

# *Incandescent XMAS*

## *News Flash*

### DEAN SENDS X-MAS GREETINGS

## You can never have too many flying monkeys!

**M**erry Christmas to you and yours. I hope this holiday season finds everyone happy and healthy.

As the Christmas holiday season draws ever closer, dragging its bad leg behind it and making a sound not unlike the villain in a teen slasher flick as he sneaks up on his next victim; the popular but clueless football player that you thought might be the killer but there's no chance of that now, it's once again time to ponder what the heck I'm doing writing bizarre allegories for a Christmas Newsletter.

But since that is a topic that cannot be fully addressed within the scant space that I've allotted myself for this yearly missive, you'll just have to satisfy yourself with the realization that maybe flying monkeys really aren't going to come into play any time soon.

But getting back to basics I'd like to report that I still work at the same job here in Houston, that I have not joined the ranks of those that must make regular pilgrimages to their neighborhood Home Depot (I still rent rather than own), and I drive the same decrepit automobile. But if each of you would be so kind as to ask all really tall people that you meet what they drive and whether it has enough leg room I would dearly appreciate it and maybe, just maybe, we can make that day where I make a change happen that much sooner.

But alas, not all the news is happy and bright this year. Ratnick, whom many of you had met and called cat, is no longer with me. She's now pawing at that great litter box in the sky releasing the fresh scent crystals that keep the box pleasant all day, no matter how many times kitty has to go. While she may be missed, the cat hairs that still reside on all my dark clothes ensure that she will not soon be forgotten.



**STOP THAT! THERE WILL BE NO FINGER PULLING DURING THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS PARTY!**

I know what you're thinking, surely there must be something that I can write about other than the fact that nothing has changed in the last year other than the passing of an aged cat. Surely there must have been some memorable trips, surely there must have been some momentous events, surely there has to have been something that I could share with friends and family other than a few chaotic ramblings, surely he's not going to abuse the word 'surely'? Well I did get to "Hang the Plaque" after a shuttle mission last spring which I found to be kind of neat. (No, it had nothing to do with dental hygiene.) It seems as though there were a couple business trips to California and perhaps one to Florida where I may have done business type stuff, but those could just be false memories implanted by the space aliens. Beware the skies!

And no, I wasn't really abducted by aliens, but if I were, you would definitely find the riveting details logged at:

[http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Dean\\_Lenort/homepage.htm](http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Dean_Lenort/homepage.htm)

And now as this letter draws to a close it is time to once again wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year Millennium (again). I hope to see you all some day soon and here's hoping your holiday is a great one full of fun and cheer.