



Dear Friends,

I have something to tell you this holiday season. I hope you're sitting down with a hottt cup of cocoa and all snuggled in. I've had dreams of sugar plum fairies dancing in my head since I was a child. Now that I think of it, my obsession with the Nutcracker does seem strange since I've never seen the play.

I don't want you to think my friends had anything to do with this. They've been working around the clock to put smiles on the faces of all little boys and girls. All the while, I've been dancing around with Frosty. He's all snowMan with those luscious curves.

I know in the past I've really let myself go. Cookies are my weakness, girl. And the milk, the milk!!! I didn't want to let my followers down and stress, binging is real. Who cares if the letter is from a three year old gun enthusiast? St Nick gotta get his fix.

I know in the past we've had a strict Don't Ask Don't Noel policy. I could tell that Rudolph had a hard time keeping this secret. I mean his nose was turning red!!! It was a dead giveaway. I can only use the "I'm making a list and checking it twice" excuse for being unreachable, so many times.

Mrs.Claus is no longer my beard- I already have a luscious Polar Bear zaddy vibe going on. It's time for me to officially come out of the chimney.

Don me now my gay apparel. Take it or falalalaleave it.

Xoxo

Santy