

Dear Roos Family Associate(s),

Has it really been a year already? Yes. It has. It may or may not feel that way for you, given the relative nature of the passing of time, but I assure you that it is the holiday season. As such, custom dictates is the time of year where I update you on the various goings on of the family Roos.

Of course we must start with the baby of the family, Hezikiah—or, as previous readers may remember him, “Jack”. You might be wondering what prompted the name change, and, frankly, so are we. He refuses to explain himself to anyone. But whatever his name, we’re proud as prunes of the kid. Many of you have probably heard the word: He’s going to be going back to school next fall. There are still a few applications trickling in, but, once he was accepted into the venerated Trey Anastasio School Of Experimental Medicine And Abstract Break Dancing, it was a forgone conclusion that he’d be hitting the books again.

Our older child, Sam, is still living in The City of Angels, which is what he insists on calling Los Angeles. (This charming habit has caused several significant problems involving legal correspondence.) For anyone wondering if the perpetual bachelor is thinking about settling down, well, it’s a complicated answer. Sam insists he is “Married to the badge”, which doesn’t make a whole lot of sense because, as far as we know, he is not a police officer of any kind.

Helen has had perhaps the most precipitous change this year. In the wake of the stunning results of the election, she felt compelled to return to her original passion, her first true love: drawing independent horror comics. Just this year, she self-published *Skeleton Attack Massacre*, *Monsters On Fire Forever*, and *Zombies Ate The Army*. The whole family is glad to have this important artistic work to ground us. Helen took a nice long trip to Europe this year as well, where, despite the rumors, she did not steal several of Italy’s greatest works of art in the crime spree of the decade. And even if she did, prove it.

And finally news of our eldest child, Warren. This year, he asked Santa Claus for a new stereo, some of that super yummy dark chocolate, and a Red Ryder BB gun (Maybe *next* year on that one...). All of his teachers say he’s the most energetic and talkative boy in class, and once he learns to apply himself, there’s no limit to his potential. We’re confident he’ll do us all proud soon enough.

As for me, well, I can’t make any official announcement yet, but... be ready for 2020. If the current guy can sneak in, I think my platform of more walks and less leashes has a real chance. Until then, I remain, yours always,

Mosti (The Dog)



Customary Kid Photos





