

X-MAS LETTER 2024

December 31, 2023-as the year comes to an end, long-bearded Father Time switches places with a top hat-wearing Baby New Year, I'm at a NYE celebration, over-indulging with adult party favors, singing Auld Lang Syne, asking questions that we all want answered: When will Lizzo's backup dancers write a tell-all? Which wife dresses Kanye West better? Do new dads, Robert De Niro and Al Pacino, get up for nightly feeding and diaper changes?

Oh yes, family and friends, it's me, MB, staying healthy with a medically bought greenie, and a glimpse into my world in 2024.

1/2024

January 1, 2024.

Kelly and Jackson, are now at an age where they attend NYE celebrations without me. AND THAT IS TOTALLY FINE!

These days I can make a cup of coffee, looking and feeling as if I've been run over by a semi, without making G-rated excuses as to why mommy has a headache.

It's around 6 AM, I arrive home after last night's festivities, and check TikTok to what's new and exciting since the clock struck midnight.

Some lame UGC created is swearing on their life that if I join gym ABC, which is offering 50% discounted membership to their state-of-the-art gym, it will get me to the glutes that I have been wishing for my whole life.

Poor, poor, UGC creator, so naïve! They have no idea that gluts like mine haven't seen a gym in years, and will continue keeping the status quo. Just ask the treadmill standing in the corner of my bedroom, even the extended warranty, couldn't make me budge.

Next Video...

A live segment where a young and hungry newscaster is interviewing random people on the street about their New Year's resolutions in hopes that this life-changing knowledge will not only benefit the lives of all hung-over Americans but also pivot the newscaster's career.

What can I say, the same YAWN as every year.

I turn off my phone, and get down to business: getting some well-deserved sleep after spending the night doing things that I should have stopped doing in my 30s, which I still do in my 50s.

EXCEPT NOT!

These days, there is NO crashing...

There is NO laying in a state of unconsciousness for 12 hours...

There is NO, "WOW, I sure feel rested..."

These days, going to bed is a job!

A job that requires meticulously following a step-by-step guide, hoping that a night of sleep will not backfire by morning pain, which thankfully, is not permanent, and can be cured with 5% LIDOCAINE PATCHES.

- ✓ Step 1: Change the thermostat to the coldest possible setting to appease my menopausal equilibrium without freezing the house pipes.
- ✓ Step 2: Take a hot shower, wear a hoodie and sweatpants, and get under 2 blankets, with a heating pad because the house is freezing.
- ✓ Step 3: Have a hot flash, yet being too lazy to get up and change clothes
- ✓ Step 4: Turn the fan to the highest speed possible, open the window, and finally be comfortable, to only realize...
- ✓ Step 5: As soon as I feel some form of ease, I need to get up anyway for a bathroom break.
- ✓ Step 6: Repeat Steps 2-4, take a gummy, put on repeat a 432Hz frequency, and let nature do what nature does.

Geez, is this what my life has become? Focusing on my oikys and boikys, instead of remembering the good time I had the night before! How sad! How sad indeed!!

What to do? What to do? If I don't take the bull by the horns, next year, I won't even have the energy to go out! I'll be celebrating the ball dropping from the comfort of my bed so that I can get up early on 1/1 in hopes of being the person who gets questioned by the low man on the news station totem pole about New Year resolutions!!

Something has to change! And fast!! And then, just as I was about to do something pathetic like post myself crying on social media, and ask for validation from random keyboard warriors, I had a vision.

"GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED..."

Get back to where I once belonged?

Get back to where I once belonged?!

What the hell does that mean?

I have never belonged anywhere! I never wanted to belong anywhere!

I remember the days of picking teams in class, desperately hoping not to get picked, hoping not to be on a team, sitting out on the bench, gleaming with pride that another team activity had just eaten my dust!

I wear the scarlet letter of outcast openly for everyone to see!

And now, 54 years into this journey called life I have to change course!

My ADHD is out of control and I can't focus.

