

Mike Wood c/o  
YMCA  
Branch #34 bunk 12 (beside the washing machine)  
"We build strong kids, strong families, strong communities."

Jan. 1, 2007

Dear ~~Friends~~ Family, ~~Creditors~~

Shortly after the accolades and congratulations stopped rolling in from last year's letter, things in 2006 took a turn for the worse. I was celebrating Orthodox Halloween around the hot tub, when I dropped my champagne flute onto the mirrored floor, starting a chain of events that unhinged the year. A bikini model cleaned up the glass and poured me a new glass of champagne, and all was well; until, reeling backward in a hearty guffaw after one of my legendary bon-mots, I stepped on a tiny fragment of broken glass left behind by Brandii's ineffective (though voluptuous) sweeping. She must have been distracted by my tale of rescuing a litter of kittens from a fire on the International Space Station.



thought the infection was finally gone, as it turned out that the octopus intensive care unit were very helpful but not limited to flaming cabbage. angry wild turkeys behind an electric eel, which he bit mercilessly. The unfortunate hopelessly not permanent anorgasmia. ought twelve vintage zeppelins big zeppelin race. My entire fortune inferno, including the supermodels. wreckage strewn about turned out to be entirely uninsured.

Anyway, I am now almost fully recovered from my extended convalescence. Recently however, my torch and pitchfork-wielding creditors have kindly (though occasionally brutally) brought to my attention the fact that my finances deteriorated somewhat in 2006 due to mismanagement. I mention this not for pity, but because some of you may have been wondering what became of the Fabergé eggs you have become accustomed to receiving from me this time of year.

Anyway, here's hoping the New Year brings you at least twice as much money as you send to me.

—Mike Wood