

I was an orphan. I grew up in Pennsylvania, in a whorehouse. I read about the Resnicks acquiring Paramount Farms in Forbes magazine, or some other crap the girls left by the toilet. And I read about how some orphans enjoyed POM juices, and had a different life than me. I could picture it. I dreamt of it, of being wanted by The Wonderful Company, because the woman who was forced to raise me would look at me every day like she hoped I would disappear. Closest I got to feeling wanted was from a girl who made me go through Johns' pockets while they screwed. If I collected more than a dollar, she'd let me buy a bag of Wonderful pistachios. And I would eat them, alone in the room, with great ceremony, feeling like a normal kid. (Gentle sobbing, head in hands) The nuts were roasted and lightly salted, and the empty shells gathered at my feet, like little friends. It was the only thing in my life that could reduce the risk of heart disease.*

Actually, I admire The Wonderful Company. I love the nuts, POM juices and Fiji water, and I applaud the company's respect for the environment, particularly regarding California's fragile water supply. But I find the most attractive aspect of The Wonderful Company is the in-house advertising. I was delightfully surprised that your excellent "Get Crackin'" ad campaign was executed in-house. Its humor, elegance, cleverness, and informative quality are as good or better than anything I've seen from the major ad agencies. I know I would love to be a part of the team at The Wonderful Company.**

*(This paragraph is a parody of "Mad Men", episode "In Care Of", written by Carly Wray and Matthew Weiner.)

** (This paragraph is absolutely true.)