

CHAPTER 5

A Quick Buck

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You don't have to look any further than one of Andy Rooney's *60 Minutes* pieces about not getting what you've paid for in terms of the contents of a can of coffee or a bag of chips to realize that you feel generally cheated when it comes to spending your typically hard-earned money.

These letters focus on the spammers who attempt to lure us into getting a much deserved something for nothing. However, these fabulous prizes and get-rich-quick schemes never seem to find their way into the hands of those solicited to receive these bountiful rewards.

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SUBJECT: Re: Complimentary Disney Area Vacation
TO: freevac3
FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>
DATE: 07/03/2001

Congratulations!

You will be our guest in Orlando, Florida, home of Walt Disney World, for 4 days and 3 nights. All compliments of major Vacation Resort Developers.

Click here>>> CLAIM YOUR GIFT

While I'm thrilled to have won this prize, I have to say that the timing is wholly unfortunate. I just got back from a five-day trip to Orlando, where I went to Walt Disney World and several other area attractions, such as amusement parks and outdoor wax museums (which for some reason all featured a character named "Puddles the Blob" . . . must be a local thing).

I'd like to know if it would be at all possible to use my winnings from this contest to go to a different location. I realize that it would probably have to be some comparable amusement park-like thing, so I'll just let you know what I'm looking for, and maybe you can suggest an alternate location for my prize.

Okay . . . from my recent experience, I've actually found a lot to be desired from an amusement park. For instance, I'm not a big fan of light, heat, lines (queues when I'm overseas), height, speed, crowds (particularly children under the age of 30), individuals who have a lack of awareness of their own personal space, and noise. Basically, if this were more of a road-trip scenario, my ideal buddy would be Woody Allen, but neither of us would dare drive.

I know it's far easier to say what you don't want out of something as opposed to what you do, so I'll attempt to "verbalize" that to the best of my ability here.

My ideal amusement park would be a self-contained, climate-controlled environment that's available for use 24 hours a day. It would be small enough to traverse the entire area with ease, but large enough so you don't feel claustrophobic. It could have many windows, but the shades should always be drawn.

I'm very easy to please. I'm fine with just one ride. The ride itself should be a big uber-ride confined to one place where you don't have to go running around the park. Personally, I like the video presentations that you can find at parks. It would be really, really cool to either (a) have some sort of

monitor like that with some sort of link-up to a network that would allow the patron to select various presentations to view, or (b) I don't know . . . have some series of cartridges or cool computery thingies encoded with presentations that you could plug into something attached to the monitor. That could entertain me for countless months!

The most important thing about the above attraction, though, is that the monitor setup must be visible to all attendees, and the seating for the ride should maybe be a single row, possibly with a little table in front to accommodate refreshments.

I realize that more is to be taken into consideration in regards to an amusement park besides the fun stuff, so here I'll address the nightly hotel situation, the concession stand, and the restrooms, in reverse order.

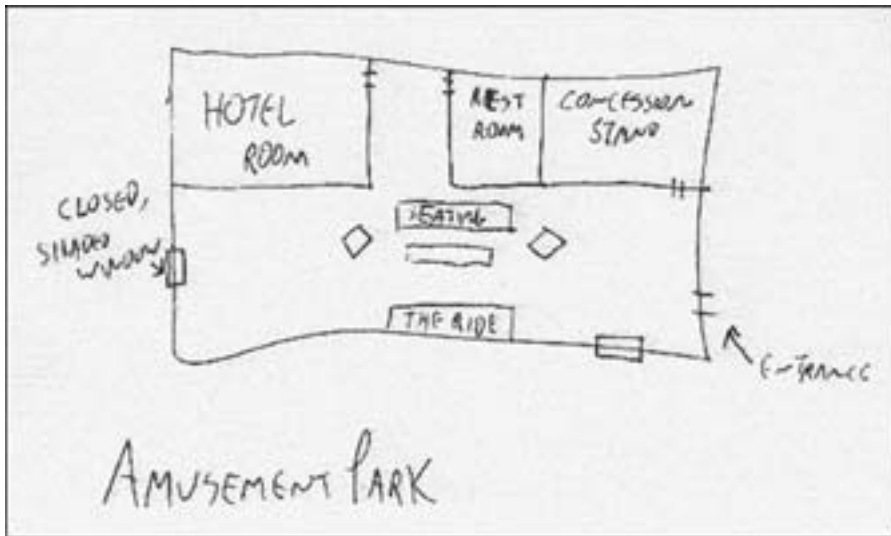
The unisex restrooms should have full amenities, such as a shower/bathtub (especially since I'm about to propose that the park have a built-in hotel), and a stocked, gratis medicine cabinet. Since the maximum occupancy of the park should only be a handful of people, the restroom should rarely be occupied, and you could easily coordinate with any others (essentially, your guests, who are there by invitation) about the necessity and priority of use, unless of course someone has "really gotta go."

