

Well, it's that time of year again. Cliche, yeah, I know. This is actually my first form Christmas letter. Now that I've gotten older, I don't quite get to catch up with friends and family like I used to. So, in lieu of actually getting in touch, you'll have to pardon me and settle for a mediocre recap of our year as our way of showing that we are thinking about you.

Abby and I are still together and going on 9-years now. Nope, we're not married. And, nope, we don't plan on having kids. The good news here is that now you don't have to read pretentious stories about kids which are nothing more than average best. Also, no pets in our household either. House rules are you can't bring home anything that poops. So, Abby's studio is filled with plants and various dead things, all of which she names.

2021 was a bland year. In fact, it blends in with 2020 as an amorphous blob of events in my head as simply the era of Covid. With lockdowns, restrictions, WFH, etc., it all feels the same. Kind of like eating if you were to lose your taste. So, instead of a reel of exciting highlights where I'd normally get to brag about vacations abroad and stuff like that, I instead get to highlight some of the more mundane highlights of our year.

### Sleep Tracking App

Perhaps the most exciting event for me this year was the realization that my sleeping tracking app recorded my farts in my sleep. No kidding. My best friend Troy had texted me about this and sent me a sound clip of his...totally amateur...I knew I could do better and boy was I amazed at the results. It's like I unearthed some hidden talent. The best thing is that you can even save the sound clips. These things are hilarious and make me giggle my mother-freaking head off. Whenever I'm in a bad mood, I just listen to those for a few minutes. I'm thinking about maybe making a mix tape. Unfortunately, the company must have figured out that it's app was recording nocturnal flatulence and prudishly removed this amazing feature. I've since tried to mimic snoring by strategically throttling my talent, but with limited luck. The app also records sleep talking, which would be fun but I don't ever talk much in my sleep, aside from the one clip where I was enthusiastically saying "George Clooney, George Clooney!...and the McDonald lady."

## Morning Walks

One of the great things about WFH was that Abby and I replaced our morning commute with a morning walk around the small lake nearby and through our neighborhood association. It was very interesting to listen to the birds in the morning and eventually we even started noticing migratory patterns of birds. Sometimes a lovely type of songbird would come through, but would only be around for a week or so.

I also started noticing other things in the neighborhood that I wouldn't have otherwise noticed. 5453 Fawn Meadow Curve doesn't pull their trash cans into the garage after pickup day. 17314 Wilderness Trail uses one of the few guest parking spots on a daily basis, but has space to park in their own driveway. 17311 Lilac Lane let's their dog crap in the community park and doesn't pick it up, even with the poop station 5 feet away. Of course, being on the homeowner's association board, I'd brought these violations up with the association management company and friendly reminder letters were sent reminding them of the association rules or fines were sent for repeat violations. Abby started calling me the neighborhood Stasi. I hate most of my neighbors now, because I don't understand why they are so stupid and can't follow simple rules.

I think this pandemic is making me claustrophobic. I think our next place will be out in the country and out of eyesight from any neighbors.

## Books

I read my first book in 12 years this year. It'd been so long not because I'm not a good reader, but because I've always found books to be so long and boring and never thought authors really wrote good books. I'd read some of the classics in the past like "Catcher In The Rye", "On The Road", "Naked Lunch", "The Electric Acid Kool-Aid Test" and so forth. Much of it was incoherent blubbery and storylines that didn't really make sense. They all sucked, so I stopped reading books. But, I still read the Economist weekly and the Wall Street Journal on Saturdays, so I'm not exactly dumb for not reading books. Anyway, Abby and I booked a cheap flight with Sun Country (we spent a few days in LA since I had a tradeshow there and the hotel room would be expensed), and they don't have the

infotainment built into the headrests and I needed something to do for the four hour flight, so I brought along a book.

I'd never seen the movie "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" all the way through, but I've seen most of the movie in bits and pieces. I thought it would be an interesting book and it was actually quite good. I thought I might be able to pick up reading and shortly afterward discovered that our library offers a ton of audiobooks via an app for free (Libby). Great, I can listen to the books instead of reading them. Now I could knock out books while driving. Since I liked Hunter S. Thompson's writing style, I went with "Hells Angels" next...Meh, pretty much sucked. Then did, "Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72"....ugh, painful. Then, I did "American Psycho" by Bret Easton Ellis...the good parts aren't worth the 15 hours of otherwise blasé narration. Next, I switched it up and did Kafka's "Metamorphosis"...definitely not classic-worthy; here's a summary: man wakes up as a bug, his family shuns him, eventually he dies...and his family is kind of happy about it.

I am reaching the conclusion that I don't like books again.

#### Electric School Bus

I'd read in the local newspaper that there was a group advocating for electric school buses in our area. Since I'm involved with commercial electric vehicles for work (I'm now the Business Development Manager for Commercial Electric Vehicles...lateral move from the Elevator group), I'd reached out to the group to see what they were up to and how I may lend my technical and industry expertise to help further the cause. For the most part, it was a group of about 10-15 people; most were retirees, there were a handful who were teachers, and the couple who were the organizers had been physician doctors. We'd have Zoom meetings every other week to discuss electric bus initiatives in the news and talking points for addressing school boards in the southwest metro area. We actually started to gain traction right here in Prior Lake. The school board was engaged and had reached out to put us in touch with the management of the busing division of the city and the busing fleet company owners. It was kind of exciting to see our efforts were starting to move the needle towards making a positive impact in our community.

Eventually, I had to drop out of the group though. It ends up they were liberal crazies. I didn't know they existed. I

thought the crazies were mostly the pro-Trump, anti-vax, anti-mask, anti-gay, racist, QAnon crowd. Ends up there are crazies on the other end of the spectrum too. These were not your run-of-the-mill no-bra-wearing, hairy-legged libbers up in the Twin Cities though. Nope. The leader of the group was a hypocritical holy roller who'd blast conspiracy theories then sign off her emails with "Peace and Love". For example, a woman at one of the school board meetings addressed the board about something like not liking to mask the kids or not wanting critical race theory taught to her children, or something like that...and the lady from our group accused her of being planted there by an outside interest group funded by the Koch brothers that is training people with misinformation and having them attend school board meetings to sow discontent in communities...somewhere in an accusation was also something about being a Nazi stooge...Jesus, WTF! Crazy is crazy, no matter what way you lean. Needless to say, I shortly stopped attending the group's meetings.

Well, those little vignettes are some of the more interesting parts of our year from the Heiser / Davisson household, at least from my perspective (Abby can write her own letter if she wants). Hopefully, things start getting back to normal sooner rather than later and we can catch up in person over the next year...or maybe not. In any case, I would much rather brag about going to an illuminati masquerade party in Berlin or describing hallucinations from a Ayahuasca trip in the Amazon. In the meantime, this is what you're stuck with. Anyway, take care and hope you make the most of the holiday seasons.

Best regards,

Tony