

Reader's digest

JUNE 2016

SURVIVE ANYTHING!

Be prepared for 25 high-stakes scenarios with our experts' guide

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DALE MAY
FASHION STYLIST: ELYSHA LENKIN;
SET STYLIST: SARAH CAVE;
HAIR AND MAKEUP: ALLISON BROOKE

FROM TOP: ILLUSTRATION BY NISHANT CHOKSI; PHOTOGRAPH BY TRAVIS RATHBONE



Editor's Note

The Time I Survived a Yurt



I STARTED TO WORRY when the golf cart taking me, Steve, and our suitcases stopped in the middle of the Maine forest. A yurt is a circular tent tall enough to stand in and wide enough to fit a family of Mongolian nomads. But I didn't see it anywhere.

"You hike from here," grunted our heretofore mute bellhop, pointing down a leafy trail. The woods were darkening, and Steve encouraged me to pick up the pace. My summer sandals slipped on the damp leaves, and the Samsonite flipped over whenever it encountered a root. Steve and I bumped and bickered for a good half hour until we spotted a beacon of white canvas. The yurt.

Steve expertly lit a fire. We ate some sandwiches, had a few beers, and settled in for a good night's sleep. But I couldn't relax. I shook Steve awake. "The door to the yurt doesn't lock," I said. "What if a bear wanders into camp?"

"Don't worry. Moose are a bigger problem here than bears," he said.

"Well, what if someone decides to rob us? Or what if one of the locals wants to teach us high-maintenance New Yorkers a lesson? You know, like *Deliverance*! I made such a spectacle of myself, I wouldn't blame him."

"OK," Steve said with a heavy sigh. He jammed a chair under the door handle. "There, extra security." He grinned. "And even if some-

one gets through the door, you'll have time to grab that *Vogue* and use it as a weapon." I laughed. Sleep moved in. We could enjoy our weekend.

When we "checked out" three mornings later, I was the first one up. That's when I realized that the door opened ... out. The chair had been serving no purpose other than to keep me quiet.

"So," I said, as we trudged back to meet the golf cart. "How else have you been 'handling' me this weekend?"

He smiled. "Well, I decided not to tell you about the snake that lived in the firewood." 



I invite you to e-mail me at liz@rd.com and follow me at [lizvaccariello](https://www.instagram.com/lizvaccariello) on Instagram.

1. On countertop next to stove. 2. On wicker chair.



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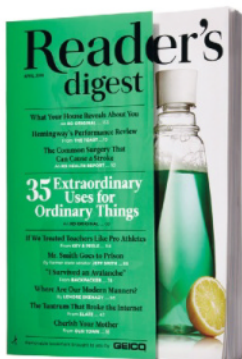
Letters

COMMENTS ON THE APRIL ISSUE

35 Extraordinary Uses for Ordinary Things

I'm a retired chemical engineer. I knew of many of your good tips, but I never thought of using milk of magnesia as a deodorant. You had many new tricks for me!

FRED OLENICK,
Richmond, Texas



Everyday Heroes

"I told my kids that Mr. Vernon stopped evil." Please! The attacker was demonstrably mentally ill. Mental illness is not evil. We used to think it was, before psychiatry, back in Salem, Massachusetts.

THOMAS WEST,
Bethlehem, Georgia

Mr. Smith Goes to Prison

As the director of the program Prison Arts Touching Hearts, I have had the opportunity to witness firsthand how intelligent, sensitive, entrepreneurial, and creative many incarcerated men are. What these men need (and crave) is a sense of purpose in their lives.

LESLIE LAKES, Mill Valley, California

After using the majority of this excerpt to glamorize Jeff Smith's experience as an inmate, the article ends as a morality tale, with Smith as the champion for these men rather than as a member of the club. What he doesn't mention is the fact that many ex-cons are still trying to con us.

KATHERINE J. TUCKER, Vero Beach, Florida

I have mixed emotions about this story. I am proud of our veteran hero. But this young man will be added to the group of inmates with mental illness (estimated to be 55 percent to 65 percent of all inmates) ... There are limited resources for inmates with mental illness.

K. S., via e-mail

The Morning Report

Thanks for the story about using regular morning e-mails to keep in touch. My daughter started college in the early '90s. At that time, I began writing a few sentences to her each morning. That has continued to this day. It is a daddy-daughter bond.

ROSS RICHARDSON, Sherman, Texas

Saving Alex

I wanted to clarify that the Mormon religion does not believe that gays will go to hell. Alex's parents were abusing their daughter by sending her away, and the church does not condone such treatment of anyone.

JOAN NESBITT, *Tigard, Oregon*

I've been trying to figure out what I'd like to do with my life after college. After reading Alex's story, I'm more convinced than ever that I'd like to help kids and teens who are hurt by homophobia and educate those who are ignorant about what it means to be gay.

BAILEY GINGER, *Union, Missouri*

The Dark Side of the American Lawn

I have spent most of the past 40 years of my life at the University of Delaware. I have often walked across the lawn described in the article. I abhor "chemophobia," and I have spent much of my career trying to educate people so that they won't be afraid of "chemicals" per se, without giving serious thought to the actual risks involved. The Jenkins article seems to reinforce chemophobia, which saddens me. I am not arguing that

2,4-D isn't harmful, but the fact that I have spent two thirds of my life in the close vicinity of UD's lawn suggests that it can be survived.

DANA CHATELLIER, *Bear, Delaware*

Though some will ignore your lawn-chemical warnings—probably folks like the mother and store manager who outrageously rationalized away the hazards of a little girl playing with spilled pesticide—your evidence-packed article is a wake-up call for millions of Americans, including me. Thanks.

JOEL LANTZ, *Bedford Heights, Ohio*

HOW NICE

When reader Wendy Cehon accompanied her son on his first day of kindergarten, a teacher said, "You must be Timothy." Timothy responded, "Yes. And this is my best friend, Mommy!" Says Cehon, "My heart melted then and there." What's the kindest thing anyone has ever said to you directly? Was it a stranger's compliment? A father's boast? A boss's unexpected praise? Tell us for a chance to win \$100.

Send your examples to rd.com/kindwords.



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*"I told
myself to
stay calm so
everyone else
wouldn't
panic."*





EVERYDAY HEROES



For Charlotte Heffelmire, lifting a truck off her dad was just the beginning

She Walked Through Fire

BY ALYSSA JUNG

ON THANKSGIVING weekend, the Heffelmire family gathered for a meal at their expansive three-story home in Vienna, Virginia. After dinner, Charlotte, 19; her mother, Darmie, 54; her three-month-old niece, Mirae; and two family friends went down to the finished basement to relax. Charlotte's father, Eric, 55, holed up in the garage to tinker with his truck, a silver GNC Sierra.

Around 8 p.m., Charlotte decided to check on her dad. She went upstairs and walked through the kitchen, the aroma of turkey and

dressing still in the air. When she opened the side door to the garage, black smoke billowed into the kitchen. She could barely make out her father lying on his back, trapped under the truck. He'd removed the front passenger-side tire and raised the truck on a jack to reach the front brakes. The truck had slipped off the jack, and now the wheel hub was crushing his chest and shoulders.

In bare feet, Charlotte ran to the front of the truck and struggled to lift it. Eric was still conscious, and he yelled, "You got it! One more try!"

She tried again and was able to tip the truck backward just enough for her to prop it up with her right hip. She grabbed her dad by the shirt with both hands and yanked his six-foot-three, 280-pound frame from under the truck.

She hooked her hands under his armpits and dragged him across the garage and 20 feet down the driveway, where she propped him up against another family car. Then she ran back to the garage, which had burst into flames. “I was afraid the car was going to explode,” says Charlotte, so she climbed into the truck, which faced forward, turned the key, and pressed the gas pedal. The car slowly rolled out, the metal wheel scraping loudly against the concrete.

Safely on the driveway, Charlotte stopped the truck, ran back through the garage, and sprinted down the steps to the basement. “There’s a fire! Everybody get out!” she yelled to her family members. They followed her as she scooped up her niece and ran out the back basement door.

Outside, she handed the baby to her mom, then ran around to the burning garage. Eric was on his feet. He was dazed but appeared uninjured, so Charlotte grabbed a garden hose and sprayed the fire

with one hand while she called 911 on her cell phone with the other.

A few minutes later, fire trucks arrived, and firefighters ushered Charlotte to an ambulance. She was treated for second-degree burns on the bottoms of both feet. The fire had singed her hair, and she had flash

burns on her face. Her dad had contusions on his chest and shoulders, as well as minor burns on his face. Later that night at a hotel, the extent of her actions—and her injuries—sank in. “I was so sore,” says Charlotte, who is a slim five foot six. “But in the moment, adrenaline took over.”

“
She hooked her hands under her father’s armpits and dragged him across the garage.”

The fire department determined that when the truck slipped off the jack, small sparks flew and most likely ignited gas leaking from an old freezer in the garage. Paint and gas cans and propane tanks further fed the fire. The garage’s interior was destroyed, the basement flooded from burst pipes, and the rest of the house was damaged by smoke and water. But the family survived.

