

Christmas Eve 2007

Dear Jay, Sharon and Issa,

You, know, by the time I get to your house, I've already scribbled 120,000,000 of these notes, not to mention consuming 119,999,999 cookies (the Johnsons in Cleveland make the worst cookies - you've been warned) and 28,000,000 gallons of milk (I sniff it first). So summoning the ol' ho-ho gets tougher and tougher.

It was a little easier when you lived farther East - Santa goes counter-clockwise around the Earth ever since Blitzer developed that inner-ear infection - which knocked a couple million off the total and I was a bit fresher.

I don't share this stuff with everyone, but I know you understand. After all, you're both, er, over 40 and you still believe in me. (BTW, the Easter Bunny didn't make it this year, after a long bout with tendinitis.)

Anyway, have a great Christmas ... enjoy the coal (just kidding - with the new Homeland Security restrictions I have to use charcoal briquets) ... and I'll see you next year. (But not if you see me first.)

Your little frozen pal,

Santa