

Dear Hallmark,

I am writing at long last to correct a longstanding IP injustice that you have been committing against me, Dr. Princess Belle Jingle Esq., for some decades now. Against all apparent logic, you have been using my life as the basis for several hundred of your now famous Hallmark Christmas movies.

It took me a while to catch on as I'm not the only high-powered single lady in New York City who goes back to her quaint Vermont hometown for the holidays, falls in love irreparably and stays there making artisanal shoelaces or whatever, but mine are the only ones with relatable hijinks and even moderately handsome beaus.

To clarify, I've held high powered positions in cartography, charcuterie, cosmology, choreography, cosmetology, chancellor, and soap at different stages in my life, all reliably vacated every Christmas when I go back to my hometown.

And it's never just for the holiday. My family always seems to have some kind of crisis that requires me to be there several weeks around Christmas, dire enough to make me consider overhauling my life again.

Like my dad's bakery was having trouble, then my mom's bakery (mostly trouble due to my stepmom opening a spite bakery that has, you guessed it, nothing to do with my dad's baker), my cousin fell ill, my other cousin fell on that cousin and now they both are sick (and injured), my niece was orphaned despite me having no siblings, the family Christmas tree farm got blight, our old family dog got rickets, etc. You get it.

And in the midst of all this commotion and strife, and despite our town only having like 200 people in it, the most eligible widowers in town with the most chiseled lumberjack jaws find their way over to help me out of my predicament year after year. If it's anything we have in spades here in Middletown, it's Christmas spirit and smoking hot dudes who've had their sexual edges sanded off by doe-eyed daughters and dead wives.

And yeah, I got with all of them. And by "got with", I mean promised to marry them after one chaste kiss, observed by the vicar.

What I mean to say is...I have 1-to-1 comparisons with my life and your movies and I want my cut. Do you know how hard it is to keep 4 score widowers (some secret princes) in flannel and saws? It's absolutely daunting and their ice sculpting, tree trimming, and shirtless candle making ain't paying the bills. You know what else isn't? My old C-suite positions in several industries that now belong to people with more sense.

So that's it...that's what I want. Just one obscenely large check will do. No need to get lawyers into this. (I'm one of those too, although slightly disbarred due to polygamy). Also I'm open to serving as a consultant on these films as the calendar's ticking down to when I'm going to pull another life-shattering Christmas whoopsie doodle. Who knows what it'll be this year? Will it be like 2012's solving the mystery of the missing baby Jesus with the youth pastor. 2007's helping the old Christmas-hating hag reconcile with her son with the help of a ripped ass dude from the hobby store.

And don't get me started on 2019's fucking a snowman back to life. Or actually do that. I have another letter to write to Netflix.

Litigiously yours,
Dr. Princess Belle Jingle Esq.