



Dear Ken Jennings,

I just wanted to drop you a line and offer my deepest sympathy in these troubled times in which you find yourself. Since you ruined the greatest game show of all time, I know it can't be easy hearing everyone constantly refer to you as "that douche bag who ruined Jeopardy", or calling you a pasty faced testicle-bag. It must really be hard for you when people say they'd like to put on steel-toed boots and kick that stupid fucking grin off your triangle-shaped head. First of all, you are a very intelligent man. How else could you possibly know the atomic weight of a possum fart? You earned the right to be a game show ruiner and eternal Jeopardy champion if only from the 6,758 wedgies you received in high school. And next year, when you're inducted into the "Wedgie Hall of Fame" (in your first year of eligibility), you can tell all of your detractors to suck your Mormon balls.

Most people don't know that you plan to give a considerable portion of your winnings to your church. Some people might hear that and say "holy shit, what an asshole, this guy must be a real fuck face". Well, those people are only partially right, and are clearly intimidated by your impressive intellect. A man of your amazing brain capacity obviously knows that the more money you donate to God, the better spot you'll have in heaven. If you donate enough, you might get to sit at the main table with God and Jesus and the Holy Ghost himself. Careful, don't sit on the Holy Ghost, that really pisses him off. After all, nobody said he was a friendly ghost.

Plus, you need all that money to support your many wives. Those crazy bitches sure can't support themselves by walking around barefoot and pregnant all day. Last time I checked nobody was handing out million dollar checks for that shit.

You're also a very brave man. Much more brave than people give you credit for. If most people walked around looking like Alfred E. Newman like you do, they'd just be inviting people to poke fun at them, or put a sign on their back that says "kick me", or borrow a nightstick from a cop friend and beat you about the face and head. But somehow you really make it work for you. You're terrific. What I really love about you is the way you pretend it matters when you miss a question with a 43,000 dollar lead. "Darn" you say, "how did I not know Napoleon liked a warm enema on Wednesdays?" I sit at home in suspense wondering who will win every time you go into final jeopardy leading by the gross national product of Bolivia. It's almost too exciting. I don't think my heart can handle any more cliffhangers like that.

Alex Trebek must really hate the fact that you just keep showing up. He must leave every night thinking; maybe Ken will get hit by a bus and not come back tomorrow. But there you are, every time, every goddamn day at the first podium, just begging for Alex to stab you in the neck with his pen and chew out your jugular vein. I think that Alex Trebek might need to get his anger under control. That kind of violence never solves anything. My advice to you is keep on winning. Maybe you'll go on to ruin even more shows. Hey, maybe you'll get to host the "Tonight Show" and you could make that suck. Wait, never mind, Jay Leno already did that. Perhaps Fear Factor will let you go on their show. Maybe Joe Rogan could kick you in the balls and make you eat a kangaroo vagina. I don't mean the Aussie delicacy; I mean he would literally make you go down on a live kangaroo. Talk about must-see TV!

Regardless of what shows you choose to ruin, don't ever let anyone make you feel ashamed of being so smart. If you're going to be ashamed of anything, it should be the fact that you look like a dick-less troll. Smart people are necessary to civilized society. If it weren't for smart people, dumb people wouldn't have anyone to practice beating on for when they grow up to be professional wrestlers. Now there's a show you could ruin. Maybe you could try to be the heavyweight wrestling champion. I'm sure with your superior intellect you could make that happen.

*Love,  
Bill Scott*