

Tim Howe

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Paul S. Pressler
Gap Inc.
Two Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94105

Mr. Pressler, or the toadying minion that reads his mail for him and insulates him from the public:

You foul usurious predators! First you make a sick girl soil her pants in your store, now you attempt to destroy my pristine credit and good name. Behold the terrible story I shall relate to you:

On 5 July 2004 I visited your store in Winter Park, #4405. I browsed and discovered some pants that I favored. I was intrigued by the signs posted everywhere (some inserted into stacks of jeans) that described the sale running on jeans. This sale was further promoted by your frothing seller of wares, and I was taken in by his smooth-tongued rhetoric.

I agreed to purchase the jeans and a shirt that I liked on credit, on the condition that I would receive a percentage off my first purchase. My goal was always to pay the balance within the first month. How I underestimated your evil plans!

The girl at the register asked me for my driver's license, which I provided. She took all my information from it for the purposes of the credit application. Mark well the fact that my driver's license has my correct address! Then she rang up the purchases, and I discovered that the jeans were actually priced much higher than the signs led me to believe. Close inspection revealed that while small print on the signage gave details as to the paltry variety of styles affected by the sale, your shock troops (doubtless in direct communication with the Gap corporate den of wolves) had placed the signs on jeans not on sale. But lo! My application had already been processed! (How little I anticipated this calumny, let alone what was to follow!)

I agreed to purchase the merchandise so as to preserve the new account discount, paltry as it was. Had I known of the misery, the sleepless nights and hopeless battles that were to follow, I would have smote your footsoldiers, as Trogdor smote Kerrick before all was laid to burnination.

I was told that I would receive a statement and a physical card in the mail, and I waited for it. I sat on the edge of my seat with bated breath and checked daily

for the invoice that I could pay and relieve myself of the dreadful obligation. But none came! I had been cast into the darkness! There was wailing and gnashing of teeth!

So I took it upon myself to call you. I walked, unarmed, as it were, into your stinking maw. I was hung up on twice by your automated system, and when I finally reached a live human she was in India! India! The empire that stole the jobs of my entire industry! Lives ruined, fortunes lost! You earned my eternal contempt on that day of cruel villainy!

The woman I spoke to transcended the foul Gap stench that surrounded her. She was kind and thoughtful. Doubtless, therefore, she has since been fired by the fools you put in place to “manage” your workers. She told me that the illiterate imbeciles at your storefront took down my address incorrectly and failed to note my apartment number! And I gave them a state issued photo identification card! There is no excuse!

I was told that the account had already been sent to collections and that I had been reported delinquent to the credit agencies. I, who pay off purchases within the grace period! I, who took it upon myself to call India! I, who had been raped by your business methods! And this was worse than a literal rape! Instead of syphilis, HIV, AIDS, genital herpes, human papillomavirus, chlamydia, gonorrhea, HTLV, chancroid, cytomegalovirus, molluscum contagiosum, pubic lice, scabies, trichomoniasis, bacterial vaginosis, granuloma inguinale, non-specific urethritis, hepatitis B, adenoviruses, coxsackieviruses, echoviruses, orthomyxoviruses (including influenza A and B viruses), paramyxoviruses (including several parainfluenza viruses), respiratory syncytial virus, and enteroviruses, I was subjected to a bad mark on my credit history. You tell *me* which is harder to excise, you shill for a diseased army of zombies!

Jacques de Molay will testify that you bore false witness against me! You burned me at the stake with lies and vitriol. But the Templars shall avenge, for note well that the digits of the bar code on my receipt add up to 48, and $\frac{48}{360} = .1\bar{3}$. The count of the loyal disciples, plus Judas Iscariot, is 13! You have unwittingly provided the evidence that points unflinchingly toward you, and you alone!

The woman, not a disgusting disciple of Zystulzhemgni, Matriarch of Swarms, said that she would properly note that it was your error and yours alone, and call off your attack dogs. I asked the woman for the balance on the account (since at the time I had lost the receipt from my purchase) and an address to send the payment to. She told me that I owed \$108.35. Another foul lie! I knew I spent no more than \$85! But having dealt with your breed before, I knew that the best bet was to yank down my pants and bend over, lest you spread more slander, and hold the faint hope that you would eventually refund the overpayment. She refused to give me my own account number, and told me to mark the check with my phone number. So I scheduled a payment through my bank’s bill pay interface, using the address the woman gave me, which I read back to her for purposes of confirmation.

She is very well-mannered and very nice, and *you* should take lessons from her!

I never received the statement, but I assumed this was just more incompetence on the part of Gap Inc.. I assumed that my payment would be credited. This is the way of honorable people, so I should not have assumed it of you.

Recently I began receiving calls at all hours of the day and night. They would wake me in the morning or at night, disturb me while eating or at the office. No caller ID, and no messages left. When I finally confronted another of your snarling attack dogs, kneebreaking goons from the subcontinent, she told me that I owed \$25. Lies! *You owe me* \$26.39. I explained the story to her, but she refused to believe and kept pressuring me for baksheesh.

After this incident I checked my mail last week and found that only then did I receive 2 copies of the statement. So you think you will toy with me for your own amusement?

YOU are the lowest form.
YOU can't procreate alone.
YOU destroyed the village.
YOU destroyed the family.
YOU destroyed childhood.
YOU destroyed naturalism.
YOU don't know the Truth.
YOU pitiful mindless fools,
YOU are educated stupid.
YOU worship cubeless word.
YOU are your own poison.
YOU create your own hell.
YOU must seek Time Cube.

I have received many calls for the past week. At least 5 per day, early in the morning to late at night. I tried answering twice and had to wait close to 10 seconds to get an answer from the people who called me! And they leave blank voicemails, which I view as an attempt to intimidate me. (A failed one, as rather than becoming afraid I simply want their heads on pikes!) I have informed the callers verbally that this is a mobile phone and I pay for all calls, incoming or outgoing. I have told them to stop calling that number. And still the calls come! This is an illegal tort!

Take this letter and its attachments! I have your signature on the delivery! I expect the harrassing calls to cease and desist! I expect recompense and apologies! I expect you to grovel before the credit agencies and explain your abject failure!

You aspire to the evil of Cthulhu! Your tentacles probe the world seeking to cause misery and madness as you tear innocents limb from limb in your slavering jaws!

That is not dead
Which can eternal lie
Yet with strange æons
Even death may die

Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Gap Inc. R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn!
In his house at R'lyeh, dead Gap Inc. waits dreaming.

Respond, thieves.

Tim Howe

encl: copy of purchase receipt
copy of account statement
copy of bill payment receipt