



Hello, it's me, Furious George, the boxing monkey. You might remember me from last year's Christmas letter, which I wrote. It looks like I have to write it again this year, because Tyler and Angie are just too lazy to do it themselves. (Sure, they claim they're just really busy, but I never see them doing much.)

Anyway, since they didn't get on me to write the letter until after Christmas, this year's edition is more of a yearly wrap-up than it is a holiday greeting. Oh well.

January started the Year of the Monkey, so I knew it would be a good year for me. Tyler's sister got married in January, too. Tyler and Angie said it was a cool ceremony, but I wouldn't know because I wasn't invited. (For the record, just because you get drunk and throw your own poop around once doesn't mean you're going to do it all the time. Sheesh.)

In February, Tyler was running on an orienteering course, and he took a tree branch to the eye. I thought it was pretty funny, but he didn't because he had to go to the emergency room and the eye doctor to get stuff scraped off his eyeball. I think I'll stick to a real sport, like boxing, thank you very much--there are no tree branches in the ring.

Tyler and Angie spent most of March and April talking to Real Estate guys and looking at houses and talking about some kind of interesting rate thingy. Then, at the end of April, we had a new house. I expected my own room and a private gym with a whirlpool and a mini-bar, but that didn't happen for some reason, probably because Tyler and Angie are cheapskates.

In May, Tyler went down to California and ran a 50k with his dad. Ran with his feet. That's a long way. That's almost as hard as boxing fifteen rounds. I guess that's pretty cool, but it would have been funnier if another tree branch had poked him in the eye.

Tyler and Angie went to Eugene in June to watch the Prefontaine Classic, some kind of big track meet. I wasn't invited. Then, in July, they went to watch the Olympic Trials down in California. Once again, not invited. At least it was just Track and Field. If I'd missed a boxing match, I'd be really angry.

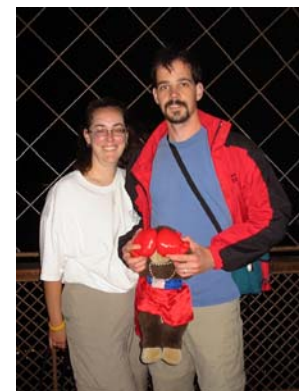
I finally got invited to go on a trip in September. We went to Europe. Tyler ran a race in Prague, while I got to drink Czech beer. Then we went to Germany, where I drank some more beer. (Tyler helped.) Angie skipped the beer and just had wine. (Tyler helped, and so did I.) From there we went to France, where none of us had any beer, but we all had some wine. Finally, we ended up in Belgium, where Tyler and I sampled many different kinds of beer. Tyler even found one that Angie liked.

In October, Tyler turned thirty. I didn't know humans lived that long. In monkey years, he's like five hundred.

In December, Tyler took Angie to see the Nutcracker ballet. As usual, I wasn't invited. Oh well, I didn't really want to see a bunch of people prancing around in tight, funny clothes



Another race for Tyler. No sticks in the eye at this one.



Here we are on top of the Eiffel Tower. It's really high.

anyway. If I wanted to see that, I'd watch professional wrestling.

Tyler and Angie went to Christmas dinner at Tyler's parents' house. Guess who wasn't invited. That's right, me. I didn't even get any presents! And here I am writing a letter for those bozos. They better pony up some cash for this.

Oh, one final thing: Tyler and Angie noticed that a few people sent Christmas cards to their old address. I guess those two didn't do a very good job of telling people about the move. Anyway, here's the new address, for anyone who doesn't have it:

Tyler and Angie
1234 Some St.
Sometown, USA



Angie rides along the Route du Vin in France.

Warmest Regards,

George (Tyler and Angie, too)



Me, Angie, the Night Watchman, and the Night Watchman's cool axe-thingy in Germany.