The Heffelmires are staying in an apartment while their house is renovated. “Charlotte is a remarkable kid,” says her dad. Charlotte, however, credits her instinct. “I was saving my family and my house,” she says. “I wasn’t going to let my dad die.” **R**



"The people in this town don't have much, but they'll do anything for the children," says Mick Polly (not shown).

a new set of wheels for the boy.

Soon after, Mick, who owns an inflatable-toys business, repaired a bike for the boy's

Two Wheels And a Heart

BY JULIANA LABIANCA

IN THE close-knit town of Whitesburg, Kentucky, Mick Polly, who lives with his teenage daughter Carolina in a white clapboard house, is known as the bike man. Over the past five years, Mick has built hundreds of bicycles for needy kids.

One day in 2011, a 13-year-old boy with a broken bike walked by Mick's house. "I was working in my garage, and he asked if I could fix it," says Mick, now 53.

The boy left his bike, which had a broken bracket, with Mick, who asked friends on Facebook if they had the missing part. The town's former police chief saw the post and donated two used bicycles. Mick took parts from each to engineer

brother and assembled one for his sister. Word spread, and within the year, he had fixed up dozens of bikes for local kids whose parents couldn't afford to buy new ones.

"People were dropping off bikes day and night," says Mick.

Mick stores the bikes and bike parts in his garage. "I take off the good tires or the handlebars or the seat and use them," he says.

To date, the bike man has repaired hundreds of cycles and given away nearly 700 newly constructed bikes. They're free, but the kids must agree to two things: They've got to "mind whoever's raising them," and they've got to try in school.

If a kid's grades are low, Mick requires a teacher's note "saying that you're doing your best," Mick says.

Mick also hopes the bikes will get kids off the couch. "When I was growing up, we all rode our bikes," he says. "Hopefully these kids can get some exercise." **R**

Department of Wit

The Best Graduation Speech Ever Given

BY DAN BERGSTEIN

FROM THE *BARNES & NOBLE REVIEW*



DAN BERGSTEIN is a freelance writer and the creator of *Power Pencils*, a line of writing instruments. He is a former editor for *Maxim* and *SparkNotes*.

❧ I WAS HUMBLED and honored to be asked by the president of this outstanding university to speak to you today. Who am I? I am Gavin Presgrave, and for the past 39 years, I have written graduation speeches for hundreds of celebrities and nervous valedictorians. For decades, I have come up with new ways to say *future*, and, at the risk of bragging, I was the first graduation-speech writer to compare life to a book.

If I'm known for anything, it's for starting speeches by saying, "I promise to keep things short, as I'm sure you are all impatient to go forward to the wonderful lives I hope you will live." I'm proud of that. But perhaps my most renowned work came during a commencement speech at Penn State in the spring of 1977. During that speech, given by someone whose name I forget, I first used the phrase "As I look out into this sea of eager faces ..." And that "sea of faces" thing was a real game changer in the world of graduation-speech writing.

Yes, I'm proud and humbled to say that I've won several awards for my graduation speeches. In 1997, I won a Herman

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (BERGSTEIN)

(our version of the Oscar) for Best Use of a Children's Author Quote. That same year, I was nominated for Best Opening Joke, which went like, "Oh, no! We're all wearing the same gown! How embarrassing!" It was a crowd-pleaser. And last year, I won for Longest Somber Pause During a Speech That Mentioned the Fictional Passing of My Mother.

But my life path has not always been smooth. I shocked my peers in 1993, when I wrote a speech that did not include song lyrics by Bob Dylan, the Beatles, or Kermit the Frog. I nearly lost my job and license after that. Though perhaps I made up for it a year later when a speech I wrote for the president of MSU consisted of nothing but quotes from Einstein, Yoda, and Steve Jobs.

So what have I learned during my career? What important lesson can I pass along? I'm not sure, but I'm nevertheless reminded of the day my mother died. Moments before her passing, she told me life was a book and even the saddest of chapters shall come to an end. If you can read the sad chapters swiftly and the happy chapters slowly, then yours will be a life worth living. So, Mom, this one is for you. [Raises face to the sky. Pauses somberly.]

Most of you have no idea what lies ahead or what course your lives will take—two other ways of saying *future*. I know this. The journey you're about to embark on—three!—will be filled with twists and turns. We may not need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows, but it can't hurt

to carry an umbrella. As I once said, "Tomorrow is a gift wrapped in time. Now is the time to open it!"

There are some out there who will not remember my name or my speech. In this sea of eager faces, I can see that many of you are not even listening. But a good speech is one

that is not exactly heard and remembered but is in its way, well, absorbed. What does that mean? You're college graduates now; you tell me.

Let us never forget where we came from, or racism, or our nut allergies, or the Alamo, or how terrorism has changed the world. Let's also remember what Curious George said: Nothing. The Man in the Yellow Hat said everything. Will you be Curious George or the Man in the Yellow Hat? Both are good choices, and that's my point. And also never let us forget that it's said Einstein failed math.

You are all about to open new chapters of your own books. Shall we turn that page together? **R**

“
*In this sea of
eager faces,
I can see that
many of you
are not even
listening.*

At the airport, a group of us stops
to honor an American hero

A Fallen Soldier's Final Salute

BY CHERYL MACDONALD



CHERYL
MACDONALD
*is a Reader's
Digest reader.
She lives in
Bozeman,
Montana,
and Naples,
Florida.*

IT'S A SATURDAY morning, and I am eager to fly away. My husband and I will meet up with our son on the other side of the country to learn and explore together. Sitting now at the airport gate, my husband wanders away to stretch his legs. Moments later, he returns and whispers in my ear. I rise and follow him around the corner toward a large window facing the landing area. A crowd, solemn and still, gathers at the window and gazes out.

Now I am one of those peering in silence. On the tarmac, Marines stand straight and tall in formation, the plane door open, a ramp waiting. A white hearse is parked nearby. A man and a soldier stand on either side of a woman, supporting her, waiting for what is to come, for a sight she must surely have hoped and prayed never to see.

The ramp begins to move, and a flag-draped casket starts its descent. Airport personnel stand in reverent stillness. A few place their hands over their hearts, as I have done. We're joined in witness, sending love to an honorable soldier whose name we'll never know.

The woman's face is contorted in pain as she wails in the way only a mother can, though her cries are unheard by those of us on the other side of the window. She collapses, knowing she will never again hear "Mom" from her son's



lips. She'll never feel his loving arms encircle her shoulders or relish his sweet peck on her cheeks.

Another face, that of a square-jawed man, grimaces in pain, weakened by grief. The father holds his head in his hands and turns it back and forth, a refusal to accept this new reality. His son, the tiny boy he no doubt wrestled playfully, the teen he probably taught to drive, the son he stood so proudly by as he donned his Marine uniform, now lives only in his memory.

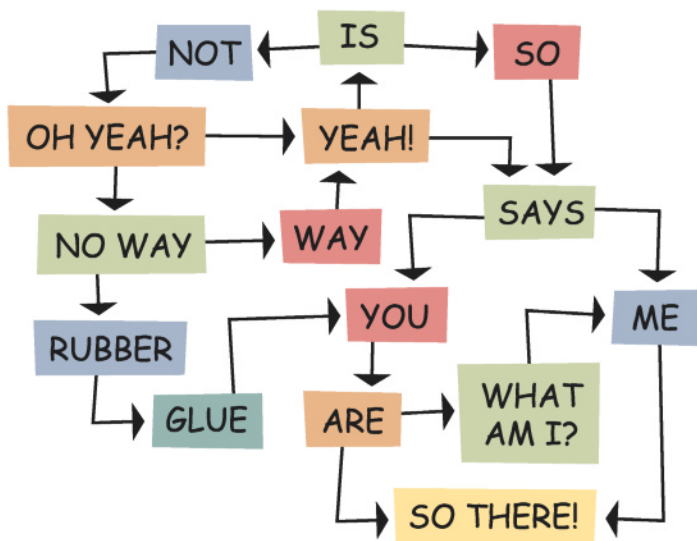
Those behind the glass stay silent, reflecting on this life, this loss, as the family and soldiers depart the runway. A dozen of us women, with red-rimmed eyes and tear-stained cheeks, move slowly away, dabbing our faces and sharing a mother's profound grief.

Soon, each of us will fly off in planes and return to an ordinary life made extraordinary by this soldier's courage, by this family's sacrifice, and by this love shared by all who look out the window and know. **R**

Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES

WIN ANY ARGUMENT ABRIDGED VERSION



THE PHOTOGRAPHER was positioning my new husband and me for our wedding photos when he asked, “Have you ever modeled?”

My cheeks instantly turned red. “No, I haven’t,” I said. “But I always thought ...”

The photographer interrupted me: “I meant him.”

JOANNE NOFFKE, *Oak Forest, Illinois*

WHEN MY three-year-old was told to pee in a cup at the doctor’s office, he unexpectedly got nervous. With a shaking voice, he asked, “Do I have to drink it?”

