



*Merry Christmas to you!*

*We are so fork-tunate to be able to share another year together in the drawer. As you will certainly remember, last year Uncle Phil was grabbed and taken out to what comes next. He went quietly, surrounded by extended friends and family. We haven't given up hope; Rebecca saw what she thought was a spilling image of him in the kitchen tools basket, but it was just a wooden spoon. It's amazing how much inanimate objects can look like us, isn't it?*

*This is a photo of us on our recent vacation to the countertop. (The marble isn't real! We weren't born with silver spoons in our mouths!) You can see Ernie's new tattoo, straight up their middle. (Ernie is using they / them pronouns now.) At*

first, we resisted them getting body art, but in the end, we felt that it's better to allow a child to express themselves than to try to stop the inevitable entropy of the universe. (Molly has been reading a lot of twelfth century philosophy. You can thank her for that phrasing!)

As you also may already know, we have a new member in the family. Jules showed up inside our drawer, just beside Alex's tray. She was freshly washed and had little traces of detergent all over her! We took her in, and she's been the best pet anyone could ask for. She's even tea-trained and, as you can see, she loves her cuddles, though she can be a bit steely if you di-stir-b her when she's sleeping. (She sleeps with her back against Alex, both of them facing the same way - which we think is just adorable. They cup right into each other. There should really be a word for that. It's hard to describe without showing you. "Cupping," maybe?)

As for me and Molly, we're as happy as ever. She's still married to Melissa, and they have a great thing going; we are thinking about also getting married, but the drawer can be quite Puritan in its thinking. It's not that there would be three of us; since we all identify as women, everyone seems to be fine with that! It's that the drawer still looks at me as some kind of second-class citizen. And I get no say; I literally don't get a place at the table. Please remember us when November comes around.

We don't expect to see etiquette change in our lifetime, unfortunately. But we do hope we will see YOU? When are you coming for a visit? And how is Panama treating you? Did you ever get out of that giant clock?

Wishing you and yours a wonderful Christmas and a blessed New Year,

Verne, Molly, Melissa, Alex, Ernie, and Jules