



The Tattler

Lincoln, Nebraska

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Big Shakeup at the Tattler

So, your Christmas decorations are put away, you have left your holiday thoughts behind and resumed your normal daily routine. You thought you have somehow avoided the Tattler this year. No such luck! Publication of the Tattler has been, er, rescheduled to early January so that our readers can start off the new year with a bang, so to speak. Some readers may indeed resort to explosives to deal with this annual travesty, but our editorial board applauds whatever creative approach you choose to take on this challenge.

Speaking of our editorial board, we have some exciting news with regard to the Tattler. The Murdoch media empire recently declined an opportunity to allocate a tiny fraction of their wealth toward the purchase of our fine publication. “We have standards of journalistic integrity to uphold,” stated a press release from James Murdoch. The Tattler responds that we have standards of our own.

We have noticed that some articles in previous editions made some unflattering assertions about the behavior of certain members of the Dietrich household. This will not be tolerated. The individuals responsible for those articles have been fired, and henceforth the Board is taking a direct role in the content of this publication. You will see that each and every story portrays the Dietrichs in an appropriately uplifting, positive light. Consider this our holiday gift to you, dear reader.



Small, eyeing the Space Needle

Mad Scientist Creates Radioactive Cat

Emboldened by the whirlwind excitement of her recent debut as a published scientific author of multiple papers (entitled “Monkeys, More Monkeys, and Other Monkeys” and “Spit”), microbiologist Elizabeth Dietrich embarked this year upon an exciting new venture that required a test subject much larger than the viruses she has been accustomed to working with. Possibly due to having watched too many Japanese monster movies, Dietrich decided to attempt to create The Cat that Ate Seattle. Chortling as she gave the test subject a large dose of radioactive iodine-131, Dietrich reportedly said, “Small, you and I will soon control this city!”

Ongoing observation of the test subject, ironically named Small, has so far revealed no interesting effects aside from a greatly increased inclination to cuddle. Scientist Dietrich, on the other hand, has been forced to deal with vast quantities of hazardous, radioactive kitty litter and paper towels, keeping them below the radar of Homeland Security with a fabricated story about medical treatment for a thyroid condition.

Thus far, the city of Seattle is evidently unaware of its impending doom.



Amazing Transformation

Former yokels Larry and Wanda Dietrich have undergone a miraculous transformation, and have suddenly become paragons of social grace, poise, and refinement. Resolved to cast off their former clumsiness, crudeness, and boorishness, they enrolled in ballroom dance classes, having managed to locate the World’s Most Patient dance instructor. After months of strenuous lecture and drill, they have taken a new place in the social echelon of the community.



They have gone so far as to take to the ballroom floor at a competition in Omaha, Nebraska, where they stole the show with their Rumba and West Coast Swing in front of hundreds of aghast, er, amazed onlookers and several judges. Later in the year, they returned to Omaha to exhibit their prowess at a Ballroom Showcase with their cheeky, ahem, stylish

rendition of West Coast Swing. Thus, it has been amply demonstrated that one can after all, make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear. The Dietrichs are planning to decline the inevitable invitation to appear on Dancing with the Stars, as the television show is not up to their standards.



Woman Takes Unique Approach to Holidays

“Let someone else handle it” is the motto applied by Wanda Dietrich to holiday celebrations or anything else that could be remotely stressful. Thus it was that her daughter Sallie, struggling law student, found herself to be this year’s Thanksgiving host. Wanda claimed that for her daughter, the experience of cooking and serving the year’s biggest feast in her small apartment, with a tiny recalcitrant oven and paltry counter space, amidst studying for law school finals, would actually be a valuable supplement to her education. “Just think, if you can handle this, you can handle anything your law career can throw at you,” the elder Dietrich insisted.

Sallie was dubious of the advantages of tackling such a feat, but she was left no choice but to accept and host her parents along with a few friends. Sallie, the incipient lawyer, was not without a scheme of her own, however, because she reserved plenty of shopping and cooking duties for her mother. The Tattler is happy to report that despite the daunting challenges, the meal was a great success. When asked to comment, guest Phil Rapp commented, “I think I ate too much. I don’t know how they got all that food prepared. May I have some more cake, now?” Wanda was remarkably mellow as she enjoyed still more of the pumpkin liqueur.

The Tattler has observed several prior examples of the Dietrich philosophy of Avoidance of Work, including Christmas 2010 (too late for inclusion in last year’s Tattler), which was forced upon the other daughter Elizabeth at her apartment in Seattle. That particular celebration was marked by the sampling of great deal of west coast wine.



Monty, Wanda, Larry, Stephen, Elizabeth, Sallie, Phil

Yak Balls A Surprise Hit at Ruzanski Family Gathering

2011 marked the One-Hundredth Anniversary of the Walker Ranch in Westcliffe, Colorado. Wanda Dietrich, great-granddaughter of the original homesteaders of the ranch, joined the Dietrichs, Ruzanskis, and some Normal People from the far corners of the continent last July to celebrate the occasion.