JANET FRENYESA, *Walkersville, Maryland*

PROBABLY THE WORST thing you can hear when you’re wearing a bikini is “Good for you!” [@ELIZABAYNE](#)

AFTER A FLASH FLOOD damaged their home and belongings, my aunt and uncle were forced to stay with friends. One Sunday, as everyone got ready for church, my uncle borrowed a suit from his host. The pants were too big, so my uncle said, "I'm going to also need a belt."

His humorless hostess shot back, "We do not drink before church."

BARBARA GAVLICK HARTNETT,
Swoyersville, Pennsylvania

THREE FATHERS remind us why there's Father's Day:

■ Watching *Frozen* again with my daughter because we paid \$19.99 to download it, so she's going to watch it every day until college.

Humorist **MICHAEL IAN BLACK**

■ My son asked me what it's like to be a dad, so I carelessly broke my phone screen and made him pay for a new one. [@LACKOFFSHAME](#)

■ As a kid, I got to watch my dad fix everything, and I hope to share that experience with my kids. That way, we can all watch my dad fix things together. *Comedian* **MARK CHALIFOUX**

I ASKED MY FRIEND about the pros and cons of using a Kindle as opposed to getting the Kindle app on another device. "Oh, Kindle is way better," she said. "Because it's an actual book."

JANET WOHLGEMUT, Roach, Missouri

Got a funny story about friends or family? It could be worth \$100. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.



GROWING UP: REMEMBER MADGE, THE PALMOLIVE LADY?

There was a commercial on TV starring Madge the manicurist, who would be talking to her customer about how easy the dishwashing liquid Palmolive was on one's hands. In fact, she would tell the unsuspecting customer, "you're soaking in it right now," and the woman would pull her fingers out of the liquid with a start. So much was happening in the Palmolive commercial. First, there was a lot of fear about dishpan hands. You heard about them a lot, and you didn't want them. Second, the idea that something that was supposed to be harsh on your hands was instead soothing was mind-blowing. Last, there was the betrayal that Madge, someone you could trust, could have you soak your sad hands in dishwashing liquid. She was so happy about the betrayal; she really was.

From *I Was a Child: A Memoir* by Bruce Eric Kaplan (Blue Rider Press), copyright © 2015 by Lydecher Publishing, Inc.



FINISH THIS SENTENCE

The sound that conjures

Seattle, WA

Bonney Lake, WA

Abbey Road.

Early in the morning, in the afternoon, and anytime things got dull.

ELISSA CARLISTO

Us slamming doors and

Dad yelling,

"Stop slamming the door!" It's classic, not the least bit romantic, and so very family.

REBEKAH BOATMAN
GREGORY

Minot, ND

Pots and pans banging

in the kitchen. It reminds me of Mother cooking.

AUDREY BISBEE
BRUHN

Livermore, CA

Cards shuffling

and dice rolling. It brings back memories of huge family get-togethers.

MELONY COUGHRAN

An 18-wheeler shifting gears.

My dad was a truck driver, and I would spend summers on the road with him.

JUSTIN LIGHT

La Mesa, CA

My Nintendo GameCube

turning on.

CHRIS OELSCHLAGER

The click of a

computer keyboard

as I typed out my latest story.

ANGELA VALEZUELA

Milliani, HI

up my childhood best is ...

Church bells.

My heart still soars when I hear them.

ANNETTE THOMAS

My great-grandma's

sewing machine

that would hum for hours while making school clothes for me and my brother.

JACQUI ERRICHETTI

A straw

sucking up that last bit of chocolate milk.

PEGGY FOLEY

Cows mooing.

My cousin and I would spend hours listening to the cows talk to one another.

JOYCE BECK

bicycle spokes.

Playing cards in my

EILEEN MCGINNIS

A marching band.

My brother played the bugle, and I, the glockenspiel.

DONNIE HARUCKI BRENNAN

A whirring fan.

That sound would put me to sleep on a warm afternoon at nap time.

DEBRA EMBRY

Go to [facebook.com/readersdigest](https://www.facebook.com/readersdigest) for the chance to finish the next sentence.

Your True Stories

IN 100 WORDS

A SOLDIER'S SURPRISE

It is spring of 1943 during World War II. Standing among hundreds of new soldiers at Camp Grant, in Illinois, my father, Sam, just 18 years old, waits as a truck slowly drives by. A full field pack is randomly tossed to each soldier. "How strange," my father thinks, as he sees his last name, Litrenti, marked on each item in his pack. "How did they know it was me when they tossed the pack?" He was impressed! Beating all odds, my father was tossed a field pack from World War I—his own father's.

GAIL LITRENTI-BENEDETTO,
Park Ridge, Illinois

SMOKE SIGNALS

On a cool night lit only by the orange glow of fire, we rushed to my grandfather's home as his decades-old barn burned to the ground. The firemen let us stand nearby as they pumped water from the creek a quarter mile away. We watched the barn go up in flames, which stirred memories of jumping



off foot-wide wooden beams into the hay below. The real sadness came as my elderly grandfather, who did not get out of bed, quietly asked if his cows were safe. He hadn't had dairy cows in a dozen years.

DAN ROLINCE, *Golden, Colorado*

A MOTHER'S WISDOM

I have always worn my children's birthstones around my neck. One morning, when I was late for work, my infant son Larry's topaz birthstone fell from my gold chain. I frantically searched for it, whispering to myself, "I lost my Larry, but I will get him back."

That day, Larry's cardiologist called with test results from one of his first checkups. He would need emergency heart surgery. Happily, the operation was a success, and I whispered in Larry's ear, "I thought I lost you, but I knew I'd get you back."

LORI ARMSTRONG, *Kelseyville, California*

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PHOTO

OF LASTING
INTEREST



A photograph showing a large flock of sheep in a forest. The trees are bare and the air is thick with smog, creating a hazy, grey atmosphere. The sheep are white and are scattered throughout the scene, some looking towards the camera. The ground is dirt and covered with some dry leaves and twigs. The overall mood is somber and desolate due to the pollution.

When Worlds Collide

Hoofing through the woods of a Beijing suburb, a flock of sheep is struck dumb in its tracks as clouds of smog envelop it—not an unheard-of turn of events when, according to the World Health Organization, air pollution in China's capital has climbed more than 25 times above the safe level. On bad days, factories close, children miss school, and a noxious fog spreads over provinces hundreds of miles outside the city. Still, the flock must go on to greener pastures, undeterred by the haze ahead.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LINTAO ZHANG/GETTY IMAGES

Points to Ponder

I'M WORRIED that the way we're framing happiness has the unintended consequence of making misfortune and grief—and reality generally—harder for people to bear. On top of feeling bad, they feel, “I should be happy.” And therefore, implicitly, “I’m failing when I don’t feel happy.” ... That’s simply not true.

JANNA MALAMUD SMITH,
psychotherapist,
on wbur.org

ONE OF THE simplest paths to deep change is for the less powerful to speak as much as they listen and for the more powerful to listen as much as they speak.

GLORIA STEINEM,
writer and activist,
in her book *My Life on the Road*

THE INSTINCT is to go to your peers for support, not critical evaluation. But when you are championing an original idea, you don't need just cheerleaders—you need critics. What's worse: listening to negative feedback on your idea or going forward and having it be a massive failure?

ADAM GRANT, PHD,
professor of management and psychology, in *Cosmopolitan*



A perfect
life makes
horrible art.

CHRIS ROCK,
comedian, in *Essence*

SOURCE PHOTO: JASON LAVERIS/GETTY IMAGES

EVENTUALLY, I began to understand my mother's mantra that "the time of day belongs to everyone." After years of walking into grocery stores, the post office, and meeting friends and strangers along the way, I finally understood her homespun expression: She meant everyone deserves a kind word.

AL ROKER,

Today cohost, in his book with Deborah Roberts, *Been There, Done That*

WE'VE BEEN brainwashed into thinking that we are all specialists of some kind and that you can't really be a writer unless you've got something like a master's degree. Obviously, we want dentists to be trained, but writing is human storytelling and everybody does it.

MARGARET ATWOOD,

novelist, in *Fast Company*

[AFTER AN INJURY] it's darkness. Lonely. Feeling like you're on top, having all your youth, and then being stripped of that. But then to go against the grain and believe in yourself when people doubt you and cash you out, it's a powerful thing to go through. It builds resolve. Human instinct is to go with the grain.

SHAUN LIVINGSTON,

basketball player, in a podcast on soundcloud.com

SENSE IS OFTEN in short supply in politics. After a characteristically brilliant speech by Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic nominee for president in 1952 and 1956, a supporter is said to have bellowed, "Every thinking American will vote for you!" Legend has it that Stevenson shouted back, "That's not enough. I need a majority!"

NICHOLAS KRISTOF,

columnist, in the *New York Times*



WITTY WISDOM

They say, "You snooze, you lose," which means I start every morning failing multiple times in nine-minute intervals.

@BATKARENS, *Twitter comedian*

Don't be afraid of missing opportunities. Behind every failure is an opportunity somebody wishes they had missed.

