

I Decked the Halls and the Halls Decked Me

The holidays are nearly through. I have enjoyed a sufficiency of great food, good cheer, spiked nog, family, wrapping paper, tinsel, and close quarters. And I got the new John Cleese memoir, a most perfect gift.

I have also endured a scarcity of time alone to think, to walk, to sit, to stare aimlessly. In short, the time to do the things necessary to write something that doesn't suck.

All this a long way around admission that this week, I got nothing. I offer a full refund for any inconvenience this has caused.