The concession area would have all of the foods that are traditionally strewn throughout the park in one compact space. Some of the food could be prepared at will by the consumer in an available oven or microwave. Until it is needed, there will be a facility where it can be refrigerated or frozen. There should be a network of businesses within immediate walking/driving distance of the park that can supply such things as food items, or even new entertainment cartridges for the ride.

There should be a built-in hotel that is mere feet away from the ride. There should be no specified check-in or check-out time, with no random strangers knocking on your door at 9 a.m. to make your bed for you. However, random strangers in bed with you are perfectly acceptable, even welcome.

Most important -- the park attendant. Preferably a young nymphomaniac in a French maid outfit, who would handle the upkeep of the entire facility and my sexual needs in exchange for affection, trinkets, an occasional dinner outside of the park, and a noble attempt to accommodate her insatiable sexual needs even though failure is virtually guaranteed. She could also reside in the hotel room space. I realize this last request might be toeing the line of illegality/impropriety, but I just thought I'd ask.

While I want this thing to be sparsely populated, it would be okay with me if this park were part of a community of similar theme parks where each operator could tailor the place to their own whims and desires . . . as long as they don't play their music too loud.



I know this sounds heavy-duty, but the more I describe this place, the more I'd like to live there. Hell, I'd be willing to pay a monthly rate, but obviously I'd need to relocate there, and eventually I'd have to support myself by getting a job within a reasonable distance, but oh, it would be paradise!!!

So where am I going?

Jonathan Land



SUBJECT: Re: The big ONE!
TO: tamara_barnard
FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>
DATE: 02/07/2001

Brand New Concept!

Most of us are looking for the "BIG ONE"

An opportunity to allow us to earn extra money from a home based business, with little or no effort and a healthy residual income...right?

How many people do you know who use VISA cards? How many people do you know who cash in rebates? How many people could you refer to VISA to receive a VISA card that gives rebates on the things they buy everyday? How about if you got paid for each person you refer, (up to 10 levels) and then got paid each time they use their card!

This is a NO BRAINER!!

This is NOT A GIMMICK!!

Answer the door folks, opportunity is knocking!

To find out all the How's and Why's of this unique opportunity reply with your Name and Phone Number. You will be contacted shortly!

Oy, G'day Mate,

My name is Jonathan Land, and I'm the host of an upcoming special on the Discovery Channel called "Jonathan Land, Earthquake Hunter." I'm a professional seismologist who's out there looking for THE BIG ONE. Actually the show is called "The Big One: Seis Does Matter." I know. When we ran the title past the board, we got seis and gasps. SOMEBODY STOP ME! No one likes puns, but we have one more for the ad campaign: "You don't want us to Super Seis This MoFo!!!" And then the screen shakes. I'd just like to point out that I have no control over these things. They're also making me speak in that ridiculous Australian accent, but hey, I'm on TV.

The concept of the special is that we will find out where the next big earthquake will hit, and WE ARE THERE . . . LIVE!!! My film crew and I will be hovering from a helicopter, filming the entire thing (with some stock footage and historical information interspersed during refueling). We're keeping our fingers crossed that a large crevice will open up in the earth and someone will fall in so we can rescue them and subsequently interview them, but the chances are they won't speak English. I mean, asking some unwashed foreigner "You scared of shaky shaky? Excuse me, sir, you . . . scared . . . shaky . . . shaky?" after watching people's worlds get literally rocked would be an anticlimax. Hell, they'd probably think it was one of their multitudes of angry gods, but our audience can't even relate to that silliness. Hopefully we won't need to kill too much time after the quake, or it'll happen in the U.S., so the interview would be a nice touch. We don't want to make ourselves a laughing stock, and we take ourselves very seriously. VERY seriously.

