

Hey Bro! Merry Christmas!

Before I say anything else, or before you jump to any conclusions, I want you to know that this shirt was not bought on sale at Target in Northern Idaho. Anyone who says it was is a liar and should be mutilated with a fire-poker. It was in fact ordered from a renowned shirt-maker in Guatemala by the name of Hernando Villa Lobos. Maybe you've heard of him. I informed Hernando via email of your somewhat effeminate style and your compulsive grooming habits, and gave him a basic outline of the type of fellow you are. I made some hints about the type of style you prefer, and then told him to go ahead and go a little crazy from there. And so he did, as you can see. Hernando had a wonderful time.

The buttons, he told me, are of the finest quality of plastic made available to a third-world nation, and the exotic fabric speaks loudly enough for itself. Hernando assures me that this shirt not only is fire-proof, water-proof and bullet-proof, but that it was also charmed by a certain Toltec Shaman by the name of He Who Strokes In Solitude. You'll notice the mark of the Shaman on the underside of the collar. Treasure this and do not wash it, for such a gift (given firsthand, so to speak) is a rare and sacred thing.

This is my gift to you on this fine consumerist, pseudo-religious holiday. Feel loved and feel blessed, for the glowing turds that drop through the air and mix with the snow, those are the gifts of the reindeer overhead. That much we can count on.

Dusty