

letter

I am writing as a result of the recent, nationwide publicity given to cloning. I wish to point out, to the ignorant among you, that clones are not a product of the space-age, as some of you humans would prefer to believe. Indeed, we clones have been around for thousands of years. In order to avoid unnecessary flak from the "religious community", I won't comment on just WHO the world's first clone actually was.

I do, however, wish to take this opportunity to announce that I, Bill Hathcock, am a clone. I'm not the only one either. In fact some of my best friends are clones, and we are fed up to our test tubes with the current talk about cloning.

Point in question: I (and my entire family of me's) sit down after an impossible day's work (on an assembly line, of course) in an attempt to squeeze out some simple entertainment from the different media available to us. In so doing, we deliver ourselves from the hum-drum molds of every day life, and we are literally bombarded by such forms of outright abuse as:

A) almost-daily news stories blatantly insinuating that test-tube babies are far superior to clones;

B) remarks that cloning is best left to the plants;

C) talk about the clones' life-style being incestuous;

D) warnings that too-much cloning-around will beget bad reputations;

E) and lastly, but not leastly, the utter rudeness of today's popular (or is it notorious?) comedians who seem to be hopping on the "Ethnic Joke of the Eighties" bandwagon by inventing clone jokes. They all must think they are real cute, but if the truth be known, we clones invented the clone joke over 1500 years ago—only we always referred to them as

"human jokes."

Invasion imminent

Solution: The time has come for all reasonable talk to end, and for action to begin. We have banded together to form a clan of radical clones (which has been given the subtle name of "The Clone Invasion Forces") who are dedicated to erasing the humanoids from the face of the earth.

One minor problem: Someone on our staff (we can't tell who, as we all look alike) accidentally erased 18½ minutes of our computer tape containing the addresses of our clones, so we can't contact all of you to send you our battle plans.

So, we are requesting that all clones send a self-addressed, stamped no. 10 envelope to:

Clone Invasion Forces
Enlistment Center
P.O. Box 2469
Santa Cruz, CA 95063

No jokes

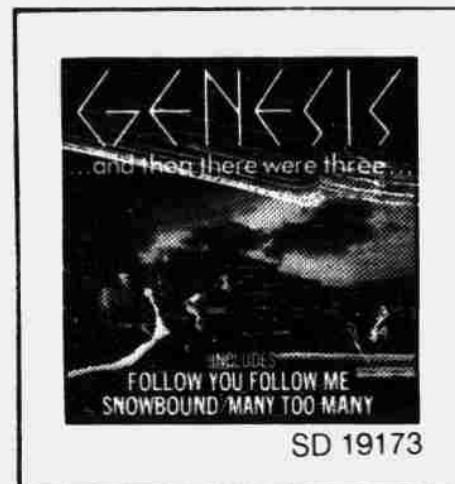
Please don't send any photos of yourself, as we already know what you look like. And, don't send any exploding letters either, clones have X-ray vision, and we don't take lightly to practical jokes.

Note to interested humanoids: If you are interested in assisting us in our takeover of the world (for which you will receive "special considerations" in the end) you may write, too. But, don't try to lie—we clones are much too smart for that.

P.S. THIS IS NOT A JOKE. IF YOU HAVE NOT ENLISTED BY THE TIME THE INVASION STARTS YOU WILL BE ON THE ANNIHILATION LIST. THERE WILL BE NO EXCEPTIONS.

Bill Hathcock
Communication Officer
Clone Invasion Forces
408.426-7141

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