

Samson Trammel
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Dear Friends,

I hope this missive finds you well.

It has come to my attention that you have discovered some mechanical obstacles on your journey. What a terrible shame, airplanes are such a convenient yet dangerous method of transportation. I personally swore them off years ago for this very reason. You never know if some small, yet important, detail has been tampered with or added, can you?

On to happier matters. It has been brought to my attention that you have been doing a delightful job looking into some of our troublesome old business. As you no doubt know by now, organizations such as ours face certain logistical difficulties pruning excess fruit from the tree, and your team has done a wonderful job letting us know which loose ends need to be shortened. You have my heartfelt thanks.

My sources tell me that you plan on following the trail of dear Ayers (should your mechanical difficulties prove surmountable, of course). Unfortunately for you, I do believe that my dear old friend is long dead, but I will not deprive you of your goose chase. Such a shame, there was great promise with him, but such losses do happen.

Unfortunately, I cannot recommend your return to Los Angeles. In fact, some of my friends would be quite saddened by your sudden appearance on the coast. My suggestion is that you do not visit in the foreseeable future.

My dear new father-in-law, Johnny, would be most distressed to learn of your arrival. I would truly hate to put this kind, elderly man in such a difficult position just as he has just started his new life here. Do not worry, however, as he is excelling at his new vocation here, even if his training has needed to be strict at times. His new manager, Mr. Floyd, can be quite the disciplinarian when necessary.

Safe travels,

Samson Trammel