That's why I'm writing to you about your advertisement. It indicates to me that you have a finger on the pulse of some new technology that could help us find this earthquake-in-waiting, and it's my job as a seismologist to be up on all the latest technology. Then again, I was so giddy after reading the first line that I'm making a few assumptions here, and I have no idea what the rest of your text said. I just started mindlessly responding. Hey, look at me go!

Incidentally, I know what you're thinking. . . . Yes: We really blew it with the India thing . . . but I don't feel so bad . . . no one else saw it coming. I was on vacation anyway.

We don't want this to be another Geraldo Rivera/Al Capone's Vault thing. Hopefully this new technology of yours will help us avoid that pitfall.

Until then, if you see me and my film crew in your town, pack your bags and run, and it's not because we're crashing your party. But hopefully you'll be able to help us.

Thank you,

Jonathan Land

Earthquake Hunter

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SUBJECT: Re: Casting Call for Reality TV's Fastest New Show!

TO: RRcasting

FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>

DATE: 07/26/2002

We are casting the HOT new Reality TV show RALLY RACER with a diverse cast of characters. We are looking for you to possibly fill the role of a RACECAR DRIVER.

RALLY RACER is thirteen action-packed episodes featuring sixteen everyday people as they are catapulted into the adrenaline-filled world of professional RallyGP racing where camaraderie, conflict and competition create the most dramatic experience of today's reality television viewing. Millions of TV viewers will watch as 8 men and 8 women compete in the most exciting experience of their lives and where the ultimate prize of Fame, Fortune and \$1 million dollars awaits ONE lucky winner.

The 2003 Casting Season consists of two separate shows each with their own cast and both with 13 episodes each.

RALLY RACER Sahara is where, if chosen, you'll spend 6 weeks training as a Professional RallyGP driver and competing side-by-side with others like yourself through sand dunes that would scare even Lawrence of Arabia.

RALLY RACER Arctic is just like RALLY RACER Sahara except NOW we DO IT in the SNOW. Ahh... a winter wonderland. Wonderland, hell, it's as if Santa dumped the reindeer for a 300 horsepower RallyGP car. Look out Rudolf that red light glow is from my taillight, not your nose.

[Click Here to sign up](#)

Hello, I'd like to offer myself as a ringer for your show. I'm writing you here before filling out the application so we can be real discreet and you can get the back story on me straight.

No one drives like me. No one.

I started driving at the age of 8. I first learned how on the day my grandfather had to be taken to the hospital after he was hit by a car. Luckily I was driving the car that hit him, and I got him pretty well plastered to the hood, so I duct-taped him down like a deer and got him to St. Rogers.

I love driving. I can't stop. A road trip from New York to California and back just whets my appetite. I tied water skis to my car once and I drove to England, stopping only at oil tankers and barges to refuel.

I've stopped stopping the car since then. I call up my buddy Earl when I need gas and he drives alongside me and hooks me up like they do in the Air Force. We have it slightly easier though. We're only refueling in two dimensions, not three, and we go about 10-20 mph slower than the planes.

I'm serious when I say I no longer stop my car. I don't even park it anymore. I have a grappling hook attached to my VW Bug that I lasso around the flagpole in my front yard. I just let the thing do donuts at night. I just hop in and out of the window like I'm fucking Batman. When Earl stops by the house he does the same thing, and it's like May Day. When I'm on the road, forget it . . . rest stops are for weenies. I got my Depends and an open window to throw them out of when sitting in my own filth gets old.

I tried to get on Fox's "World's Scariest Police Chases," but the fools couldn't catch me. They're evidently touchy about showing the ones that got away. Sore losers. They should have known from the warrant out for my arrest in Colorado. These so-called trained professionals who took "defensive driving" courses went careening over a sharp turn on a mountain like lemmings with an anvil tied to their nuts when they tried to keep up with me.

I can safely do at least 90 anywhere . . . school zones, city streets, parking lots, whatever, with minimal property damage. Certainly no worse than those kids in Florida cruising around, knocking over mailboxes for free Prozac samples. I've even attached a plow to the front of my car to quickly get any speed bumps out of my way. Those things are insulting.

Vehicular homicide isn't in my vocabulary. Sure, I've hit people, but I'm going so fast when I do that they just evaporate like it's just a missing persons case, with the only evidence being the maroon tint on my windshield wipers.