LILY TOMLIN, *comedian*, in her show *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe*

If IKEA and LEGO combined forces, our children could make our furniture.

@THETODDWILLIAMS, *Twitter comedian*

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ART *of* LIVING



Tim Urban analyzes the reasons for chronic tardiness

Sorry I'm Late

MY FRIEND ANDREW recently sent me a link to a story titled “Optimistic People All Have One Thing in Common: They’re Always Late.”

Intriguing. Nothing’s better than the headline “The Reason People

Are [bad quality that describes you] Is Actually Because They’re [good quality].” I got to reading. And it turns out late people are actually the best people ever. They’re optimistic and hopeful. ➔➔

"They believe they can fit more tasks into a limited amount of time than other people and thrive when they're multitasking. Simply put, they're fundamentally hopeful."

They think big:

"People who are habitually late don't sweat the small stuff; they concentrate on the big picture and see the future as full of infinite possibilities."

Late people just get it:

"People with a tendency for tardiness like to stop and smell the roses ... Life was never meant to be planned down to the last detail. That signifies an inability to enjoy the moment."

By the end of the article, I had never felt prouder to be a chronically late person.

But wait ... Late people are the *worst*. It's the quality I like least in myself. And I'm not late because I like to smell the roses or because I can see the big picture or because the future is full of infinite possibilities.

I'm late because I'm insane.

The issue is that there are two kinds of lateness:

1) OK lateness. This is when the late person being late does not negatively affect anyone else—like being late to a group hangout or a party. Things can start on time and proceed as normal with or without the late person.

2) Not-OK lateness. This is when the late person being late does negatively affect others—like being late to a two-person dinner or meeting or

to anything else that simply can't start until the late party arrives.

When it comes to people who are chronically not-OK late, I think there are two subgroups:

Group 1) Those who don't feel bad about it. These people are @\$%^&s.

Group 2) Those who feel terrible about it and are filled with self-loathing. These people have problems.

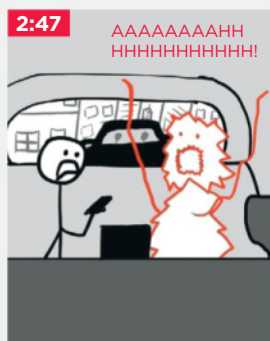
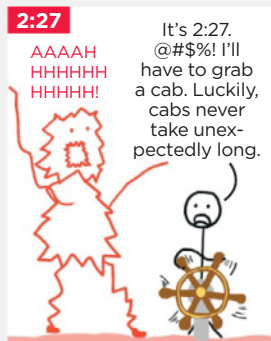
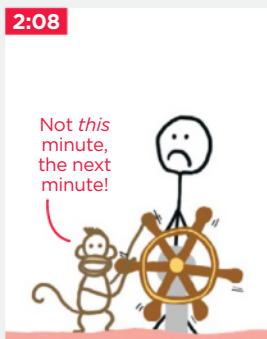
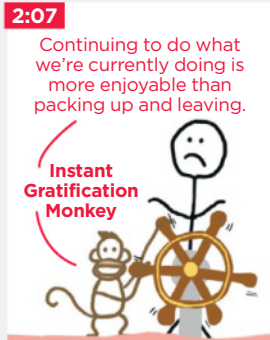
While both groups of not-OK-late people end up regularly frustrating others, punctual people tend to misunderstand Group 2, whom I'll call CLIPS (Chronically Late Insane Persons). A reliable identifier of CLIPS is a bizarre compulsion to defeat themselves—some deep inner drive to inexplicably miss the beginning of movies, endure psychotic stress while running to catch the train, crush their own reputations at work, etc. As much as they may hurt others, they hurt themselves even more.

I come from a long line of CLIPs. I spent around 15 percent of my youth standing on some sidewalk alone, angrily kicking rocks because yet again, all the other kids had gotten picked up and I was still waiting for my mom. When she finally arrived, she always felt terrible. She has problems.

My sister once missed a flight, so they rescheduled her for the following morning. She managed to miss that one, too, so they put her on a flight five hours later. Killing time during the layover, she got distracted

I'M TIM ... AND I'M A CLIP

Here's what happens when I'm supposed to meet someone at a coffee shop at 3:00. I'll plan to arrive early, say, 2:45. That takes all the stress out of the situation. All I have to do is be on the subway by 2:25, so let's be safe and get to the subway by 2:15. I'll leave my apartment by 2:07, and I'll be set. What a plan! Here's how it'll play out:



on a long phone call and missed that flight too. She has problems.

I've been a CLIP my whole life. I've made a bunch of friends mad at me, and I've embarrassed myself again and again in professional situations. I'm sure each CLIP is insane in his or her own special way. For me, it's some mix of these three odd traits:

I'm Late Because I'm in Denial About How Time Works. No matter how many times the CLIP has done a certain activity, what he or she remembers is that one time when things went the quickest. And that amount of time is what sticks in his or her head as how long that thing takes. I don't think there's anything that will get me to internalize that packing for a weeklong trip takes 20 minutes. In my head, it's eternally a five-minute task. You just take out the bag, throw some clothes in it, throw your toiletries in, zip it up, and done. Five minutes. The empirical data that show that there are actually a lot of little things to think about when you pack and that it takes 20 minutes every time are irrelevant.

I'm Late Because I Have a Weird Aversion to Changing Circumstances. When I'm at home working, I hate when there's something on my schedule that I have to stop everything to go outside and do. It's not that I hate the activity—once I'm there, I'm often pleased. I have an irrational resistance to the transition.

I'm Late Because I'm Mad at Myself. The worse I feel about my productivity that day, the more likely I am to be late. When I'm pleased with how I've lived the day so far, the Rational Decision Maker in me has a much easier time taking control of the wheel. I feel like an adult, so it's easy to act like an adult. But on days when I get nothing done, my brain throws a little tantrum, saying, "No! You didn't do what you were supposed to do, and now you'll sit here and get more done, even if it makes you late."

So yeah, that's why I'm late—I'm insane. Don't excuse the CLIPs in your life—it's not OK, and they need to fix it—but remember, it's not about you. They have problems. **R**

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THE THREE MOST-USED KEYS ON THE KEYBOARD ARE ...

1. The space bar
2. The letter e
3. The Backspace key

Source: *Business Insider*

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Available in the eye care aisle.

Get Every Last Drop

BY KELSEY KLOSS

Lotion: WARM IT UP Place the closed container in a bowl of hot water for a few minutes. This warms the last little bit, liquefying it just enough to squeeze out.

Peanut butter: BUILD OUT BREAKFAST Behold, there is a way to get every last lick: Pour equal parts old-fashioned oats and milk into the jar. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Greek yogurt, $\frac{1}{2}$ sliced banana, and dashes of cinnamon and sugar to taste. Shake and refrigerate overnight. In the morning, enjoy delicious peanut butter breakfast oats.

Olive oil: MAKE SALAD DRESSING If some olive oil still coats the bottle, create a new salad dressing. Add vinegar and herbs such as thyme or basil. Shake well for a mix you can pour straight onto your greens.

Toothpaste: USE A ROLLING PIN Squeezed all you can out of the tube? Press a rolling pin across the tube to get one last use out of it.



Ketchup: POKE WITH A STRAW Insert a straw until it reaches the bottom of the glass bottle, then remove. The straw introduces air pockets, helping the sauce move more easily.

Mascara: ADD CONTACT LENS SOLUTION Down to a few dry clumps? Add two to five drops of contact solution to the tube. Screw the lid back on, shake, and use the wand to swirl. The remainder of your mascara will be easy to apply. **R**

Sources: apartmenttherapy.com, michellephan.com, hungrylittlegirl.com, buzzfeed.com, lifehacker.com, howcast.com, parenthacks.com

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Foods You're Tossing Too Soon

BY KELSEY KLOSS

■ **EGGS** Refrigerated, uncooked eggs stay fresh for up to three weeks after the “sell by” date. Most eggs are spritzed with mineral oil, which seals the porous shell and makes it less susceptible to bacteria. Since cooking washes away the coating, eat refrigerated hard-boiled eggs within a week.

■ **PEPPERS** All peppers contain a gene that prevents their cell structures from breaking down and typically last a week in the refrigerator. Green peppers stay fresh even longer than other kinds—about two to three weeks—because of their low sugar content. Toss limp or wrinkled peppers.

■ **DELI MEATS** Unopened, prepackaged deli meats last about two to three weeks from the time you buy them. Vacuum-sealed pouches protect meat from oxygen,

preventing bacteria growth. After opening, eat deli meats within three to five days.

■ **CARROTS** These crunchy vegetables have a low respiration rate, which is how fast a plant metabolizes its carbohydrates, proteins, and fats to stay alive after harvest. Carrots stay fresh for two to three weeks in the crisper drawer. Just cut off the green tops, which steal nutrients.

