

Merry Christmas!

Hi, it's me, Furious George, everyone's favorite boxing monkey. Once again, I have to write this year's Christmas letter. Tyler and Angie say they're too busy. Well, they must be busy, because they sure haven't taken me many places or bought me many drinks.



George checks out a Hawaiian Volcano

In January, Tyler started a new job. He went from being a Technical Publications Specialist to being a Technical Publications Support Specialist. Doesn't sound like much of a change to me, but I guess he works in a different building with new people. Not that I would know, since I spend most days stuck in the house. He says he makes a little more money, but that sure hasn't translated into a little more beer for Furious George.

Tyler and Angie drove up to the Skagit River in February to watch Bald Eagles. That sounds pretty boring to me, but I guess they had a good

time. They asked me if I wanted to come, and even though I hadn't been out of the house in a while, I said no. I like to watch boxing, not birds.

In March, Tyler's sister and brother-in-law left for China. At least somebody got to go somewhere.

April was a busy month, and I finally got out of the house. First, Tyler went down to California to run a race, the Carlsbad 5000. I didn't bother with that one. I've been to watch Tyler run before, and all I can say is I'd rather go bird watching. After he wasted his time with that, we all headed to Hawaii for a wedding. Finally, yours truly got to have some fun! I hung out on the beach in Waikiki, drank beer in Kona, and saw hot lava flowing down a volcano. Later in the month we went to Nashville so Tyler could run another race, a half marathon this time. I think country music is for country bumpkins, so I wasn't that excited to go, but we drove up to Kentucky and explored this big cave, which was pretty cool.

I didn't go anywhere in May, but that was okay because I was pretty tired from flying all over the place in April.

Tyler and his dad both won their divisions in some Street Scramble thingy. I guess that's kind of cool, but it's not like they won a boxing match.



Tyler, ready to run in Carlsbad

In June, Tyler and Angie drove down to Eugene to watch the Prefontaine track meet. I took a pass on that one. Who wants to watch skinny people running around in circles? I don't know why Tyler doesn't like to watch manly sports like boxing.

Tyler and Angie spent most of July watching skinny people ride bikes on TV. That Lance Armstrong guy is pretty tough; I bet he would have made a great boxer. At the end of the month, Tyler and Angie went down to L.A. for another wedding. I wasn't invited, as usual.



Some light gardening

There were these guys driving big machines and digging in the yard all summer. In August, they finally finished what they were doing. It doesn't look like an overgrown jungle around here anymore; it looks kind of nice. Also, I could finally sleep in again.

September was another big month. Tyler and Angie went up to Calgary so Tyler could run another race. This time it was the World Airline Road Race. Usually Tyler wins an award, but this year he was too slow. After the race, the three of us went to England. I got to ride the Underground all around London, I had a beer at

the Sherlock Holmes Pub, and I got to see a cool castle in Warwick. I had to stay in a really bad hotel room though. It would have been perfect for just me, but Tyler and Angie hogged up all the space. It smelled funny in there too, and we had to leave the window open, even though it was kind of cold.

Tyler and Angie signed up to take dance lessons in November and December. How lame is that? I told Tyler he needed to improve his footwork, but this wasn't what I had in mind. They could have taken boxing lessons or beer making lessons, but they decided to learn ballroom dancing. Weirdoes.

In December, Tyler and Angie went to Vegas for another wedding. They didn't take me along. Apparently, my behavior isn't appropriate. It's Las Vegas—everything is appropriate! Maybe next time.

Holiday Wishes,

George + Tyler + Angie

George (and Tyler and Angie)



Angie and George on the Eye of London