

BARBIE'S LETTER TO SANTA

Dear Santa,

Listen you fat little troll, I've been helping you out every year, playing at being the perfect Christmas present, wearing skimpy bathing suits in frigid weather, and drowning in fake tea from too many tea parties. I hate to break it to you Santa, but it is DEFINITELY pay back time!!

There had better be some changes around here this Christmas, or I'm gonna call for a nationwide meltdown (and trust me, you don't want to be around to smell it!) So, here's my holiday wish list for this year, Santa.

1. A nice, comfy pair of sweat pants and a frumpy, oversized sweatshirt. I'm sick of looking like a hooker. How much smaller are these bathing suits gonna get? Do you have any idea what it feels like to have nylon and velcro up your butt?
2. Real underwear that can be pulled on and off. Preferably white. What bonehead at Mattel decided to be cheap and mold imitation underwear to my skin? It looks like cellulite!!!
3. A REAL man....maybe G.I.Joe. Hell, I'd take Tickle-Me-Elmo over that wimped out excuse for a boy-toy Ken. And what's with the earring anyway? If I'm going to have to suffer with him, for christ's sakes, make us anatomically correct.
4. Arms that actually bend so I can push the aforementioned Ken-wimp away once he is anatomically correct.
5. Breast reduction surgery. I don't care whose arm you have to twist, just do it!!
6. A jog-bra. To wear until I get the surgery.
7. A new career. Pet doctor and school teacher just don't cut it. How about a systems analyst? Or better yet, a public relations senior account exec!!
8. A new, more 90's persona. Maybe a "PMS Barbie", complete with a miniature container of chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream and a bag of chips; "Animal Rights Barbie", with my very own paint gun, fitted with fake fur coat, bottle of spray blood and handcuffs; or "Stop Smoking Barbie", sporting a Nicotrol patch and equipped with several packs of gum.
9. No more McDonald's endorsements. The grease is wrecking my vinyl.
10. mattel stock options. It's been 37 years-I think I deserve it!

Okay Santa, that's it. considering my valuable contribution to society, I don't think these requests are out of line. If you disagree, then you can find yourself a new bitch for next Christmas. It's that simple.

Yours truly,
Barbie