



Dear Cook:

Yes, you...the one with the hot grill and the fast spatula. We like your no-nonscents style. None of this chef stuff for you. You're never going to make the cover of Cuisine magazine. You wouldn't recognize a fricassee if it flew up your nose. And you couldn't flambe your way out of a paper bag.

But you sure can fix a burger....and fast.

McDonalds? Move over. Burger King? Step aside. Wendys? Out of the kitchen. It was you and Short Order Sam taking charge: pasted by tomatoes, head to head with lettuce; onions rolled, cheese whizzed. When the lunch rush was over and the smoke cleared from the Automated Food Services Silver Kitchen, you were left--with more than 45,000 points and enough hamburgers to feed Wimpy for a year.

For that you deserve a patty on the back. Or maybe an official "Short-order Squad" emblem on your apron. You earned it!

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "jan".

Jan Marsella
Food Editor
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