

Margaret Thatcher  
C/O The Margaret Thatcher Foundation  
73 Chester Square  
London  
England  
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Dear Mrs. Thatcher:

I am writing you because I am at wits end. I don't know what's going on these days, but I sure don't like it at all. It seems as though the whole world has gone to heck in a handbasket, and no one has the gumption to do anything about it!

I long for the good old days of the Eighties, when the truly Great People were in office, and we had those left-wingers, perverts, and cry-babies on the run. Do you miss those days as I do? I feel so alone sometimes. My own daughter, Carolyn, never writes anymore, she's too busy working for Greenpeace. I suppose she would rather hug whales than spend any time with her family. Family... it's become such a dirty word these days. When you and Mr. Reagan, and the sorely-missed Mr. Mulroney were around, people had respect for Institutions. Nowadays, I just don't know... there's crime, lesbian marriages, and kids carrying on in the streets. Sometimes I just don't know what to do.

I hope you are doing well, and that soon that horrible Tony Blair (as well as Clinton and Cretien) will be sent packing. It's time for some sensible Conservative government again.

Respectfully yours,

Garth Johnson

P.S. Could you please send me an autographed picture? It would cheer me up considerably.