

LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE VICTIM

Dear Anne,

How it pains my heart to have read that yourself and your tedious excuse for a development company are planning to release a dating app. Have you not already done enough harm to the very fabric of society with the likes of your 'Furious Flappers' and 'Sweetie Squasher'?

Kindly take this as a warning. Cease your efforts to further pollute the world with your nonsense, or I shall be forced to do something altogether more proactive than writing a sternly worded letter.

Kind regards,
Sebastyn Linuss II

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Dear Anne,

It would appear my correspondence has fallen on deaf ears. Perhaps you find such old fashioned concepts as actually reading a letter to be beneath you, now you sit atop your technological throne?

Having read further into your latest efforts, the ludicrously titled 'Dating Mr Darcy', I see that in fact the concept for the app was brought to you from someone outside your company. How typical. I can only wonder how you have lasted so long in such a cut-throat business.

...Cut-throat. What a delicious term. One to ponder perhaps as you consider this to be your second and final warning. Close down Appily Ever After and never produce another app again. Or else.

Kind regards,
Sebastyn Linuss II

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Dear Anne,

Still no response? I did consider sending a communication via [TwitOnMyFaceTube](#), but I doubt you'd have any idea how to receive it.

No more warnings. No more threats. We're beyond such trivialities. This ends. Now.

See you soon!

Kind regards,
Sebastyn Linuss II