

MERRY CHRISTMAS

2007



A graphical representation of the Woodman family as two-ball snowmen. Counter-clockwise starting from the top-left, is Katie, Angus, Peter, Julie, Earl and Kath.

The 2nd Annual **Woodman Family Newsletter**

The leaves are gone, the evenings are dark, and all the old shopping streets are filled with palpable agitation. It must be Christmas. Over these last few weeks, as you've all prepared for the onslaught of holiday cheer, we hope you never lost sight of what was truly important – candy. Sure, we come for the Jesus, but we stay for the tiny pieces of mouth-awesome. And if your candy is shaped like a nativity figure, then that's just gravy. Metaphorically, at least. Gravy-flavored wiseman gummies are NOT good.

Holy sugar aside, we're gathered here to take a look back at the year. To see what we

have to celebrate, what we've accomplished, and what we should not attempt next year after miserable, deflating failure. So let's get rolling.

A Wedding, A Biker And A Hospital Bed Maker

We'll start with the youngest member of the older generation this year, **Katie**. She has been barreling forward with her Doctoring aspirations, like a barrel rolling down a hill I suppose. When not cramming information into her head at a pace not seen since the last time she was studying, she spends her time with hospital sheets. Sometimes on them, though more often during her job as hospital launderer. It's a good job, she says, you just have to remember not to mix whites and severed feet.

Next eldest is **Angus**. Perhaps more impressive than what he did do this year, is what he didn't. He didn't move away from Newfoundland (he didn't even try). He didn't quit (more than) one job. And, lastly, he didn't die. Which is astounding really, given he got his motorcycle license this summer. Don't worry though, he's still not cool.

“Our wedding was a great learning experience. I'll be much better prepared for my next one.”

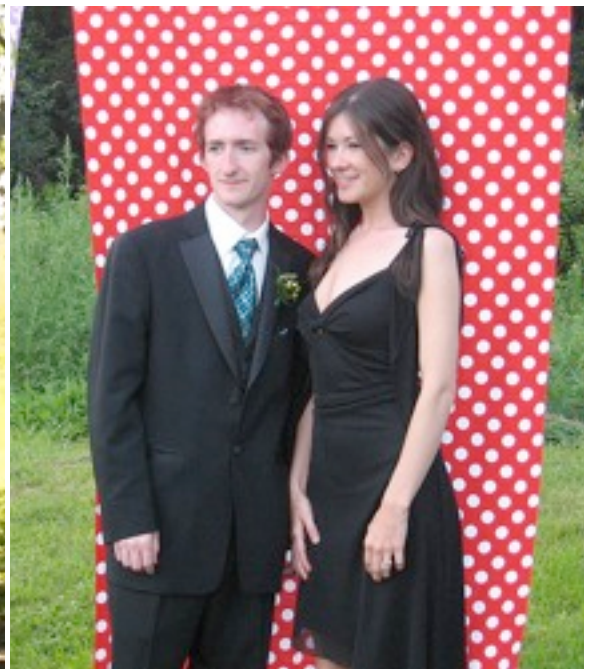
Amy Todd (not Woodman for a reason)

As many of you witnessed, **Peter** added a couple hundred pounds this year. She looked beautiful in her dress, didn't she. **Amy** and Peter's four-day wedding extravaganza was a unique event. While their dogs didn't don tuxes, the reception was in a giant tent, the best man was a woman, the reception dinner was a roasted pig, and someone spit all over the roasted pig. Actually, that doesn't sound right.

[Editor: Amy is not actually a couple hundred pounds, though she may be after she kills the newsletter writer and eats him.]

Left
Fresh from the alter,
Amy & Peter

Right
The best man and
Angus



A Stork, A Dork And The Spy Who Raised Us

Julie, not to be outdone, added about 7 pounds. Her name is **Lily**. When she was born in September, she had that beautiful new baby turtle-face. While Julie and **Mike** attend to the baby's seemingly constant need for food throughput, the boys, **Ben** and **Alex**, are normally off somewhere wailing on each other like a couple of monkeys. They also like to take their toys apart and throw pieces at each other. Fortunately, that and punches are the only things they throw. In all, Julie and Mike are ecstatic in their new roles as zookeepers.

Then there's **Earl**. He sorta did things, kinda. He's still sorta engaged to **Michelle**, but they kinda haven't made wedding plans. He sorta finished his seven-year novel-in-progress, but it's only kinda complete. He sorta continued to inflate his spare tire, but it kinda leveled off. He sorta started a new job, but it's kinda the same thing. You get the point. The only thing he wanted mentioned was his new cat, Chloc. Yes, he is becoming a crazy cat man. He's clearly infected



"Goo Goo Gaa"

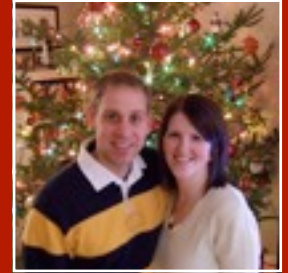
Lily Chislett

Left

Ben, Alex and Lily with some really hairy dude

Inset

A picture of Julie and Mike getting in the way of its own caption



by toxoplasma gondii (look it up). He's gonna make for some fat cats (you didn't look it up, did you).

Kath's life remains a mystery to us all. Rumors abound about what it is that she actually does with her time, but the smart money is on secret agent. Working for MI-6 perhaps. The time she spent in England was at the height of the cold war. It would explain a lot. Like the constant use of sunglasses. And the bevy of weapons she has around. Flax seed flour or powdered explosive? Regardless, be kind to her because you don't want either of those forced upon you.

There was one other member, but he fell off the grid sometime in mid-August. Hmm. Eaten by **bears** I guess.

And that's our year in a nutshell. Or rather, in a glazed bright-red candy shell. For the non-sugar-coated version you'll have to talk to one of us after the forced-joy of the year end. So best wishes to all, be it a Merry Christmas, a Happy Chanukah, a Happy New Year, or an all-encompassing Happy Holidays!

Left
Earl and Michelle (Earl not to scale)

Right
Kath looking deceptively low-key

