



Season's Greetings from Meerkat Meade

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Dear Family and ~~whoever sent us cards last year, whether or not we know you~~ Friends,

~~Crap, is it Christmas again already? Well, it's that joyous time of year again. We hope that this holiday season finds you all healthy and happy, 'cause if not, we know we're going to hear about it.~~ This has been quite a ~~boring~~ year for us here at Meerkat Meade, and we'd love to share ~~the misery~~ some of the ~~trivial~~ exciting events with you. ~~Besides, it's cheaper than having to buy real cards, and quicker than coming up with personal notes for everyone.~~

Our Renfield (aka Dan Corcoran, ~~for those of you who can't get off your fat butts and come meet the lad, sheesh, he's been living with us for nine years now~~) has ~~somewhat managed to keep his job despite gross incompetence~~ been moving up the ladder of success at work. His bosses recognize that ~~he knows where all the bodies are buried~~ his knowledge and organizational skills, and he's been ~~bribed~~ rewarded with a big promotion. Dan also has a new ~~bimbo~~ girlfriend, ~~and this one isn't even blind or deaf.~~ June Swords is ~~actually human~~ charming, talented, and witty. (~~All right, Swords, that's twenty bucks you owe me!~~)

Thomas is ~~overworked and underpaid~~ doing well ~~running numbers~~ delivering pizzas for ~~the Mafia~~ Papa John's. He likes ~~sleeping until two p.m.~~ working nights, and the ~~unreported~~ tips are great!

Don continues to be ~~hopelessly trapped~~ happy in his ~~stinking, miserable~~ Library job. He ~~hates~~ enjoys working with ~~the brain-damaged public~~ people, and has been sharing his computer expertise with ~~the pathetic collection of empty headed nitwits who are, sadly,~~ his coworkers throughout the County.

Thomas brings home new Star Wars ~~crap~~ toys almost every ~~damn~~ night; the toys are ~~constantly underfoot~~ everywhere and we're ~~shoveling the junk out of~~ refurbishing another room to hold it all. We have even formed a ~~tax dodge~~ nonprofit corporation called the Star Toys Museum, Inc. in order to ~~get some other chumps to pay for all this garbage~~ protect and preserve the collection. The State of Maryland has ~~swallowed this scam hook, line, and sinker~~ approved our incorporation, and we are currently ~~figuring out where to send the bribes~~ applying to the IRS for official recognition.

When the Cavalier was ~~smashed by some drunken, red light running reprobate who didn't have insurance~~ in an accident earlier this year, ~~and our own insurance company screwed us over big time,~~ we decided to get a replacement. Our new ~~lemon~~ vehicle is a Luxurious Maxima which Thomas named "The Borghal Rantipole."

In the Spring, our hamster Grundoon ~~stuck his spoon in the wall~~ passed away, but we quickly acquired a replacement. Twiglet is ~~antisocial, homicidal, and venomous~~ still a little skittish around ~~normal~~ people, but seems to be ~~as neurotically warped as the rest of us~~ settling in well.

Well, that's it until next year (~~unless you didn't send us a card, in which case, you're history~~); we wish you and yours ~~would leave us the hell alone~~ the very best in 1999.