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Travelers,

This will find you well, I'm sure. Eyes and ears everywhere. My friends have plenty of them to spare. We must continue to scope things out for the most profitable markets. If you notice us noticing you, don't be alarmed; it's strictly business.

Operations here are not what they once were. Leave it to the people of your land to take a good idea and blow it up. (I apologize for the poor phrasing. I fail to let go of hard feelings regarding the destruction of my airship, but I understand the importance of national security.)

Anyway, if it weren't for your people's ingenuity, I'd still have my monopoly. The good ole days. Simpler times with simpler machines, like this writing device here. Modern technology and I don't mix well, unless you consider kerosene and an open flame to be a good mix. Metal bits are better without electricity running through them. Give me my spinning tools and a loom, and I'm all set.

I'll never forget (and always regret) the day I met Levi. I can't believe I trusted him! I must think he was generous in teaching me English, but considering how it only required one conversation for me to obtain fluency, our exchange does not seem fair in hindsight. What he considered fate, I took as bad luck.

Levi's charm. That must have done me in. He was so smiley. Seeing nothing but those furrowed French brows and puckered, whiney lips all the time - or should I say wine-y?? - made my meeting Levi a breath of fresh air. Before I knew what I was saying (in perfect English, might I boast), Levi had scribbled down all he needed to know and more. After a trip across the pond, my creation was being twisted and blended and dyed and...I thought I'd die.



Rivets and pockets and vests: Oh, my! Never would I have done what I did had I known the repercussions. Movies and government leaders, run ways and bags and cowboy hats; it's all too much. Denim appears everywhere. Worn everywear. And with holes in them? Purposefully made holes?! It tears me to bits. If they want something with rips and gashes, I'll give it to them. My death glare is called a death glare for a reason, but employing its destructive energies would have me back at my planet in no time. (Literally, in no time. Intergalactic officers love their black holes.)

I must keep my rage concentrated on Mr. Strauss and not the rest of your people, who are mostly harmless after all. To recenter my hatred, all I have to do is think of what Levi said, the last thing he said to me: "It's in my genes! Get it?"

Deep breaths. Count to a trillion. There. I'm settled down again. Which brings me back to my original purpose in sending this communication. Totell you the reason I discovered denim. While it may sound peculiar to your species, there's nothing like a denim sandwich. A hearty strip of denim between a couple of slices of lead is enough to set my mouth to watering. Though, as you can imagine, my acts of consumption of this delicacy are few and far between. Fitting in is hard enough here in Nîmes, with all the complaining, day in and day out, all the smoky cafe terraces, and the freezing cold temperatures. I limit myself to the summertime months for consumption of my "heavy duty" sandwich as it's been coined (and sold for exorbitant amounts of \$ on my planet), when I'm finally warm, basking in the sun on a rocky and secluded stretch of beach.

What a relief to have confided my secret, my guilty pleasure, and the source of all my grief and heartache, to you, the one who will listen without telling me I'm crazy. I know I am. I don't need anyone to tell me that. I hear enough of it from my feline companion, but that's a story for another millenium.

All the best