■ **CITRUS FRUITS** Thick skin protects grapefruit, oranges, and other citrus fruits from spoiling for two to six weeks. If you spot mold, peel and inspect the inner flesh, which is still edible if the mold hasn't penetrated the outer skin. Toss if a finger easily breaks the skin. **R**

Sources: food.unl.edu, womansday.com, lesliebeck.com, forbes.com, thekitchn.com, popsugar.com, umaine.edu, whatscookingamerica.net, epicurious.com, chicagosfoodbank.org, nysipm.cornell.edu

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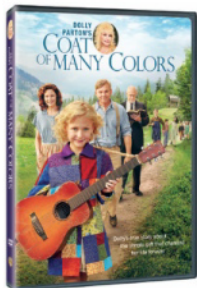


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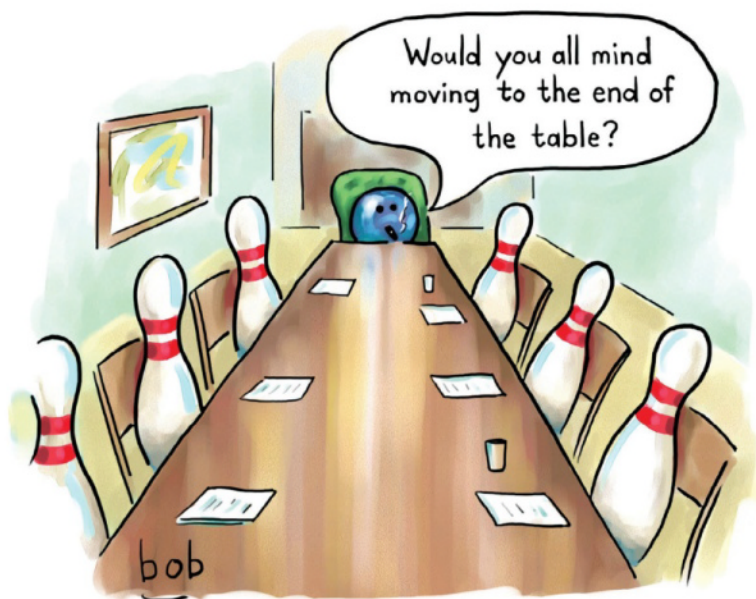
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ALL IN

A Day's Work



YOUR WORK E-MAIL IS WHAT?

- I'm employed at a computer security company and have a colleague whose name is M. Alware. His e-mail address is malware@company.com.
- My ex-boss's name is R. Stone. His e-mail was stoner@company.co.in.
- My name is James Pan. Every other permutation of my name was taken (e.g., *jpan*, *jamesp*), so I'm stuck with japan@university.edu.

From quora.com

A CONFERENCE CALL is the best way for a dozen people to say “bye” 300 times.

🐦@DAMIENFAHEY

MY BOSS AND I took a job applicant to lunch, where we tried, with little success, to get him to open up about his experience and qualifications. Frustrated, my boss set his salad aside and proposed a specific and complex situation to the young man,

then asked, "What would you do?"

The applicant hesitated, then, looking my boss straight in the eye, said, "Are you going to eat all those tomatoes?"

JOHN RICHMAN, *Webster, New York*

STORIES FROM ER LAND

■ "Patient in to ER at 0400 with no complaints: 'I have been having chest pain for 4 months but I am not having chest pain now. The reason I'm here now is because I heard that 4am is the best time to come cause there are not that many people.'"

■ "Had a woman call 911 because she 'had déjà vu in the shower and got nervous.'"

■ "Got a frantic call from a woman who claimed she had overdosed and needed help immediately. We arrive on scene, and she hands us an empty mint container, saying she took them all. That night she learned that you cannot overdose on mints."

Source: Overheard in the ER

MY COLLEAGUE has been living in this country only a few months, and although normally chipper, he recently looked sad. When I asked what was wrong, he responded glumly, "Today, everything wrong is going in my favor." **BACCHUS JOHNSON**, *Charlotte, North Carolina*

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Sources: Alice Williams, Berrien Center, Michigan; A. S., via Internet; J. M., via Internet; Vivian LeHoullier, Alexander, Arkansas; Patricia Simpson, Winston, Montana; Twitter



Startling Skin Cancer Threats

BY KARYN REPINSKI

IT'S NO SECRET that having fair, freckled skin and light-colored eyes may make you more susceptible to skin cancer. But these less-expected actions could also boost your odds of contracting the disease, which strikes one out of every five people.

■ YOU START YOUR DAY WITH OJ

Some sour news for citrus lovers: People who consumed citrus, like orange juice or a grapefruit, at least once a day had a 36 percent higher skin cancer risk compared with those who consumed citrus fewer than two times a week, according to a study in the *Journal of Clinical Oncology*,

which followed more than 100,000 adults for 25 years. Citrus foods contain compounds that make skin more photosensitive. But there's no need to reduce your intake, says lead researcher Abrar Qureshi, MD, MPH, chair of the department of dermatology at the Warren Alpert Medical School of Brown University—just reduce your sun exposure, especially in the few hours after eating citrus.

■ YOU TAKE VIAGRA

Men who used the drug were 84 percent more likely to develop melanoma over a period of ten years in one *JAMA Internal Medicine* study. More

research is needed to prove a connection, but men over 50 are more than twice as likely as women to develop and die from skin cancer whether they use Viagra or not—so they need to be especially vigilant about sun protection.

■ YOU WORSHIP THE SUN ON YOUR YEARLY GETAWAY

Intense, intermittent sun exposure, the kind that frequently leads to sunburn on beach vacations, seems to increase the risk of melanoma more than regular exposure—say, the 15 minutes you're outside running errands during the day. That daily time in the sun isn't without consequence; cumulative sun exposure is linked to non-melanomas like basal cell carcinoma, a less lethal form of skin cancer. However, there's something about sudden blasts of UV radiation that seems to overwhelm the skin's defenses against melanoma.

■ YOU'RE BEING TREATED FOR AN AUTOIMMUNE DISEASE

When your immune system is weakened, your skin cancer risk can skyrocket. That's a concern for the 50 million Americans with rheumatoid arthritis (RA), lupus, Crohn's disease, and other conditions that cause the body to attack itself. The immune-suppressing drugs used to treat these ailments can worsen the problem. For example, TNF inhibitors, medications taken by people with RA, raised the

risk of melanoma 50 percent in one study. People who took immunosuppressant drugs called thiopurines to control IBS were more prone to non-melanoma skin cancer in two studies. It's a real problem, says Mona Gohara, MD, an associate clinical professor of dermatology at Yale University School of Medicine. The solution: "Skin cancer is easily treated if caught early, so be sure to do monthly self-checks and see your doctor every six months or as recommended for a skin exam," says Dr. Gohara.

■ YOU DRINK MORE THAN ONE ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE A DAY

A recent analysis of 16 studies found that imbibing in excess of one daily cocktail on a regular basis increases the risk of melanoma 20 percent, possibly because compounds in alcohol make skin more sun sensitive. Of course, being under the influence can also make you more careless about sun protection: Those who consumed more than four cocktails or a few strong beers a day had up to a 55 percent increased risk of melanoma.

■ YOU COUNT MORE THAN 11 MOLES ON YOUR RIGHT ARM

Women with that many moles were nine times more likely to have over 100 moles scattered across their whole body, a known risk factor for melanoma, say researchers at King's College in London. **R**

World of Medicine

BY KELSEY KLOSS

More Older Adults Mix Dangerous Drugs

The number of people ages 62 to 85 who regularly use potentially fatal combinations of prescription medications with OTC drugs and dietary supplements has doubled over a five-year period, according to a University of Illinois at Chicago study. Both prescription drug and supplement use in older adults have increased in the past decade. Ask your doctor about how certain medications or dietary supplements may interact before popping an extra pill.

Nearsightedness: A Global Trend

Experts estimate that half of us will be nearsighted by 2050, thanks to a surge in the amount of time we spend indoors staring at phones and computers, says a new report in the journal *Ophthalmology*. Researchers recommend

cutting back on screen time and getting outside—natural light may stimulate the release of dopamine, which regulates eye growth.

The Mistake Ruining Your Free Time

Marking your calendar may be a killjoy. Researchers found that assigning a date and time for leisure activities actually made the experiences feel like chores, decreasing both anticipation and enjoyment in a series of 13 studies by researchers from Washington University in St. Louis. The researchers suggest picking a date to meet a friend but maintaining spontaneity in specific timing (say, grabbing dinner “after work” rather than “at 7 p.m.”). Though the activity is the same, your brain will process it differently, and you’ll enjoy yourself more. ➔

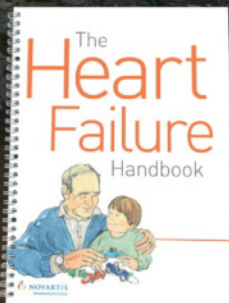


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HFS-1321574

Troubling Rise in Double Mastectomies

Rates of women with breast cancer in one breast who chose to remove both breasts (contralateral prophylactic mastectomy, or CPM) tripled from 2002 to 2012 in an *Annals of Surgery* study. However, the overall survival rate for most women who undergo CPM is no different from that of those who remove only a portion of the affected breast (lumpectomy). Researchers say there is a lingering, yet untrue, belief that cancer from one breast will spread to the other—which almost never happens.

