

Dearest Everyone,

Lo, as the mighty breath of sinister winds brings with it the damp harrowing chill of deep winter, rattling our weary bones 'til they clatter like a wind chime, and the mythical sphere called Earth finishes another full circumgyration around our grand and powerful Sol, we know it's time for the annual bacchanal known as the Happy Holidays. Truly, it is hard to comprehend that, as time immemorial marches on, grinding us into dust like a Giant baking some bone-bread, it has already been twelve turns of the moon since the last time we provided an update on the Gentile and Esteemed family Roos! Truly, time flies like a Wyvern, tearing through heavens with little regard for all else.

For our family, this year will be one which is long sung-of in bawdy wassails around the fire for generations to come. For, just as the mighty champions in the joust, the Roos family has supped from the victors cup long and deep this annum.

Thou hast perhaps heard through tale amongst the serfs, or through the traveling madrigal news-signers (should your Hamlet be lucky enough to be visited by such modern marvels), praising our wizened and formidable leader, the Great and Powerful Baroness Helen! Lo, for she did lead our people into the maw of the Huns, who were no match for her proud and mighty spearmen, nor her bewildering and cunning stratagems on the battlefield.

We salute you, O Helen, for taking the lands of the neighboring unwashed hordes! Long may she reign!

But let us not forget that, behind every strong and powerful leader, there stands her partner, and Helen's prize, the vainglorious and beautiful Warren, is no exception to this truth.

You have no doubt heard many a bawdy bard sing tales of the stunning beauty of Warren, who's cherubic natural glow is an inspiration to us all. This year, the beauteous Warren gave back to the people that revere him so, hosting a tournament of champions from around the world in the ultimate gentleman's sport: Ninja Badminton. As the blood of the fearsome champions spilled to and fro on the fresh grounds of competitions, Warren's visage gazed over all, lending a spirited and virtuous air to the brutal competition. Undoubtedly, legend will carry the story of this epic week of sport for generations to come.

All this, to say nothing of the Year of The Jack. The family's youngest, perhaps inspired to forge his own greatness knowing the crown may never fall to him, took up arms against the formidable and legendary beasts to the west. Armed only with his trusty sword, forged in the deepest fires of the foundry of Hephaestus at the center of a volcano, and his valorous and proud natural strength, Jack took arms against, and defeated in mortal combat, the following not-so-mythical beasts:

- Smaug the Tyrannical; Chiefest and Greatest of Calamities.
- The Cretan Minotaur; Lord of The Maze.
- Kim Jong Un; Supreme Leader of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the world's tallest midget.
- Robot Dick Cheney number Seven; the seventh of Dick Cheney's robot doppelgängers, conjured into this world to assist the dark warlock Cheney in his quest to destroy all that is good in this world.

In between the slayings of this litany of evil-doers and dragons, Jack also found time to ride his bike down a mountain a couple of times like an idiot. See this video for more details: (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jRfLv9J65lc&feature=youtu.be>) He's looking good for Cum Laude, so naturally his family is very disappointed.

Oh, yeah, and the other kid, Sam, is moving to LA. Presumably because he's tired of people with real emotions, natural body parts, and actual seasons. Or maybe it's because he's too chicken to face actual winter any more. He claims that he's going because he wants to be a "writer" or some other such fanciful nonsense, but we're all pretty sure the real reason he's going is to flee from his destiny— frequent readers of these letters may recall that, at Sam's birth, there was a prophecy that he would give his life in a violent and bloody battle defending the family castle from Robot Dick Cheney number ninety nine. Again, he says it's to pursue his career, but what kind of career is comedy writing for a man from a family of dragon slayers and king-makers? I guess every family's got it's black sheep.

Of course, I, your humble scribe, master of our empire's libraries, map rooms, and oral histories, spent the year learning ancient sanskrit, so that in the future I may communicate the ancient wisdom of this lost culture to other dogs. It is my secret desire to be known as Motsi, the grandest and most wise canine historian in all the annals of history. I know this dream flies in the face of the humility expected from one in my station, but I hope that, in you, sage reader, I have a trusted confidant who will carry my christmas dream silently in your own heart.

Wishing you and your family a most wondrous and blessed winter solstice,

Grand Historian Motsi Zen, on behalf of the legendary and awe-inspiring Clan Roos, long may they reign.

Happy Holidays,!



Motsi Zen Roos (The Dog)