

DENVER CO. 802

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THEODORE JOHN

Name: KACZYNSKI

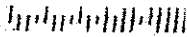
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U.S. Penitentiary Max.

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TED KACZYNSKI

February 11, 2020

Dear Ms. Schreiber & friends,

I really should not expend a stamp to send this letter, but I can't resist the temptation to help three charming young ladies like yourselves ^{*} win a bet with your teacher, especially since he or she must be a terrible teacher -- not having taught you how to write a better letter than the one you sent me. The trouble is that you kids are all so pampered and spoiled nowadays that you don't have the self-discipline even to sit down and produce a letter with legible writing and correct spelling. Why, when I was your age, back in the Pleistocene Epoch, I had to walk ten miles through a snowstorm to get to school every morning, and then the schoolmaster would swat me with a hickory stick if I couldn't conjugate my Latin verbs correctly. Back home, in the evening, I did my homework on a piece of parchment with a quill pen, while the winter wind howled around our log cabin.

Nowadays I bet you aren't allowed to step outside the house without wearing a crash helmet

^{*}This is what is called a "polite fiction". For all I know, you may be a trio of hell-raisers.

in case a meteorite might fall on your head, and your parents would probably be arrested for child abuse if they made you walk a hundred yards to school in fine weather.

You want to know what my day is like? Well, in the morning the sun comes up in the east, it travels across the sky, and in the evening it sets in the west, and that's the end of my day. I think most people's day is pretty much the same, but nowadays you kids are probably so absorbed in social media that you haven't noticed that there is this glowing yellow thing that comes up in the east and goes down in the west. That glowing yellow thing is called the sun.

Well, I guess that should be enough to win your bet for you. Be sure to make your teacher pay you your pound of flesh to the last ounce.

Yours truly,

Ted Kaczynski