



## **An Open Letter to the CEO Who Raised Prices While Calling It “Empathy”**

You used the word gently. It was printed on the press release, spoken during interviews, repeated in internal emails. You said the decision came from compassion. You said it with care.

I read your message three times. I wanted to believe it. I hoped there was something I missed, some thread of truth in the language you chose.

That word carries weight. It's not something to throw into a sentence and move past. It means feeling what others carry, even when it's uncomfortable. It means paying attention when someone's quiet. It means choosing people over appearance.

Lately, people are counting more than ever. Groceries, rent, medication... every number matters. Each increase means a tradeoff. A skipped meal. A delayed bill. A conversation no one wanted to have.

You said this shift was necessary. You said it came from care. But many felt it as a door closing. Fewer options. Tighter margins. Less room to breathe.

The language of kindness doesn't match the weight of the decision. People feel that disconnect every time they check out. Every time they compare two items and pick neither.

You asked for patience. You asked for trust. That only works when actions match words. When empathy moves quietly, not just as a headline.



**ESSAYPRO.COM**

If this letter finds you, I hope you listen longer than you speak. I hope someone near you asks hard questions and that you let them finish. That's where empathy lives. Not in the price hike, not in the spin, but in what happens after the words run out.

Signed,

Someone Who Still Reads the Labels

EssayPro®