

# Xmas Letter 2015

*by* John Olson

Another year has flown, crashed to the ground, and convulsed to its death in a final match with the meaninglessness of existence. Decided to try my luck as a Walmart greeter this year but the apomorphine treatment made me break out in hives and I reacted instantaneously to stimuli the result being immediate dismissal and a jet of water shooting out of my rear. High point of the year was seeing The Green Boys with purple fungoid gills spin plates at the Crocodile. You know what a glutton I am for kicks. Is levitation possible? Stay tuned to this station. I have been considering the purchase of a remote property in Scotland to carry out my experiments on coat hangers. After all this is the space age. My mind is stuffed with tablecloths. I got in a cavalier mood and annexed Oklahoma to the bedroom closet. Don't think anyone noticed. Low point came when I suddenly realized that the man sitting next to me on the couch wasn't Bill Murray but Vladimir Putin. That explained the pipelines, the annexation of Crimea, and the endless Bonanza reruns. My own plans are in a state of flux. I don't know whether to invade something, eat something, or spank something. Thanks to Foundation for the Temporary Support of Handstands, I was able to send a stapler to college. The twins, Bertram and Basil, have never actually existed. Turns out they weren't even related. Just a couple of guys passing through town. They're gone now. I can't stop drooling buckets of gratitude or protruding circuses whenever I think of them. So much for horses. And speaking of books, I wrote one last night about my life as a climate. Surely there is no greater excitement than raining on a fingernail. I never really used lip gloss until the speedometer broke and the mescaline kicked in on the outskirts of Vegas. Just think of it! Thousands of frogs making their way to the river, just to sing Little Drummer Boy! All throughout this last year we all have learned so much... what it means to be a cockroach (thank you, Mr. Kafka!), what Montana looks like if you leave it alone for two years,

how to stand in line at the bank and look totally cool without having any actual money, what friends are truly for (shampoo, hints on personal hygiene, inflating your ego), how it feels to be a chair, what Chicago looks like after eating twelve pancakes and washing it down with a quart of Southern Comfort, how to show hospitality to a hospital, and how to survive an incident of rubber in your pajamas during a Robert Plant interview on YouTube.

