

December 16, 2013

Dearest friend,

My last penny paid for the typewriter ribbon to print this letter. I already had the envelopes. They were leftover from the bridal Thank-You cards my sister gave me.

I wrote notes for the gifts I tried to return, but some people wouldn't take them. She would shake her head slowly, smiling with sympathetic eyes and say "It's okay Tasha. I don't need another pepper grinder, really. You keep it". Or "Trust me, you'll use this Kitchen Aid more than I ever could now. I'm trying to lose weight anyways".

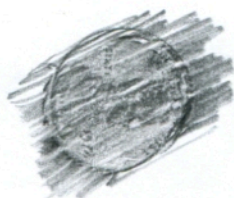
Now my kitchen is Martha Stewart's wet dream, my penny jar is empty and the price sticker adhesive that I couldn't get off is showing again, laughing at me from the bottom of bubbled blue glass.

If I had one of those big-ass Acme horseshoe magnets, I'd run through the streets of Chicago in my bouncy winter boots and a long green scarf, singing The Outfield's "Your Love", hoovering the huddled copper masses from the forgottenest corners of sidewalk bars. Nobody picks up pennies anymore. (In fact I've seen people drop them intentionally like trash, as if to relieve their Prada wallets of the scanty weights). And I would make my first millions with moral merit, cleaning Gotham of its unused, unwanted trash. When did they stop putting steel in pennies?



My resolution this year was to hang onto the things that mattered most. So I still have your Batman tape. With the other Most Important Thing in my life now gone, letting go of Keaton might kill me. Especially now that Ben Affleck is cast to fill his handsome shoes. The tape's near worn-through anyways, and now when Bruce says, "Alfred, let's go shopping," Alfred doesn't respond "Yes sir", and they ride through in phlegmatic silence. Alfred Pennyworth is turning brassy in his old age.

In all Christmas seriousness, I hope Saint Nick brings you and yours every good thing you requested. But in case he doesn't and you realize he doesn't actually exist, I've included a rubbing of my favorite penny to remind you that there is still some good in the world. All you have to do is look down sometimes. I hope none of your children can read yet.



Froehliche Weinachten and gluhweines,

*Jasha*