

To give thanks. To send out a smoke signal, of sorts.  
To find out who among you is still living.  
It's...

### **The Robinson Family Christmas Letter**

*Well, the weather outside is nuclear winter  
And our fears are front and center  
And since we're stuck in this bunker  
Send that letter, send that letter, send that letter!*

Dec. 2, 2020 – 121 days since The Fall.

As of this morning, we're all still alive, even Mr. Plumpsy WHO WE HAVEN'T EATEN YET. All the cat food has been consumed by either him or baby Jessica (aka the **insatiable** sweetie who still **holds our heart** and gives us **hope** for a **future**). All of this is to say: our stockpile of canned food rations is dwindling and this will be – Christmas miracle withstanding – Mr. Plumpsy's final Christmas with us. Rest assured, we will raise our glasses of brown well water high in thanks for his five years in our family and his final sacrifice.

Sticking to the subject of gratitude: We couldn't be happier that Geoffrey wasn't accepted to that fancy-schmancy internship program in Muncie this past summer or our big boy might be who-knows-what. Dead? Or worse: alive in Muncie?!? **Zing!** (You know my allegiance is to Gary. **Go Gators!**) Geoffrey may not be intern-material, but we think he's just perfect in his new role as **nightwatchman**. He sleeps most of the day – which he was already so good at – and makes sure our door to the outside stays sealed should anyone who comes a-knockin' try to bust in.

Then there's Lucy. What can I say about Lucy? She continues to be a bit of a **pill**. Most of you know that I have been baby Jessica's de facto mother from the moment she was born. Yet even stuck in our "little home away from home," Lucy keeps her distance. Her **ample** teats could be providing much-needed sustenance for baby Jessica, but she says she'd "**rather not**." So until she stops being such a brat, cat food it is! I wonder if Lucy knows **or even cares** that each of her little teat-trums are days off of Mr. Plumpsy's life? She certainly isn't making much of an effort to win least-likely-to-be-eaten should that day come. Heaven forbid!

Harold spends most of his time playing "solitaire." That's what we call it when he sits there flipping cards over in a pattern none of us can quite decipher. The head injury he sustained from the blast keeps us guessing, but you know I've always **loved a project!** We've already got baby Jessica, so what's the big deal about cleaning up drool for two?

As for me, I've had a lot of time to quilt. Stress quilting has **always** been my outlet! And it's a quiet enough hobby that it doesn't disturb Geoffrey's slumber, though he sleeps like a rock between Lucy and I's spats. AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: yes, all quilting happens while I serve as daywatchwoman at the base of the ladder to our bunker where we keep Harold's grandpa's rifle. And you **know** I'd use it on **any of you** if you tried to take from my family in our hour of need. So if any of you think our position is at all compromised, **think again!**

But enough about me! Onto our favorite and yours: **baby Jessica!** She's toddling about, talking incomprehensible gibberish and sucking on every inanimate object she can. SO MUCH FOR A STERILE BUNKER! **Don't even ask** about the diaper situation, though! **Don't!** Good thing she's cute-as-can-be, and even unwashed she still has that lovely baby smell.

I also want to share that our late-May Caribbean cruise was a blast! Harold and I enjoyed our pina colodas **but passed on dancing in the rain!** Ha! The food was good and we made friends with the couple also seated at our table each night. Who'd guess they **also** met at a Fleetwood Mac concert?! Oh, and every morning room service did the most amazing towel origami, turning our towels into all sorts of animals! We didn't know it at the time of course, but it was a fine "**last hurrah**" before The Fall.

Anywho, do send us a line if you have the spare time – **Ha!** – and maybe we could form some sort of alliance. Lord knows these days may call for it. We won't be sharing our already hoarded food **or bullets**, of course, but if we teamed up anything we managed to scavenge together would be split equally. Consider it, won't you?