

There is something inherently irreverent and probably even a little demented about the state of the world being in what it's in, and all I can seem to think about is: *why can't I find a Mr. Potato Head calendar this year?*

This year being 2026. This day being January 18th.

I am sorry to report that on this day, nearly a quarter through the First Quarter and still, I have yet to purchase a new calendar for the new year.

I have yet to jot down or plan out any upcoming plans, appointments, or anniversaries on any scrap of paper, anywhere, let alone within the cramped confines of an inch-wide blank square next to six other, identical, inch-wide blank squares. The only difference in them being, of course, the big black Number in the Corner.

Time is precious. Time is ticking.



I wish these guys were real.

The following text is an open letter to Hasbro that I slapped together fairly quickly, given the urgent context of the issue at hand.

This is a formal petition for the revival of the presumably now-defunct *Mr. Potato Head 16 Month Wall Calendar*, which honestly truly does serve some sort of actual real purpose, other than just tracking my precious time. That actual real purpose is sure to upend itself by the end of this (hopefully) two-way correspondence, hopefully. And hopefully, in expressing my (hopefully) crystal clear and concise thoughts, I am able to garnish some sort of attention, hopefully from Hasbro themselves. (Hopefully.)

I guess I'm pretty damn hopeful about this whole thing.

My intention here is to reignite the Potato Head flame, to revive the fandom of our irreplaceable childhood memory that is of the smooth brown spud with humanistic qualities, cartoonish as they may be. The almighty anthropomorphic starchy carbohydrate still means something to us, even if it is just an old toy, and my goal is not only to put back into production the Mr. Potato Head calendar, but to see new, creative iterations of the beloved 1950s children's play thing.

Dear Hasbro,

To whom it may concern:

After my short but studious comb, through the gaggle of Google results that magically appear when you type in "potato head calendar 2026" into the searchbar, I am still unable to find a clear answer as to whether or not your Potato Head wall calendar is still in production. I have reached a point in my investigation where I have no other choice but to write to you and address you directly, Hasbro, in hopes of finding some answers.

And with **you**, being the bustling powerhouse of the company that you are, busy with the subsidation, the repackaging, and then the reselling to us, your loyalest of fans, our most cherished childhood memories; and with **me**, being a bit of a powerhouse bustler myself, busy being a loving husband and father of 2 (2 children, not 2 wives), efficiency is of my utmost priority in this fortuitous little comunicado.

Over the course of the next few paragraphs, I will try to express my thoughts as concisely as humanly possible without sacrificing too much of the ol' artistic value. Of course with this being an open letter and all, I can't exactly desert all of my creative ambitions, not with the critical eye of John Q. Public watching. So pardon me in advance if my fingers slip into a sporadic little sentimental typing spree, typing out a tangent or two, or three.

At any rate, I pray that this letter will be handled with extreme care, because I really don't think I could handle yet another huge corporation exploiting my fragility. My current employer already does a pretty damn good job at that.

I have been a consumer for long enough now that I have developed some somewhat rigid requirements, especially for those recurring purchases that I make over and over and over again. If I'm gonna continue to spend my money on the same product over and over and over again, I'm going to make d. well sure that I'm spending it on some d. fine, quality products.

So at the beginning of the year, every year, I go out and buy myself a new Mr. Potato Head calendar.

I was introduced to your fine, quality product on the scattered, bountiful shelves of a Dollar Tree, perched somewhere between the toy squirt guns and the stationery and the colored cardstock.

There it was, in all its psychedelic glory, hanging next to the luscious foaming waterfalls and the cute cuddly kittens, the *2023 Mr. Potato Head 16 Month Wall Calendar*, the one featuring a vibrant portrait of Mr. P on the front, clenching a flower in one hand and doing the peace-sign with the other. He's in full hippie mode here, complete with the beads, the headband, the stupid little John Lennon glasses, and of course, the mandatory mess of shaggy hair. The image was instantly iconic to me and I just had to own it.

I'm not even sure I was even in the market for a calendar that day, but your product was such an eye-catcher and in the following months, proved itself to be an overall very useful product and an overall very smart purchase.

Cost: \$1.50

Worth: more than \$1.50, that's for damn sure.

I actually still have the damned thing, stashed away, safely in a shoebox, somewhere.

The year 2023 marked many milestones for me in my life and I wanted to preserve those life-altering momentos, some of which included: the first date I ever had with my now-wife and also the second and third date I ever had with my now-wife, one of which was to go see an Elvis Presley tribute, which was probably the best show we both have and ever will see.

Now skipping ahead to today, where my Potato Head calendar would normally be hanging, pinned to the cork board in the dining room, there is now instead a blank, naked space with only a thumbtack or two or three, hanging there, tacking nothing, and leaving me and my family with lost, blank stares.

The monthly reveal of the artwork for the month was once a bit of a Sullivan tradition, turning the page of the calendar to see what seasonal recreation Mr. Potato Head and Company were getting themselves into. But sadly, this tradition is now long-gone and our dinners have been reduced to sparse conversation and noisy chewing sounds.

Where we were once able to look up from our plates and at a glance, see all of our doctor's appointments, basketball games, family get-togethers, or any other scheduled outings, displayed so conveniently before us, we are now all left with an empty void.

And here we are, 3 weeks into the new year and I'm still at a total loss, missing events left and right, the future looking barren and boring, and with nothing to guide me through these confused times.

And the big question still remains: **is there a Potato Head wall calendar for 2026?** And the big lingering follow-up question still remains, too: **Will you at least consider bringing the calendar back next year?**

Not to forfeit my own conceited efforts, but it does seem that there is no hope for 2026. There's always next year, I suppose. Maybe we could go ahead and optimistically refer to 2027 as the *Year of the Potato*.

Now that I have exhausted all of my literary fortitude on this case, I will conclude my hasty correspondence with some light musings; first with an idea for a funny tee that may or may not interest your marketing department.

My idea is a take on the phrase “you mad bro?” A phrase that was popular decades ago, but in my humble o. could easily be reintroduced back into the zeitgeist and possibly make you all some easy money.

The design is simply a plain t-shirt with Hasbro font across the chest that says: “You Hasbro?”

Oh and just out of curiosity, what ever happened to the Big Pipe? I imagine it is sitting behind thick plexiglass in a guarded museum somewhere, or more than likely it's probably just sitting in a heaping pile of junk in the basement of some government facility, somewhere.

To those unfamiliar with my reference to the Big Pipe, this is referring to a nationally broadcasted PR stunt where a life-sized Mr. Potato Head met with US Surgeon General C. Everett Koop back in the late 1980s and surrendered his over-sized green pipe. The meeting was symbolic of Hasbro's support of a healthier nation and also acted as the ceremonious voluntary recall of the signature Potato Head pipe, which was previously packaged as an accessory in each and every Mr. Potato Head set all across America.

RIP the pipe (1952-1987). Bring the pipe back!

Just kidding, please don't bring the pipe back. It's a rather nasty habit and the kids don't need any more subliminal warfare. Though it would be nice to see some new accessories added to the Spud-ventory in the near future.

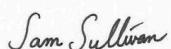
By the time Q2 rolls around, I hope to see some sort of action or response on your behalf, Hasbro.

Please hurry Hasbro.

Hurry and put the Potato Head calendar back onto the market. I don't know what day it is. I don't know what time it is. I don't know what I'm doing anymore. I am lost. I am scared. Please help me. Please email me.

Email: spamsullivan@yahoo.com

Yours truly,



S. Sullivan