Feeling Thirsty Hurts Your Heart

New research shows mild dehydration may impair heart function nearly as much as smoking a cigarette. University of Arkansas researchers measured the dilation and constriction of the inner lining of blood vessels, which play a critical role in cardiovascular health, in healthy young men. Even minor dehydration (when you begin feeling thirsty) inhibits blood vessel flexibility, possibly contributing to artery hardening and heart disease.

Broke Your Nose? Print a New One

In the future, doctors may create cartilage to repair a damaged nose, ear, or knee using a 3-D printer. At an American Chemical Society meeting, researchers reported using ink containing human cells to print cartilage in specific shapes. They successfully implanted the tissue into mice and hope the technology will eventually help surgeons repair damage from injuries or cancer in humans.

Don't Miss Your Chance To Reverse Prediabetes

More than one third of Americans have this condition, in which blood sugar levels are elevated but not high enough to be considered diabetes. Yet of those given a diagnosis of prediabetes in a new *Journal of the American Board of Family Medicine* study, only 23 percent were prescribed treatment. Ask your doctor about options if you have high blood sugar: Even simple changes, such as exercise and healthy eating, could slow or stop disease progression. **R**



FAST FOOD

Hummingbirds have such a fast metabolism, they are perpetually a few hours away from starving to death.

Source: piecubed.co.uk

Notice: Medical Alert

Dear Reader,

Medical related emergencies are on the rise. More seniors are seeking an independent lifestyle and better quality-of-life. **Over 1 in 3 people over the age of 64 will fall this year.** Nearly half will not be able to get up without support.

Medical expenses can escalate when a person is not given timely support. You can prevent a medical catastrophe with our 24 hour emergency response system. Our solution is highly recommended by doctors, healthcare professionals, and hospitals.

We are offering a **FREE Medical Alert System** to seniors or their loved ones who call now. For a limited time, there will be no set-up fees and the medical monitoring starts at less than a dollar a day. The system is Top-Ranked and easy-to-use. The pendant is 100% waterproof and it can travel with you. Our new system can detect falls automatically.

Call Toll-Free **1-800-360-0405** and gain peace of mind. There is no long term contract. Our medical alert professionals can walk you through everything over the phone.

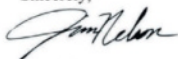
The first 100 callers to order will receive:

- Free Medical Alert System (\$300 Value)
- 24 Hours a Day/ 7 Days a Week LIVE Monitoring and Support
- Free Waterproof Necklace Pendant or Wristband
- No Long-Term Contract
- Free Shipping (Mention Reader's Digest)

Don't wait until after a fall to give us a call. Take advantage of this special offer now to protect yourself or a loved one.

Call Now Toll-Free 1-800-360-0405 and mention "Reader's Digest"

Sincerely,



Jim Nelson
President



Medical
Guardian
Medical Alert Systems
MedicalAlertNOW.com

The Big Question Doctors Forget To Ask

BY MITCH KAMINSKI, MD FROM PULSE—VOICES
FROM THE HEART OF MEDICINE



Family physician
MITCH
KAMINSKI, MD,
*is the chief
clinical
officer for
the Delaware
Valley
Accountable
Care
Organization.*

MR. DWYER isn't my patient, but since I'm covering for my partner in our family practice office, he has been slipped into my schedule.

A tall, lanky man with an air of quiet dignity, Mr. Dwyer is 88. His legs are swollen, and merely talking makes him short of breath. He suffers from congestive heart failure and renal failure, a medical Catch-22: When one condition is treated and gets better, the other gets worse. His past year has been an endless cycle of medication adjustments from dueling specialists, punctuated by emergency room visits and hospitalizations.

With us is Mr. Dwyer's daughter, Karen, who has driven from Philadelphia, an hour away. She seems dutiful but wary, awaiting the clinical wisdom of yet another doctor.

After 30 years of practice, I know that I can't possibly solve Mr. Dwyer's medical conundrum. Still, my first instinct is to improve the functioning of his heart and kidneys. Then I remember a visiting palliative-care physician's words about caring for the fragile elderly: "We forget to ask patients what they want from their care. What are their goals?"

I pause, then look Mr. Dwyer in the eye. "What are your goals for your care?" I ask. "How can I help you?"



My intuition tells me that Mr. Dwyer will say something poignant: “I’d like to see my great-granddaughter get married next spring” or “Help me live long enough so that my wife and I can celebrate our 60th wedding anniversary.”

“I would like to be able to walk without falling,” Mr. Dwyer says.

This catches me off guard. That’s all? Suddenly I feel that I may be able to help after all.

“We can order physical therapy—and there’s no need to admit you to the hospital for that,” I suggest, unsure of how this will go over.

Mr. Dwyer smiles. And Karen sighs with relief. “He really wants to stay at home,” she says matter-of-factly.

As new as our doctor-patient relationship is, I feel emboldened to tackle the big, unspoken question looming over us. “Mr. Dwyer, I know that you’ve decided against dialysis,” I say. “And with your heart failure getting worse, your health is unlikely to improve.”

He nods.

“We have services designed to help keep you comfortable for the time you have left,” I venture. “And you could stay at home.”

Again Karen looks relieved. And Mr. Dwyer seems fine with the plan.

Although I never see Mr. Dwyer again, over the next few months, I sign the order forms faxed by his hospice nurses. I speak once with his granddaughter. It's somewhat hard on Mr. Dwyer's wife to watch him decline at home, she says, but he's adamant that he wants to stay there.

A request for sublingual morphine (used during the terminal stages of dying) prompts me to call to check up on Mr. Dwyer. I learned that he hadn't had any more falls. Two days later, I fill out his death certificate.

Several months later, a new name appears on my patient schedule: *Ellen Dwyer*.

She, too, is in her late 80s and frail, but she's mentally sharp. About a year ago, a hematologist diagnosed her with myelodysplasia (a bone marrow failure, often terminal). But six months back, Mrs. Dwyer stopped going for medical care.

I ask why.

"They were doing tests," she says. "And I wasn't getting better."

Now I know what to do. I look her in the eye and ask, "Mrs. Dwyer, what are your goals for your care, and how can I help you?" **R**

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3 Things You Didn't Know About the CARE Package®

1. The CARE Package® is turning 70! On May 11, 1946, the first CARE Packages arrived in Le Havre, France, packed full of food and supplies for survivors of WWII.
2. During the two decades after WWII, Americans sent more than 100 million CARE Packages worldwide, giving rise to the term "care package."
3. CARE, founded to deliver CARE Packages, today responds to emergencies and strikes at the roots of poverty in 95 countries, using innovative tools that can't be contained in a box.



Deliver lasting change at care.org





**YOUR CARE PACKAGE'
HELPS REBUILD LIVES.**



**DELIVER LASTING
CHANGE AT CARE.ORG**

IS YOUR BLADDER ALWAYS CALLING THE SHOTS?

Ask your doctor about Myrbetriq® (mirabegron), the first and only overactive bladder (OAB) treatment in its class. It's approved by the FDA to treat OAB with symptoms of:



Urgency



Frequency



Leakage

In clinical trials, those taking Myrbetriq made fewer trips to the bathroom and had fewer leaks than those not taking Myrbetriq. Your results may vary.

TAKING CHARGE OF OAB SYMPTOMS STARTS WITH TALKING TO YOUR DOCTOR.

Visit **Myrbetriq.com** for doctor discussion tips. Ask your doctor if Myrbetriq may be right for you, and see if you can get your first prescription at no cost.*

*Subject to eligibility. Restrictions may apply.

USE OF MYRBETRIQ (meer-BEH-trick)

Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) is a prescription medicine for adults used to treat overactive bladder (OAB) with symptoms of urgency, frequency, and leakage.

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

Myrbetriq is not for everyone. Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any ingredients in Myrbetriq.

Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq. Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream.

Myrbetriq may cause allergic reactions that may be serious. If you experience swelling of the face, lips, throat or tongue, with or without difficulty breathing, stop taking Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

Please see additional Important Safety Information on next page.



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IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION (continued)

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including medications for overactive bladder or other medicines such as thioridazine (Mellaril™ and Mellaril-S™), flecainide (Tambocor®), propafenone (Rythmol®), digoxin (Lanoxin®). Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Before taking Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems. In clinical studies, the most common side effects seen with Myrbetriq included increased blood pressure, common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis), urinary tract infection and headache.

For further information, please talk to your healthcare professional and see Brief Summary of Prescribing Information for Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) on the following pages.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

 **Myrbetriq®**
(mirabegron)
extended-release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg



**Myrbetriq® (mirabegron)
extended-release tablets 25 mg, 50 mg**

Brief Summary based on FDA-approved patient labeling

Read the Patient Information that comes with Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) before you start taking it and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This summary does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your medical condition or treatment.

What is Myrbetriq (meer-BEH-trick)?

