

December 31, 2010 11:59 p.m.

To my most dear friends and those Russian spies who have only been posing as my friends whilst securing top-secret government information from me that I merely came upon through Wikileaks,

My, oh my, has not this lively annual cycle of sunrises and sunsets gone faster than an Olympic luge course in Vancouver? I mean, it's as if 2010 was "The Tonight Show" and we were Conan O'Brien. First off, I want to thank all of you who, upon my request to text me your most genteel holiday wishes, complied . . . except for "Brett in Minnesota," from whom I have revoked all future cell phone privileges for apparently misreading the word "genteel."

It is with much amicability, sociability, and cordiality that I extend to you all a wonderfully merry holiday season. And to he who gave me the thesaurus during our most recent Festival of Lights, I am very appreciative, but believe that it being in the form of a subscription to the "Thesaurus of the Month club" was a little superfluous.

Among the most memorable moments of this year's effusive promise was the expansion of the framework that encased my reference, as I managed to sample those elusive musical artisans known as "the Beatles." Thank you, iTunes, for allowing us to finally have this opportunity.

Wading through April's showers, typical for rainy Los Angeles, I was bitten by the travel bug – or malaria, as WebMD diagnosed it – so, after rubbing some liniment on it, I made my way to the airport for an eye-opening adventure. After the TSA gave me my colonoscopy, I boarded the jet airliner, watched the flight attendant throw a hissy fit and deplane via the emergency slide to the runway, and then we summarily ascended into the friendly skies.

I chose Iceland as my destination, mainly for their beautiful fjords and fjorests and fjields. I was lucky enough to arrive right smack in the middle of fjestival season, which was exceptionally fjun. The entire trip was magnificent, with nary a low point, save for my reentry into this country, where U.S. Customs detained me for not declaring the 50 pounds of volcanic ash I was covered in.

I returned to find an economy screwier than the voting on Bristol Palin's dancing. And it was with a great consternation, mediocre dismay, and adequate anxiety that I was forced to hold my first layoffs, or RIF; that is to say, "reduction in Facebook." Unfriending people I haven't seen in years, or have only met once in my life is never easy, but I made sure each one of them was given wonderful app packages of Farmville and Casual Mafia, while I assisted them in their placement with new friends.

I also had to reduce my budget and downgraded my cell service to the 1G network, eventually eschewing T-Mobile altogether. I decided to take my patronage to AT&T. It was a decision I did not come upon lightly, though, in hindsight, I regret announcing the switch on national television.

With fewer people on-line to poke, and time more abundant, I decided to estrange work in favor of more leisurely pursuits and returned to my first love . . . that was the name of this bar I used to frequent. I found that My First Love had encountered a suspicious electrical fire and its owner closed up shop and took the insurance settlement to Belize for an early retirement. Damn, I'll miss that bar and my sixty percent ownership stake.

In lieu of this, I joined a theatre group and was fortunate enough to earn a role in a local summer stock production of "Hamlet," portraying Yorick to the disinterest of all. Then, striving for a more high-profile experience, I threw my heart and spleen into the Samuel Beckett classic "Waiting for Godot," as the title character, an effort the press called my "most non-existent part yet."

The sojourn onto the stage had awakened my Muse as I was struck by an idea. It quickly consumed my time and I cultivated it in my next position, that of entrepreneur. I was serving up a new technological revolution, even more so than Dance Dance Revolution – a string of coffeehouses serving delicious, coffee-free imitation coffee.

My new establishment, Zero Grounds, was ready to go, but only days before the grand opening of my inaugural shop, controversy was the only thing brewing. Muslims had protested my choice of the location which was only two blocks from their mosque. Alas, not wanting such bad media hype, the idea was decaffeinated before it had a chance to percolate.

Tempers are apt to run high in any election year, of course, but the Democratic process can also be quite fascinating. I, too, was swept up in all the campaign eventfulness and found myself in Delaware during a Christine O'Donnell speech, after which she signed my copy of her book, "I Am Not a Witch" . . . and then turned it into a pumpkin, and then a swan, and then a bicycle upon which she proceeded to ride away.

While there, I strove to attend a giant rally that I heard would be taking a place at the Mall in Washington DC. I showed up early, but after four hours of standing in front of Banana Republic, a kindly passerby explained what they mean when they say "the Mall." I did get to take advantage of the "40% off all woolen hats" sale, however.

Well, thank you for allowing me to toot my own vuvuzuela about my escapades during the past 365. To all of you and your own all of them, may the Chilean mine of good fortune collapse upon you in 2011 leaving you immobilized in a pile of prosperity and happiness.

Yours comedically,

Andy Wasif