



December 2, 2021

Hello family and remaining friends

It is kind of weird celebrating Christmas in Jail. There are no cocktails but there is plenty of sex.

I must admit that my tail is between my legs right now. I am humbled and I am regretful. You all know that I have had a penchant for getting a little too carried away when I have had a few too many adult beverages. This started when I was eight years old and drained all of the unfinished drinks at one of daddy's parties down in his leather room with all the card tables. He had a handful of his fraternity brothers over for some bourbon and high stakes poker. I was the dutiful son, pouring drinks, cleaning up the things that spilled on the floor and signaling to daddy what his fraternity brothers held in their hands. He was having too much fun to notice me until I passed out on the couch and retched into his expensive loafers.

From there I drifted like Cary Grant from one party to the next, never seeming to be drunk and never seeming to be sober as I faked my way through prep school and somehow obtained a degree at Dartmouth. Daddy helped me obtain a job and I was pretty good at it. I was the guy at Lehman Brothers who always took out the prospective clients and always landed their accounts after showing them more than a good time. That party crashed in 2009 when all the ice melted on the deals we had been cooking at the firm.

Since then I will admit my thirst became an obsession that depleted the income I had been receiving from the Trust. The modest stash I had accumulated at Lehman evaporated in 2009.

The only thing I had left was my membership at Mar A Lago and a bar bill there was getting impossible to pay off.

It had been pretty much a rolling party for the last decade and I don't remember much of it but I had been having a very good time save for a handful of serious morning after headaches.

The only thing I really remember about last January was partying hard with Eric at some Alexandria, VA club and dancing with every girl in the place and, when I had been slapped by all of them, with a number of the hotter looking guys. One guy, a bald older creep who kept calling himself Rudy was telling me to drink this concoction he had the bartender make special for me. He told me that we were going to pretend we were not in suburban Washington but that we were going to Burning Man. It sounded like fun. It was fun. At least I think it was fun as best as I could remember.

I don't think the party ever ended but I kind of blacked out but was apparently still awake and still going strong. I think that drink might have been messed with. The next thing I remember, I was running and running and screaming and I was back in summer camp playing Capture the Flag inside some kind of court house or corporate office with lots of leather chairs and old guys in suits and old ladies in pant suits. I was drunk off my ass and stoned out of my gourd and winning the game. After we were done playing and by the time I was starting to sober up a bunch of cops were running through the building and they meant business. This was no game to them. I guess we weren't supposed to be playing there and I really don't know how we got there. This wasn't the first time I got drunk and was trespassing but they seemed to think this wasn't just trespassing. They were big time buzz kill serious.

Anyways, we got in big trouble and I can't believe that I am going to jail for a stupid college type stunt where it was sort of like the guys in Animal House storming the Dean's office but I guess we were in worse trouble than that.

I know that I have become a sort of professional drinker. I usually know how to handle my booze and have rarely gotten out of control even though my liver is probably shot. I am embarrassed that I got so black out drunk that I didn't even know where I was and now I am in jail because I was so drunk that, well, I am where I am. I am sure that Rudy guy slipped me a mickey and that some of this isn't my fault, but I am the guy who drank the drink and the 20 or so that followed. Apparently, we were acting out a Wagner opera with a frontier theme and apparently, I almost urinated on some important lady's desk. How I held in all those drinks ought to have merited me some reduction in sentence. That was an extra human feat.

The only saving grace is that Daddy is no longer telling me what a failure I am and he is willing to pick up my sizable bar bill from that night. He says he is proud of me and that I am a patriot. Really, a patriot? He knows that I am a Jets fan. I guess he will never know who I am. Then again, maybe I won't. When I get out of here I am going to the real burning man and I'm going to get crazier than I was when I did whatever I did to get me sent here. Don't cry for me. Daddy has me set up in one of those country club prisons. A lot of the inmates here have been telling me what a great job I did. I don't get it. All I did was survive an insane amount of liquor, but then again, we all have a talent and that one is mine.

Until then, Merry Christmas everybody, and hey, who is buying the first round when I get out of here?.

J. Preston Worthington III