

## OFF-SEASON LETTER

Dear Santa

now that your little boy Fritz is  
a mound of feculence having  
just come from the unemployment office, please

harness up your reindeer and  
fly your sleigh on down here to  
give me a little off-season gift of  
life unimpeded by economic necessity...please

come down with a bag of  
sunsets and birdsongs, of  
streams twisting down mountains and  
butterflies playing around wildflowers...and

give me the courage to feed upon all this without  
panicking back into the arms of  
Mammon and false security...and  
I promise to be a good boy until Xmas when

you return with my erector set and  
teddybear...thank you

love,  
Fritz