

Date: *March 23*

To: *Maron Stone*

From: *Marcus Edge*

Subject: *The Cat You Named Remy*

Dear, Maron Stone

Hey! I wanted to thank you again for reaching out to me about your interest in the kitten. This is Marcus (though I guess that's obvious from the email header HAHHAHA). By the way, I don't use email very often, and if that's not already clear, trust me it will be. I've always thought of myself as more of a phone call or ransom letter cut out of old magazines kind of communicator anyway. That's a joke! I'm just kidding! I was worried our last one-on-one was a little too formal so I wanted to make it less awkward by making a joke (or trying to anyway). Though maybe I shouldn't have addressed that! Boy oh boy! Marcus, eHow did not prepare you for this.

Anyway I just wanted to casually (as in khakis casual, not sweatpants casual) check in as it's been about three months and two days since your initial visit. I'm not sure if my calls and emails are going through (I'm probably messing something up on my end) because I haven't gotten anything back. And just the other day I was on your side of the state, so I went by the address you gave me because I started to get really concerned. You know like maybe you owed too much to the library, or you're trapped under a bookshelf, or even worse you got kidnapped by some creepster! You know a pretty girlie like you with those nice slender long shiny legs really should be careful about other guys. That's why I got so worried when I pulled into a parking spot across the road from your place and saw a guy walking toward your home! I'll

admit it, I panicked a little bit. I mean, how could I not? I was worried that I was potentially looking at the face of your kidnapper/murderer! So I honked my horn, long and loud. I know, not exactly the best or bravest plan (nice going Marcus), but how else to deal with a criminal mastermind/creepo-extraordinaire like that guy. And he was super strong, so there was no chance of me fighting him. Like I bet this guy does core work every night and some mornings. I mean he was fit! His shirt was pulled tightly to his chest exposing his taut muscles, but not in that “cool” uncle who shops one size too small at Banana Republic kind of way. And this guy looks like he could tie a really super effective knot! Well anyway, my honk caught his attention, and he shot me a mean glare. He looked at me like I was a weirdo, like I was some place I didn’t belong. Can you believe the nerve of that guy! At that point, I started to think, if this guy isn’t a serial killer he’s at least some jerk with a name like Connor or Blair or something. And he walked in the house anyway! Gosh maybe you’re trapped in your basement right now and he’s reading this email instead of you!

Well hopefully you’re reading this (you as in Maron, not Blair, screw off Blair), but I just wanted to shoot you an email to make sure everything is ok. The kitten you liked has gotten quite a bit bigger! It’s gray stripes are more pronounced now. I remember you really liked that about him. A few other people showed interest in him, but I said no siree Bob! This kitten (cat now HAHA) is on hold (maximum security lockdown) for one Maron Stone. I can’t wait for you to come back and pick up your cat. It’s been really quiet here. Even my mom stopped visiting after I told her all about you (she thought I was making it up, can you believe that?). It was so nice the day you came. I really liked having someone (who can talk and isn’t a cat that is HA) in the

house. Maybe even after you take the cat, you could come back and visit again sometime. It wouldn't have to be much. Maybe just stop by and say hello.