Myrbetriq is a prescription medication for **adults** used to treat the following symptoms due to a condition called **overactive bladder**:

- urge urinary incontinence: a strong need to urinate with leaking or wetting accidents
- urgency: a strong need to urinate right away
- frequency: urinating often

It is not known if Myrbetriq is safe and effective in children.

Who should not use Myrbetriq?

Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any of the ingredients in Myrbetriq. See the end of this leaflet for a complete list of ingredients in Myrbetriq.

What is overactive bladder?

Overactive bladder occurs when you cannot control your bladder contractions. When these muscle contractions happen too often or cannot be controlled, you can get symptoms of overactive bladder, which are urinary frequency, urinary urgency, and urinary incontinence (leakage).

What should I tell my doctor before taking Myrbetriq?

Before you take Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you:

- have liver problems or kidney problems
- have very high uncontrolled blood pressure
- have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if Myrbetriq will harm your unborn baby. Talk to your doctor if you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant.
- are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. It is not known if Myrbetriq passes into your breast milk. You and your doctor should decide if you will take Myrbetriq or breastfeed. You should not do both.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take, including prescription and nonprescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Tell your doctor if you take:

- thioridazine (Mellaril™ or Mellaril-S™)
- propafenone (Rythmol®)
- flecainide (Tambacor®)
- digoxin (Lanoxin®)

How should I take Myrbetriq?

- Take Myrbetriq exactly as your doctor tells you to take it.
- You should take 1 Myrbetriq tablet 1 time a day.
- You should take Myrbetriq with water and swallow the tablet whole.
- Do not crush or chew the tablet.
- You can take Myrbetriq with or without food.
- If you miss a dose of Myrbetriq, begin taking Myrbetriq again the next day. Do not take 2 doses of Myrbetriq the same day.
- If you take too much Myrbetriq, call your doctor or go to the nearest hospital emergency room right away.

What are the possible side effects of Myrbetriq?

Myrbetriq may cause serious side effects including:

- **increased blood pressure.** Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you

have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.

- **inability to empty your bladder (urinary retention).** Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder if you have bladder outlet obstruction or if you are taking other medicines to treat overactive bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you are unable to empty your bladder.
- **angioedema.** Myrbetriq may cause an allergic reaction with swelling of the lips, face, tongue, throat with or without difficulty breathing. Stop using Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

The **most common side effects** of Myrbetriq include:

- increased blood pressure
- urinary tract infection
- common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis)
- headache

Tell your doctor if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away or if you have swelling of the face, lips, tongue, or throat, hives, skin rash or itching while taking Myrbetriq.

These are not all the possible side effects of Myrbetriq.

For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

Call your doctor for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to the FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.

How should I store Myrbetriq?

- Store Myrbetriq between 59°F to 86°F (15°C to 30°C). Keep the bottle closed.
- Safely throw away medicine that is out of date or no longer needed.

Keep Myrbetriq and all medicines out of the reach of children.

General information about the safe and effective use of Myrbetriq

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for purposes other than those listed in the Patient Information leaflet. Do not use Myrbetriq for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give Myrbetriq to other people, even if they have the same symptoms you have. It may harm them.

Where can I go for more information?

This is a summary of the most important information about Myrbetriq. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about Myrbetriq that is written for health professionals.

For more information, visit www.Myrbetriq.com or call (800) 727-7003.

What are the ingredients in Myrbetriq?

Active ingredient: mirabegron

Inactive ingredients: polyethylene oxide, polyethylene glycol, hydroxypropyl cellulose, butylated hydroxytoluene, magnesium stearate, hypromellose, yellow ferric oxide and red ferric oxide (25 mg Myrbetriq tablet only).

Rx Only

PRODUCT OF JAPAN OR IRELAND – See bottle label or blister package for origin

Marketed and Distributed by:

Astellas Pharma US, Inc.

Northbrook, Illinois 60062

 **Myrbetriq[®]**
(mirabegron)
extended-release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg

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Revised: December 2015

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Stay calm. Gather your wits.
We're going to get through this
together. Here, our experts' guide for
navigating life's scariest perils and
everyday frustrations.

How to **SURVIVE** *Anything*

BY BRANDON SPEKTOR



HOW TO SURVIVE

Election Season

As November grows ever closer, it has never seemed farther away. Here are three home remedies for preventing campaign exasperation.

■ **Flee the TV:** Psychologists have found that people who don't watch TV are more accurate judges of everyday risks and rewards than those who follow fearmongering news programs and that even *thinking* about politics can slash your overall happiness. Their advice: Try a news fast for one week and see how little you miss.



■ **Flee your feed:** The Google Chrome Web browser offers free extensions that will remove all mentions of the election from your social media feed (others replace candidates' names with the poop emoji). And remember:

There's no shame in hiding a friend's or a family member's annoying Facebook posts; neither will ever find out about it, and it's easier than starting a digital shouting match.

■ **Flee your blathering buddies:** And walk the dog instead. It can't talk politics and is proved to release happiness-inducing oxytocin. Bow *wow!*

ARE WE READY (OR NOT)?

The 2013 American Housing Survey asked U.S. residents how prepared they are for disasters. Is your family above or below the curve in these key areas?

WE'RE READY!

- ✓ **Nonperishable emergency food:** 82 percent of households have enough nonperishable food to feed all family members for three days.
- ✓ **Evacuation vehicle:** 88.6 percent have a reliable vehicle able to carry all household members, pets, and supplies up to 50 miles away.
- ✓ **Evacuation funds:** 69.8 percent of households have financial resources ready to meet evacuation expenses of up to \$2,000.

WE'RE DOOMED!

- ✗ **Emergency water supply:** Only 54.3 percent of households have at least three gallons of water per person on hand.
- ✗ **Communication plan:** Only 33 percent of us have a communication contingency plan for the disruption of cell phone service.
- ✗ **Backup generator:** A measly 18.3 percent of homes have one ready in the event of a prolonged power outage.

Source: census.gov

HOW TO SURVIVE

A Terrorist Attack

Following the Paris attacks of November 2015, the BBC surveyed survival experts and came away with confidence-building advice.

■ **Get in the habit of casing the room:**

In the attack on the Bataclan concert hall, a security guard led a group of people to safety through a fire exit left of the stage. But there won't always be a guard to help. Make a point of identifying emergency exits for yourself.

■ **Make yourself smaller:** "Where there's cover from sight, there's cover from gunfire," advises Ian Reed, a British military instructor and chief executive of the Formative Group security

firm. Hard cover such as a concrete wall is the best option. If there's no cover available, play dead.

■ **"Run, hide, tell":** In its report on "dynamic lockdowns," the U.K. government's advice is to run if there is a safe route out. If you can't run, hide. If you escape, immediately tell an official what's happening. Separate from gathering crowds; always assume there's going to be a secondary action.

■ **Be a team player:** It's the most efficient way for a group to evacuate and avoid jams. Social psychologist Chris Cocking says most people are likely to try to help one another even in extreme situations—like the group of people who cooperated to escape the Bataclan via skylight.

HOW TO SURVIVE

A Layoff

The best thing you can do with your time (besides look for a new job, of course): **Play ball!** According to a happiness study from the University of Alberta, participating in physical activity increases life satisfaction three times as much as being unemployed reduces it.

HOW TO SURVIVE

The Doctor's Needle

If you are among the roughly 10 percent of people who fear a loaded syringe, heed these tips:

■ **Fess up.** Tell your doctor how needles make you feel; she might have you lie down to avert wooziness.

■ **Visit your happy place.** Close your eyes, breathe deeply, and listen to your favorite song on noise-canceling headphones.

■ **Chew the fear away.** A piece of gum or candy provides a sweet distraction from the doc.

■ **Skip the coffee.** Caffeine can make you anxious for up to six hours before your procedure.

■ **Request a security blanket.** According to Mark Burhenne, DDS, wearing a weighted blanket like the ones used during X-rays can make you feel safer in the chair. It pairs nicely with a therapy dog—a cuddly service that more and more practices are offering.

HOW TO SURVIVE

Being Stranded In the Wilderness

As the longtime editor of many of the *Reader's Digest* survival stories, Beth Dreher learned a lot about how to stay alive in dire circumstances. Here, she gives us her most important how-tos.

■ **Find water:** As the subjects of my stories know too well, you can last only about four days without water. To ward

off dehydration, search for animals, birds (especially songbirds), insects (especially honeybees), and green vegetation, all of which can indicate that water is nearby. Rock crevices may also hold small caches of rainwater.

■ **Find food:** You can survive up to three weeks without food, but a growling stomach will set in much sooner. These four items are always edible: grass, cattails, acorns, and pine needles. A simple rhyme can help you identify safe-to-eat berries: "White and yellow, kill a fellow. Purple and blue, good for you."

■ **Brave an animal ambush:** We've all read about bear and shark attacks. But what about an aggressive wolf or deer? Regardless of species, stand your ground. Running will trigger the animal's chase mentality, and unless you're trying to avoid a snake, you won't be able to run fast enough.

