

Dear Columbia University,

My name is Sally B. Juniper. While I'm sure you've received many letters requesting admission to your prestigious University, I'd like to make it abundantly clear that this letter-- the letter I'm writing-- is very different, indeed.

As you may know, I am Sally B. Juniper, daughter of the esteemed and prolific oil tycoon Richard Juniper. While I know there was some controversy last year when my father's tanker spilled twenty-million gallons of crude oil into the Pacific Ocean creating one of the most devastating environmental catastrophes of the modern era, if I were admitted to Columbia, my father would happily donate a library.

I'm also aware that my father was accused of selling exotic marine life on the black market, including, but not limited to, the endangered Peruvian whale shark. While my father is currently in litigation with several prominent marine conservatories— I assure you— he's committed to the preservation and long-standing endurance of all marine life, everywhere. That being said, if my father *is* somehow convicted— which seems unlikely given the sudden and mysterious disappearance of his prosecutor— he has shared with me that he'd gladly pay for the establishment of an oceanography department under his name.

In addition, I'd like to address the rumors you may have heard. It is true that my father toppled the government of Madagascar and shipped young children there to participate in a Hunger-Games-style survival game show. While several children died before the UN intervened, all the child contestants signed Liability Waivers. My father was completely within his rights as a private citizen. In fact, I'm unwilling to offer any financial compensation for this particular offense. I actually found the show quite entertaining.

The real reason I'm writing this letter is less about my father and more about myself. While I'll admit, I was an aggressively average student in high school with a 2.5 GPA, I did involve myself in several very unique extra curricular activities that I think would be of some interest to you. With the help of my father's vast network of business connections, I was lucky enough to spend several months in Cape Canaveral training to be a SpaceX astronaut. While I wasn't able to fly any missions, because I failed the drug test and was subsequently forced to attend a rehab facility for opioid addiction, I did learn how to use a flight simulator! You'll also be happy to know, I'm three weeks sober.

If you look at my application, you might see a recommendation letter from Jeffery Epstein. At the time, I was completely unaware of his inappropriate and self-indulgent lifestyle. I would very much like to retract that letter of recommendation and replace it with a fresh wire transfer of fifty-thousand dollars directly to your bank account.

Lastly, I would like to address the elephant in the room: if you read my college essay, you may have noticed I've recently suffered a tremendous loss. I have witnessed the unimaginable

passing of my most prized and cherished pony, Cookie, who was not only my best friend and confidant, but more importantly, a purebred. Indeed, few can truly fathom the pain and grief I'm currently experiencing. In light of this, I would really appreciate it if you could text me my acceptance letter, rather than send it through the postal service. I'm sure you understand, but I don't think I'm emotionally ready to leave my bedroom, walk down the spiral staircase, and read a paper letter.

Thank you, in advance, for your cooperation.

Sincerely,

Sally B. Juniper <3