

# Ultimate Office Makeover

Extreme Makeover/Home Edition  
P.O. Box 38670  
Los Angeles, CA 90038

Dear ABC's "Extreme Makeover/Home Edition,"  
Greetings, my name is Keith Krause and I am writing to request an "Extreme Makeover." As I write this, tears run down my cute, youthful, freckled face. Mine is a very sad story and I'd like to share it with you so that maybe you and the design team could come give me a makeover and some eternal love.

My story is different than the others because I'm not requesting you to make over my house but make over my office and my life. I don't have any diseases (that I know of), mental or physical impairments, and my family and friends are quite healthy. But there is one thing that I live with everyday and it's affected my life in a horrible way. Hey, that rhymes! Anyway, back to being sad. I have a huge problem. I am an assistant golf course superintendent. I know, it's horrible, but that's only the first part of my problem. Not only am I an assistant golf course superintendent, but my office is way too small and I have to share it with my boss (the head golf course superintendent), who is a horrible, horrible man. He hates me! Every day, when I walk into our prison cell-sized office, my boss greets me with a swift kick in the bottom, and then the name-calling begins. He calls me an idiot, then spits in my face and tells me to get to work or he'll make me sit on his walkie-talkie. I then begin to cry and his anger grows even further.

After my morning abuse I sit down at my desk, which is made from milk crates and cardboard that I stole from the clubhouse, and draw pictures of rainbows and unicorns to put myself in a happy place. I love drawing rainbows and unicorns. Our office is only 120 square feet and I sit only five feet from the boss. It's difficult because at any second he might crack. This has affected my life. I feel I have lost all my integrity and I feel less of a man. My wife tells me she's going to leave me because I'm a "wussy." My dog doesn't give me the time of day anymore. I even wrote Dr. Phil. He told me as he was laughing, "I can't do anything for you because you're a complete loser." I just don't know what to do and this is why I come to you, my friends at ABC.

I want my own office where I can be happy and not be abused. I need a place that is high-tech where I can get work done efficiently. I believe I deserve the best of the best because I have been beaten down for so many years, and I spend most of my boring life here. I need really cool stuff to boost my confidence so I can be a professional assistant golf course superintendent again. It will be tough, though, because the things I need you can't get from your sponsor, Sears.

I need this office to be my central homeroom to the future. Not only do I need the latest in irrigation-computing technology; I need the best computer programming for management, media and Internet needs. Wireless, wireless, wireless!!! Pump controls, weather station/on-demand forecasting, all must be wireless. GPS! GPS everything I own. Everything else should be furnished by Sharper Image. I like those office chairs that vibrate. I also love those Succesories pictures. They are great confidence-boosters and will give my office a nice corporate feel.



"Wussy" me.

You will actually want to build a pseudo or fake “new” office behind the shop where my boss can’t tell if I’m there or not. For business’ sake, we can use Sears to furnish this office with a cheap desk, cheap chair and one of those cardboard-cutout display computers for effect. Maybe I can put a picture of my wife in there to give it a homey feeling. When he (my horrible boss) goes into my “new” office, he’ll just think I’m out on the course. With that in mind, my walkie-talkie should be wired to my new Blackberry integrated with the latest Bluetooth technology (which you’ll give me), so I can communicate with him while I’m NOT at the course. Where will I be, you ask. I will be at home in my real new office, surfing the ‘Net, podcasting and setting the course’s nightly watering schedule. The goal is that I will never actually have to go to work and see that bad, bad man. I can work from home without him (the boss) knowing the difference. Pretty good idea, huh? I know!

I would love it if Ty Pennington built my desk and credenza himself. I would trust him to get creative to meet my needs. He is such a talented man and a hunk-of-a-carpenter. Every time I watch “Extreme Makeover,” I can’t stop watching him because he’s so good. So good!!!

I love bright colors—reds, greens, purples and browns. I like plaid, and shag carpeting. Window blinds are not for me, though I enjoy drapes made from lace. I like golf, singing and Broadway musicals. I think Paul DiMeo and I would get along great together because we have a lot in common; we both cry a lot. He would do a great job keeping my emotions under control while you are here renovating my office and reinventing my life. Paul and I can just hang out together and cry. Maybe Michael Moloney could design my rainbow-and-unicorn drawing station because I know he loves rainbows too.

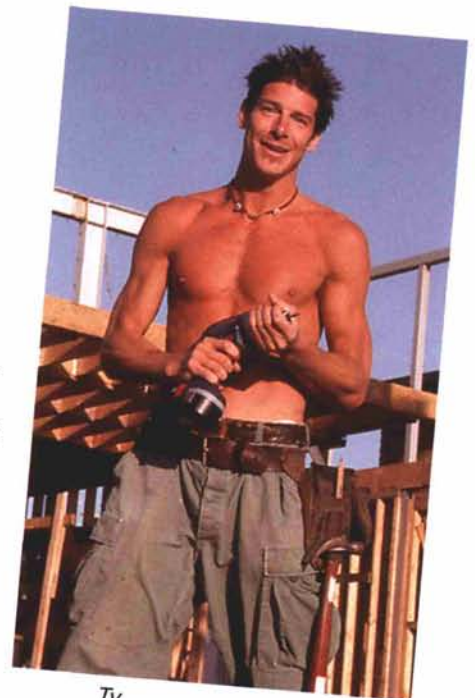
And bring that new foreign guy. I like him because he talks funny.

I hope this letter tugged at your heartstrings and has made you realize that I am in need of serious help. I also want you to know how much I love your show and that I think my problem could help your TV ratings. “Extreme Makeover/Home Edition” was such a genius idea. I love watching troubled families having their lives saved by good-looking, overacting, mediocre carpenters and designers. It’s truly something America has been yearning for, for quite some time. Thank you, ABC, and move that bus!

Sincerely,  
Keith Krause  
Assistant Golf Course  
Superintendent  
Sticks and Twigs C.C.



*Happy me!*



*Ty Pennington.*



*Paul DiMeo.*



*Michael Moloney.*



*New foreign guy.*