

Underwater Waste Utilization
Overlake West Office
%/dev/hack
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United States

4 June 2025

Queer Computer Club
403-720 Spadina Ave.
Toronto, ON M5S 2T9
Via facsimile to +1 (416) 922-1553

Dearest Quecey:

Thank you for your care in reading this letter. Please respond erelong. I write to you from quite an amazing place, and yet I know well that it is only a matter of time before they find me here.

Ten years ago, to the day, I got my first T-Mobile (NASDAQ: TMUS) plan, for a mobile hotspot I used to connect my iPod Touch to the internet. I was amazed by the *ubiquity* of the network. I could get Wi-Fi practically anywhere! I was no longer restricted to ashamedly typing “TallTree9” on my iPod Touch’s glass keyboard when I was sure nobody was looking. I was so amazed at how this company had changed my life that I resolved to, one day, see it from the inside. Unfortunately, the T-Mobile headquarters was in a faraway place that I knew nothing about at the time—not even which direction to start walking.

But that all changed last year when I got accepted into the University of Washington (TSX: UW)’s Urbex Studies program! While my essay applying to the program was mostly about sweet-talking my way onto Microsoft commuter shuttles and blasting “I Love My Mac” by Daphne Kalfon on the AUX, I was happy to learn that mere miles away was the headquarters of another major multinational conglomerate: T-Mobile! I was so excited, I couldn’t wait one moment—I hopped on the first bus to Factoria. (It was, of course, a Microsoft

commuter shuttle.)

As a true, legitimate T-Mobile fan, I was quickly able to guess the building access code (“Sidekick4Eva”), and I wandered in late one September evening. I headed right towards the plumbing control room (my favourite!) I was excited to see what I could apply from my UBX210 class with Professor Lifts—we had just been reading his new textbook, *Towards a Theory of Sewage Flow Equilibrium*.

The control panel was slightly dated—they never update these things until they have to. It was still running on LTE, and seemed to have an embedded version of Android 4.4 installed. This proved useful, since the latest documentation I had been able to obtain on SciHub (KASE: COPYRIGHT) and Craigslist (NYSE: CRAIG) was a little dated.

Unfortunately, no sooner had I gotten my hands on the panel than they found me. I am, of course, referring to the ragtag group of rent-a-cops stormed in. “**Soldiers!**” they proclaimed in unison. “We are **soldiers!** We are the **war!** We are the war on **drugs!** And you are clearly **drugs drugs** snip!”

I didn’t have many options. I could try to defend myself verbally, but what could I say? I was drugs. I could try to fight back, but they greatly overpowered me, if only for the drugs they were taking — they were clearly on much, much, stronger stuff than anything I’d ever be able to get my hands on. So I took the only option I had: I held my nose, jumped into the chute labeled—

“CONTROLLED GRAVITY
EMERGENCY
SEWAGE EJECTION
SE 38th ST ' '

And I held my nose as best I could ...

The self-proclaimed “soldiers” were quite amazed, and unwilling to

bring to any harm anyone so much like their own, so while they all followed me down the chute, they chose not to press charges when it was all said and done. That said, they took my name down and canceled my T-Mobile plan, without as much as a refund.

Unfortunately, the only souvenir I managed to snag from the trip was a ~~promotional~~ promotional **PROMOTIONAL** fax machine from the IT desk, featuring a photo of what appeared to be the **T-Mobile Chief Executive Officer John Legere's daughter Chrissy's** orange cat. Unable to get service on the T-Mobile network (or any of its ~~licensed~~ ~~licensed~~ ~~licensed~~ ~~licensed~~ LICENSED carriers) thanks to my **indefinite ban**, I am sadly left with no choice but to ask for **alternative** ^{alternative} means of **Feline Content**.

So I ask you: Are you such the fan of T-Mobile that you would send yourself down a sewage chute just to learn more about its inner workings? And if you knew someone who was, surely you would want them to be able to enjoy all of the ~~fruits~~ fruits ^{sin} of that experience to the fullest extent. It is with that in mind that I do **solemnly** ~~solemnly~~ **SOLEMNLY** ask you to fax us pictures of QCC members' cats at +1 (844) 338-4225.

