

Penelope's HOLIDAY NEWSLETTER

2020

Dear friends and family,

It's been eleven months since Alfred's execution. You'd think the sting would have faded a bit by now, but it hasn't. When I awaken each morning I still smell his sizzling flesh. Hopefully this will pass before Christmas.

Speaking of which, we're planning something special this year in our camp by the railroad tracks. I'm on the decorating committee, so I'm spending a little time every morning scrounging for useful items. Yesterday I found some almost empty cans of spray paint (yellow and green), and a length of rusted metal roofing that I should be able to turn into something. I look forward to each day's adventure.

The church van still comes by once a week with warm soup.

My current box-mate (that's what we call them) is Jenny from Oakland. She entertains me with stories of her work in the Obama White House before her breakdown, which occurred two days after her encounter with Jared. I'm sure all of this is true, she tells it in such detail. On Tuesdays she pretends to ride a bike (we don't have any bikes) and she does what she calls 'wheelies' while barking. What a hoot!



Put the caption for your photo here.

My tongue sciatica has been acting up.

Our next-door box is inhabited by an alien. He (or she) is quite small and doesn't talk much. I think he misses his (her) home. I often sit with him (her) in the evenings and watch the trains rolling by. The sound scares him (her), and I hold him (her) while he (she) shudders and whimpers. I don't mind doing this. It gives me some warmth from the chill, and I've always been a kind and helpful person.

I miss you all so terribly and hope we can be together again soon, in this life (not the next, though I hope we'll be together in that life too, if there is one!).

If you're ever in the area, just ask for Peanut (that's the name I use here). Everybody knows me.