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Abby Services  
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Dear Abby,

I want to FART! ask you to please not publish this letter in your advice column. I don't want you to get into trouble with your publishers due to the stray words that are sure to be littered throughout my PEE! letter, but editing it for content will essentially render it meaningless. Please do not discard or disregard my letter either. I am just looking for some good advice. CRAP!

Also, before I get to my point, I need to tell you that my kitty is named Abigail. I named her after you! She is NUTS! a very well behaved animal except when she gets angry at me. Those times don't happen very often, but STINKY ARM PITS! when she is mad, watch out! She can throw a HISSY FIT! hissy fit like you've never seen.

I am writing @##%@\$#! to get advice from you to help with this condition I have, which I am sure you TURDS! have already noticed as you read my letter. I have a rare disorder !@#@#^%#@! similar to Tourette's Syndrome, but quite different in that my condition only occurs when I write and not when I VOMIT CHUNKS! speak. I usually write with FECES! a lot of impulsive/involuntary exclamations... I have been able to condition myself to type symbols in place of my urge to spell out profanity, which TOE FUNGUS! helps me with my social writing. But I still cannot @#%\$#@! resist the compulsion to type the swear word completely. Now at least when I write letters to the editor of my local newspaper, they are FISH! more apt to print my letters (editing out the nonsense characters, of course) as opposed to calling me up in a huff without listening to my HEMORRHOIDS! explanation for the profanity laced letter. But in their editing, they also change the carefully designed wording WORM GUTS! that I voluntarily select around the unintended exclamations. Anymore, when the newspaper receives a letter PIMPLE JUICE! from me, the editors take absolute license to PUKE! change my words and pervert my meaning so that the final edit reads nothing like I intended.

Sometimes, as you can URINATE! see above, the things I type are not really profane, but just embarrassing exclamations, like "FART!" (See, that was a word I voluntarily chose to type and really meant to CRAP! do it, but that last one ("CRAP!") was part of the compulsion). I wish I could \$\*@()%^! stop myself from writing this way, but it is just who I am.

I have tried to !@#\$\$%#! edit my writing after the fact to eliminate the extraneous interjections, but I have found that this POOP! only tends to increase the instances of unintended exclamations. For every DAMN! one that I eliminate, I tend to insert two others almost like a compulsive TOILET SEAT! means of compensation. That just litters my letters with more garbage and makes them all that more difficult to CRACK HEAD! read.

I once phoned a radio call-in show when I lived in CESS POOL! a small town on the big river. They had a special guest one summer morning from the psychology department at the local community college. I tried to explain my BUTTS! problem to the host and his guest, but I came across sounding quite normal over the radio and I don't think JACKASS! that they believed what I told them. It is very hard to explain this condition MORON! without actually showing it's true effect CORN POOP! like you see here in this letter. That is why I decided to write to you today in the hopes DIARRHEA CRAMPS! that you could offer me some advice.

My condition doesn't carry the same social stigma as say being an alcoholic or a drug addict or a chocaholic, but it can have INFECTED EYE PUSS! its moments when I feel absolutely helpless and hopeless. I go to the library during my free time and read a lot of LYING BULL! poetry; beautifully written REEKING GYM SOCKS! and elegantly eloquent. I once read a moving short story ACNE! about Sitting Bull and his Native American tribe -- the Lakota Sioux. I wish I could BITE ME! write me a story like that with the confidence that I could give it to someone else to DRIED SNOT! read without the fear of persecution or judgment.

Abby, I know that you usually BLOW SMOKE! receive letters about relationships, manners, and POOP! etiquette. Maybe you can't help me, but I know that a few words of encouragement from the queen of BURP! BELCH! advisors would be a start. Would you please offer me some inspiration and write back? Please do not publish this letter and embarrass me, but I really think that some moral support could LARD MILKSHAKE! help me tackle this disorder.

Sincerely,



Rusty Lucas

p.s. Abby, I really have two obsessions in SPIT! life. One is my unfortunate obsessive compulsive writing condition that you have already witnessed. GARBAGE STINK! The other is MUSHROOMS! baseball caps. I love to wear baseball caps on my head. Do you think you could STAINED UNDERWEAR! send me a free autographed baseball cap with your words of encouragement? That would mean BASS FACE! very much to me (and to Abby -- my cat).