



## LOVED, LIKED, AND TOLERATED ONES;

The year 2005 was yet another twelve straight months of unqualified success for yours truly. At the end of January, with the first month of interest on the money that I made cashing out my shrewd 2004 stock-market investments, I bought a condo. And let me say this about my new condo: it is spectacular. The realtor tells me that it has doubled in value since I made the purchase. My two-story unit is the Penthouse of a 27-story building. I've got a mountain view, an ocean view, floor to ceiling glass in the mainroom and library, and a glass ceiling in the bedroom (to facilitate fucking under the stars—even in February!)

In February, March and April, I did a lot of fucking under the stars.

One cannot exist on champagne and bed-hopping alone, so I suppose it's a good thing that I keep making all kinds of money pretty much by accident!

In May I met a girl named Hannah on the same beach in Thailand where I had just found the largest natural black pearl ever discovered. Needless to say, she was both smitten and speechless when she found said pearl at the bottom of a piña colada that I had delivered to her chaise. Most of you probably know Hannah from the newspapers a few years back as the first lesbian supermodel astronaut (her conversion to heterosexuality was just one of the many erotic miracles possible in a millionaire's glass-ceilinged penthouse bedroom). She and I share a love so deeply felt that most of you will never even know anything close to it. For that reason, but not only for that reason, I pity you.

June was a busy month, as Hannah's signature line of Space Lingerie for Perky-Breasted Women® was released worldwide, to be carried by finer department stores in large, important cities (sorry Winnipeg). I accompanied her on a worldwide whirlwind tour of launch parties and lingerie models.

In July and August, we both took some much-needed respite at my summer home in Madrid. I bought a soccer team there too.

September was spent running down and confronting the leaders of various terrorist organizations. After engaging them in a frank and open debate on the disenfranchisement of other cultures by the West, I got them to heartily endorse my international peace plan. Showing them semi-nude photographs of Hannah, of whom they had already heard, helped.

Using some Eastern Tantric techniques, but mostly through my own soon-to-be-marketed method, I was able to sustain a mind-blowing orgasm for the entire month of October.

And just last month, I was voted Canada's Strongest Unmarried Millionaire Fireman for the second year in a row. It is unlikely that I'll be able to three-peat however, as hundreds of glorious sterling silver wedding bells could soon be in my future. That will likely be the first topic of the 2006 update.

May the coming year bring you as much peace and joy as I do,

Michael Edward Wood