

December 24, 2018 6:14 p.m.

Ready Player One? Let's get to this year's recap!:

Dear Evan Hansen, friends, family, unindicted co-conspirators, David Dennison, Individual-1, Bart O'Kavanagh, Scott Free, the Marvelous Ms. Maisel, and old acquaintances Murphy, Will, Grace, Miss Poppins, and *most* of the Connor family,

First of all, let me give a very gracious thank you to those of you who sent friend requests to my inbox this holiday season. I will respond to you as soon as I've managed to quarantine the viruses and restore all functionality to my computer.

Dilly Dilly! What a crazy year it has been, the craziest we've ever seen from a standpoint of craziness. This particular revolution around the sun flew by faster than a Davidson/Grande union. While everyone was hearing Laurel or Yanny, I spent a fortnite flossing and tidying, hyping and orange justicing. Tide Pod Challenge? Defeated it! . . . Bowling Ball Test? Scored 100%! . . . Ballistic inbound missile? Marked myself safe! . . . Playing the market? Yeah, okay, that's one I wish I had back. But overall, I was winning like a Bichon Frise at Westminster where every other pet was flying United. In short, 2018 was legit bougie on the daily.

This was an especially exceptional year for my self-improvement, which began with an overhaul of my typical diet which wasn't easy. No longer could I subsist on sweets from Dunkin' Donuts, I now had to find my nourishment elsewhere such as at establishments like Dunkin'. I also adopted a flexible vegan diet where I ate all the meat I wanted, but my definition of "vegan" was not as rigid. But the magic elixir was ultimately found in eating nothing but Romaine lettuce and raw cookie dough for two weeks. You wouldn't know to look at me, but my tapeworm has gained ten pounds.

I also decided to make strides in my fitness and so signed up for my first Toyotathon. I trained for it by going to a President's Day mattress sale, battling it out for an afternoon at Build a Bear, and for my final warm up, spent two hours with Kanye. I was ready! Sadly, it did not go well as I ended up pulling my clutch early on then spent the rest of the *-thon* favoring my gear box. Never the Discouraged Dickey, though next year, I plan on signing up for a Macy's Labor Day Spectacular.

Of which I may be most proud this year is finally becoming "woke" and realizing that Benecio and Guillermo Del Toro are two separate people. . . and *neither* is a bullfighter. Who knew?

But DO NOT CONGRATULATE! I also had my share of tribunals and tabulations, such as the time I mispronounced trials and tribulations a moment ago. However, I plead the fifth, invoke attorney/client privilege, refer you to my NDA (unsigned, of course), and revoke your security clearance as you're on a need to know basis, but the kerfuffle stemmed from my job making robocalls for an infinity stones company which, to my surprise turned out to be a money laundering scheme. When the \*\*\*\*hole country hit the fan, I denied it, but Lordy, there are tapes!

What I can tell you is that it was the night of the blood moon when what happened was [blahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblah] videos of Bigfoot [blahblahblahblahblahblah] which quickly became [blahblahblah] leading to the end of Moviepass that, in turn, caused [blahblahblah] a \$130,000 payout that required me to [blahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblah] all but ruining my chance of hosting the Oscars. It was unquestionably a fiasco, though [blahblahblahblah] an "Alf" reboot.

I know you're screaming, "We call BS!" But truth isn't truth! If you want the full story, you'll have to talk to my lawyer's lawyer.

Through it all, I managed to sneak some traveling into my schedule, spending two weeks in Paradise, mostly raking the forest, but the real adventure began on my trip home when a problem with passenger nudity (not mine) caused a delay on the runway. The airline said they could put me on another flight right away, but with a layover in Devil's Triangle which, understandably, I turned down. The alternative was a caravan which slowly made its way back toward home and included a detour through Marwen where everyone was an absolute doll.

At this point, I would be remiss if I didn't take a moment to remember my dear friend Geoffrey, one of youthful spirit, gentle hospitality, and the best for less so you could really flip your lid. I'll always remember him from our time together at *Toys Were Us*.

Now, as I put the winter classic "Baby, It's Cold Outside, but You Can't Stay Here Because People Will Get the Wrong Idea" on the hi-fi and snuggle up in my living room in front of a *smocking* fire wearing my Yeezys and Lululemon pants, drinking a Ketogenic prime rib smoothie through the last of the plastic straws, I'm reminded of the fact that, well, I don't have a fireplace. It was my understanding that my neighbor would pay for it, but apparently I *boofed*. Womp womp! Please forgive me as I cut this letter short to look for an extinguisher.

May your health and success in the new year be genetically cloned to produce *superfortune* impervious to sickness and failure!

Scooby doo pa-pa!

Yours truly,

Andy Wasif