So now you know a little bit about me. I'm a hard-core driver, and I'm going to win this. And if you think I'm badass, you should see my car. I mentioned it was a VW Beetle. I call him Herbie the Hate Bug. I painted piercing red eyes

on the headlights and fangs on the bumper, and Disney can't do a damn thing about the liberties I took with their intellectual property. Even if they send their most badass stunt driver after me to deliver a cease and desist order, he'd have to get past all of the oil slicks, smoke screens, and land-mines my car can hold before they could get anywhere near me. The last time someone got close to me, it was a kid trying to be funny by passing me some Grey fucking Poupon. Not only did I keep the Grey Poupon, but I kept it held in the punk's severed arm, which I tore off as I drove away.

So here's the deal. You put me on your show, and I'll get you ratings like no other reality TV show has gotten. Not even the final episode of "M*A*S*H." Just tell me how you want me to play this on the application, and let's do it!

Jonathan Land

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Author's Note: Spam left on my doorstep like an unwanted baby by Shawn Sippel.

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SUBJECT: RE: Immediate Foreclosure Notice
TO: Rick
FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>
DATE: 08/20/2001

-----Original Message-----

From: Rick

Sent: Tuesday, August 14, 2001 5:44 PM

To: shawn sippel

Subject: Immediate Foreclosure Notice

HOMES FROM \$199.30/MONTH! CARS FROM \$500!

Gain access to the nations largest database of Auction and Foreclosure listings. Cars, Homes, RV's, Jewelry, Electronics and other BIG TICKET ITEMS are being sold every day!!!

Call Now 888-XXX-XXXX Ext.C036

Go to an auction or view a foreclosed property from our listings and receive \$500 worth of coupon certificates!

At 4:49 PM -0400 8/14/01, Shawn Sippel wrote:

Rick,

Thank you for alerting me to this wonderful business opportunity. I am very interested in capitalizing on your amazing foreclosure offers. However, I will need you to speak directly with my personal business advisor, Dr. Jonathan Land. He will be able to help us reach a satisfactory business arrangement that is sure to please the both of us.

Sincerely, Shawn

Rick,

On behalf of my client, Shawn Sippel, I would like to present you with a very interesting proposition. My client is in the midst of developing a new reality television show for Fox called "Repo Madness." The concept is as follows: A group of six people will be brought together each episode to an undisclosed location horribly cluttered by a large number of repossessed items, all formerly belonging to one person. The contestants are then given ten minutes to grab as much booty as they can make off with. At the ten-minute mark, the previous almost-owner will attempt to hunt them down like dogs and reclaim everything that he didn't quite pay off in the first place. If the contestants have fled the wrath of the repo victim, they keep what they grabbed, drove off with, or hid in. If one of the contestants is caught by the repo-ee, those items that they failed to escape with are returned to "Repo-ed Rodney" with the added bonus of 100% ownership. If all of the contestants are caught, the repo victim (a) gets all his stuff back with full ownership, and (b) gets to have his way with all of the caught contestants (with total immunity from the law, of course).

To make it interesting, we would prefer the former possessors of a given show's bounty to be highly irritable, eager to get their stuff back, and completely mental. We're hoping to get the repossessed stuff from coke fiends, Mafiosi, and former dot-com CEOs. We even hope to have a celebrity week with Willie Nelson, MC Hammer, and . . . well I don't know who else, but hopefully you could hook us up here. Mr. Sippel would like you to act as the supplier for the prizes for our show, but as you can gather from the above, we want to buy stuff in lots, by repossessed individual. These are the questions we need answered by you to proceed further: (1) Is this even possible? (2) By this arrangement would we be able to get a significant bulk discount?

Thank you for your time,

Dr. Jonathan Land, Esq.

On behalf of Shawn Sippel



Author's Note: Spam donated by Iain Aitch.

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SUBJECT: Re: New Business Proposal
TO: paulm
FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>
DATE: 10/10/2001

Dear Sir/Madam.

My name is Paul Morris and I work for OnlineIncentives.co.uk.

As the name suggests, we offer incentives to increase web traffic, reward orders, encourage referrals, collect customer data and other business objectives - our clients include the BEEB, GUS and Littlewoods.

Though many of the incentives we offer have a high value, the cost to you is just a few pence per click. Which is why Littlewoods, LateRooms.com and Easycover.com have been running programmes over the past year - testimony in itself.

