

December 24, 2021 11:59 p.m.

Most dearest friends, family, family friends, friends of family, Facebook friends, Facebook family, Superfriends, Mama's Family, and anyone else who falls friend- or family-adjacent,


First, please accept my most humble apologies for the delay in this year's highly anticipated letter as it has been among the cargo in the Suez Canal. (Thanks, Evergiven.) Still, this was No Time to Die and I was not about to let a little supply chain issue stop me from delivering the best, fully-vaccinated and boosted, farm to table, paraben-free, year-end recap on the market today. It's fully inclusive as all are welcome here — Carrie, Miranda ...NOT YOU SAMANTHA!... Charlotte, Nicki Minaj's cousin's friend from Trinidad, everyone — so at the risk of violating your HIPAA rights, won't you please join me as we go... INTO THE WASIFVERSE!

Oh mi cron! The year seemed to keep us guessing -- what have we done?! -- like a software update come to life. The only constant, as usual, was death, taxes, and Tom Brady. The ups were plenty from the heat of Tokyo to Shatner's rocket into space(-ish) but the downs came quickly for Tour de France bikers like someone doing the stair-stepping challenge in high-heels. Who else went all Squid Game on their neighbors for the last chicken wing? And what am I going to do with all these bags of gasoline? Though we did manage to free Britney, Free Guy, and free tacos on Tuesdays, the stress certainly aged all of us. . . . Paul Rudd excepted of course.

My much-needed vacation to Shanghai Disney seemed like a great idea at the time, until the fifth day spent trapped on the Small World After All ride. The song still haunts me to this day:

 It's a world of grief and a world of pain,

If I hear one more verse I will go insane. 

 I want to end my life, but I can't find a knife,

It's a Small World After All. 

But this year was all about short-squeezing meme *stonks* and NFTs to the moon! And Bitcoin! Who didn't make a fortune on Bitcoin... and then lose a fortune on Bitcoin... and then make a fortune on Bitcoin? It took me a while to grasp this hot new industry but now I make it a point to educate people about it. It's really quite simple — see, in the old days, we had coins and paper currency which could be used to purchase goods and services whereas this *cryptocurrency* is all about staking pools and protocols *plus* integrity, longevity and so many other important-sounding buzzwords. To put it in layman's terms, it's like we had two different suits when the ascot only paired with one of them. But not with Bitcoin, no sir! It is fully integrated in a combination of cryptography combinatorics, and mathematical game theory (the idea that if you get a six, you land on the slide and yell, "SOOOOOOORRRRRY!"). In other words, remember when Dick

Sargent replaced Dick York on “Bewitched?” Millennials know what I’m talking about. Well, crypto is like that! It’s scalable and sustainable, completely bullet proof like Ask Jeeves, AOL Mail, and Blockbuster Video all rolled into one, allowing us to now *possibly* purchase goods and services with it. Get it? (Please DM me for an explanation on blockchain.)

I had plenty of time this summer to learn about it while I was laid up after a failed attempt at a Yurchenko double pike. I’m not as flexible as I used to be. It forced me to get healthier. Since then, I have completely eliminated sugar from my diet. . . having redefined sugar as anything with cilantro in it. I developed a *herb* immunity. Along those lines, I am also fully vaccinated, I got Pfizer shots one and two... then the Johnson & Johnson, followed by the AstroZeneca to protect me from AstroWorld calamities), a few Modernas, some Goli Apple Cider Vinegar shots, and I topped it off with a shot of Ghirardelli. I’m proud to say I’m 328% protected.

Creatively, I found my pet project a casualty of the pandemic and I’m afraid my dissertation on the difference between Hemsworth brothers was discontinued. The days and months and years of research bore very little fruit, though I was able to determine to near absolute certainty that there are three of them. I’ll be applying for more grants in the new year. Fortunately, the setback allowed me to focus on entry into the podcast game. What started as a little side hustle with the “I Am Andy Wasif and I Have a Podcast” podcast, which gives a little insight into who I am and that I have a podcast, has really blossomed into a dynamic sea creature with tentacles reaching all areas including, “The Pod Cast,” a delightful immersion into pea pods, alien pods, storage pods, and the like; “P.O.D. Cast,” an engaging look at Printing on Demand; “Podcast: Tsacadop,” the most captivating podcast on palindromes out there; “Not Just Another Podcast” which was actually my playing unlicensed reruns of “I Love Lucy” until I was sued for copyright infringement that led to my “How Dare You Block My Podcast” podcast. Of course, giving a home to all fans of the Tom Hanks classic provides me much joy with “Podcastaway.” All in all, it really keeps me busy to the point that I barely have time for my podcast about all my podcasts entitled “Podcasts Podcasts Podcasts.” Check ‘em out!

Speaking of pets, the big addition to my family this year was a new furry companion. I looked at several different breeds before jumping into the pooch pool including a mix French bulldog/ Bichon Frise (French Frise) and a mix chihuahua/Great Dane (a chihuatheheck?!) before adopting a Siberian King Charles Water Setter, miniature. I, for one, have learned so much like, for instance, there’s a YouTube Channel for dogs called Dog TV... and they have advertisements! I learned that last part when I got home one day to find out my credit card was dinged for \$500 worth of rawhide chews. So when I leave the house, I just set the little fella up with “Succession” episodes to keep him feeling dirty and ashamed.

The Thanksgiving holiday contained a farcical moment after I misread my dinner host’s request for guests to bring *hors d’oeuvres* to the table and I showed up with horse dewormer. Most guests rounded out an otherwise charming evening at the local emergency health clinic. I’m sure it’ll be something we all share a good laugh over... once their bodily fluid excretions have subsided, no doubt.

And now, before I make good use of the money spent on the online Masterclass: Wassailing, feelings of contentment wash over me as I gaze out my window while listening to my favorite

hyper pop EDM new techno tunes on vinyl, a tumbler of Peep-flavored Pepsi within reach, and the view of a magnificent Harvest Moon set against the backdrop of Chinese rocket debris hurtling towards earth.

Thus, with 2021 in the rear view mirror, I want to present to all of you my heartfelt wishes that the most virulent strain of health and prosperity infect those nearest and dearest to you this holiday season.

All the best,

Andy Wasif