

MY DEAR CHARLES, I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT, I, CRAPPER BATTENBURG
HAVING MADE CONSUMMATE ATTEMPT TOWARD DAZZLING LIVELIHOOD AM IN
CARCERATED IN THIS PEDESTRIAN HOLE. I HAD TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION TO
PLAN A PERFECT CRIME PASTICHIO. I HAD WALKED CALMLY TO A POLICE
THE TRANSSTATION AND DROPPED A RATHER LARGE BAG OF COCAINE ON THE COUNTERFORMATION
OF A PEDESER, INFORMING THE DESK SARGENT OF ITS SUBSTANDARD CUT AND ASKINGRIAN MASTER
CRIMINAL IN THAT MY DEALER BE ARRESTED IMMEDIATELY TO ESTABLISH A VALIDO AN AVANT
GARDE VISIPOLICE CONFIDENCE IN MY HONESTY. THIS HAVING BEEN ACCOMPLISHED, NARY GATE

I THEN ENTERED A 7-11, PLACED MY WALLET ON THE COUNTER TO CLEVERLY
ESTABLISH CONFIDENCE, GAVE AN EASY SMILE, TOOK OUT MY REVOLVER
AND DEMANDED ALL MONEYS ON HAND. I LEFT EMPATHETICALLY TAKING
ONLY HALF THE MONEY. I ENTERED THE FEDERAL BANK, SAW A CLEVERLY
PLACED SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, SMILED EASILY INTO ITS LENS AND
THEN SMASHED IT. I QUITE ADROITLY PUT A PLASTIC GARBAGE BAG OVER
MY HEAD. I CUT EYE HOLES IN THE BAG. I LEFT WITH HALF THE MONEY
AGAIN. I AM NOT A GREEDY PIG. I THEN PROCEEDED TO TIFFANY'S AND
BROKE THE WINDOWS EXPERTLY. I PATIENTLY COLLECTED AND BAGGED
ALL OF THE DIAMONDS IN EXACTLY THE 48 SECONDS I MASTER PLANNED
FOR THIS ACTION. YOU, MY TRUSTED AND USUALLY DEPENDABLE FENCE,
WERE ONE MINUTE LATE. I THEREFORE, BEING OF SANE MIND AND BODY,
DROVE TO THE HUDSON RIVER AT FIFTY NINTH STREET AND THREW THE
DIAMONDS INTO THE RIVER TO AVOID THE LAW. ONE MUST BE RESOLUTE.
I THEN STROLLED INTO THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK, PLACED A TWENTY
DOLLAR BILL IN THE TRAY AND ASKED FOR CHANGE. THEN I DEMANDED
ALL THE MONEY IN THE BANK. THE CLERK HANDED ME 5 DOLLARS. HE
GAVE AN IRONIC LOOK I TOOK TO MEAN THAT HE HAD BACKUP. I FLED
QUICKLY, PROUD OF MYSELF FOR PERFECT ALERTNESS. IT IS DIFFICULT
FOR ME TO UNDERSTAND HOW I WAS CAUGHT BY THE POLICE. MAYBE IT
WAS WHEN I CALLED 911 WHEN I WAS STUCK IN THAT PATHETICALLY
ENGINEERED AND MAINTAINED BUREAU OF ENGRAVING ELEVATOR AT 4
AM. I TRUST YOU CHARLES. I KNOW YOU WILL HOLD ON TO MY SHARE OF
MY UNEASY SCAVENGE UNTIL I AM RELEASED FROM JAIL. (PS. IF ANYONE
FINDS THIS DEAR NOTE I HAVE PAINSTAKINGLY WRITTEN ON TOILET
PAPER ROLLED UP IN THE MINIATURE JAPANESE SPY REVOLVER BARREL I
HAVE PAINSTAKINGLY STORED IN SARAN WRAP IN MY UPPER COLON FOR
14 YEARS AND HAVE JUST EXPULSED FROM MY PRISON WINDOW INTO THE
EAST RIVER. PLEASE TAKE IT TO CHARLES MURTHERER'S FIVE YEAR STATUTE
OF LIMITATION WAREHOUSE AT 52 EASY STREET FOR A SPLENDID REWARD.)
STARS SHINE BRIGHT ON SHATTER LIGHT. STEEL BARS ALL DAY. ALL NIGHT. THEE, THE.
THAT'S YOU SEEM TO HAVE HAD NEED OF A FEW MORE STARS IN YOUR TUCHAS, CRAPPER.