

Dear Santa,

You must be surprised that I'm writing to you today, the 26th of December. Well, I would very much like to clear up certain things that have occurred since the beginning of the month, when, filled with illusion, I wrote you my letter. I asked for a bicycle, an electric train set, a pair of roller blades, and a football uniform. I destroyed my brain studying the whole year. Not only was I the first in my class, but I had the best grades in the whole school. I'm not going to lie to you, there was no one in my entire neighborhood that behaved better than me, with my parents, my brothers, my friends, and with my neighbors. I would go on errands, and even help the elderly cross the street. There was virtually nothing within reach that I would not do for humanity. What balls you have leaving me a fucking yoyo, a lame whistle and a pair of ugly socks. What the fuck were you thinking, you fat prick, that you've taken me for a sucker the whole fucking year to come out with some shit like this under the tree. As if you hadn't fucked me enough, you gave that little quiff across the street so many toys that he can't even walk into his house. Don't let me see you trying to fit your big fat ass down my chimney next year. I'll fuck you up. I'll throw rocks at those stupid reindeer and scare them away so you'll have to walk back to the fucking North Pole, just like what I have to do now since you didn't get me that fucking bike. FUCK YOU SANTA. Next year you'll find out how bad I can be, you FAT COCKSUCKER.

Sincerely,

Little Johnny

