

December 25, 2021

Dear neighbors,

It's Pandemic Christmas #2, y'all! Yes, the Biden administration seems truly h-e-double-hockey-stick-bent on killing us all. I hope you all are happy.

Anyway, as you probably know since you all are guilty, our little home has been the victim of more abuse. Bill Sr. and I really should have installed those security cameras we discussed after the Trump/Pence sign in our front yard was defaced. In case you missed the email thread, here's an image.



Very creative. Maybe this flair for terrible design would be better used making rainbow cakes for one of your gay weddings that's destroying the integrity of marriage before God. Just look at this sign and try and tell me with a straight face (pun) that there's no homosexual agenda!

The most recent abuse in question concerns the chocolate yogurt factories you all enjoy parading around the neighborhood depositing free samples for everyone. From Fifi to Gizmo to whoever else, your little purse dogs are a blight. We're Team Cat in my house. We defecate indoors like our Creator intended.

I'm not sure where you find the time in a busy work-from-home days to walk your yappers with such frequency, unless *gasp* you don't have jobs and are milking the system, but I certainly cannot keep track. All I know is when I go to fetch the junk mail being delivered by your beloved money pit of a postal system, my yard is a mine field.

Things came to a head one mid-afternoon when, barefoot and blessed, I received a warm-ish surprise delivered straight to my sole. You guessed it: Browntown. Population: me.

As I was hosing off my toe-sies, blessing you all out under my breath, I remembered the Golden Rule. While pondering that greatest hit of the gospels, a new interpretation suddenly became clear to me: through their actions, my dear neighbors were letting me know how they themselves would like to be treated. Excuse the profanity, which you know I try to avoid. Quite literally, I was being treated shittily, so maybe that's how my brethren wanted to be treated in return. It was Divine Justice.

I reasoned that whomever the culprit home was, their bad habits likely extend to their own yard. To paraphrase Our Lord, how can you remove the poop from your neighbor's yard when you have poop in your own. So I collected the little presents in my front yard, divided it into equal portions, and stealthily deposited the excrement to the edges of your own yards. And I waited.

I waited and waited. None of you picked up the poop. You just let it harden and get that white crust. And suddenly everything came into the focus: none of this was malicious on your parts. It was laziness, pure and simple. After all, if you're milking the state for welfare checks rather than doing your American duty of working, why would you expend any effort into other parts of your lives?

Or in simpler language: Why would you ever scoop poop in someone else's yard if you do not scoop the poop from your own yards?

Now I smile when I receive your dog's little presents, because I had a present in mind of my own. On a related note, I hope you enjoyed the brownies I dropped off earlier in the holiday season.

"Let's go Brandon,"
Connie