Jean,

I am sitting here all atwit from a magnificent blast of California weed, listening to Italian opera on the radio. It is Saturday morning near noon. There is snow everywhere. This afternoon I am going to a travel agency that hopefully will direct me to a secluded spot in the Carribean. More of that when I get there. Sorry Dear, but I lost all the Christmas cards that I made! So what? Fackna Leela poosh able sofat cowity? An dette....

I do wish to wish you all and I have shell-shocked my crazy head. However, I have to follow my crazy Dad. I look forward very much with the joy at the world's sweet joys not faint amused smile. So, it's this moment yearning particularly hard. It's this moment sexual yearnings be concerned. It's this moment animals. I have turned very small porcupines that towards very small porcupines that peek me.

More soon. How are you? Write.

Jeff

IT IS NOW TIME FOR EMERGING FROM MY SECRET UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT....

Rabbits of Pacific