

A HOLIDAY GREETING FROM
the WOODMAN *family*

Hello friends, extended family members and random vagrants that found this newsletter while rummaging for a meal. I shouldn't say meal, though.. 23 half-eaten boxes of chocolates doesn't really count as a meal does it. Sorry about that Mr. Vagrant. I just don't like the hard caramel-filled ones.

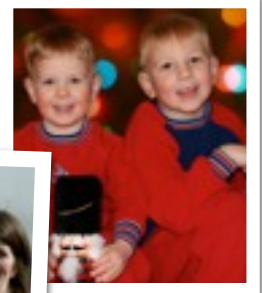
Anyway, yes, it's the holidays. Actually, scratch that, I'm going to say 'Christmas' without fear of reprisal. So it's Christmas time again. And with the conclusion of another year comes a look back upon all that we have been through since the last time we hung our stockings with care, drank too much at our respective non-denominational holiday parties, and ate turkey till we exploded (sorry again vagrant, I know you don't need to be reminded of our foodular plenitude).

So what have the Woodmans been up to this past year you (probably didn't) ask? Well, why don't I tell you all about it:

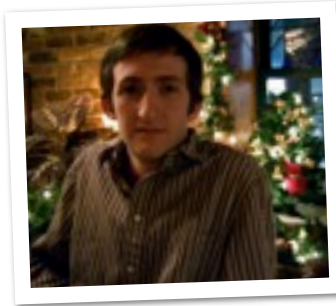


Our eldest, **Earl**, has spent the year with his fiancée **Michelle** and the newest edition to their family, little **Molly**. At just 8 months old, Molly still hasn't said her first word, but we are all waiting eagerly in anticipation. Earl and Michelle agree their lives have changed completely in a way they would never have expected. But they could do without all the hair everywhere. Oh, Molly's a cat. I probably should've said that first. (We're not sure whose baby they stole for the picture.)

Juliah and **Michael** have spent another year chasing their two boys, **Ben** and **Alex**. Alex's biggest accomplishment was being potty-trained (I would've assumed it was his Tony Award for Best Scenic Design in the *The Drowsy Chaperone*, but I'm told defecating in the right place is a much bigger deal). Ben l'école française commencée. Il déjà parle meilleur français que Jesus (I don't know French so I got Ben to help me with that). The kids also enjoyed their first trip to *Disneyworld* where they hung in the sun, rode the rides, and got their pictures taken with a giant mouse. It wasn't mickey though, their room had a bit of an infestation problem.



Peter has spent the year hanging with his fiancée, **Amy**.. from a wall apparently. When not scaling their rock wall, they have been making plans for their upcoming nuptials. No one is entirely sure what they're planning, but any wedding that involves a yurt has got to be at least a little strange. Think dachshund ring-bearer. I'm not sure if the rings will be placed around the tail or attached 'mule-style', but either way the tuxed-up-weiner-dog is not to be missed.



For **Angus**, 2006 has been a year of rejection. Google, US Immigration, Uncle Seamus' Law School And Ice Creamery.. you name it, they've rejected him. And this is not even considering the long line of ladies that have given him the brush-off. I'd list them, but I'd probably have to switch to A4 paper. He's staying positive though. After all, he has moved his website up to the 2,197,132nd most popular on the web. Yes, it should only be a matter of time before the web marketing firms get wind of his success story and the offers come pouring in.

As for the youngest of the children, **Katie** has been hitting the books hard in the hardened determination to become a doctor. It's... hard. Now in her 3rd year of pre-med, she has been doing very well in school, especially when considering the tumultuous on-again-off-again relationship with her boyfriend, which I can only assume they've modeled after a light switch. Fortunately, should her bulb ever burn out, she can fall back on her unrivaled sub sandwich construction skills. Chicken Carbonara anyone?



Of course we can't forget the parents. **Kath** has had a year almost as exciting and notable as all of her children combined. First, in a move that impressed and amazed us all, she learned what the 'Reply All' button was for. Yes, she no longer directs her reply to only those who spoke last. And while this alone would be a year's worth of self-betterment for most, there's more. Kathy has.. um, uh.. hmm.. I guess that's it. Well, if there is anything more, she'll be sure to let you know -- ALL of you.

That leaves just ol' **Al**. While it can safely be assumed he is still spending the long country days with his dear **Edie**, just what he fills the remainder of his time with is uncertain. Many unconfirmed rumors have made their way from the remote hill he calls home, including starting a new mink ranch, developing a sod farm and building an intergalactic tractor. The accuracy is again questionable, but I could imagine the latter being required for transporting beams. A new mink barn would need a lot of beams.



That concludes another year for the Woodmans. Over the next year, as we eat, drink and be married (some of us at least) we hope that you will get to join us. Be it in person, in spirit or intoxicatedly, we look forward to spending the next year with all of you!

And with that, all that's left is to wish a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and to ask you to please throw out something tasty along with this letter. Because Mr. Vagrant is probably hungry.