

Dear Ashlee Simpson,

It is at this time that I will humbly ask you to stop giving hope to ugly girls who can't sing.

The last time I saw a nose that big on network television it was 1977 and I was watching *The Streets of San Francisco* starring Carl Malden. No wonder you have to lip sync, your nasal passages are wider than the Washington D.C. beltway. Is that where you park the cars all your lip-syncing money has bought you? I bet you have to blow your nose into a queen size bed sheet. Just the sheer volume of snot that comes out could probably lube the chassis of a 1969 Ford Mustang.



If I want to watch an ugly skank who can't carry a tune
I'll go to karaoke at the school for the deaf and slutty.
(They might have places like that; you don't know
everything.)

How you managed to get a recording contract is beyond
my comprehension. You most likely let the president of
your record label have sex with your massive nostrils,
and I doubt he even felt anything... loose nose. Here's
hoping you never get hooked on cocaine, there won't be
any left for the rest of us "normal nostrilled" folks.

I don't understand what it is that happened with your genes; your sister is so hot
and you look like a donkey kicked you in the head and then took a shit on your
face. Did your mother have sex with a rhinoceros?

Oh yeah, what the fuck was that stupid "hoedown dance" you did when you
realized you were busted on SNL? Get used to it, you'll be doing it for spare
change on Hollywood Blvd. in about six months when all your teenage fans
mature into the Lindsay Lohan connoisseurs we always knew they'd become.

From now on please stick to activities you can actually handle, like judging
smell contests and letting people know when there's a forest fire nearby...
you schnozzy whore.

Love,

Bill Scott