

Dearest Family, Friends, and paid subscribers,

Greetings from the Roos clan. We received many angry letters and tweets about the lack of updates throughout the year, which was our exact intention, so, we're not sorry. But we couldn't deny you the sweet fruit of gossip plucked from the Roos family tree any longer, and so without further ado, these are the updates:

Jackson (who apparently prefers "Jack" these days) has finally completed (or dropped out, who can remember) his program in New Orleans and so has been given his marching orders: He is now a real life doctor, sort of, in the city of Angels in California. All jokes aside we are thrilled that he has begun work as a Bonafede witch doctor, and if you need a quick holiday gift to make up for something that got "supply chain'd", he is offering Zoom aura consultations and digital voo-doo NFTs for the low low price of .23 dogecoin per download.

Not to be outdone, Samuel (who has started going by "Sam" like some kind of GD hippie), has taken it upon himself to expand the Roos empire. Using some of Jackson's black majik, and a piece of curséd Roos family jewelry, he successfully convinced stunning beauty and all around wise-ass Jaclyn "Jackie" Hockersmith to ditch her honorable family name and shack up with "Sam" for all of eternity. She is a wonderfully kind and special person, proving once and for all that Jackson's majiks potions are truly powerful gri-gri if she could be convinced to settle for Samuel! Rumors that Samuel has been kidnapped by Jackie to her homeland of Pennsylvtucky to study how to do battle in society's gutter, the court of law, cannot be confirmed as "Sam" has simply pled the fifth amendment on this and frankly just about every other topic.

Warren and Helen, like most couples over the last two years, have taken the great opportunity of their lifetimes to enter into a deeply complicated series of feuds and schemes against one another. Highlights included when Helen left out her hot wheels for Warren to slip on, Warren putting a tarantula on Helen's face, and a complicated, simultaneous, gift-of-the-magi type of prank too complex and PG-13 to be further cataloged here. They're thrilled to announce that in 2022 they are going to paint a line down the middle of the house and each will be relegated to one half of the house. Babaloo!

We hope that the new year finds all of you as sane as reasonably possible, which is to say, totally off-the-walls-bananas, the way we Rooses prefer you.

Yours in dog hair and booster shots,

Motsi (AKA the Dog)

