



# THE SANTA CLAUS COMPANY

100 NAUGHTYNICE LANE | NORTH POLE | ARCTIC CIRCLE

*Christmas 2016*

*Ho ho ho Sharon and Jay,*

*Well, here it is, the 57<sup>th</sup> time Santa has visited the Mitchells. . .the 57<sup>th</sup> time Santa has enjoyed your “milk” and “cookies,” made according to whatever crazy-ass diet you were observing at the time. . .the 57<sup>th</sup> time Santa has had to use his second-story B&E skills to get into whatever phony-ass chimney domicile you were living in at the time. . .the 57<sup>th</sup> time Santa has delivered whatever goofy-ass presents you wished for.*

*But enough reminiscing.*

*As you know—first it was that damn poem, and now, thanks to Google, Santa’s life is an open book—Santa keeps a list. (Actually, a “list” was okay when Santa first started this gig in 291 A.D., but nowadays we keep everything in a relational database managed by a humongous number of IT elves. But we stick with “list” because “He’s keeping a relational database and using a proprietary algorithm to check for duplicate records” isn’t very poetic.)*

*Anyhoo, unless the Russians have hacked Santa’s database, you guys remain in the “nice” column. Therefore, you have once again dodged coal-filled stockings.*

*But there’s always next year. Stay frosty.*

*Your eternal pal,*

**Santa**®