

Santa.

Christmas Eve 2017

Dear Sharon, Jay & Issa,

It's been another tumultuous year for yours truly and the family business. As you recall, last year we were acquired by Amazon, but that didn't work out. They wanted Santa to charge all the girls and boys for their toys, which was kind of a deal-breaker. (We got as far as charging only the naughty ones, but these days that's practically everybody. When we got to the shipping fees, Santa opted out.)

Still, it would have been nice, having all the toys delivered by drone. Santa and the reindeer aren't getting any younger, and Santa was looking forward to some naughty time with Mrs. C.

Another thing we had to deal with this year was the travel ban. Seems the geniuses at 1600 Pennsylvania accidentally included the North Pole on their list of countries harboring terrorists. Putting aside that we're not a country, the only terrorist activity we've seen is when all of the other reindeer spiked poor Rudolph's kibbles with egg nog. That nose could have lighted the way for a good-sized infantry unit.

Actually, that gives me an idea of a way to make some coin during Santa's down time: hire out Rudolph to the government for obscene amounts of money. There's just one problem: convincing Homeland that Rudolph isn't Russian.

Anyway, Merry Christmas to all ... and you can take care of that handling fee at your convenience.

Annually yours,

S.

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