

## *IT FELL OUT OF A CARD, HONEST*

*The following fell out of a Christmas card I opened this past week. Since I have no idea who any of these people are, I conclude the page was sent to us in error. I reproduce it here in the hope that someone out there will recognize who's involved and notify the authorities on my behalf.*

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[. . .] and the treatment would have been a big success if Aunt Gladys hadn't insisted on teaching the leeches to "do tricks". But you know how she is with animals! . . .

. . . Mildred and I took our annual trip back to Vetch Falls in April to visit the family. Happy to report that everyone's fine, with the possible exception of Grandpa Beeble who has lost yet another set of dentures . . . this set appears to have vanished in the compost heap at the end of the garden, the one where Cousin Roy was performing his bat guano fermentation experiment, so for the foreseeable future Grandpa will have to continue having his food pre-chewed by Bingo or Skippy (Laureen's two schnauzers, they're adorable even with their bad cases of mange). . .

. . . The twins are both eight years old now, and practicing their trombones pretty much non-stop . . . the barn they were using as a practice facility collapsed one afternoon (fortunately no injuries), so they're in the unpadded basement for the time being . . . Cousin Velma Dripp is almost as proud of her new hearing aids as she is of her two little musicians. And big brother Timmy is a scientific marvel - when he's not working on his road-kill collection, he's busy converting a 1962 Volkswagen Beetle into a functioning six-row piano accordion. What these kids won't think of next! . . .

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. . . Uncle Elmer continues his cheery but unsuccessful battle against herpes, glaucoma, dysentery, male p.m.s., shingles, and poison ivy. Good to know he hasn't lost his sense of humor, although he did get into a little trouble at the hospital when he managed to convince one of the cute teenage candy-stripers to climb into the MRI machine with him. . .referring to the machine as "my little tunnel of love" at the court hearing probably wasn't a good idea, especially for a convicted felon of 70 years of age. His trial is in June sometime; lawyer plans on pleading "diminished mental capacity", as usual . . .

. . . Neighbors Eddie and Debbie Kwetzel and Paul and Darlene Froob (the Ottumwa Froobs, not the other ones we don't talk to) came by to say hi. Pleased to know that Debbie's no longer on steroids (although she really did look better with the beard). . .Paul and Darlene are working hard to patch up their marriage, but Paul told us in confidence that the job won't really be finished until Shark (Darlene's live-in boy friend and Hell's Angels "liaison") moves out of her room and starts sleeping in the basement. . .

. . . Several folks mentioned to us that the annual Vetch Falls - East Whippany homecoming football game on Thanksgiving Day (big rivalry!) was controversial this year because of the fact that somebody working in the East Whippany High School groundskeeping crew managed - through deft maneuvers of the line-painting machine - to move the Whips' end zone twenty yards further away from mid-field. Unfortunately nobody on the Vetch Falls squad noticed the "error", in spite of the score being 67 - 3 in East Whippany's favor at half-time. There was some talk in town of money changing hands, but since the EW police chief's son is the Whips' fullback, further pursuit of the matter seems unlikely. . .

. . . Mildred's brother Ed, wife Doris, and their eleven children came to stay with us for a month in August. Doris is starting

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courses in family planning at the Community College come this January, while Ed continues to worry about whether or not he's really gay . . . the month flew past, and we were both sorry to see them all leave, but we're a little concerned because we counted only nine children in the van and we've been hearing strange noises in the basement at night . . . Doris isn't answering our calls or responding to emails either.

. . . In September, Mildred and I visited the Wal-Mart in Armadillo Junction, and who do you think was working in men's underwear dept. but Luellen! Of course we . . .

*[. . . rest of the pages missing, thanks be to God]*

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