I am,

,ms I

fuck you i won't do what you tell me

Sincerely
Yours
neovfully
purn

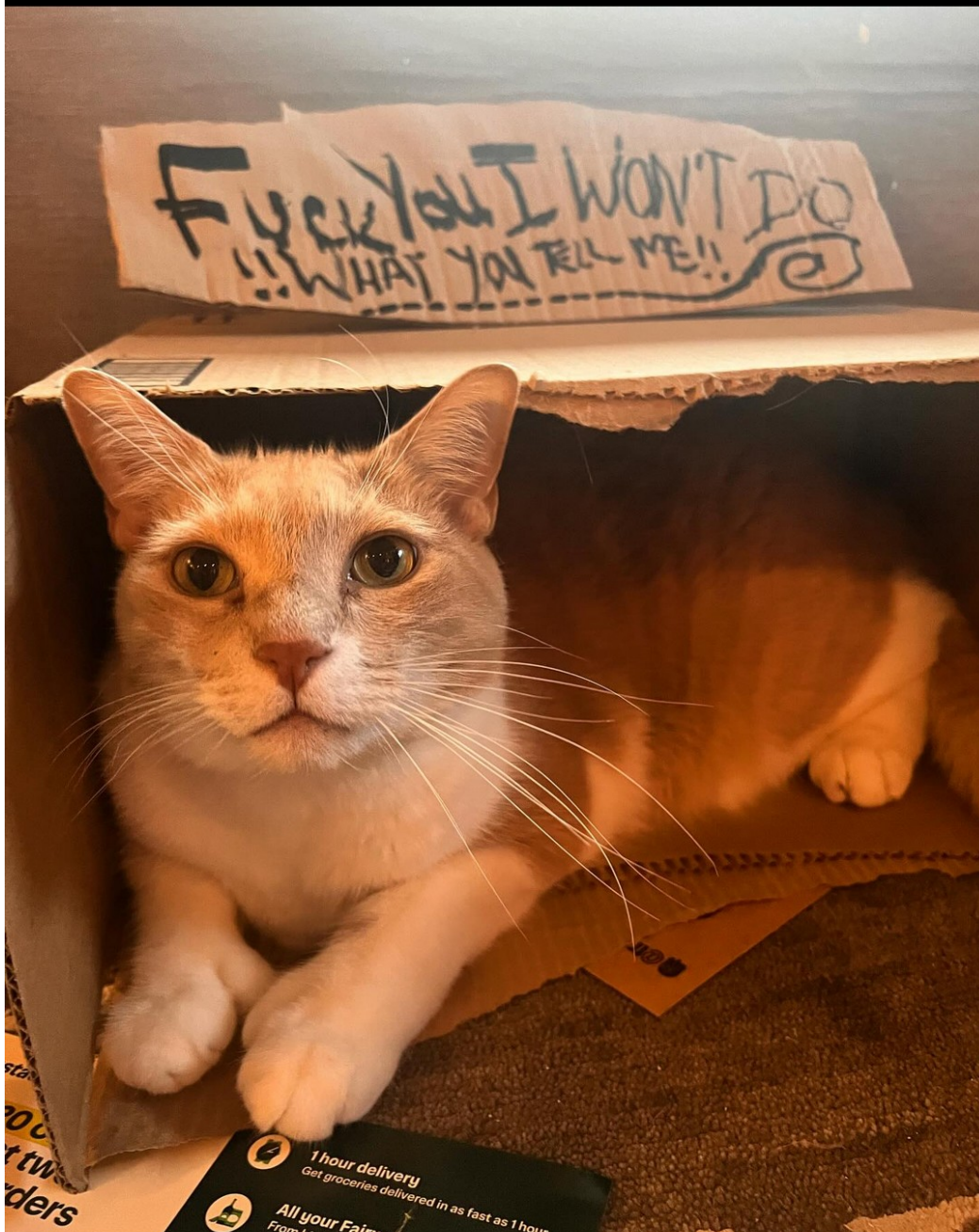
sincerely faithfully truly sincerely faithfully truly
you

Signed, *SIM-less in Seattle*

encl: T-Mobile Chief Executive Officer John Legere's daughter
Chrissy's cat



johnlegere • Follow



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johnlegere • Omg how did my one of daughter Chrissy's cat become her???? ...and to be clear...me!!! (And how did he write such a clear sign?)