The anxiety is taking over!

I start counting down 25 deep breaths, and as I drift off to the land of NOD, I channel a request for guidance from those who got back to where they belonged...

GREAT SPIRITS OF THE PAST,
JOHN, AND GEORGE...
AND THE GREAT SPIRITS OF THE PRESENT
PAUL AND RINGO...
I ASK FOR YOUR GUIDANCE
TO HELP ME GET BACK WHERE I ONCE BELONGED...

2/2024

It's February, and it seems that every country is doing a leadership 180:

- Namibia has a new leader...
- El Salvadore has a new leader...
- Chile has a new leader...
- Azerbaijan has a new leader...
- Pakistan has a new leader...
- Finland has a new leader ...
- Indonesia has a new leader...

Everyone is getting a new leader, only for that leader to screw the constituents while lining their pockets.

It's like when all those audience members on the Oprah Show who all got a car:

- You get a car...
- You get a car...
- You get a car...

Everyone got a car, only to not be able to pay the taxes and lose the car, while Oprah scored an advertisement payout and the car maker gets to reap the rewards of a higher corporate share price.

Me, well I'm still working on the getting back to where I belong thing, and it's kicking my ass. I feel like I'm on the yellow brick road, searching for OZ, without the RED sparkly shoes and support of a group of misfits.

Hey, Great Spirits of the Beetles, past and present, why are you not helping? Show me where I belong! Show me the magical place that accepts the socially awkward, the non-conformists, and those who can find peace in binging a 24-hour marathon of Mystery Science Fiction 3000.

I close my eyes, turn on 40 Hz Gamma Binocular Beat, and attempt to access my Akashic Records, which store the collection of all my past thoughts, actions, feelings, and events, that can also guide me on my path to re-discovery.

Yes! I got it! I know! And I've known it all along! It's the place that not only healed my heart but also healed my soul. It's a place where dreams are made. A place where a divorced mom of 2 with little to no talent, with lots of charm and personality can become majestic!

My dear friends, and family, I'm going back to the world of entertainment!

3/2024

March. March. March.

3 months of getting back to where I once belonged and learning new things:

- Sitting by a fire pit while burning KFC fire logs makes humans smell like chicken ...
- Why consuming drinkable THC is better after dancing with a mechanical bear dressed as Elvis than before ...
- That Tuica de Prune, a popular spirited plum drink of Romania, is quite strong...
- A scene that takes 16 hours to film can be left on the cutting room floor and the name(s) omitted from the credits ...
- Learning about Rocky Mountain Oysters ...
- Deciding if I want Rocky Mountain Oysters pan or deep-fried ...
- I hate the smell of a man wearing Polo Cologne ...
- A man who wears Polo Cologne, while burning KFC fire logs, will still smell like chicken ...
- Opened mics are awesome!
- Erotic Pottery classes are worth every penny ...
- Negotiating fair pay for narrating a book in the nude is priceless ...
- Stopping eating KFC chicken ...

I would love to tell you how all these are related, but I signed an NDA, so, I'll let your imagination fill in the gaps.

4/2024

In a blink of an eye, we are in April.

April is a great month; it arrives after the change of seasons and symbolizes new beginnings and discoveries.

April is also the month I discovered my superpower.

Growing up, I always wanted a superpower. I wanted to be like Professor X and do mind-control. Or Phoenix with firepower. Or maybe Mystique, one minute being blue with golden eyes, and the next minute being anyone I want!

Fortunately or unfortunately, I didn't get any of their powers.

Instead, I learned my superpower is greater than all of theirs together!

I learned I can control time! Time! Yes, time!

I realized that when I randomly look at the clock, it's always 10 minutes after the hour: 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, and on and on.

Since with great powers come great responsibilities, I decided to start tracking events that happen when I see 10 minutes after an hour. I found that each time the big hand and the red hand of the clock were at 10 minutes, and the small hand on the hour, I was experiencing a form of happiness.

