

Jason Spencer,

I am not leaving your dry-cleaning ticket for you because I no longer have it. Instead I have your dry-cleaning.

You see, when I came home two days ago and found your dry-cleaning ticket in my mailbox—in an envelope with directions to the dry cleaners, and “pre-paid” written on it—and I could not figure out how it got into my mailbox (without having been postmarked, etc.), I could not resist going to the dry-cleaners to collect the clothes and see what would happen next. What if someone were staging an elaborate game just for me? What if this mysterious envelope and the circumstances surrounding it were part of some shady goings-on of which I could become a spectator? I’m sure you understand.

Unfortunately, my curiosity was rewarded only with embarrassment. Now I have your dry-cleaning in my apartment. Please feel free to stop by to pick it up at any reasonable hour. I am usually home after 3pm.

David Landy
22H