Dear Brittany,

I was hanging out in Pioneer Square tonight, scoring some smack, when I overheard some hookers and crack-heads saying this was your 27th birthday. So happy birthday!

Really looking forward to seeing you next week and wishing you bon voyage to Steppenwolf in The Windy City. Your mother expressed considerable worries about your safety in Chicago and I reassured her that you had a good head on your shoulders and could take care of yourself.

'Till I see you, all best,

Jim