

## Letter From Jeepers

Frank Zappa

Doris, get out your poison pen and take a letter. I have to write to Count Dracula. You know he wrote me a letter of that sort...

Dear Count Dracula,  
I am writing to you from Cucamonga... Ha-ha! Cucamonga? The weather is lovely. The nausea of noon. The wind is always blowing and the sun never shines. And it's rainy and damp four hundred days of the year.  
I enjoyed the party very much. Especially the sumptuous feast you had prepared. It was thrilling. From the first appetizers, the 'Chicken Fried Grub Worms,' on through the dessert, ohhhh... 'Blood Pudding!' Oh, I love 'Blood Pudding!' Oh, yes! It was a masterpiece of culinary skill.  
Although I... I was worried for a moment when you... you said the main course was... 'Fish and Chips.' We are not THAT plebeian in Cucamonga. But my fears were quickly allayed when I discovered to my delight it was 'Silverfish and Buffalo Chips!' Ho-ho! Oh, unique! Oh, they're so squirmy! Oh-ho-ho! Oh, the first one went down easy, but the second one was greasy! Ho-ho-ho...!  
Oh my... Oh, I'm getting carried away, because I... I really must apologise for getting tipsy and singing. But I have always wanted to be the DEATH of the party.

Uh, when you hear the pellets drop, count ten and take a deep breath