



What, Me Write a Christmas Letter?

(Well, in a word, yes.)

So, you thought you were safe because you opened the last Christmas card and my letter hadn't fallen out of any of them? You felt you were safe from my letter because you thought I was too busy celebrating the demise of the Democrats? You thought now that I have graduated (finally) I would be too smart to continue with this childish, immature, embarrassing (for my immediate family, anyway), and hopefully not traditional assault on your assumed intelligence?

Ha!

I don't learn **that** fast! But wait. Just why is this letter late? What happened? Well, one of the four things I learned in school that has proven to be quite useful is to carefully analyze unusual events such as this. Cause and effect relationships often hold the key to unlock the mysteries of many profoundly exasperating occurrences we run into during the course of our semi-meaningless lives. After much private deliberation and a third of a bag of M&Ms[®] (the red ones, with peanuts...by the way, they **do** melt in your hands after at least three hours), I have determined the reason this letter is late...

It's not my fault!

In an attempt to prove my point, I have assembled my...

Top 9 Reasons Tim's Christmas Letter is Late

9. I got a flat tire on the Information Super Highway
8. I ran out of gas on the Information Super Highway
7. I got stuck in a traffic jam on the Information Super Highway
6. I got lost and wouldn't ask for directions on the Information Super Highway
5. I was worried that Dan Quayle is starting to look like a viable candidate
4. My PC suffered from the *Oprah Winfrey* virus (the hard drive suddenly shrank to 80 megabytes and then slowly expanded back to 200 megabytes)
3. I was up nights worrying about Microsoft's bid to acquire the Catholic church
2. I was afraid if Metro State ever found this letter they would take away my degree
 - 1a. My Pentium[®] PC mis-calculated the date for Christmas
 - 1b. I was afraid Norie would post it on her restaurant bulletin board again

There, that's it. I suggest for your own safety and the safety of your family, don't keep this out where innocent grownups and children can accidentally read it. But if it happens, have them quickly lay down with their feet slightly elevated. Have them breath into a brown paper bag (make sure it is made from recycled paper fibers...in case there's a tree-hugger lurking about). They may start to babble incoherently wondering out loud how you could be related to such a strange person. Don't panic. Just tell them I'm adopted. That's what I tell everyone.

Later,