

# Just for Fun LETTERS TO SANTA WRITTEN BY SHAKESPEARE CHARACTERS

Dear Santa:

How does my lord? I am fine. I believe 'tis possible you did not receive my wish list last year, or that it fell into unsavory hands and was rudely tampered with before reaching you, as all you brought me was a chastity belt and some granny underpants. I pray that this one flies to you untaunted since this year hath really sucked. I wish for the following:

He's Just Not That Into You (book and DVD)

All About Me' Lock and Key Diary

National Geographic Flower and Leaf Pressing Kit

Coastal Deluxe Automatic Inflatable Life Vest

Fingers crossed,  
Ophelia

Dear Santa,

The trifles you brought me last year meant absolutely nothing. What's the point of gifts when everything is falling to s\*\*t all around you? Why didn't you steal the family account information I left out for you last year? That would have meant something.

Do you ever feel like everything is just a big conspiracy? Do you ever want to hurl yourself out of your sled and fall down, down, down onto the cold hard street below?

Look out for the slings and arrows.

— Hamlet

Santa!

I had this crazy dream that I ate your reindeer. But then this morning your face appeared in a puddle of maple syrup. So I licked you up.

— Falstaff

Dear Santa,

Everyone says you don't exist, but I believe in you. We share many a talent, my jolly friend: I, too, am a merry wanderer of the night, and sometime fit I into tiny spaces to break into people's homes. I don't leave gifts (unless you count that turd I left in Mistress Quickly's ale pot Monday last). I can steal most of the stuff I desire, but I need you, O round sprite of the night, to gather me these two things:

— An Indian boy (Not for me, it's a present for my boss. Must be authentic, and not a cheap Chinese knock-off.)

— A meeting with a TV executive. I have a rollicking idea for a show: "2 1/2 Pucks." It's about me, Wolfgang Puck, and that elfin young man from Real World: San Francisco. We would all live together in a loft in the Meat Packing District. Hilarity ensues.

In return for these gifts, I will happily humiliate your wife (if that type of thing amuseth you).

— Puck

Dear Santa:

You're probably thinking about skipping my palace this year since I'm Queen of Egypt, but if you really love me you'll prove it by showing up. I mean, it's not like I have everything. Do you know how many messengers I've had to kill this year just to get some good news around here? And if I want a basket of asps, do you think I just have one lying around? I'm so sick and tired of being judged by old white guys like you thinking, "Oh, she's so spoiled and so beautiful and such a big ol' whore bag. It's not like she needs anything." Well I got news for you, Santa. There's a real person inside this gorgeous body, and she has real feelings. I'm lonely, okay? L-O-N-E-L-Y. And depressed. You know what? F\*\*k it. If you can't even bother to come and check up on me, then you can just screw yourself and the sleigh you rode in on. I'm going to kill myself right now. Okay, I just did it. I'm dead. Are you happy? You depressed me so much that I'm dead. Seriously. Nice going, old man.

— Cleopatra

P.S. In case you decide to come to my funeral, maybe you could bring me some Bonne Bell Lipsmackers to take with me to the Underworld.

Dear Santa, sweet, sweet Santa:

This Christmas, we wish for nothing more than peace, love, and understanding (LOL). We pray that you will fly like a nimble-pinioned dove to bring our parents copies of Chicken Soup for the Vengeful Soul. And perchance a little Valium for Lady Capulet?

Should Time slow her swift-footed pace, and night's cloak agree to hide you, do you think maybe you could bring us some stuff too?

- Taylor Swift's "Love Story" video and poster
- DVD of The Secret Life of the American Teenager (Season 3)
- Quick-Escape Portable Ladder
- Motorola IMfree Personal Instant Messenger
- Plethysmograph Pulse Recognition Processor

xoxoxoxoxo,

Romeo and Juliet

Hail, Santa, King of the Elves!

Many thanks for the male-enhancement products you brought me last year. But as my wife has since forsworn me, I will not be needing them again. Hence, I devote this year's list to her Christmas wishes. She demands the following items:

- A gift certificate for LATTICE eyelash treatment
- A Wonderbra (size: 36D; color: Midnight Animal)
- Arctic-raised Reindeer Pâté
- "Buns of Steel" DVD
- Dolce & Gabbana Bling Sunglasses
- One ticket to Barack Obama's 2010 New Year's Day Brunch  
[or another exclusive political event]

Santa, may I be frank? My Lady says that if she does not receive all of these anon, she will fly into a murderous rage. Just thought you should know.

— Macbeth

P.S. If you find a posset of cocoa labeled "for Santa," do not drink it.

BY Caroline Bicks and Michelle Ephraim



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