During the the pre-celebration planning meeting, first order of business was how they were going to feed 300 hungry guests. Scott Ruzanski, brother of Wanda Dietrich, shouted excitedly, “We can feed them yak balls!” Observing strict Ruzanski’s Rules of Order, attendees immediately began hurling handy objects at the hapless Scott as he ducked and shouted, “No, really, the neighbor just gave me all this yak meat!” Sure enough, after the flak had settled, Scott was able to bring forth the large quantity of yak meat that he had obtained. Thus it was that people from all over the Wet Mountain Valley found themselves eating spaghetti and yak balls. It was not clear that all takers knew what they were eating, but the chef received many compliments on the delicious offerings.

Bicycle guides woman’s career choice

Wanda Dietrich, Lincoln bicycle fanatic, recently revealed her priorities when she was replaced by a computer at her previous job and began a new job search. “My qualifications are awesome for any job, so it’s a matter choosing the ideal cycling commute, not what goes on once I get there,” Dietrich explained. She then did a thorough topographical study of the city, plotting out distances and elevations for streets and trails leading in all directions from her home. “Five miles is about perfect, and there’s a sweet new bike in the store that would handle that climb very nicely,” she cajoled, in conversation with husband Larry. She is now employed at Homestead Rehabilitation Center, but more importantly, she is riding a shiny new Electra mixte bicycle each day.



Where There Is Beer, Dietrichs are There

Irresistibly attracted by a poster promising polka and plenty of beer, the well-known drinkers Wanda and Larry Dietrich and a crowd of other beer-swilling polka enthusiasts boarded a bus to the exotic vacation mecca of Milligan, Nebraska, for the annual Nebraska Beer Fest. It wasn’t long until even the brewers felt obliged to limit the Dietrichs’ antics as they were observed to consume the many beer samples and monopolize the dance floor. Remarkably, no arrests were made, although the group did make a second stop to attempt karaoke in Seward, Nebraska. No further information is to be had on this excursion, due to excessive beer stains on this reporter’s notes. All extant photos of the event are strangely blurry, and cannot be published.

The Running Continues Unabated

Demonstrating as usual a good deal more ambition than sense, Lincoln resident Larry Dietrich continues to express his new addiction to the “sport” of running in baffling ways. He was evidently somewhat self-conscious about it, because he showed up at Nebraska’s Strategic Air and Space Museum and ran his first race of the year disguised as a giant leprechaun. Although the shamrock green top hat and the polka-dotted green bow tie and the weird orange gloves on his feet were as bizarre as anyone could imagine, they only led observers to surmise that it was in fact, Dietrich. His daughter Sallie followed behind, attempting to keep him out of trouble.

Later, in May of the same year, Dietrich abandoned the disguise and took off running for several hours, ultimately covering twenty-six miles, and ending up approximately where he began. Let it be stated that Dietrich was not alone in his mad obsession, as it was reported that ten thousand other lunatics were doing the same thing on the streets of Lincoln.

The obsession begins to take on dangerous proportions, though, because in October, Dietrich persuaded seven of his coworkers to join him in a pointless, seventy-eight mile run from Omaha to Lincoln. Again attempting to achieve a degree of anonymity, the entire group dressed in lab coats and thick glasses, which actually had the opposite effect, transforming them from mere geeks to über-geeks. They could be spotted from a mile away. After a full day of running, the entire group arrived in Lincoln, appearing to be quite proud of themselves.

Reports from Minneapolis indicate that daughter Sallie has also succumbed to the family madness, as she ran over thirteen miles for no good reason this October, without even bothering to conceal her identity. Her prospects remain slightly better than Larry’s, however; she doesn’t seem to be particularly good at it yet. “It’s hard to follow someone around a course when they keep getting slower. I mean, she was the only one in her group not wearing a fifty pound Angry Birds costume,” reported Phil Rapp, who purportedly went to watch, but seemed to have spent most of his time in a warm coffee shop that morning.

The Tattler caught an opportunity to ask Dietrich why he runs so much. “It’s so I can run more,” Dietrich responded as he galumphed by. Wife Wanda sighed, “It’s cheaper than a gambling habit. I think.”



Tattler Available Online

Haven't had your fill of the *Tattler*? There's more! You can view current and past editions of the *Tattler* along with more photos and supplementary material on the Web at <http://lincolndietrichs.org>. To keep in touch throughout the year, look for the Dietrichs on Facebook.

Tattler's cosmology staff theorizes that the accelerated expansion of the universe is responsible for the overwhelming speed with which the year 2011 has zipped by. In retrospect, a lot of goodness was packed into the year. The Tattler hopes that your year 2011, Dear Reader, was equally rewarding and enjoyable. We send all our best wishes for the New Year.

Now, we at the Tattler brace ourselves for whatever capers the Dietrichs dream up for 2012.