



December 15, 2023

Dear Friends and Family,

For my annual holiday letter, I don't think it makes much sense to recount what I have done this past year since you have likely followed my daily posts and status updates on Facebook, Instagram, and Stache Passions. For example, you surely already know about my participation in the greater Milwaukee donut hole eating contest, my attempt to create a short film in which the actors were restricted to a 17-word vocabulary (in retrospect, "platypus" and "masticate" should probably not have made up 2/17 of that vocabulary list), and my dream vacation to the National Museum of Funeral History in Houston.

Therefore, I've decided that I would instead try to give you a sense of what has most occupied my waking thoughts this past year. I've shown these thoughts below in an unorganized, haphazard arrangement, much as they appear in my mind.

AI is going to destroy us all.

Lunch was so good. I wonder what I'll have for dinner tonight.

I should try to be a better person.

My back hurts.

My feet hurt.

I still don't understand the movie *Inception*.

Dinner was so good. I wonder what I'll have for lunch tomorrow.

Does life have any meaning or are we just accidental specks in the vast, uncaring universe?

ChatGPT is so cool.

I need to exercise more. I'm going to go to the gym in the morning and take a long walk in the afternoon.

I like puppies.

I still don't understand the song "I Am the Walrus."

I should read more.

I still don't understand the TV show *Mr. Robot*.

My back and my feet hurt.

I'll read right after I take a quick look at my social media accounts.

I'll start eating better tomorrow.

How the hell did I spend 3 hours on my social media accounts?

I'll exercise tomorrow.

How about that Roman Empire?

I'll read tomorrow.

Please, not another Trump presidency.  
Please, not another Trump presidency.  
Please, not another Trump presidency.

I'll try to be a better person tomorrow.

Beer!

Happy Holidays to you and yours and here's to thinking even more thoughts in 2024.

Your contemplative friend,

Mike B.