hearing about . As to whether I talk about you behind your back - just thought you should know that it is nothing I would not say to your face - and that there are several of my girlfriends who are looking forward to your return to NY

G