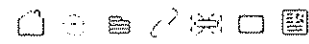




Booi



What to Do in Case I Go Missing

11/16/01
News:

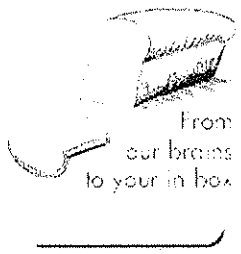
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Mom, Dad, Billy, Tatiana, Xan-Yueng: I'm writing you this in order to make things a little easier in case the unthinkable should occur. That's right, in case I go missing. I know the chances aren't exactly staggering, but as a 22 year old (who spent time in Washington, D.C., and who been an intern!), it would seem that were I ever to disappear, the time would be now. After much thought, I came up with this list of instructions and hints to facilitate my emotional homecoming after my distressing absence.



- Don't use any unflattering photos of me. People aren't going to be as interested in finding an unattractive girl as a pretty one. Refrain from using any photos that were taken from 1987-1991, and from that trip to Myrtle Beach, where I was really bloated and broken out.
- On that note, if the press feels obliged to show images of how I would look if I changed my appearance, please use your best judgment. You know I would never cut my hair short, unless under extreme duress. And I would dye it red, unlike a certain sister of mine. Sorry, Tati, but it just wasn't your shade.
- Tell everyone that I weigh 105 lbs.
- Don't mention my tendency to pick my nose.
- Remember when ... went missing? I'd like that type of treatment, especially the whole "she was destined for something great" angle. Remember when JFK Jr. went missing? God, that was so sad. But back to me.
- Mom, make sure to wear non-waterproof mascara when the TV crews capture you crying

mascara when the TV crews capture you crying and pleading for me to be found. The black tear stains will really tug at people's heartstrings.

- You know, it's quite possible that I've been kidnapped. Even if I haven't, people will be more likely to be interested in helping find me if you offer something to the public. I hear that money works well, although that's a little clichéd. Dad, you might want to consider upping the ante by offering the Lamborghini as well. Ha ha, just kidding! I would never ask you to part with it. Money would be fine.
- I am enclosing a list of everybody that I have ever slept with, gone to second base with, or "fooled around with." The police might find this of interest. I suppose I should mention to you that despite the goings-on of my sophomore year of college, I am quite secure in my heterosexuality. Oh, and the thing with Prof. Jenkins was for extra-credit.
- Tell people my favorite book is . No, wait, tell them it's . No, wait, . Well, whatever you choose, I think it would look really good if you read passages of whatever book on TV, in case I can hear you, wherever I am.
- I keep two journals. I recommend, for your dignity and my own, that you burn the faux leopard-skin one. The composition notebook, however, is okay. That was my poetry notebook, the one that I had to keep for my high school English class. I think there was some pretty deep shit in there.
- Did you try calling my cell phone?