



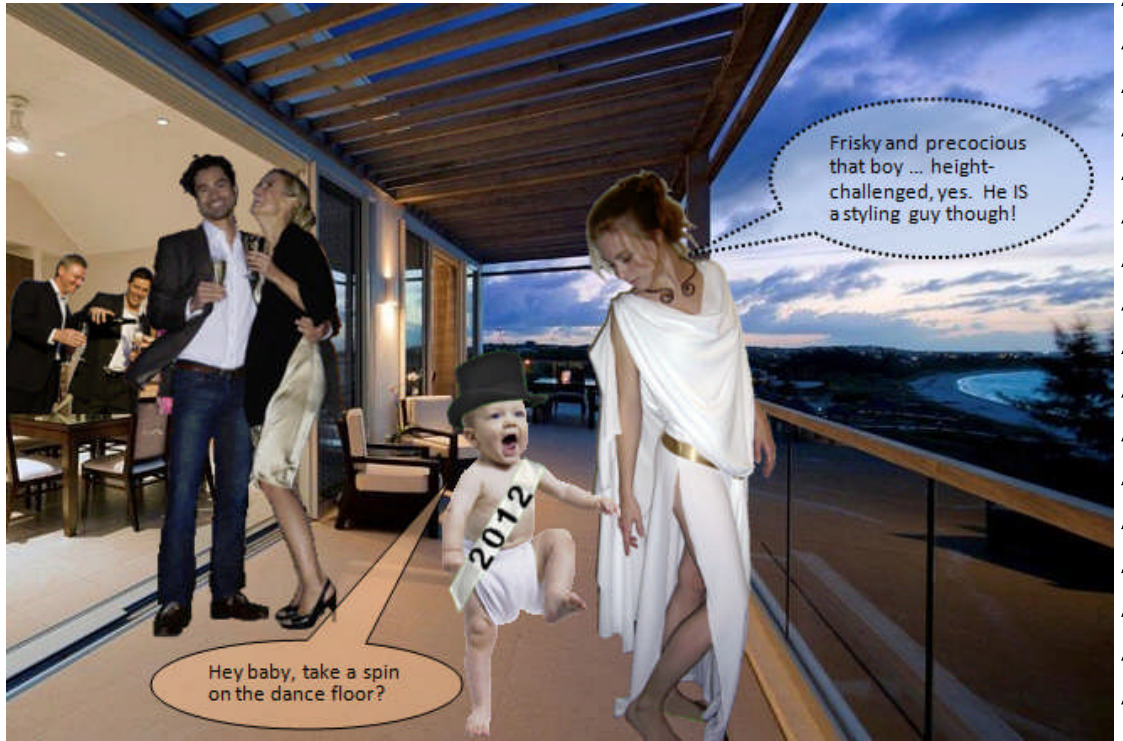
My Friend,

The next wave, 2013, rolls right on along, the Mayan End-of-Time apocalypse aside. Before focusing on the new let's take a moment to review and reflect on what has been happening.

Below, is Dear ol' Dad (DoD) inviting in 2012 with the panache characteristic of our crew year-in and year-out.

Dapper with an adorable spunk in his early weeks, don't you think? As sure as the sun circles the earth our family can be counted on to liven up the hoity toity social affairs. He was an energetic twerp back in the day.

A good buddy from up north, Santa "the Big Guy" Claus, rolled into the southern latitudes months after the all-consuming holiday mania to chill and drink a few brewskis. Sustaining the exemplary Goody Two Shoes persona 24/7 during The Holiday Season for the kiddies and polar staff alike was draining, the Big Guy had sighed.



The Sand, Surf, and S ..., uh, Sand and Surf lifestyle ... unbeatable! work. Their sugar-super-charged imps, wound up on videogames won't go down at the appointed beddy bye time. The Sandman saunters in, sprinkles magic sand in their eyes ... and BOOM they go down for the count, no muss, no fuss. Loads of ever-thankful moms ... the possibilities! And so it was...

By then the young New Years pup had morphed into a confident young stud in the ensuing Spring season. Possessed of a philosophical bent, he pondered one of those basic existential questions – “What is my meaning on this planet?” Not satisfied as a Kardashian-style content-free pop icon, he craved making a real world contribution. In the turn of the hourglass, while hanging out with the Big Guy, ... An Epiphany!!



“Dude, I’ve nailed it! My moniker shall now be, ... the “Sensuous Sandman”. Nice ring to it, eh? Don’t deny it dude, I’m a chick magnet, that’s a given. Picture this. Gazillions of over-worked, time-starved, stressed moms drag themselves home from

work. Their sugar-super-charged imps, wound up on videogames won't go down at the appointed beddy bye time. The Sandman saunters in, sprinkles magic sand in their eyes ... and BOOM they go down for the count, no muss, no fuss. Loads of ever-thankful moms ... the possibilities! And so it was...

The boys have their fair share of down in the dirt volleyball over the weeks. The Sandman at one point remarks: "Buddy, I'm sure you sweat up a storm in that suit sans ventilation. Grab a pair of shorts you knucklehead. Lose the signature look and the paparazzi evaporate ... gone... kaput! Two snow geese with one snowball." The Big Guy: "Sand does, I admit, invade damn inconvenient places and chafe in a smokin' hot game fit for Hades. Can't sacrifice my brand identity to frivolity though; strict consultant's advice."



It's coming upon that time of year again for a new regime. Those foot loose, carefree times prove ephemeral. The Sandman, now Old Man Time, still showed a penchant for burning the candle at both ends.

"I gave the Big Guy a hard time about his impractical beach wear and he ribs me about my 'diaphanous robes reminiscent of a Medieval fantasy flick wizard'. Fair enough however the Big Guy does not grok the associated advantages of the 'metrosexual' concept. How many guys, really, are in touch with their yin-yang energy and feel comfortable going clothes shopping with ladies of interest and providing actual fashion counsel , ... hmm? With my keen style sense I tread easily there."



The old guy thoroughly enjoys the season's parties before I, as the new kid on the block, takes over. DoD, the rascal has earned it. Santa Claus had suggested he move to the North Pole to relax during his retirement months and savor Ms. Claus' special micro-brew organic cocoa. Too stodgy for the tastes of our mercurial spirit.

I may have a steep learning curve in worldly matters, anyways, I want you to have **an absolutely awesome 2013.**

New Years Baby, 2013