

Holiday greetings to you, dear friend / relation / creditor!

Here's hoping that the season finds you all in good health and spirits. It's been another raucous year for the Roosees, with all four of us once again packing up and moving across the country. To that end, we present to you our annual holiday update, so that if we see you in person, all this information can be presumed to be known and you'll be prepared with follow up questions and compliments.

Where else to start but with the continuing education of our youngest child, Jack? After taking a gap year (during which he volunteered at a clinic that rehabilitates pets owned by Republicans) Jack has returned to academia. Jack's been talking about enrolling at medical school since he was a tot, and we're thrilled to share that his dream has finally become a reality! As of this writing, he has just finished his first semester at Baron Samedi's University of Voodoo Medicine in the world's foremost academic city, New Orleans. He has not yet decided on a specialization, that may change next semester when he begins his first practical demon summoning class. We're all very proud of Jack's progress, and we haven't a doubt that a few months from now he'll be summoning demons from

Beelzebub to Chutulu!
Go, Jack, go!



Our older son, Sam, has also managed to find his way back to the world of higher education too and just wrapped up his first semester in New York City at the partially accredited Brooklyn Institute for Writing Good. Sam reports that he's made leaps and bounds in his chosen field of bathroom graffiti. We're proud to report that this fall, he had his first publication!

It was in the third stall of the men's room in Manhattan's 15th street McDonald's, a modest but sharply written piece ruminating on who the reader may call to enjoy a good time. While he has yet to be published in any of the major bathrooms that you might have heard of, he continues undeterred, noting that Raymond Chandler was fifty one when he finally published "Here I Sit, Broken Hearted..." at the port authority's legendary facilities.

As for our matriarch and patriarch, Helen and Warren, you may have heard that they have officially relocated to The People's Republic of California. The impetus for the move (besides maintaining the court-ordered distance of 3000 miles from both children), was the discovery of their dream house, a sixteenth century castle that was originally built in Turin, Italy. The castle was disassembled and shipped across the world, brick by brick, by Walt Disney. The animation magnate never actually lived in the house, instead using it as a storage facility for his collection of over seven hundred parrots. The result is a home that feels at once historic and brand new. It's been a complicated few months— in order to finance the move, they had to sell their homes in Portland, Florida, Vienna, and Pyongyang— but the result is that for the first time in decades, all of the family's important physical possessions are united under one roof. (Technically, the castle is comprised of eleven different roofs, but the sentiment remains true!)



Helen plans to spend the bulk of the new year cataloging and preparing for display her infamous collection of Iowa license plates, of which she owns nearly forty thousand. Warren has already begun his assimilation into California culture, and is pouring all his energies into his new charitable foundation, which you can learn more about at the foundation's website: www.AvocadoToastsABasicHumanRight.org.

As for me, your faithful scribe, I find myself quite content in the socialist paradise of California. I plan to spend the new year barking at UPS trucks, scratching myself with my hind leg, and contributing the odd op-ed in the New York Times. Rumors that I am considering a run for public office are, for now, just rumors... that being said, you may receive a phone call from my exploratory committee...

Wishing you all the happiest of holidays,



Motsi Roos (The Dog)





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