

# A Letter to Santa

Bob Rivers

Dear Santa Claus,

It has been brought to my attention by one of our operatives that you have secured for yourself, and your interests, a very lucrative position in the toy and game industry. Normally, my associates and I would not involve ourselves in child-exploitation schemes such as yours. However, it is quite clear to us that you have over-stepped your bounds and are coming into my family's territories. That I cannot let you do.

Mr. Claus, we've known each other for many years, and we have no problem with your operations in the North Pole. But, uh, Consigliere tells me that you have expanded your deliveries to the entire south side, most of the north side, and everywhere but the Jewish neighborhoods.

I understand, Mr. Kringle, that you and I share many interests. We both make lists. We both know who's been naughty and who's been nice. Have I mentioned, that, uh, red is also my favorite color? This year when you make your rounds, I hope you'll take time stop by the house for a cup of coffee and some cookies, so that, uh, we can discuss an offer I know you can't refuse. I know how much you like cookies. I am sure you will do this thing I ask out of respect, but I would be remiss if I did not remind you of the tragic demise of our mutual friend and confidant, Frosty T. Snowman. I

regret that it was necessary to teach Frosty a lesson.

Sincerely, and with warmest wishes for you and the  
lovely Mrs. Claus,

Don

P.S.

It would be most unfortunate for you to wake up one  
morning to find the heads of eight tiny reindeers in  
bed with you. I am sure you are a reasonable man, and  
this will not be necessary