

SEASON'S GREETINGS

from the Buttunsch Clan

Well, to put it mildly, 2020 has been a very difficult year here in **Buttmunschworld**.

After several very enjoyable years in Aspen, my wife Muffy and I made a quick decision and decided to move to her hometown of Mulespit, Indiana. Mulespit is in a very remote part of southern Indiana and we decided to move in to a gently used double wide trailer that the cousin of a friend of Muffy's former step uncle had heard about. It really needed some work - including running water and electricity - but it was ours for now. We really like the peace and quiet here in the forest. We did have to leave Aspen quietly, and in the middle of the night, pending the sheriff's visit the next morning. So Muffy and I feel like we're starting all over again. Its kind of like when we began dating (and she wouldn't let me touch her). You do what you gotta do.

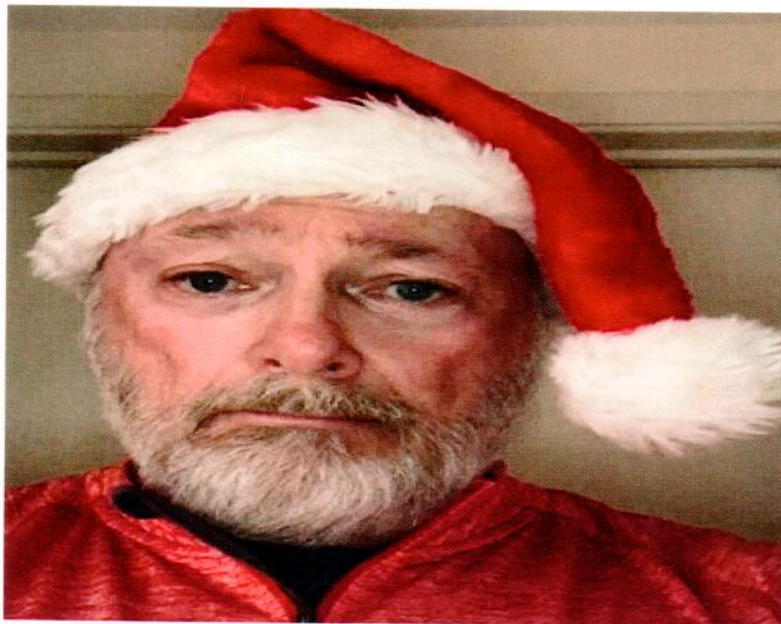
You may remember that our daughter, Pookie, was an incredible overachiever at Ms. Dolores Habbershams College Prep and Finishing School. She had such an intense schedule with her studies, athletics and charity work that we hadn't actually spoken to her since she left for school. The school was no help in finding her and so with a heavy heart, we decided that all our loving memories would console us until she came back into our loving fold. Well she did come back about a month before our move to southern Indiana. She was a very different person - and troubled. It wasn't drugs, alcohol or anything like that but she had this vacant look on her face. She kept saying, "I know they'll come back down to earth and rescue me. I just have to be patient." It turns out she's convinced that she was abducted by aliens and was gone all those many months and that's why we never heard from her. Now I know that's a fantastic story but it seems like she can read our minds, which is a terrible burden for her to bear at this time.

This time last year our son Scooter was really making a go of it once he completed his parole. I was able to "arrange" a golf scholarship for him, despite his never picking up a golf club before, at North Dakota State. He was very eager to start this new phase of his life - he loved Tiger Woods - and he got so busy we hardly ever heard from him either. We did a little searching and found out he never made it to North Dakota instead, due to

a mix up in the paperwork, ended up trying to make the golf team at the University of North Korea. They provided the discipline he needs to stay focused on his "labors". He did get to play a round with Kim Jong-un and Dennis Rodman, and they all had 18 holes in one. President Trump was able to get his good friend Kim Jong-un to release him to us. Like Pookie, he seemed distant and hard to comprehend. He's convinced that instead of North Korea, he went to the North Pole and became Santa's number one assistant. He does have some racy stories about those elves.

After being here for a week, the love of my life, Muffy, left me a note and said she was running away with a fellow who has a real purpose in his life and is in a leadership position with the Angels MC (motorcycle club). I wish her well.

So it's just me now - footloose and fancy free in a new place (and with a new name). Scooter's stories about the North Pole made me think that being Santa Claus might make it harder for people to find me. I took a correspondence course to become certified as an official, trained Santa Claus, but this Covid thing ruined that plan. I wanted to leave you with a picture of me in one of my happiest times - as Santa Claus.



Merry Christmas. Ho, Ho Ho. The former Kimball (Ballsy) Buttmunsch.

Stay happy, like me!