

REMEMBRANCES OF CHRISTMAS PAST

DUANE

CHRISTMOUSE



2021

LITTLE WILHELMINA



Little Wilhelmina peed her pants while doing her Merry Christmas dance. It was when she twirled

and as she bent, that she had her accident. Poor Wilhelmina began to cry, and all could see the reason why. Santa, too saw her embarrassment, so he sent the north wind to blow through her window down below. Soon on the stage snow flakes began to fall.

"Just look at that," Wilhelmina said, "I didn't wet myself at all. That was snow that melted in my lap."

Now with great relief, Wilhelmina pirouetted in one grand leap. Then she dipped and tipped her cap, and everybody clapped and clapped. And that's the story of how little Wilhelmina became Santa's favorite ballerina.

So should you have an accident, please don't fret and please don't cry. For all things that start out wet, usually end up being dry.



Oh dear, I fear we forgot
to send out Christmas cards this year.

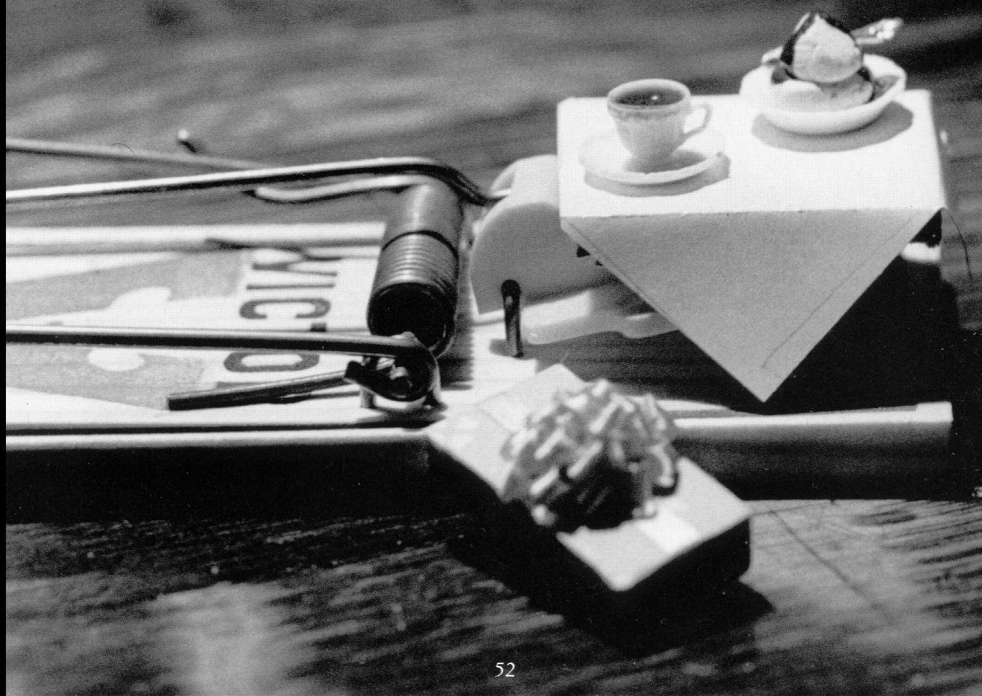
That never, ever happened before,
So let us be the first to wish you
New Year's Cheer in nineteen ninety four.

It's never too early or too late
to say "How do you do!",
And that we are thinking of you.

Fred

1 2 8 11 4

MERRY CHRISTMOUSE lived at the South Pole and stole Christmas gifts from good children to give to the bad, for he had heard that virtue was it's own reward. And besides, good kids were nerds. On Christmas Eve, Merry Christmouse would retrieve those gifts intended for the good and nice. And with mousey magic and a funny looking gadget he would wiggle his whiskers twice. All at once, tall things became



small. Then he gave them to a brat named Paul. But that awful bully Paul didn't like his gifts at all.

They were much too tiny. He wanted something big and shiny. So Paul left a treat for Merry Christmouse to eat . . . a tasty little snack set on a trap. When Merry Christmouse took a bite, it was Silent Night.

The moral of this story is: A MOUSE SHOULD NEVER BE NICE TO A LOUSY KID!



MERRY CHRISTMOUSE

MERRY CHRISTMOUSE lived at the South Pole and stole Christmas gifts from good children to give to the bad, for he had heard that virtue was it's own reward. And besides, good kids were nerds. On Christmas Eve, Merry Christmouse would retrieve those gifts intended for the good and nice. And with mousey magic and a funny looking gadget he would wiggle his whiskers twice. All at once, tall things became

small. Then he gave them to a brat named Paul. But that awful bully Paul didn't like his gifts at all. They were much too tiny. He wanted something big and shiny. So Paul left a treat for Merry Christmouse to eat . . . a tasty little snack set on a trap. When Merry Christmouse took a bite, it was Silent Night. The moral of this story is: A MOUSE SHOULD NEVER BE NICE TO A LOUSY KID!



