



Well, it's that Christmas letter time of year again. Although to be perfectly honest, I don't really feel as if this Christmas is going to be quite the same as usual as Daddy is in a bad way. I wish I could say that it was something as simple as prostate or bowel cancer, but this is on an altogether different scale and quite frankly, I'm alarmed. More on that later.

It's been a giddy round of goats milk facials and Botox injections this year. My husband likes to think it keeps him looking youthful, although between you and me, I think he's starting to look a little plastic. I am still on the bats blood diet and Daddy says I've never looked better. Actually, he said hotter. I do hope he wasn't referring to the menopause.

Step-mama is in her usual snit. She has demanded that all the decorations around the house be pre-inspected by her. She is apparently afraid that something blue might slip through, which would cause Daddy to have another of his stratospheric melt downs. Last night he set fire to the media room simply because the new throw cushions she had put in were blue. I cannot imagine what the consequences might be if he found blue decorations, and clearly she thinks it's not worth the risk. One of the staff dared to mention that it might seem a little anti-semitic what with Hannukah and all and she was fired on the spot.

This year my brother published yet another book and he has been quite insupportably arrogant as a result of all the rave reviews. Well, more arrogant than usual. I think he feels that it might pivot him to the top of Daddy's list of most favored children. He and my younger brother seem to spend their lives trying to reach the top of that one, when everybody knows it's futile: I am and always will be at the top of THAT list. If I'm being honest, I think it's because he wants to step into Daddy's shoes career-wise.

It looks as if I might have some competition on that front although Daddy assures me that he will support me any day over my brothers.

It's been quite the year for publishing in our family. My cousin published a book about Daddy. I didn't read it but according to Fox News it was all a pack of lies. She seems to think she understands him because she's a "professional", but I think it's more because she wanted to ride on Daddy's shirt tails and make some money off his success. Between you and me, I think she was pissed that she didn't get more money from the family trust but, as Daddy would say, "You don't win by being nice to people". Actually, what he'd really say is "Bring your fucking lawyers to the party next time bitch". Hysterical! He has such a great sense of humor.

As I said at the beginning, I am a little worried. I keep hearing him mutter "the bastards stole it; they stole the damn thing". He keeps locking himself in his bedroom on a steady diet of hamburgers, barbequed ribs and French fries. Although in this house we are only allowed to refer to them as "fries". He hates the French. On the upside, he is getting out in the fresh air. He's playing a lot of golf, although a lot of the benefits of it seem to get eaten up when he gets back into the office. He can be heard shouting at members of his staff about lawsuits and suchlike. I try and stay out of the way.

One final piece of good news though. They have found a cure for this virus-thingy. Conoid? Caviid? Clovis? I can't recall what it's called. Of course, without Daddy the cure would never have been found although no one wants to admit that now. It's so selfish, these people wanting all the credit for themselves and leaving Daddy's part of it out of the picture.

Well, that's all the news for this year, let's hope 2021 brings better things for all of us. From our beautiful home to yours we wish you a very Happy Christmas!