

Dear Father Tater Tot®:

I'm leaving the family business. I'm, like, not upset or anything. I just want to be something different.

I owe you a lot of gratitude. You taught me that "tots®," "gold nuggets®," and "spud buddies®" are not derogatory terms but compliments—"imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" is what you always say. You taught me that we should never be ashamed of our short, chubby bodies—just because our cousins are tall and slender does not make them better. You taught me that we should be proud of our heritage—hash browns can be miniaturized and eaten after breakfast. But most of all, you taught me individuality, how to be my own potato.

That's what I want to be: my own potato. I don't want to be shredded. I want to be mashed. I don't want use preservatives. I want to be natural. I don't want to be plain. I want to have flavor. And I don't want to be cylindrical. I want to be circular. So I'm legally changing my name to Po' Balls (I've even hired a lawyer to ensure that no one else has the name). If anything, changing my identity and name should prevent me from being relegated to a cafeteria. I'm hoping to land a spot on Boise Fry Company's menu. You've always told me how proud you'd be if someone from our family got a job there.

Thanks again for, like, everything you've done for me. I totally would not be the potato I am today without you.

Sincerely,

Po' Balls