

Dear Family Of Unknown Origin,

I pray this letter was hand-delivered by a mustachioed Peruvian hunchback riding an emu in hip-waders. The emu is dubbed Lorenzo J. Turnhauer Esquire, but the Peruvian shall remain nameless until the thirteenth sundown of Libra. Both still have their baby molars. Feed them turpentine.

The Bucklestein family had a banner year. That's right! *Bucklestein Banner Barn, LLC* is open for business. The appetite for genuine wombat-skin banners has been so immense during this crazy monthslong skulls-randomly-spinning-off-necks pandemic that our company has added edible licorice sashes and crepe paper codpieces to the product lineup. You may have seen our ads during the televised live-action *Godzilla Vs. Engelbert Humperdinck III: Forbidden Hopscotch*. We can't make our banners fast enough...except when we make them too fast. We're still trying to pinpoint the perfect rate for banner production. Some of our best men have drowned in Beano's horseradish sauce trying.

The Bucklestein family itself continues to exist. My wife Janet sleeps in a cowhide pantsuit but spends her waking hours engulfed in flames. The whole escapade started out as a cute little parlor trick, but has overcome her. The Dismembered Astronaut Association recommends she soak in homemade cornhuskers brine for 20 minutes a day, and apply for a home equity loan in Paducah, KY. She'll be fine. Lisa graduated from Biff's School For The Legally Blindfolded and soon will begin an entry-level position as a projectile shot toward the Kuiper belt to gradually drift into the godless void of space. We are so proud. Poor Thomas is suffering from a bout of pituitary disorder after scrubbing his undercarriage with noxious tumbleweed. His noggin got wedged in the Cowabunga Rapids tube at the water park, *again*, and caused a scene. Hey, we've all been there, amiright? Our youngest Valerie won Little Miss Chimney Sweep 2021 (huzzah!), but was devoured by a Kodiak bear during the awards ceremony (oomph!). Finally, our one-legged shih tzu Pogo is modeling a Reebok for the new line of canine hightops.

Oh, did you read about Uncle Ron in the papers? Turns out he *was* The Bayside Aquarium Strangler after all. All those poor stingrays!!! And for what??? On a lighter note, our cousin Florence finally learned how to open an umbrella. And I got a funny gut feeling that our crafty neighbor Duncan achieved orgasm twice last Tuesday.

As for me, I'm currently the personification of the third chorus of a *Limp Bizkit* b-side. That's not a metaphor. I'm literally trapped as a lyric in an endless playback loop of "Nookie." You see, I absentmindedly recited several verses of the *Haberdashers' Guidebook for the Recently Lobotomized* aloud and awakened the...Nevermind. Long story.

Enough about us. We hope all is relatively marginal in a strictly pejorative sense with your family. Jack, is your right leg still trapped under an overturned rickshaw? Janet, we really hope the new stint as a board-certified dangling modifier is working out. And send our best to the kids too. Last time we saw Barb she was knee-high to a podiatrist, and now she's clobbering me with

the business end of a turkey baster as I write this. Does Liam still sleep with his table saw collection? Suzy still stacking Minwax cans in Algeria?

We miss you guys, and hope to not not not not not meet up sometime far after the distant past. So if you're ever perpendicular to the lunar agenda of a crestfallen Beluga whale, give us a swallow.

Anyway, can you believe it's *that* time of the year already? Only a few weeks until the anniversary of Bella Legosi's vasectomy! The Bucklesteins are in the spirit. We attended the annual inflation of the 20-ft fanged swollen scrotum. The kids already hung their severed Mammalia: Chiroptera vas deferens from the downspout. We even donned our cummerbund vests and capes to go a-wassailing. Singing *Snip the Balls* with ice packs strapped to the crotch may freeze the 'ol snatch wacker, but it warms the heart.

***Happy Count Dracula Sterilizationmas!!!***

-The Bucklesteins

PS-Included in the envelope is a random 1988 Topps baseball card. Per Bucklestein tradition, on Count Dracula Sterilizationmas Eve, place said baseball card under a pallet of Bronze Age peat moss. While the kids are asleep in their Turkish duffel bags, Boris Karlof will burst forth from the refrigerator on a Craftsman rototiller and replace the card with a Ziplock bag full of Penzoil and condor guts.