

December 24, 2014

Festive holiday greetings to you, my dearest friends, future McConaghey, Adell Dazeem, the sons of both Mumford and Anarchy, *past* McConaghey, and all my bros, brahs, boos, and baes,

I found myself rushing to finish ye annual note as I've been otherwise preoccupied with cleaning all the Jell-O pudding pops from my freezer. In fact, I almost pulled it altogether due to the biting references I included to Kim Jung Un, but as we're past them now, I decided it would be acceptable to send.

For 'tis the season to Keep Calm and Open Carry On as we vape the residue of 2014 precipitating upon us. Where did the time go? December has shown up unannounced not unlike a U2 album in our iPods. In fact, the whole year stings of surreality. Did the Ferguson Police dump an ice bucket on top of Joan Rivers and then launch her into Gaza or was that just a vivid dream I had that night I went heavy on the sriracha sauce? It's safe to say, my 32nd year on this planet (of course, my time spent aboard the space station is another note for another time) was a time to remember.

It was a year of discovery as I found out which "Gilligan's Island" character I am ("Ginger"), which spice I most resembled (also ginger), what's the best city for me (Atlantis), and what my birthstone says about my personality ("supreme jackass"); a year of conclusion as my lawsuit against the Golden Panda Chinese restaurant finally reached a settlement -- I received no money up front, but they did promise in writing that a short stranger will soon enter my life bringing joy; and a year of accomplishment as I completed my latest script, a remake of the comedy classic "9 to 5," entitled "8 to 7-ish and Every Other Saturday." [smiley face]

But mostly, my experiences were as scattered as the choreography in One Direction's act. Early in February, as the Polar Vortex smacked me around like Solange Knowles in an elevator, I ventured to Sochi for the XXII Olympic Winter Games where I lucked out by securing a room with a working roof, but the thrill of victory soon dissipated as I could not help but notice all the stray dogs walking around. The only event that interested me was the tug-of-war on my heart strings, and I gave in to magnanimity.

I rescued one pooch whom I named Vlad and took him home with me. And the new living arrangement appealed to him. . . for about 24 hours at which point he invaded my neighbor's apartment, and peed in the crock pot filled with her famous Chicken Kiev. Needless to say, it has made our regular Cards Against Humanity game nights in my building quite awkward.

With spring now sprung, my concerns turned from chicken stock to my portfolio of stocks as the NYSE, that fickle foe, shifted along with public favor and suddenly, it was all about the bass, 'bout the bass, when here I was, betting the farm on treble. I foolishly ignored the first rule of shrewd investment and did not diversify, thus causing a conscious uncoupling with my savings. [frowny face]

But as Taylor Swift reminds me every day, I chose to “Shake It Off” by turning my bankruptcy into a bankruptunity! And I took time for some domestic travel, hopping in my classic 1994 Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera and heading east where I got to see my friends in New York City . . . from the George Washington Bridge on which I was stuck in a governor-sized traffic jam. (Cars for days, son!) Fortunately, traffic was alleviated when all the GM cars were recalled and I, a hundred feet from the off-ramp, was forced to walk the final stretch of road.

The adversity awakened the force inside me and I resolved to run my first marathon. It was quite the undertaking; I had to hire the volunteers, solicit sponsors, find a 26.2-mile course that was both challenging and appealing -- why, just filling out the license forms from the city was a Herculean task in itself -- and it would have gone off without a hitch too had I remembered to market it to the runners. But has it not been said many times that failure is merely the Secret Service of success? [winky face]

And now, looking ahead to next year, I’m primed to take my career to new heights by optimizing my search engine, reshaping my sustainable organizational structure, branding my synergistic solutions, and, most importantly, downloading emojis so I won’t have to type out words in brackets any more. Baby steps, baby steps.

To all of you and all of yours (whoever and whatever they may be and however they may have found their ways into your possession), may your Internet be hacked and infected with the cyber virus of prosperity and happiness for 2015.

Yours truly,

Andy Wasif (a.k.a. Adlee Waifish to Mr. Travolta)