

October 28, 2018

Dear Mr. Fieri,

I was you.

A day in the life. It was a grand time, did you know that? I simply slipped into the shoes of a renowned chef while you and your family were "away." Did you truly believe having a panel of numbers could block me out? From a distance, I watched your hands intricately press the numbers to enter. A pattern that swirls in my head like a raging tornado: Top right, left middle, bottom middle bottom left. 3-4-8-7.

I replaced you. I substituted for you. My actions may seem gratuitous, but what had I done wrong? I simply tidied things up. The plants were watered, the bedding was washed. I see no wrong.

The device of communication was ringing quite a lot. It disturbed the tranquility I had created. I simply silenced it-removed it from the premises.

The kitchen is where you derive your title? Cookbooks and recipes aplenty. I served a meal to the family. Plates and silverware arranged oh so delicately. 4 meals served, 3 meals left untouched. I had pulled out the chairs, but only I had sat down. I was the only one who ate.

After the 3 leftover meals were scraped into the garbage, my work was done. I put on my dark coat to stay warm, and my ski mask to keep my face toasty. I walked down to the basement and gave you your phone back, but the ropes kept you from grabbing it. I

called 911 so they would come to you and your family's aid. There is no need to panic now that you are released. No fingerprints were left behind. It will be like no one was ever there.

It was fun being you.

Sincerely

Your biggest fan