One way of applying online incentives would be:

" Sign up for our e-mail flyer and download a free day pass to a leisure club worth 12 "

Although the incentive above has a value of 12, this cost is carried by the leisure club who want to attract new customers, to sell food and drink and possibly new memberships.

Our new site at [http://\[URL deleted\]](http://[URL deleted]) details the current programmes and offers a demo, So please take a look and contact me if you feel we could help improve your online performance.

Regards

Paul Morris

This seems like a wonderful program, but I'm racking my brain here to think of incentives I can offer for the online business I'm developing, and I'm having difficulty. Maybe if I explain my business, you can offer some suggestions.

On several recent driving trips throughout the U.S., I've discovered that there's an enormous amount of information to be gained by the

discriminating gentleman about the so-called local flavor of a given area from the writings in bathrooms in various gas stations, rest stops, and fast food establishments. Sometimes out-of-town businessmen who don't want to solicit escorts or "professionals" would like the company of a lady for pleasure or companionship, but they don't know where to turn.

My company compiles this information and enters it into a database so people can search by text, location, rating, and/or keyword. The most important feature of my site is that each entry's validity is confirmed or denied. This is important, because calling these people out of the blue can be as unsatisfying as it is rewarding.

I have one key example explaining why: Once when I was looking for a good time on a long drive, I discovered "For a good time call Mindy Worthington at 389-2981" written above a toilet-paper dispenser in the far-left stall at the Amoco men's room on exit 106 off of I-81 South in Virginia! This was exactly what I was hoping for.

I called up Mindy, but a man answered the phone. I said, "Hello, is Mindy there?" He said, "Yes, I'm her father, can I help you?" To which I replied, "Yes, Mr. Worthington, I was looking for a good time, and as the so-called writing on the wall in the Amoco would have it, this is the number to call." He then gave me his address and I went over.

I don't remember much about my encounter at the Worthington residence, but the beating was quite prolonged, and there were several bystanders, none of whom were kind enough to offer me assistance. There was a little high school girl crying her eyes out in the upstairs window, but she looked a little too self-absorbed to be shedding those tears for me.

In short, I've learned from this experience that there is no good time to be had when pursuing Mindy Worthington, and that I can let others know that. However, there are millions of other scrawls in lavatories across the country, some of which have to show more promise. I have a staff of 1,000 driving cross-country collecting data and conducting such investigations as I write this. I think that my site will go down as one of the greatest resources for the modern road warrior.

So how do you think your program might be able to help me branch out?

Thanks!

Jonathan Land

P.S. When you say, "Sign up for our e-mail flyer and download a free day pass to a leisure club worth 12," what does that mean? Is that some Douglas Adams reference?



Author's Note: Original spam donated by Brent Lagerman.

SUBJECT: Re: Have you planned for your family's future? HRQ
TO: dfzdfgl
FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>
DATE: 03/21/2002

Now it's easier to provide for your Loved Ones:

SAVE UP TO 75% ON YOUR TERM LIFE INSURANCE

I've thought a lot about this, and I'm afraid I'm going to have to decline your offer.

However, before you try to hit me with the hard sell, I'll let you know how I came to this decision.

I'm currently happily married to my wife Heather, and we have a beautiful daughter named Annie. Heather and I are in our mid-20s, Annie just turned 3, and when properly medicated, I'm thrilled to think about how we have our whole lives ahead of us as a happy family.

Unfortunately, I realize that this is most likely not going to be the case. I'm frightfully uncoordinated, and I exhibit the sort of clumsiness that only a young Jerry Lewis would love. As far as I can tell, I've passed these potentially dangerous qualities on to my daughter tenfold. I knew it the day she mimicked Fred Astaire's chair-dancing routine on her stroller, minus the style, grace, and ability to land on her feet.

Personally, I've learned to work with my shortcomings, but from what I've seen from Annie, I'm 100% convinced that she will not survive past her college years, if that. It could be on a class trip where she somehow manages to fall out of the windowless Washington Monument, or she may drive a car at top speed straight into a tunnel that's merely a painting of one on a solid brick wall at some exhibit of "Looney Tunes" art.

As she gets older and gradually slips out from under my protection, the probability for greater disasters increases, and Heather and I will be able to do nothing but wait for the phone call from the police to tell us exactly how it went down.

