

NAME: Alessandra Di Pisa  
DATE OF BIRTH: 7 January 1977  
NATIONALITY: Swedish



I have a well-developed sense of how not to get things done. But I'm not the least-motivated kid on the block, I make at least some attempt to work efficiently. As a demi-slacker, I definitely operate on my own schedule. Today means tomorrow and tomorrow means next week. I'll get the job done eventually, but no one's holding their breath. My friends and co-workers don't rely on me to be punctual or finish time-sensitive projects. If they do, it's their own dam fault. There are some benefits to being a part-time slacker: I rarely feel rushed, plus, I accomplish more than the full-on slacker does! The downside is that my work, social, and personal life suffer from my con-sistent anything-goes attitude.

I am not very careful, conscientious, highly disciplined, staid or finicky. I don't easily get irritated by things that are unclean, untidy or out of place. Since I don't need my surroundings to be neat and organised, the condition of my things isn't a big concern. Clothes, furniture, CDs and books - they're there to be enjoyed, not preserved for generations to come. So I don't invest too much time in taking care of them, and it's fine by me if everything isn't always in peak shape.

I'm like a Buddha, with eyes half-closed, a slight smile playing on my lips, I accept even the most stressful situations with ease. Nothing surprises me. In fact, I may even tell people that I anticipated the problems I encounter. Stress happens, so why fight it? Peacefulness takes me a long way toward handling stress, but there's more to it than the path of least resistance. My placid pace can allow problems to stick around much longer than necessary, as stress often is a sign to take action or to make a change.

Many people pretend to talk to their pets, but I can really, truly do it. I'm on my way to becoming a great animal communicator. Some people think animal communication has to be vocal. Not so, mental telepathy is where it's at; I try thinking like an animal. When I get into the mindset of, say, a squirrel, I'll be able to truly communicate with one. Of course it's a two way street, because I'll be able to understand every-thing they say back, too. And they've got a lot to tell! Imagine talking to a walrus about the deep ocean or to an ant about life underground. Once I've perfected my gift, I'll never be without interesting conversation.

In my former life I was a tiny monkey named Oompa. Here's what I know about me: Adorably sweet demeanour and sharp as a tack, I found success working with a street performer named Juan, who worshipped me and treated me like his own child. He bought me a gold satin jump suit with royal blue ruffles, a matching top hat, and a sequinned bag for donations. He would play my favourite disco tunes on his accordion, prompting me to dance around and flirt with the crowd while I collected spare change and picked pockets. Everybody loved me. And I loved everybody. Me and Juan took my gig around the country and raked in the riches. I was one happy little monkey.