

It's that time of year again, but this year Patty and Voles are writing this from the road. No more Sheboygan winters for the Innards! As most of you know, we bought ourselves a houseboat back in April (the S.S. Go Fuck Yahself! or GFY for short) and since then we've been making like Johnny Cash – We've been everywhere, man!

What we didn't realize when we bought it was that the 'boat' part of houseboat is totally wrong. It's more of a housefloat. It's floats really good, but it don't go anywhere unless you push or pull it, because it ain't got a motor! No wonder we got such a good deal on it. We are trying not to stay in any one place more than a month or so at a time (curse you student loan collectors!), so we are spending a lot of time on the road driving the boat – oops! the float – from city to city. But the dang thing is too tall to fit under most overpasses and it's really wide, so we mostly travel at night on little country roads. It's taking a lot longer than we thought it would, mostly 'cause Voles don't trust Google Maps and only want to use the paper fold-up kind. The good news though, is that we park the car on the boat when it's actually in the water, so we don't rack up parking tickets. Yes, it takes up half the living space, but if you've seen us park you'll know it's worth it.

We are happy to be 4 months into our P.A.S.T.E. diet (also known as Puree All Substances To be Eaten). We haven't chewed anything in over 100 days and it feels amazing!

We've also added to our family this year. No, Darlene didn't get married or have a baby (she's still incarcerated), but we keep finding stray cats at rest areas and bringing them on the Go Fuck Yahself to live with us. We have eight cats and counting! The last one we named Moo! Patty says if I didn't feel the need to stop at every rest stop we pass, it wouldn't happen. But I say a man has needs, you know? And by that I mean crapping, not that other thing you're thinking – Gus.

One night this summer, Patty woke up screaming about a spider in the bathtub, but on close examination it looked like a real friendly spider. We put him in a bowl for the night and named him Stimpy. Patty had visions of harvesting Stimpy's silk to make scarves, but we haven't seen much web building yet. We bought Stimpy a fishtank and he has a whole environment to live in and avoid getting squished and Patty finds it relaxing to comb his hair at night. Everyone should try it!

Gus is busy working on a business plan for a venture he thinks will go over big in Florida - a bar called the Rocking Chair. It's a rock music club but for older folks like us. The floor of the club will be all rocking chairs. Shows will start by 5 and end by 8. This time next year we might be rolling in dough. Or rocking in it!

If we've learned one thing in this last year, it's that you need to follow your dreams. But maybe don't follow them if they're weird like Gus' dreams. The other night he dreamed that he invented a new kind of chair called the Birthday Chair, but it had nothing to do with birthdays and instead involved using a live person as the interior structure of the chair with padding and upholstery over them. Don't do anything like that!

Happy Holidays from the Innards!