

HOLIDAY GREETINGS FROM THE SMITHS

December 2009

Well, it's been another eventful year for the ██████████ "Smiths."

We're still getting used to the name we were given when we entered the Witness Protection Program back in January. It seems that we were the key witnesses in a famous littering case involving a major Hollywood personality; they take littering very seriously in California, and ended up throwing the biodegradable book at the alleged perpetrator.

To avoid reprisals by said perp's many Tinseltown connections, we were rushed into The Program in the middle of the night, after they burned nearly all our personal possessions. We were allowed to keep only a few things from our old life—an unenscribed mood ring, our beloved toaster, our twine collection, and an old IKEA chair we've been trying to ditch for years.



The Smiths:
Sadie, John & Ickie

So we left behind the idyllic life in Southern California and took up residence in ██████████, where it was colder than ██████████. We traded our lovely 12-square-foot California home for a dismal 4,000-square-foot estate on Lake ██████████. The cost-of-living difference between California and ██████████ was so vast that we were able to hire a full domestic staff as well. Just what we needed—a bunch of people we hardly know, always underfoot and up in our business. (In our other life they were called "relatives.")



Old Cool Home/New Sucky Home

But as the seasons came and went, we grudgingly accepted our new circumstances. We got a GPS to get around the manse, and we learned to rely on

the staff for even the smallest things, like cooking, tweezing, and finally getting rid of that [REDACTED] chair.

We learned to fit into our new surroundings. We participated in artificial socializing rituals called “Networking Luncheons.” We enjoyed tractor pulls at the [REDACTED] County Fair. We learned something called “catch and release,” surprised that it had very little to do with either the criminal justice system or Guantanamo.

Then fate dealt us another hand. It seems the littering [REDACTED], who caused all the trouble in the first place, himself turned state’s evidence so they could put away an even bigger miscreant—a serial jaywalker. So now Mr. Litterbug is in The Program himself, and they saw no need for us to continue living the lie in [REDACTED].

The real estate market being what it is, we never sold our cozy home in California, so were able to move back and resume living the lie here instead. And Mr. L. took over our crappy mansion in [REDACTED] and all those meddling servants.

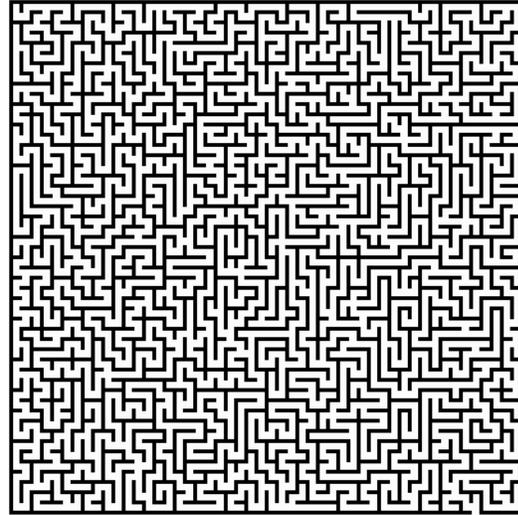
As a result of our adventure, we won a civil suit against Mr. L. that netted us enough money so we’d never have to work another day in our lives—if we lived in [REDACTED].

Here in California, it almost covers one mortgage payment.

Anyway, from the entire “Smith” family to yours, a happy holiday season and a glorious new year!

Fondly,

Sadie, John & Ickie



Mansion Floor Plan



When You're There, They're Family