Now I bet you're thinking, "But that's only about 15-20 years from now . . . what about the rest of your life, and your lovely wife?" Well, here's how I see things playing out after that:

After the death of Annie, my wife and I would most likely have another child in an attempt to replace the huge sucking void in our lives that was our love for her. I'm sure it would go fine for the first couple of years, but then we'd realize how much we would have wanted to see Annie become an adult, and we'd probably wind up not loving the living child nearly as much. Soon the cold hand of neglect would take a strong parental role, and the most contact the child would have with us would be when we're telling it to ask the other parent upon being asked a question, when it's straining for a glimmer of love and hope that could not be returned.

It would eventually turn to drink and drugs, and since its rehabilitation would be of no concern to us, we'd kick it out of the house. Heather and I would count that as a blessing in disguise, considering we would have realized very early on in the child-rearing process that we didn't want it, but that we felt too guilty to put it up for adoption. That will probably have been the first thing we agreed upon in ages.

Shortly after, the child would succumb to its own societal illness, and we'd get that grim call from the police once again, except this time we'd let the answering machine take it.

It almost goes without saying that the loss of two children plus the distance that grows with the apparent half-life of love would shatter what wasn't already splintered and fractured in my relationship with Heather. I would tell her that I was working later and later at nights, even after my lack of focus causes me to lose my job.

I would turn to drinking myself. Probably Wild Turkey. Personally, I can't stand the taste of the stuff right now, but I know the harder the pain I feel, the harder the booze must be to dull it, and that stuff's brutal. By my early to mid-50s, I'm expecting to be quite distraught. My increasingly erratic behavior would cause my wife to leave me. I would resent her decision and curse her for it. At that point she'd have no good reason to stay with me, but my increasingly twisted mind probably would never acknowledge that fact, and if it did, it would never allow me to admit it.

Now if this doesn't lead to a textbook case of midlife crisis, I don't know what will. I'll probably have a couple grand in the bank, and I'll spend it all on cocaine cut with Pixie Stix and on cheap hookers. I'd be like an episode of "Behind the Music," without the trappings of fame being my ticket to desperation.

Now this is where things become a bit unclear to me, but here's my best guess.

I'd be so bitter and hateful by this point that if I happened to have any money left, I'd rather put it through a paper shredder, eat it, poop it out, and fling it at unsuspecting passers-by like a monkey than give it to any living person in a whole, usable form that retained its value. I'd be a hollow shell of a man with no love left in what once was his heart. I would be so emotionally gone that I would die unmourned and unloved, using my last bit of earthly energy to scream at the top of my lungs about how my passing would be the final "Fuck You" to all who had wronged and betrayed me.

I can't even imagine what my funeral would be like. I just don't know. I can't think that far ahead.

So there you have it. Thank you so much, but I won't be needing your life insurance, and I'll be taking it one day at a time until the point where I theoretically would have needed it.

I've got to put Annie to bed, and I can only pray that she'll stay put through the night so this ball gets rolling later than sooner.

Jonathan Land



SUBJECT: Re: GUARANTEED ways to have more MONEY FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
TO: financialfreedom1
FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>
DATE: 12/04/2001

Dear jlanders,

Visit the only website with tools proven and guaranteed to help you profit, make money and

give you the advantage in any economic time! [Click Here](#)

Featuring:

Credit repair

New Credit Files

Grants and Free Money

Business Opportunities

No money down Real Estate

I'm sure this is a good proposition, but I'm afraid I already make plenty of money off of the Net through my "protection service." Customers give me a monthly payment to keep my hacker thugs from going into their Web sites and breaking all of their links and images. Speaking of which, I currently have an associate digging through your garbage to find evidence of any Web sites you own. Once I have this information, consider your windows broken and your carpet soiled.

Jonathan Land

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SUBJECT: Re: Swim with the dolphins 3693

TO: c15034

FROM: Vincent Garibaldi <giustefrant@incomplete.net>

DATE: 12/19/2001

Swim with the Dolphins!

Congratulations!

You've been selected to ENTER to WIN!

You have been given the opportunity to win an exclusive first class Florida vacation.

Swim with the dolphins? Excellent. You must be the guy Little Stevie told me about. I thank you for your discreet method of contacting me. I hope that my drawing attention to this discretion in no way indicates something secretive and code-like that any government agency that might or might not be intercepting this e-mail would question.

