

[Your Name]
[Your Address]
[City, State, Zip Code]
[Email Address]
[Date]

Dear [Friend's Name],

I hope this letter finds you well and not hiding in a closet! I wanted to share some thoughts from my recent "night shift" at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza, where my job is to ensure that the animatronics don't think of me as their midnight snack!

First off, you will never believe what happened last night. I was just minding my own business, sipping on a fizzy soda and checking the cameras, when suddenly Bonnie decided to make a surprise appearance! I think he was trying to scare me, but all I could think was, "Dude, it's not Halloween yet!"

Then there was Chica, who apparently thought it would be a great idea to raid the kitchen for pizza (as if she needed more!). I had to remind her that the pizza was for the kids... but you know how stubborn she can be! Guess who ended up with a mouthful of leftover pepperoni in the end?

Spoiler: not me!

And don't get me started on Freddy. He keeps trying to sing his old hits, but trust me, the last thing I wanted to hear at 3 AM was another rendition of "Celebrate!" I ended up turning down the volume, not because I didn't love the jam, but because I didn't want to summon Foxy who was probably lurking around the corner, ready to "hook" me in for a duet! Anyway, I miss our pizza parties where no one was trying to *literally* bite each other! Let's plan a night soon where we can eat what *we* want and avoid any animatronic encounters. Just be sure to bring your flashlight--just in case!

Stay safe and remember: keep the doors locked and the lights on!

Yours in animatronic avoidance,

[Your Name]

P.S. If you hear the sounds of laughter in the dark, it's probably just me practicing my Freddy voice... or is it?