



Christmas Eve, 2004

Dear Jay & Sharon,

Hard to believe another year has flown by, isn't it? Speaking of flying, I have to tell you that Rudolph is getting a little long in the tooth and the old schnoz isn't as bright as it used to be. We had a couple of near-misses up in L.A. . . thank God here in "The OC" all the buildings are low. The only thing we have to worry about down here is the reindeer taking dumps on the housetops, ho ho ho.

Well, enough about Santa and his troubles. (Don't get me started—all my elves are leaving me for Wal-Mart.) I see by my "Naughty and Nice" list that you both have been a little of each this past year, so you don't get any lumps of coal in your stockings—by the way, where *are* your stockings?—but you don't get the Hawaiian villa, either.

Anyway, gotta get going; thanks again for the lousy cookie and milk. What's the matter with you people? Haven't you ever heard of Fettucini Alfredo?

Have a good new year. Better luck next year on that villa.

Your Fat annual friend,

Santa