



Merry Christmas!

Volume # 1

December 25, 1989

Dear Friends,

Welcome to the First Annual Holiday Season letter, in which Jane and Mike combine their formidable computer publishing and literary talents to weasel out of that bane of the holiday season: repetitive Christmas Card Writer's Cramp.

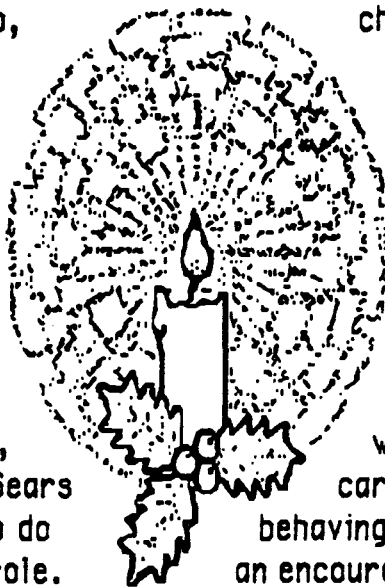
Prior to July 1st of this year, everything was pretty dreary, if you ask us. If anybody you know wants to have an engagement lasting longer than six months or so, please hold his or her head under water until they change their mind. Having to deal with all the rigamarole associated with wedding plans for so long had us so tired of being engaged that we were secretly acting like we were already married, i.e., shopping for power tools at Sears and thinking up fun things to do with leftover casserole. Towards the end, it was not a pretty sight.

Things looked up a bit with the wedding and reception up in Appleton, the parts of which we remember were loads of fun. 'Course, we are now permanently banned from a 10-mile radius surrounding the Riverview Country Club, but we think it was worth it. After Mike's dramatic rendition of Carrying Jane Over the

Threshold on the second try (since we banged into the suddenly-closed-door on the first one), and various bleary-eyed activities on the next day, we rushed through a short honeymoon over in Washington State because we were so eager to start our new lives of wallpapering, lawn care, and concern about dry rot.

We also had what might best be termed a "Uranium Wedding." That is, it set off some kind of a bizarre chain reaction in which everybody in sight decided to get married too. People we knew who'd barely just met were looking around for caterers and buying Tupperware. Pretty soon we won't have any single friends left, and we will have to stop all this carousing around and start behaving responsibly. This is not an encouraging prospect.

We sort of inherited two dogs, Eeyore and Woozle, from Mike's parents. Eeyore and Woozle are easily mistaken for carpet slippers, or sometimes hamsters with thyroid problems. Neither one is overburdened with any excess mental capacity, and both of them put together would barely make a presentable mutt, but they do round out the household and are fun to watch. Come



to think of it, so would a couple of goldfish, for a lot less trouble.

As far as the sporting world is concerned, things are pretty much the same as usual. Mike had quite a collision in the Texas Rugby Union Finals against a Dallas Harlequin in the Spring, which resulted in some 45 stitches and having to use a stand-in for the wedding pictures (don't look too closely). He recovered in time for the Fall season, and promptly banged up his shoulder against Oklahoma University, and again in the Denton game. Still, he says playing rugby is a lot less painful than watching the Dallas Cowboys.

Jane still is the National Manager of Public Relations for Sammons Communications, which would sound a lot more impressive if her responsibilities didn't include keeping magazine subscriptions current and changing the oil on company trucks. It is, however, a glamorous life in the cable industry; at least, that's what everybody tells her. She does get some neat posters.

Mike is still battling for Truth, Justice, and Whatever a Client Will Pay Him to Do as a sole practitioner lawyer, and wishes that being an attorney was half as fun as it looks on L.A. Law. All Mike wants for Christmas this year is H. Ross Perot for a client, but H. Ross is too busy buying various Third World countries to return Jane's phone calls.

Speaking of Christmas, we discovered a terrific bonus upon getting into our "new" house: a

Christmas tree up in the attic. It is a bright silvery aluminum and looks like something Flash Gordon might have brought back from the Planet Zog. We have garlanded the thing with red and green tinsel and shiny fake apples, and are confident that we have the ugliest Christmas tree on our block. However, Jane insisted on having a real Christmas tree too, so that she

Joy!

could demonstrate just how good a Kirby is at picking up needles. In the spirit of having a Christmas in the very worst of taste, we also have a plastic candle with

"Noel" on it shining proudly forth from the top of our chimney. What the hey, we can be sophisticated the other eleven months of the year.

Anyway, we really are excited about having our first Christmas in our own home, having people over, and using up fifteen cords of firewood, even if it is eighty degrees out. The only disappointment is in having so many friends and relatives scattered around the country that can't share the season with us in person. But we try to look on the bright side: we don't have that many chairs to go around anyhow. The merriest of Christmases to everybody, and may 1990 be the happiest New Year ever.

Yours truly,

Mike & Jane