I also learned that my power changes from 10 minutes after to 20 minutes after the hour twice a day at 4 o'clock, not only do I experience happiness, but complete calmness and euphoria.

If anyone else out there has the same superpower, give me a call @ 710-420-LEAF.

5/2024

Five months into my journey of getting back to my entertainment roots, and I feel like I need to beef up my comedic timing. And who can do comedy like no other? Old-school comedians, of course!

That's how ROKU came into my life (*advertising plug ... available for bookings!*), and I learned there used to be a lot of comedians named Richard:

- First, there was Dick York (aka Richard Allen York)-Derrin 1 on Bewitched.

- Then there was Dick Sargent (aka Richard Stanford)-Derrin 2 on Bewitched.
- Both were pretty good, but Dick Sargent must have been a better comedian since he replaced Dick York without much fan outcry, and made cameo appearances on I Dream of Jennie.
- Third, there was Rich Little (Richard Caruthers Little), and in my opinion, the worst of the three. I remember watching him as a kid and thinking he kind of sucks (I might have been young, but I could pick talent even back then), to only watch him again as an adult and realize he was worse than I thought.

However, I will give him credit in the nickname department, he never became a SAG Dick...

6/2023, 7/2024, 8/2024

Finally, SUMMER.

I guess I should try to see what's going on in the world, and so I did.

More world fighting over some elections, failed coup d'état attempts and natural disasters destroying that which politics have not yet had a chance. All in all, the same bullshit as the previous half of the year.

Me, well, I'm still on the long and winding road to fame:

- Remembering just because you get booked for a role, sign a contract, go through makeup and costumes, and memorize lines, is not a guarantee for screen appearance, but does guarantee a \$500 payout, which if you ask me, for an actor, is just as good!
- Modeling alongside a \$4,299.99 bottle of Louis XII Cognac, doesn't mean that you will get hit up less than when modeling alongside a \$39.99 bottle, prompting buying a \$7.99 wedding ring from Amazon, only to realize that it's not a deterrent, but more of an incentive for the horny.
- Getting hired as the Face of a Famous Social App, trying to find yourself on social media to show off to friends and family, to only learn that you are the Face of a famous Social App and are only shown to board members and shareholders during training videos.

9/2024, 10/2024, 11/2024

Since I lumped Summer into one bucket, I'm doing the same for the next three months, which of course, got me thinking.

Winter is called Winter...

Spring is called Spring...

Summer is called Summer..

BUT September, October, and November get 2 names: Fall and Autumn!

Why Is Autumn the Only Season with Two Names? Why not Winter, Summer, and Spring? Have the naming authorities developed biases against January, February, March, April, May, June, July, and August? When did sweater weather become royalty? I had to find out!

And now, you too can know!

"Fall" is called "autumn because the word "autumn" originates from the Latin word "autumnus," which directly translates to "fall" in English; essentially, "autumn" is the more formal, historical term for the season where leaves fall from trees, while "fall" is a more descriptive term based on the action of leaves falling

<https://www.babbel.com/en/magazine/fall-and-autumn#:~:text=%E2%80%9CAutumn%E2%80%9D%20is%2C%20surprisingly%2C,back%20to%20the%20Latin%20autumnus.>

Yes, that is a citation, and yes, I do give credit where credit is due. Who do you think I am, AI?????

12/2024

At the end of each year, every year, I light up a greenie, find a safe space, and ponder all that has happened. What lessons have I learned? What to do better, differently, or nothing at all, about experiences of the year.

As I think about 2024, what is a year, but merely a wrinkle in time for a person who has lived a life. And instead of listening to some Hz frequency, I put on Irene Cara's FAME, take out my tambourine, and let the world know:

YOU AIN'T SEEN THE BEST OF ME YET!

And on this note, I will end my x-mas letter the best way I know how ... by wishing everyone a year filled with love, happiness, money, and lots of orgasms!

The only and never lonely, Maggie Brown!