

Dear All You People,

Well! That was a year, wasn't it? Time seems to be both completely meaningless but more precious by the day. Welcome to my 2022 Christmas Card! If you think this started out weird, just wait until you keep reading. That's a joke. It's a thinker.

2022 started out on an exciting note as I was planning a year of awesome concerts (even going to them!) , intense touring with Hybrid Theory, trips to California, as well as some fun personal projects! Including hacking a 3DS, building a Network Access Storage system at home, there were tons of little projects I did to help Hybrid Theory go on our very first (and last) tour ever.



We began our year of music in South Dakota, recording with the illustrious All Poetic Audio studio to make 3 PRISTINE sounding songs that were wonderful tributes to Linkin Park. You can find them on youtube by searching for the Hybrid Theory Midwest Youtube. I'm especially proud of Faint. Dakota's guitar solo sounds AWESOME.

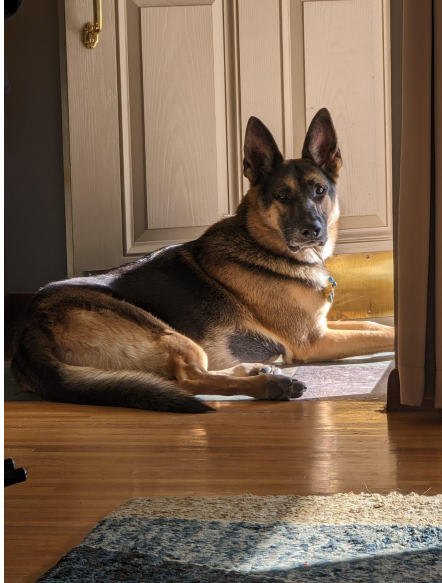
Jumping around, we had an exciting show at the Waiting Room this year, and then no more than a few weeks later, we were hard at work preparing to go to Cleveland. Night one in Chicago was quite a neat little bar that, while there were less than 200 people, had a lot of singing fans all night. The crown jewel of the tour was Cleveland though. With a huge stage, massive audience, intense playing (and generally fewer technical difficulties) -- we were the stars of the night. On our way back, we stopped at the Indiana Dunes which taught me that if hiking up a mountain wasn't tough, wait until that mountain is made of sand!



That's not all for music! I've been playing with Desiato for the better part of a year-ish. Desiato was always one of my most favorite local bands in the Omaha area thanks to Blake's catchy lyrics and Tyler's bass playing prowess. Wouldn't you know it, they're also in Hybrid Theory with Christian and Dakota (Horrell) and it's 100% ~~not~~ nepotism. In addition, working on being able to sing and play at the same time has put me in a spot where I could likely play a 30 minute acoustic set. Would it be great? Probably not. But I can do it! And I'm proud of it.

I suppose that's enough beating around the bush, huh? Cause the natural transition is saying something like 'It's going to be tough to leave these talented dudes when I leave for

California.' and it's exceptionally true. However, I can't express just how excited I am to re-establish myself. For instance, living in a place where you can trust what the temperature says and not ask for a "Feels like" number to know whether we need a winter coat or a mobile space heater to walk to the car.



This move also motivated a lot of work on the house! Thanks to help from Dad, I installed an exceptionally nice Deck Railing on the side of the house so that anyone that moves in can safely have a pet. The curb appeal has been a massive improvement and I feel good and the house's chances to sell early in the new year.

Of course, this was a rocky year for my career. Last year the thing I would have been most proud of saying was "Thank god I left Orion." Now my pride of this year was "Thank god I left CSG Actuarial". Now being at Cox Automotive, my work life balance has never been more comfortable. I actually feel recognized by my coworkers and superiors. Even though it's a remote position, I feel included on my team and find myself looking forward to things like Zoom team lunches. It's hard to describe having a job you actually like for a change -- and knowing it's a job I get to keep as I move makes it all the better.

Of course, Milo is nudging my hand and telling me to say that he isn't getting enough treats, but I assure you that is not true and he has been in very good health aside from his normal allergies. He's even been beginning to learn to play nice with other dogs when he's at the border kennel when I'm on trips. I'm very proud of him.

I suppose this is where I begin to wrap things up. I've gone on long enough as it is. Something I think I'd like to add to these are recommendations of media I consumed in the previous year that left an impact on me or I really enjoyed. OH. Also attached is a story of mine this year that was published in the Los Altos Town Crier.

Next Year is gonna be huge. We can DO THIS!

Scott and Milo

(I enjoyed in) 2022 Recommendations:

Video Games - Pokemon Legends Arceus, Pokemon Scarlet, Inscryption

Anime - My Hero Academia (I'm very behind, please be nice)

Movies - The Men Who Stare at Goats and Little Miss Sunshine (both on HBO Max)

TV Show - The Harley Quinn Show and The Good Place

Books - I'm currently half way through Slaughterhouse 5, so I gotta step up my book game



# The House by Scott Klusaw

As published in the Los Altos Town Crier (2022)

It was the night before Halloween. My pajamas were on. My costume was all picked out. All my homework was done. But I was wide awake. Tonight, I was going to talk to the house.

I moved into this house about a month ago when Dad got a new job. While it was hard to leave my friends, we still got to talk on the internet, and the new friends I made at school were cool too. Everything I was scared about the move seemed to turn out okay. Except for one thing. The house.

Fifteen minutes after lights out, I heard it. A long, high pitched creaking noise that seemed to echo from the kitchen. Mom and Dad said that the house couldn't have been haunted. Old houses make noises, just like how old people have creaky backs. But this felt like something more.

Then, another noise, but louder. It seemed to be coming from the living room now. My muscles tightened. I felt like it knew I was awake. I flipped on my flashlight and pointed at the door to my room.

Suddenly, another long, drawn out creak came from just outside my bedroom door. A high pitched 'Oooooohhhh!' that rattled my door. Then, my flashlight began flickering.

"Oh no," I whispered as I slapped the light a few times, hoping it would spring back to life.

The flashlight died, and only moonlight lit the room.

I heard the doorknob begin to rattle and I remembered what my mom said to me.

"Dear, if you're really worried about a ghost, try talking to it. Then maybe it will go away."

There was a click from my bedroom door and the hinges creaked as it opened to the dark hallway.

"E-excuse me," I mumbled. "Mr. Ghost? Could you please be a little more quiet? I'm trying to sleep and you're being very rude."

A silence filled my bedroom and the door stopped opening. I held my breath for what felt like an hour.

Then, a softer, gentler creak came from the bedroom door.

"Sooooorrryyyyyy."

Then my bedroom door clicked shut.

I sat there in complete surprise for a moment. But then I laughed and laid back down. I was exhausted from staying up so late. I didn't know what time it was, but I did know one thing.

It was time to move to a new house.