

12/23/2011

Dearest ninety-nine percent, GOP mistresses, remaining Mideast tyrants, and Demi Moore,

First off, I want to thank all those who texted me their well wishes after my freak shake weight accident. Your expressions of concern warmed the cockles of my heart. . . save for those of Anthony Weiner whose cockles are not welcomed on my phone ever again.

I enjoy this time of year when we can put the baggage of the past 12 months in a box, letting bygones be bygones so they may raise other bygones and those bygones can, in turn, become bygones of their own, potentially forming an organic bygone community in the woods somewhere. But in this moment of introspection, I cannot help but think of how this year was nothing short of a veritable feast of historical significance.

So much has changed – the world was all at once both topsy *and* turvy, seemingly rotating on a tilted axis like some sort of planetary body. Antioxidants, once the darling of health food circles, were now being unceremoniously dispersed through questionable crowd control tactics; free radicals now cost money, and the melodious aria cough was downgraded to barely a whoop. We experienced *carmageddon*, witnessed solar flares (from which I was disappointed not to receive super powers), had the end of the world postponed another year, and for a brief time, I became a Leo, before realizing I wasn't generous enough to qualify.

Where did the time go? It seemed the Arab spring segued right into the Paterno fall as quickly as a Kardashian marriage. I had no time to waste in grabbing life by its Florida peninsula. As a change to my health regiment, I began drinking tiger blood. That is, until developing a severe allergic reaction to it. But for that hour and a half, I was WINNING!

By the early summer, I'd come upon a fairly rigid obstacle to my proactive aspirations in the form of a vast financial deficit due to my ill-fated foray into the baklava sector of the commodities exchange. I was not to be deterred, however, thanks to the motivational of Governor Rick Perry who said, "The three non-negotiable keys to achieving one's happiness in life are hard work, perseverance, and I'll get back to you on that third one." Words to live by!

Mastercard was loathe to raise my debt ceiling (downgrading my credit rating to a C- to boot) upon my request forcing me to find more thrifty uses of my FRI (Farmville-related income). Together with my new iPhone, Siri, I took to streamlining my budget, but after a drawn out battle over whether or not to spend less or earn more, the artificial intelligence system locked me out, unable to use it anymore. Thus, I tightened my belt, restricting myself to the bare essentials such as food, rent, and the electric milk frother that I simply had to have. It was bad business *not* to buy it, lactose intolerance be damned!

One respite from the unequivocal economic exorbitance was a deal I found at Godfather's pizza offering 9 toppings and 9 dipping sauces for just 9 bucks! *And* I could defer payment to my grandkids. The only downside was that they said it wasn't my right to choose the toppings.

Despite such difficulties, I still managed to satiate my appetite for travel by working selflessly for causes such as helping the earthquake relief effort in New York City. The trip also gave me a chance to attend the infamous Occupy Walmart rally which was a powerful event that will stick with me like the pepper spray in my clothes, and a stop at Wall Street's Zuccotti Park, home to the popular gourmet luncheon spot of the traders – "Quiche My Ass." I had the Elitist Arugula Salad for just \$59 with a Groupon.

Creatively, I found my Muse fervently aroused as I completed my first novel typed entirely using a banana to hit the keystrokes. I think the title speaks for itself – "Kjfoewwi6f."

And as the waxings and wanings of the moon progressed rapidly, I nevertheless found time to learn a new vocation, officially becoming a fruit ninja. The test was not easy as you are required to hack honeydews, carve cantaloupes, gouge guavas, and joust juniper berries all with finite precision and dexterity to the reverence of bystanders at the Farmer's Market. I feel the lifetime ban from the popular locale was well worth the citrus belt I earned.

Moving forward, I do not wish to let future opportunity pass me by, refusing to take for granted that which is within my reach. As such, I am excited to finally attend a taping of Oprah and Regis in 2012! It is with the same such enthusiasm that I say to you all, may the unmanned drone of prosperity rain unspeakable happiness and joy down upon your home.

Yours comedically,

Andy Wasif

