

Margaret Atwood
O.W. Toad Ltd.
C/o McClelland & Stewart
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Dear Mrs. Atwood:

I have just finished reading your so-called masterpiece, *The Blind Assassin*, and let me say that I feel diminished by the process. A worse pack of tripe has not come down the pike since your last pack of tripe. You have a lot of nerve serving up this kind of gobblety-gook and trying to pass it off as Literature. I could write a better novel with my ass (assin). I find it sad that Canadians consider you to be one of our "Great Writers". It seems that all one has to do is write a mundane piece of claptrap that somehow gets noticed by our bafflingly idiotic "Literary" community, and from that point on you have a license to print money (and overrated crap).

Please, for the love of God, stop writing, or at least confine yourself to cookbooks or historical romances, like a good girl. Better yet, why not just retire on your ill-gotten gains and plague us, the reading public, no more.

Hatefully yours,

Garth Johnson

P.S. Would you send me an autographed picture? It's about the only writing of yours I could stomach.