

Hello Everybody,

Well, here we go again! Holding steady with the annual X-mas letter for the fourth year now. And, this year, my long-time significant other Abby is also doing a letter. She always looked forward to this in year's past, but then got all butt hurt when she realizes it's not a WE project. We simply don't have the same type of humor (note: spell check is trying to get me to spell this as humour...silly rabbit), so a collaborative doesn't really work. I have the humor chops of Jason Gay and she's about as funny as Peggy Noonan (that's a really bad joke, but maybe someone out there reads the WSJ).

Now that I'm getting older the years kind of blend into each other and mid-life without kids seems eventless at times. One way I can tell that I'm getting older is that now in my 40's my body is starting to change. Everything makes me shit, except for pork loin or pretzels and block cheese; but, gotta stay away from the latter two since they'll block ya' up for days. Aside from that, I almost lost a tooth this year. I was eating a big sandwich in my car on a road trip to Wisconsin and took a huge bite which clipped my tooth and all but came out. It was like one of those weird dreams where all of your teeth fall out coming true and made me nauseous. Luckily, it didn't fall out but was super wiggly. The dentist said that it should settle back in after a few weeks, but I'm still waiting for it to full "heal" after 2 months later, which sucks because I haven't been able to eat hard shell tacos for this whole time and I really miss those. I've also started sleep talking and sleep walking more. A sleep app records the talking and there's been some pretty funny ones. On a recent recording, you can hear me saying "my brain is saying haha, motherfucker". Man, I wish I could remember what was going on in that dream. In another, I'm mumbling something about George Clooney and the McDonald's lady (who I think I was referring to the lady in Fargo, Margie). Otherwise, it's usually a bunch of gobbledygook. I'm not sure what causes me to sleep talk, but did deduce that drinking on an empty stomach after traveling for work will make me sleepwalk. Last time, Abby caught me peeing in the corner of the bedroom in the middle of the night and now we joke that I'm not housebroken. My memory is probably sliding and I'm bad with timeframes, so that might have actually been in last year's letter too.

On the grump old man front, my battle with Mediacom continues. I had a federal prohibitory order issued so that they'd stop sending me flyers in the mail to sign up for their internet service. That picked up traction this year when a formal complaint was issued by the USPS threatening court action following several violations (I've received 22 mailpieces since the prohibitory order has been issued, which is kind of like a restraining order for the mail). This was then referred to the US Attorney General's office for prosecution but they eventually sent me a letter saying that it was too petty a matter to pursue. Well, screw them! Asked what I should do if I continue to receive unwanted mail, they said to "recycle it". Kind of a slap in the face after pursuing this for over 3 years and they decide not to enforce the law. So, I'm gonna package all 22 of the letters and send it back to the Attorney General's office and tell them to recycle it themselves (perhaps, amongst other things they can do to themselves).

On a more fun note, we've put up some interesting window decorations, mostly to mess with the neighbors and looky-loo passerbyers (for no particular reason, though). It started with the album cover of Phil Collin's "No Jacket Required" put up in the window by the front door. If not familiar with the album's cover art, Phil's head is glowing orange and suspended in a black background. From outside the window, it looks like someone is peeking outside the window... SUPER creepy!...even scares me and I know it's there. I bet the mailperson *hates* us, haha! But, to lighten the mood we added Dolly Parton to the mix. She's so darn cute, I'm sure the mailperson can't stay mad at us *too* long. Then, to make things really bizarre, we added a 7-foot cutout of "Carl, the Bratsgiver", which is a Johnsonville Brats in-store advertisement. You can't really see it all that well from the outside, but if we open the shades at night

you can see the outline of a giant person in the window...holding up a brat on a skewer. Yeah, super weird. I'm thinking about adding a spotlight to see it better and really mess with the neighbors. Even funnier, I'm the housing association board President and there's nothing anybody can do about it (plus, it really doesn't violate any rules).

Well, that about does it for now since I'm about tapped out on writing. The topics of our crazy Canadian neighbor, supersonic farts, Uncle Chester's (Father) Christmas letter with Catholic vocabulary lesson and thoughts on the the synod on synodality, "Sunday brunch" being the new code word hipsters use for sex (replacing Netflix and chill, which I still take literally), and ideas for Peeps dioramas that might be a little too X-rated to repeat in case you're the type to leave X-mas letters laying out on the counter for the rest of the family to read or whoever happens to pick it up for that matter.