

Dear Baker Bob,

You know, I sent your colleague, Franklin, the butler, a dream recently that gave him his ticket out of the gated community you guys have been living in, courtesy of the Pharaoh.

Franklin was rightly pleased with that little letter from me. He quickly picked up on his old techniques and made some pretty decent Merlot for the king. It's good to be in favor with the Pharaoh.

But, Bob, not all dreams are the same. I have a rather large repertoire of them I can draw from. The letter I'm sending you is ... ahh ... it's a little delicate ... well, you see ... a baker is different than a cupbearer, and I have some other type of news for you.

Here's how your dream is gonna go down:

*The baker dreamed of three white baskets stacked on his head, filled with baked goods for Pharaoh. However, the birds got there first and ate the Pharaoh's favorite cinnamon rolls (based on Gen 40:16-17).*

Sincerely,

Yahweh

Maker of Bread of Life