Holiday letter 2018

Dear Friends,

Sorry for the delay in this years letter. Because of the government shut-down, I have been unable to be paid for my work as a deep undercover spy (shh, our secret) and so have been working at Dress Barn to make ends meet. If you're wondering how a dog works at a dress barn, the answer is: poorly. Here's a brief year in review for the Roos family.

As you can see from Jack's t-shirt, he is now the proud father of the Tampa Bay Lightning NHL hockey franchise. Jack adopted the lightning and is raising them as a single father living two states away. As for Sam, he is well into his second year of wearing black hooded sweatshirts professionally, and loving his new line of work. Both boys remain full of surprises.

As for Helen and Warren, they have swapped names for the duration of 2019. When I asked Warren why they did this, Helen dutifully explained: "No, he's Helen, I'm Warren now!" Their reasoning for this switch is as unclear as anything else in the early days of 2019.

Many apologies for those of you who have made this annual letter a cherished part of your Christmas morning, all of you gathering around the iPad-playing-a-video-of-a-fireplace and taking turns reading the Roos exploits of the year before opening gifts and eating your traditional Christmas omelette. I assure you that in future years, the letter will continue to be late and half-to-a-quarter baked.

Happy Martin Luther King Jr. Day,

Luv Motsi





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