

*You have the key, in your other pants*

*Happy New Year!*



*January 1, 2015*

2014 is in the past. Let us all project our astral consciousnesses to 2015 and beyond. Together we can empower an inner child to work tirelessly toward enacting the statements we gift to our subconscious minds. When we Visioneer goals as strongly as possible, we are destined to achieve. I delight in affirming my keen and clear Visionations for 2015 by sharing them with you now. *I breathe and I grow strong.*

Even before I possessed the crude societally-enforced language of words to express myself, even in the sacred space of the Womb, and even in my previous lives, I knew that I identified as Farmer. Using my chakra-guided Sense Of Consumer Produce Trends, I will farm acres and acres of kale. I will make a value-added product through the purchase of a large industrial milking machine. I will be market leader in the Kale Milk sector. *This is a good idea.*

With the kale pulp left over from the production of my outstanding Kale Milk I will feed a pond full of koi, beautiful and robust. Koi breeding will be my artistic outlet. My hand-reared kale-fed koi will win awards and rise to the top of the famously peaceful Thai koi-fighting circuit. I will be relaxed and Piscean in their presence, never gambling on the outcome of their fights. Well, maybe just a little gambling – but only if I have pre-established with the Cosmos (and homeopathic steroids) that a win is assured. *I am wealthy of spirit.*

The ongoing population struggle of the noble honey bee is a problem I can solve. As it is with pandas, so shall it be for our honey bee sisters when the kale is in blossom. I will direct and produce a series of sensitive and loving pornographic bee videos to stimulate, arouse and fill the Queen with the vigour of the most powerful Bhakti. When the Sun is in Aries and the drones are at their peak, my videos will play and there will be Love. I will delight in their stinging embrace and celebrate the beautiful sacrifice that is the post-coital evisceration of the drone. Sexual suicide. Man, have I been there. My bugporn studio will also shoot really kinky gonzo shit like three earwigs and a butterfly, but under a different studio moniker. *Men want to be me, women want to be with me.*

I will make my mark on the fashion world by re-popularising the beaver pelt. Building enough birchbark canoes for my legion of 300 coureurs-des-bois will be an amusing weekend project. *My thoughts are creative, but I respect the traditional canoe-building methods of our First Nations.*

Using just four ingredients (barley, hops, yeast, koi water), I will open a craft brewery. Through the addition of an extra ingredient, I will produce a gimmicky seasonal "Organic Winter Beaver" at twice the price. The ladies will love it. *I choose to walk through the doors I open.*

Later in the year, I will further develop positive karma by performing selfless charitable acts. Free The Battle Koi will rehabilitate survivors of the underground and notoriously vicious illegal Thai koi-fighting rings. Free The Battle Koi will be a self-funding charity through the operation of a completely unrelated totally arms-length sushi-and-kale restaurant; which will also provide meaningful perfectly harmless koi jobs for koi. *Listening is wisdom.*

The coming year will be fecund in its spiritualsexual satisfaction. Join me now as I salute our Moon Mother with a centring exercise taught to me as I communed with the Great Whale. *On my waterbed full of cash.*

Happy New Year,

*No expectations, no disappointments*

*Send your hopes and dreams with correct postage*