

December 24, 2017 8:53 p.m.

Dearest friends, family, good people on *both* sides, Irma, Harvey, Jose, Maria, Reality Winner, Young Sheldon, Jayden K Smith, Lord Buckethead, and all you dotards out there. And to those Russian bots scanning this transmission, С Рождеством!

Before I begin, I must send my thoughts and prayers to those who have lost loved ones in the Bowling Green Massacre, the Sweden Attacks, the Panem Hunger Games, the "La La Land" Best Picture mishap, and the Atlanta Falcons Super Bowl collapse. We grieve bigly.

And now on with the *only* fake news that is *really* fake. Please take a knee! . . . NO! . . . Wait! Stand! . . . Aw, heck, do as you want, it's a free country. . . at least for now. . . But leave your pants ON, for God's sake!

Where did the year go? (Asking for a friend.) 280 characters flew by like it was only 140. It certainly was a year of stranger things, messed up AF, straight savage, garbage fasho! But I'm done throwing shade on it, so I'll just take the L. (And that was all *before* I earned my certificate in Millennial Speech: 101 at an online community college. Sorry, not sorry.) Let us think back upon a year of leaks, leakers, leeks (delicious in soups), wildfires, "You're fired!", and the Fyre Festival. But so. . . much. . . winning that it's made me wanna do the Salt Bae Dance.

Overall, my time out west was eventful as I'm sure you know it was a year of scandal in Hollywood. The town got Fifty Shades Darker when The Star was told to Get Out. Yup, he was unceremoniously booted from the Glass Castle. After all, he was the Boss, Baby! Though it certainly was Beauty and the Beast. It's a Wonder it took this long to expose The Big Sick sleaze ball. What a Disaster Artist he was! From there, It was one big Justice League on all these culprits. Such is Life.

Unfortunately, I too did not escape unscathed due to the actions I took during my younger days. Back then, I attended a lot of music concerts and was frequently stuck sitting on the lawn with the rest of the less affluent masses. So I thought it would be a good idea to sign up for a fan club or two to have access to better seats. In hindsight, I realize I probably should not have become a "humper," but I will never regret my love of Englebert Humperdink though I have since let my fan club membership lapse. Even with my most sincere apology, however, I still got fired from my new job after only ten days, two days before my official start date.

On the bright side, that left me with ample time to pursue several entrepreneurial ventures, including: a line of clothes for pet birds, the condiment combination *ketchrelstard*, and various Uber knockoffs such as Gluber (in classroom adhesive delivery for kids); Suber (instant lawsuits); Muber (dairy products when you need them); and Hans Gruberuber (Alan Rickman comes to your house in 24 hours or less to recite lines from "Die Hard"). I even found time to upload an audiobook version of my nonfiction work "Why People Don't Listen" on Audible, but . . . at present, it has yet to register its first sale on the platform.

I also made a concerted effort this year to improve my health by focusing on weight loss, my "skinny repeal" so to speak. I thrived on a steady diet of nothing burgers (medium rare) and covfefe smoothies while drenching everything else in gorgonzola and feta (which kept me from eating it because I hate that stuff). After two weeks, I'm proud to report that I lost almost 20 I.Q. points. I'm now completely vegan, eating only those animals that abstain from meat.

When it comes to travel, sadly, the year was not an abundant as I had hoped. I planned to visit Puerto Rico, which a lot of people don't know is an island with a lot of water around it and that makes it very difficult to get to, a very big island... but I have booked another trip for the

coming days. I leave to Nambia in mid-January, which I'm excited about. I've even begun learning Nambian!

And so as "winter is coming," and the stockings are stuffed with fidget spinners, dog whistles, and unusable World Cup tickets, I sit by the brilliant glow of my Tiki torches, engaged in a little light reading (an unabridged copy of the Steele Dossier), a refreshing Mueller High Life in hand, and the knowledge that my bank account is bursting with bitcoins keeping me as safe and secure as a passenger on United Airlines. I bid you all a most wonderful evening.

May the fruits of hope and prosperity be cross bred to bring you a 2018 filled with *hoperity*!

Bye Felicia!

Hugs,

Andy Wasif