

Return To Sender.

by Erin Zulkoski

Merry Christmas!

What a year it has been for me! So many changes, some good, some bad, some court-ordered...all in all, I feel I dealt with everything with the grace and ease of an Olympic diver. I grabbed these changes by the balls and didn't let go!

Where to begin? Well, how about the beginning? (ha ha!)

Work is going well for me--I've been at the same job for three years now, and with this economy, that's quite the boast. I am busy, as usual, but again, that's a good thing! You know how the voices in my head tend to dictate my actions when I'm not doing something to preoccupy myself.

Speaking of the voices, my psychiatrist, the effervescent Dr. Richards, has taken me off the lithium. I was just getting too violent. I'm sure you read about my little incident with the pastor in the local paper. I'm happy to report that after six months in the hospital in traction and a drug-induced coma due to the severe beating I have him, he's doing much better now, and his previous prognosis of never being able to walk again has been upgraded to "severe and debilitating physical pain and mental anguish," so maybe there really IS a God. Ha! 'Tis the season, right?

As you may have guessed, due to my little temper tantrum, I was court-ordered to do community service at the local homeless shelter, and let me tell you what, what a heart-smart journey I went on there, friends. I learned so much about myself and the importance of not taking those around you for granted. Also, on a side note, I was taught how to hot-wire a car by a delightfully impish man named "Black Hawk"! My trial for grand theft auto is still pending, so I'll keep you posted.

Hopefully, my charisma and charm will get my sentence reduced.

You all know how darn likeable I can be, ha ha!

Now, for a more serious note. I'm sure you've all known about the marital problems Mike and I have been having, and well, friends, we have seperated. It was a heart-breaking decision to make, but you know what, there are other fish in the sea. I should know, too! I have spent the last three months whoring myself around town in a vain effort to fill the void inside me (fill the void with cocks! LOL).

And now for some good news! Due to my promiscuous lifestyle recently, I found out I'm pregnant! Isn't that amazing? Especially after I was told by my gynecologist, the vivacious Dr. Manning, that my "womb was as barren, cold and harsh as the surface of Pluto." Boy, did I show HIM! I am due in mid-May. I haven't told the father yet because I wasn't sure if I really was pregnant, or if it was my persistent E.Coli acting up again. Also, not really sure where to look for the guy. Like I said, I did A LOT of whoring around. A LOT. Move-over-Wilt-Chamberlain a lot. No kidding.

So, that about does it, friends. I hope I've done a good enough job filling you in on the last twelve months. I look foward to the New Year, and hopefully I'll stay out of trouble and find out my baby daddy. Maybe I can get on The Maury Show....

All my love, and Merry Christmas!