I wish to nominate a former colleague for entry into this contest. He made off with a hefty number of wire hangers, which my company manufactures. These were some of the best wire hangers out there, made out of the pur-est wire from Colombia. His name is Dirk "The Jerk" Johnson. He lives at 638 2nd Ave. Apt. 83M in Manhattan. You can pick him up in your prize van there. Please enter him to win ASAP, and see that he wins the grand prize. Once he

has been given the grand prize, please send photos to this address for confirmation that he is indeed the big winner. Before the grand prize ceremony, I trust that you will make his stay in Florida comfortable. Give him the works. If you ever need anything in New York, I'll take care of it.

Thank you,

Vincent Garibaldi

Manager of Imports and Exports

Giustefrant Hangers

P.S. I don't know if you're part of the organization that arranged for all of those hit sharks around Florida this summer, but that was brilliant work and my associates in both the import-export and wire-hanger manufacturing industries were very impressed.

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SUBJECT: Re: FUNDING
TO: richnowus
FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>
DATE: 03/21/2002

Dear Sirs,

Thanks for your continuing interest in TROYRICH INVESTMENT CORPORATION. You/ your firm contacted us a while back for funding. We are contacting you to see if you can use additional capital for your business. We have merged with new investors that are very motivated and aggressive in their funding practice. We will be working with them to perform a full thorough evaluation for potential investment into lucrative projects. If you are still interested in us providing funding for you or your company, please forward an UP-DATED VERSION of your Executive Summary/ Proposal to us for a review.

Regards,

TroyRich Investment

Does your business need a creative approach to financing? Do you need capital to "get rolling"? We solve your financial funding needs!

I have an excellent opportunity for you to invest in. We're motivated and aggressive, and while we aren't a money-making venture, our service is extremely valuable to America.

My name is Colonel Jonathan "Hannibal" Land, and I've assembled a team of mercenaries second to none. Here's a little background on each of the guys:

Lieutenant Templeton "Face" Peck: As you could guess by his nickname, Face is a very handsome man. He's also an extremely persuasive smooth talker. He can get his way with anything that can be remotely attracted to a man. If that doesn't work, we put him in a dress. I'm questioning my own feelings about gender and sexuality just talking about him. Anyway, while he's charming the pants off of someone, the rest of the team takes full advantage of catching said person with their pants down to carry out the mission in question. Face is our people person. If I haven't convinced you to invest in my team here, I hope you'd allow Face to take a meeting with you.

Captain H.M. "Howling Mad" Murdock: Everyone has their faults and Howling Mad Murdock is no exception. This guy is literally crazy. So crazy, he's been institutionalized, yet he's an amazing pilot, mechanic, and tinkerer who assembles odd contraptions that are wonderful pseudo-weapons that inflict damage but don't hurt anyone. He was MacGuyver before MacGuyver. Now I bet you're thinking, "Crazy guy??? Pilot??? Shouldn't this guy be closely followed by missile-loaded F-16s wherever he goes???" Hell no! He's endearingly crazy, like a toned-down Robin Williams who can actually be likable in small doses. We're talking crazy-brilliant in "A Beautiful Mind" sort of way, not crazy-crazy like a kamikaze.

Sergeant Bosco "B.A." Baracus: B.A. Baracus is the most distinctive member of our team. Picture a huge, muscular black man with a mohawk, approximately \$50,000 worth of cheap gold chains around his neck, and a facial expression of bitterness that only lemons coated in alimony payments can provide. He also has enough rings on his fingers to make a long-dead Liberace claw his way out of his grave in pure jealousy. Now you're probably thinking, "Wait, I thought Murdock was the crazy one?" Like I said before, we all have our faults, and Baracus's is merely a terminal lack of taste. He's just flamboyant, and I mean that in the most heterosexual way, that's all. He's our weapons guy, driver, and intimidator. He's also a man of great compassion. He pities every last fool out there.

Me: I'm the cigar-chomping brains of the outfit. I keep the situation under control, I keep the team in check, and most of all, I love it when a plan comes together.

