

TOM LUCAS  
1219 E. Perkins Ave.  
Sandusky, Ohio 44870

July 1, 1999

Charles E. Rawley  
President Kentucky Fried Chickens  
1441 Gardiner Lane  
Louisville, KY 40213

Dear Mr. Rawley:

I enjoyed your fine chicken and the Colonel's secret recipes during my days as a young lad. I remember when my mom used to ask the family what we wanted for dinner (expecting us to give her some meal to cook and prepare for her family) and different answers would be shouted out. Every single night I would cry out the same phrase: "He wants Kentucky Fried Chickens!" You see, until recently, I always referred to myself in the third person. This is a problem I have seen numerous counselors for and I am now proud to report that I am able to distinguish between the proper use of first and third person. You might also notice that these days were long before your fine corporation adopted the trendy name of "KFC," the initials of Kentucky Fried Chickens -- how clever!

I've now reached the ripe age of 28 and I am living on my own (without government assistance). Many a day has gone by when I would slave over the stove while stirring a pot of boiling pasta only to add that fake cheese powder, and I fooled myself into calling that a meal! Boy was I naive! Then one evening, while watching my favorite television show: MacGyver -- now in syndication (how could that guy make all those neat things with just a telephone cord, saran wrap, and some partially used denture cleaner tablets!), I saw a commercial for a new place called KFC. I didn't recognize the name right away, but oh can I tell you how my heart leaped when I saw my childhood friend Colonel Sanders (please send him my most sincere regards). It had been so long since I had tasted his secret recipe, that I had completely forgotten the joy of eating his chicken. I am ashamed to say that I forgot about Kentucky Fried Chickens restaurants completely. But it only took one return visit and I've been a faithful customer of KFC six nights a week since then -- on Sundays I still eat my macaroni and cheese dinners. I want to stay in cooking practice in case I ever get a job as a chef. My friends told me that once I tried Boston Market, I would never return to KFC again. Well sir, I must tell you that I tried Boston Market and my friends (Jess and Alphonse) were wrong.

Yesterday my mother, father, sister, and nephew came to visit me. My nephew is only six weeks old and they even let me hold him -- until he tried to nurse on me and I smacked him. Not hard, I just sort of swatted/pushed him away from my chest. It really wasn't even a smack. He didn't even cry or anything, but I wasn't allowed to hold him for the rest of the night. When it was time for dinner mom asked us what we wanted to eat (out of habit I guess). That was when I shouted, "He wants KFC!" (I tend to have third person relapses when I get overly excited).

It was a great meal, still finger lickin' good. You should bring back that slogan, or else combine it with your new one. A commercial can go: [Guy #1 Jess]: "Everybody needs a little KFC, Alphonse." [Guy #2 Alphonse]: "Huh? Why's that, Jess?" [Guy #1 Jess]: "Because it's finger lickin' good!" [Then Jess and Alphonse have a good laugh and a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chickens together]. This would be great because Jess and Alphonse were the ones who told me that I wouldn't go back to KFC. I might just laugh at them and tell them they are no longer my friends!

But last night, after we had our fill of good food, dad was going to put the leftover chickens into the refrigerator, when the bottom of the bucket fell out and the leftover chickens fell onto the floor. He tried to clean it off, but we couldn't eat it because there was too much cat hair on it from my cat, Abigail. (I only smack her when she forgets to use her litter box). I don't vacuum much because Abigail is scared of the vacuum cleaner ever since I ran over her tail with it, so there is always cat hair on the carpet. Now I don't have any leftovers to eat for lunch today and I am hungry. (I also eat KFC six days a week for lunch as leftovers from the night before. On Sundays I have crackers and jam for lunch). I wanted to bring this bucket to your attention and suggest that in the future you might use nails or high quality rubber cement to securely fasten the bottoms of your buckets so that no more chicken gets wasted because of cat hair. I tried to give the chicken to Abigail so it wouldn't go to waste, but she wouldn't eat it. I think she just doesn't like cat hair, because she doesn't wash herself all that much either.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Tom Lucas". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

Tom Lucas

p.s. My mom helped me to write this letter, but all of the sediments were my own.