

Cher
P.O. Box 2425
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USA

Dear Cher (if that is your real name):

I'm glad to see that your so-called career finally seems to be winding down. I, for one, thought I'd never see the last of you. What has it been now? 35 years? Seems like a lifetime to me. I thought that it was bad enough when your pitiful mewling on "The Beat Goes On" became, for some unfathomable reason, popular. If I had known that was just the tip of the iceberg, I would probably have thrown myself in front of a bus, or something equally drastic. What scares me now is the knowledge that every time I happily consign you to the trash heap of history, somehow you manage to come back again. Strangely, people even consider you to be some kind of Streisand-like icon now. If you ask me, it's yet another sign of the coming apocalypse. Tell me, honestly, did you sell your soul to the Devil? You can confide in me, I couldn't think any less of you. Anyway, from one long suffering Joe who just wants to get through life without too much more aggravation; please... please... please... for the love of God, just retire. You've had your time in the sun, and I'm sure you're plenty rich now, you have nothing left to prove, just go away.

Good Riddance,

Garth Johnson

P.S. Could you please send me an autographed picture for my dartboard?