You mention the words "get rolling" in your pitch, which evoked in me and the boys the "let's roll" battle cry that's been generated by the unfortunate circumstances of September 11th. We might be a team of only four, but we're truly greater than the sum of our parts. We'd like you to finance a trip for us to Iraq so we can take out Saddam Hussein. I assure you we can do this. You'll have to respect our tactics though. This won't be a bloodbath. We'll do stuff like customize a vacuum cleaner to shoot out whole cabbages, and we'll

just pelt him until he gives up and knows he's been defeated. We've done it before. I swear it works.

We were going to offer our help in Afghanistan, but we wouldn't want to step on toes. Plus, we're all dishonorably discharged military men, and given the amount of military personnel there, laying low would be difficult, and the Osama Bin Laden version of the mission would probably be compromised.

So what do you say? Invest in us, and the world will love you! Let's do it! Man, I love it when a plan comes together.

Colonel Jonathan "Hannibal" Land

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SUBJECT: Re: Horse Running this Wednesday 03/04/02 at Ludlow
TO: bettingforprofit
FROM: Jonathan Land <jland@incomplete.net>
DATE: 04/03/2002

We have just been informed of a Horse running this Wednesday 4th April 2002 at Ludlow Race Course in the 3.25 race.

The reason that I am contacting you again is that normally when we are informed of a major betting coup it is me that goes to the course and places the money on the respective Horse for the Owners and Contacts.

This coming Wednesday a gamble had been laid on for a Horse in the above race, and now it has come to light that the connections who are based in the USA are unable to attend which means that they are unable to back there Horse, time is now short and to get the money in place at this time is just not viable. So with that in mind they have now asked me if any of my clients or contacts would be interested in this information and using it to their own advantage.

This is not something that I have done before so at present am a little unsure how I will work this, so I thought that the best thing to do would be to E-Mail you all and see how many of you would be interested in receiving this information.

It is only fair that I point out to you now that they will expect some sort of payment for this, they have waited a fair amount of time, and invested a large sum of money into getting this Horse in the right race at the right weight and are looking for a bit of a return on what they have laid out, I did say why not wait for another day, but it was pointed out to me that the Flat season is now well under way and with the better weather coming they might not get another chance so really it is now or never.

At present I am unable to give any indication of cost it will all depend on how many of you are interested if there are only a few then it might turn out to be unviable and it will have to be left, but if you think that this might be of some interest to you depending on the cost then please let me know ASAP so that I can get things rolling. Just reply with interested or something similar as the Subject.

I also understand that some of our international customers might find it difficult to place there bet, if you think that this might be the case with you and are interested please let me know and I shall sort out some sites and services where you will be able to get your bet on in plenty of time.

Look forward to hearing from you all soon.

All the best

ROYSTON

You are being sent this email as you have requested details from us before. If you no longer wish to be updated on our services in future, please reply with "no more updates" as the subject and I shall take your details off the list.

Hello.

I'm very interested in your proposition, and I'm quite eager to participate. However, I have one request that my participation will hinge upon. I wish to take more of a "hands-on" approach here as an insurance policy, and not simply fork over some cash. We'll all benefit from this, so please hear me out.

This might sound silly, to say the least, but there's a costume company I deal with (<http://www.charactercostumes.com/>) that produces two-man horse and one-man greyhound costumes that are second to none. I fill the costume with area high school track stars who are young, hungry, and vying for scholarships in the track and field field. These kids are all good runners, but with the help of a little steroid here, and a little coke there, they become truly great! I've sent the kids to several vets in costume, and they've fooled each and every last one of them, right down to "the thermometer test," which I give them a greater chunk of the loot for, should they take that bullet.

The night before a race, an associate of mine and I take the animal with the highest odds against them out of the running, and we substitute our ringer in its place. I gotta tell you, it works like a charm. Seriously. This is a racket we've been pulling at many venues with great success. We pull down a few grand on a good week.

So we can do this one of two ways. I can replace the horse that we're all going to be betting on, or if you're uncomfortable with that arrangement,

I can substitute one of my teams for any other horse in the race to "run interference" and pull a Tonya Harding if it looks like we might lose. Either way we win.

Let me know how you want to play it.

Speaking of "horse," I make some money having my kids sell the stuff at their respective schools when the race winnings aren't covering costs. Talk to me if you want a taste of that. I also have a small glue business (hey, gotta lose the evidence somehow), but to be perfectly honest with you, there's not much money in it. I wind up just saving the kids a couple bucks in school supplies.

I hope to be doing business with you,

Jonathan Land