

December 24, 2013 11:53 p.m.

Knock Knock.

Who's th--

POW! You've been punched out with holiday cheer and good will!

To all my dearest, old friends (both tenured and vintage) and new acquaintances including Carlos Danger, Pope Francis, George Louis Alexander, and of course, the NSA (who are not on my mailing list, but are reading this anyway),

I wish you a secular and nondenominational, inoffensive greeting during this most hallowed and joyous time of year (should you choose to find it hallowed and joyous).

As I sit here on this yuletide, stoking a yule log in my hearth and simultaneously noshing on the culinary yule log while nestled comfortably underneath my framed photo of Yul Brenner, it dawned upon me that this is my tenth annual holiday note to the masses. The swift passage of time has left me at a loss for -- what do you call that? -- unit of language which functions as a principal carrier of meaning composed of one or more morphemes. I took at it as an opportunity to partake of the quiche of nostalgia and, via my TARDIS (I rented one as an outright purchase seemed obtuse), I engaged in "Throwback Thursday" (though it is only Tuesday), reviewing the swath of memories a decade has provided. It was like binge-watching my life.

I chortled at 2004, the year I had my name legally changed to Wa\$if, bellowed at 2006, which was adapted into the movie "A Madea Holiday Note," guffawed at 2009 which was actually penned by another scribe as I was embroiled in a contract dispute, and cackled at my 2010 appearance on the popular reality program "So You Think You Can Dance With the Stars" and my attempt to sidle up to Olympic skier Lindsey Vonn only to get leveled by her bodyguards. (My neck still hurts when there are sharknado conditions which happen more often than any self-respecting film major would care for.)

As for the past 365, I can only imagine what synonym for "laugh" they will conjure. It certainly has seemed quite the roller coaster what with the smaug desolation and constant candy crushing, though we did manage to avoid the widely-predicted zombie apocalypse, which was quite a relief for me particularly, as I have a history of undead in my family (though book sales for my travel tome "101 Places to See *After You Die*" were predictably lackluster. Such is the price of writing for a specific demographic.)

June, in particular, was quite challenging for me due to an ill-advised twerking accident. The pain came to me like a wrecking ball and I yelped. . . giving it only two stars as it should have a warning label listing potential physical harm and an attack on good taste. (Unfortunately, I had to pay for therapy out-of-pocket due to a pre-existing condition from last year's planking accident. Had I only waited a few months for Obamacare to kick in. . .) Fully recovered now, I am ready to enter BEAST MODE!!!. . . or beauty mode, whichever is less strenuous.

Creatively, it was a banner year for writing as I came up with such pithy fare as “Everything Must Go” for outside of mattress stores and “Come to Happy Hour for Drink Specials,” tailing airplanes over beaches.

Alas, I was forced to shut down all business for a time. Apparently, my inability to come up with a budget left me unable to reconcile my meager earnings with my exorbitant spendings. Fortunately, my insolvency was not terribly noticeable as I borrowed enough to live on. I’ll let my children and my children’s children deal with it as I have greater issues on my plate such as why are children allowed to have children of their own?! The very notion of it sickens me, though that could be the recalled poultry I bought on sale for Thanksgivikkah as part of their Duck Dynasty promotion.

I still managed my annual sojourn abroad this year as the Living Social travel deal I came upon was simply too good to pass up (without reading the “terms and conditions” to which I readily agreed). I spent 39 glorious days in the transit zone of Moscow’s airport where I immersed myself thoroughly in the culture indulging on their authentic cuisine of vodka lattes at the Starbucks and the mcgoulash patty from their McDonald’s.

Upon my return, October featured some very heavy emotional times as I learned somewhat auspiciously that I was not, in fact, Woody Allen’s son. The bombshell came as somewhat of a shock to me, but not nearly as much as it did to my parents who have been telling me I was for years, in spite of their names on my birth certificate.

All in all, if I’ve taken anything away from 2013, it was the teachings of Rob Ford, the great Mayor of the great state of Toronto, who showed that no matter how unqualified you are, to remain steadfast in your beliefs, even in the face of fierce resistance and common sense. And conversely, if things are going great, you should voluntarily and without reason change them up, just to mess with people, like Yahoo! mail.

May unmanned drones in targeted strikes rain down happiness and health upon you, inflicting unspeakable prosperity.

Yours truly,

Andy Wa\$if

