

# Mitchell Family Lame Holiday Letter 2008

## (Bailout Edition)

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Well ho-ho-freaking-ho from the Mitchells, who, as we write this, are quite sick of the bitter cold (temps dipping into the 40s) and rain that have kept us from enjoying the holiday shopping season in all its twisted glory.

Wait a minute. We *hate* holiday shopping. Everybody we encounter has that manic “Must. Kill. Santa” vibe. And then there are the shoppers.

That’s why this year we’re doing all of our gifting online at Legumes “R” Us ([www.legumesrus.com](http://www.legumesrus.com)). It’s a safe bet that we won’t be duplicating anybody else’s gift. . .the little devils fit right into the post-holiday diet *du jour*. . .and you never have to worry about Adzuki Beans being the wrong size.

But we digress. We’re supposed to say things like, “It’s been a busy year for the Mitchell clan,” but actually it hasn’t. Mostly we’ve spent the year on the couch, watching the election unfold. It seems like only 22 months ago that the whole thing began in our former home state. But most (54%, to be exact) would agree that the outcome was worth it.

By the way, spending that much time on the couch, Jay’s weight ballooned to the point where EMTs had to use the Jaws of Life so he could make a Starbucks run.

But we digress again. Besides witnessing history and discovering—who knew?—that Katie Couric is actually a pretty good journalist, the Mitchell clan actually has been up to Things.

For one thing, we finally pulled the trigger on our long-impending back yard project, learning in the process that such projects are second only to kitchens in cost per square inch. (Thankfully, our back yard can be measured in square inches.)

Our kid, Issa, turned three a few days ago. Now that she is an adult (as dog years go), we’ve asked her to get a job to defray the costs of living in a house that’s worth two thirds of what we bought it for (thus continuing our traditional adeptitude with real estate) and to help replenish our shredded retirement accounts (thus continuing our traditional adeptitude with investments). In response, she somehow managed to flip us the bird, displaying a level of manual dexterity that could be put to better use by inserting widgets into flanges on the GM assembly line—oh, wait, never mind.



Back yard Before



Backyard After

We were kind of hoping that Issa’s star turn in *My Dog Is Cuter than Seth Rogan*, now playing at a YouTube near you ([www.youtube.com/watch?v=N6ecxe7bHE0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N6ecxe7bHE0)), would go viral and we’d all be rich. But to date the video has garnered a pathetic 55 views, mostly from cat-lovers

named Misty who are just there to check out the competition. (Misty has also confirmed our worst fear: people still use “LOL” in emails. OMG!)

Sharon, the other half of the Mitchell estrogen contingent, has been keeping busy with her mobile pocket lint removal business (“Lint Never Sleeps—We Come to You”). Check her out at [www.lintwheels.com](http://www.lintwheels.com). When she’s not on fuzz patrol, she does bookkeeping for a local psychologist friend and effectively holds down her end of the couch. (Our couch, not the psychologist’s.)

No weight problems for the missus, though; she is one of the three people in the world who still use the original NordicTrack. The other two are in Nordia or whatever they call it; since they’re not Americans, they must be terrorists, so they don’t count.

As for 100% of the Mitchell testosterone party, Jay has discovered the joys of home schooling and is optimistic about obtaining his grade school GED next year. Otherwise, he busies himself with the world-famous *Small Market Radio Newsletter* ([www.smallmarketradio.com](http://www.smallmarketradio.com)), his broadcast consulting ([www.jaymitchell.com](http://www.jaymitchell.com)) and his exploding web-development/consulting business ([www.site-for-sore-eyes.com](http://www.site-for-sore-eyes.com)). The web stuff is truly exciting, because it calls into play all of Jay’s passions—marketing, writing, graphics design and never leaving the house (except for Starbucks runs, for which he has the EMTs on speed-dial).

Jay is also trying his hand at writing ([www.jay-mitchell.blogspot.com](http://www.jay-mitchell.blogspot.com)). He is making progress; he now knows upwards of 20 words, some of them having even more than one syllable. (He was particularly excited when he learned his 17th one-syllable word, because then he could compose Haiku.)

Speaking of Haiku, we’ll leave you with this:

Holiday greetings  
Health, happiness and prosperity  
in the new

(The balance of the poem was deleted by the Haiku Police; we must have lost count.)

Anyway, all the Mitchells wish you the very best for the holidays—and the new.



The Action Star (from the hit movie, *My Dog is Cuter than Seth Rogan*)



On the Move



Entrepreneurial Spirit

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sharon Jay". To the right of the signature is a yellow starburst graphic with a black center.