

## **PARDON THE WAY THAT I STARE**

Dearest,

You seem different today- something's off. That troubles us.

It appears as though you were somewhat dissatisfied with your dining experience this evening. As you picked up your fork, your knuckles furrowed- not as quickly as your brow tends to. It was the very same fork that we are in the habit of setting out for you, and we wonder why your knuckles are not in the very same habit of collecting it. They seem preoccupied; any clarity on this would be much appreciated.

Given your priority status as a frequent customer, we instructed our servers to treat you with the utmost care. They saw that, whilst you waited for your entree, you felt the need to remove your left slipper and scratch the back of your right calf with your toes. The largest toe of your left foot appears to have developed a pronounced lunula that bears resemblance to moon's defeat over flesh-horizon (your cuticles are loose). We do not wish to see you undulate (your cellulite, too, appears morose) and so brought you the marrow of a cow's bone, which should rectify the issue.

Those toes lingered for a moment over our carpet and they buckled. We'd like to know why the sight of the carpet wasn't enough, and why you felt the need to touch.

You stood to go to the bathroom at a most unorthodox point in the meal. Your gait was significantly altered and there was a muddling in the flesh behind your knee, which indicates that you have been straining yourself in some exercise. Please trust that this fortifying is wholly unnecessary; we are providing you with exactly what's required. We're aware that softness is ideal for getting closer, so we'll feed you plenty.

The shift of our cement took in your track across the hall and altered us to the fact that it would like to be on a first-name basis with your dandruff. If your interest is reciprocated, we're more than happy to pass that message along.

Please forgive our translator in the S-bend of the toilet you selected; he is made shy only by the glints of your copper in the worn face of his own. Around his scoliotic tongue we discerned that some of your blood vessels appear to have burst and so we should re-think the name (they cannot contain, only prompt the surge). He also communicated that some of your follicles remain unnumbered, that your pulse/beacon summons the hum of our teller-machines, that in the mirror your pupils were huddled in a tunnel, and that you related the particulars of your meal to the woman in the stall beside you. Going forward, please refrain from such exchanges until the entire digestive process is complete and you can communicate directly with our staff. Transparency is very important to us.

Finally, you waved us over to the table to deliver your bill. In the future, we'd appreciate it if you didn't look *at*, but if you turned around to *find us* looking. Perhaps the back of the neck, which tends to get felt, would be the best place for us to start? Let us know your thoughts.

We're just worried about you.

All our love,

The  Group

*P.S.*

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