



Christmas Eve, 2003

Dear Jay & Sharon,

On behalf of all the elves, Mrs. Claus and Mrs. Claus's sister, I want to thank you for the cheesy little cookie and half-sour milk. Geez, could you spare them?

I work my ass off every year, bringing lots of toys to good little girls and boys, and this is the thanks I get? Criminy.

I don't mean to single you out. At least you have a chimney to wiggle down (although it took me a lot longer this year; resolution: hit the gym). Without a chimney I have to go in through a window, and in urban areas especially, that can draw a lot of the wrong kind of attention.

Anyway, sorry for the little temper tantrum there. Have a good year, and next Christmas let's have a little something more substantial for good old Santa than one lousy cookie. (Hint: Santa's not a vegetarian. He's also not a teetotaler, and it gets mighty cold up there in that damn sleigh.)

Well, I'm off. Ho ho ho and all that. See you next year. But that's your last chance to come through for Santa or I'll drop you like a rock.