■ **Signal a rescuer:** The subjects of many of my stories are able to attract the attention of rescuers using a reflection or a signal fire or by making a lot of noise. To increase your chances of being discovered, go to an open area on a hilltop, then use a mirror, CD, belt buckle, or water bottle to reflect light toward the pilot of an airplane or a helicopter overhead. To create white smoke, which is easy for rescuers to see, add green vegetation to your fire.

■ **Splint a broken bone:** The people in the stories I read climb backcountry cliffs, survive plane crashes, fall thousands of feet without a parachute—and often break bones. One key to these folks' survival? A splint, which can help reduce pain, prevent further damage, and allow you to move to a safer place.

Basic rule of splinting: If you break a bone, immobilize the joints above and below it; if your joint is injured, immobilize the bones above and below it. Either way, first pad the injury with something soft like a shirt or socks; next, lay out something hard, like a tent pole or a sturdy stick, that extends past either side of the injury; finally, tie it all in place with duct tape, strips of clothing, or a padded rope from your camping gear. Don't tie it so tightly that you lose circulation. One injury is enough.



FOUR MNEMONIC DEVICES THAT'LL SAVE YOU BIG TROUBLE

- To stanch someone's blood flow, remember: **PEEP**. Position the person on the floor if possible. Expose the injury. Elevate the wound. Apply pressure.
- To treat shock, remember: "Face is red, raise the head. Face is pale, raise the tail."
- To identify signs of a heart attack, remember: **PULSE**. Persistent chest pain. Upset stomach. Light-headedness. Shortness of breath. Excessive sweating.
- To use a fire extinguisher, remember: **PASS**. Pull the pin. Aim at the base of the fire. Squeeze the trigger. Sweep across the fire.

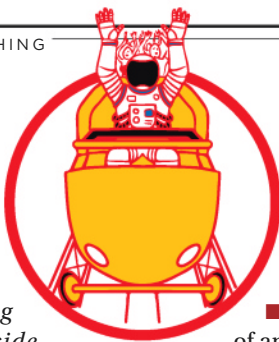


HOW TO SURVIVE

A Wild Roller Coaster

Rocketing riders straight up a 456-foot tower at 128 mph before plunging them down the other side, Kingda Ka at Six Flags Great Escape in Jackson, New Jersey, is the tallest and second-fastest roller coaster in the world. It's no joke. But neither are you.

■ **Ask yourself:** Am I healthy enough to be an astronaut? Alternating between moments of weightlessness and gravitational forces reaching about four times those of Earth's atmosphere, many coasters put your body through



a mini space camp. Your organs will temporarily float inside you, and your heart rate may soar above 200 beats per minute. Read the ride's safety warnings *carefully*.

■ **Sit smart.** The front seat of any coaster gets the freakiest view, while the back feels the greatest force. Wimps: Snag a middle seat.

■ **Don't lose your lunch.** Never eat a big meal before a big drop, warns John Cooper, a professional ride tester who braves up to 100 theme park thrills a day at the U.K.'s Drayton Manor. Eat light, wait 90 minutes between chow and coaster, and face forward throughout the ride to avoid the spins.

HOW TO SURVIVE

An Ice Cream Headache

A "brain freeze" occurs when nerves in the roof of your mouth tell your brain that it's too cold; the brain, drama queen that it is, overcompensates by rushing warm blood into your head. How can you tell your big mouth to shut up?

■ **Thaw the freeze.** Replace the cold stimulus with a warm one by filling your mouth with room-temperature water or pressing your tongue against the afflicted area.

■ **The key to prevention?** Eat slower. As one McMaster University physician found in a study of 145 students from his daughter's middle school, kids who scarfed a bowl of ice cream in five seconds or fewer were twice as likely to feel brain freeze as those who took their time.

HOW TO SURVIVE

A Sunburn

Remember this: When you're as red as a beet, make yourself a salad. Freshly cut cucumber cools and soothes the skin, as does the starch from a grated potato or a spritz of apple cider vinegar. Your skin needs vitamins A and D to heal quickly—augment your produce regimen with lots of milk, and find a cool place to veg out.

HOW TO SURVIVE

An Awkward Conversation

Somehow you're sitting next to the only person at the party you've never met, and the mood is definitely uneasy. How do you draw him or her out?

■ **Open with a compliment.** The other person will feel a wave of positive feelings, and you will be more likely to remember him or her later as the person with the "nice hat." Win-win.

■ **Listen like a hostage negotiator.** The motto of NYPD's Hostage Negotiation Team is "Talk to Me"—that's because team members are taught to spend 80 percent of their time listening and only 20 percent speaking. Draw your subject out by talking about what he or she wants to talk about, nodding, and asking follow-up questions along the way. The more you make your subject feel understood, the more he or she will enjoy the conversation.

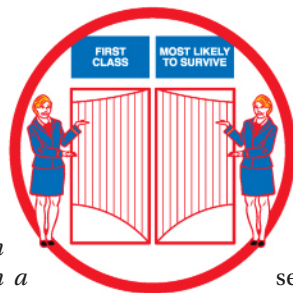
■ **Have an escape plan.** The phrases "I won't keep you" and "Give my regards to [mutual acquaintance]" are your allies. When the conversation reaches a dead end, employ them.

HOW TO SURVIVE

A Plane Crash

The smallest bump feels like an earthquake at 35,000 feet. But plane crash fatalities are at an all-time low—and with a few simple precautions, you can make them a little lower.

■ **Forget first class.** A *Popular Mechanics* study of 20 commercial jet crashes with both fatalities and survivors found that passengers seated in the rear cabin (behind the wings) had a 69 percent chance of survival, compared with just 49 percent for those in first class. If you truly fear flying, it's worth giving up the legroom for some peace of mind in the rear.



■ **Brace yourself.** In a 2015 crash simulation, Boeing found that passengers who both wore their seat belts and assumed a brace position (feet flat, head cradled against their knees or the seat in front of them if possible) were likeliest to survive.

Seat-belted fliers who did not brace suffered serious head injuries, and those with no seat belts or bracing died on impact.

■ **Don't dally with the mask.** During a loss of cabin pressure, the drop in oxygen can knock you unconscious in as little as 20 seconds. Listen to your flight attendants: *Always secure your oxygen mask before helping others.* You can't help if you can't breathe.

HOW TO SURVIVE

A Divorce

"Divorce is always good news," says comedian Louis C.K., "because no good marriage has ever ended in one." This hard truth may not make the emotional process any easier to deal with—but these three actions might.

■ **Write the pain away.** Relief can be as simple as freewriting for 20 minutes a day, four days in a row, says James W. Pennebaker, a professor of psychology at the University of Texas. "Across multiple studies, people who engage in expressive writing report feeling happier and less negative than they felt before," he writes in his book, *Expressive Writing: Words That Heal*. Per one study, "those who kept their traumas secret went to physicians

almost 40 percent more often than those who openly talked about them."

■ **Launch a project (or a rocket):**

Like the jilted New Zealand woman who launched her wedding ring into space on a homemade rocket or the blogger who got a book deal from devising "101 uses for my ex-wife's wedding dress," you, too, can channel hard feelings into hard work.

■ **See it through your kids' eyes.**

In 2014, actress Gwyneth Paltrow popularized *conscious uncoupling* as a byword for a positive, amicable divorce. As doctors Habib Sadeghi and Sherry Sami subsequently wrote on Paltrow's

website, "Children are imitators by nature ... If we are to raise a more civilized generation, we must model those behaviors during the good and bad times in our relationships."



HOW TO SURVIVE

An Earworm

It takes only one passing toddler to get "It's a Small World (After All)" stuck in your head and a whole teeth-gnashing day to get it out. There is a better way to cure what scientists call involuntary musical imagery (aka, the common earworm). In fact, there are two ways:

■ **Option one:** Embrace it. Listen to the song all the way through, at full volume, ideally singing along. The idea is that by confronting your brain with the full version, your earworm will end when the song does.

■ **Option two:** Replace it. Play a different song all the way through, at full volume, in an attempt to chase away your earworm with something more forgettable. In one U.K. study, the most popular "cure" song was the national anthem, "God Save the Queen." On this side of the pond, try humming "The Star-Spangled Banner" to clear your head before twilight's last gleaming.

HOW TO SURVIVE

A National Epidemic (Zombie Apocalypse Included)

Aping the popularity of TV's zombie drama *The Walking Dead*, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention released an educational comic book about zombie preparedness. Doubling as a legitimate guide to surviving a pandemic, the comic offers these to-die-for tips:

- **Hunker down.** Seriously, lock your doors and stay home unless absolutely necessary or instructed otherwise.
- **Watch your squad.** When the virus hits, be ready to use your *braaaaaaiiiins*. If someone you're with is showing signs of infection, quarantine the person.
- **Tune in.** Should you stay where you are or bug out for a government-set safe zone? Keep a battery- or crank-powered radio nearby for safety updates in the event of a power outage.
- **Don't be a hero.** Lower the crossbow TV zombie fighters favor; the infected are still your neighbors. Take every precaution not to kill one another while the government works on distributing a vaccine and treating patients.



HOW TO SURVIVE

Crowd Crush

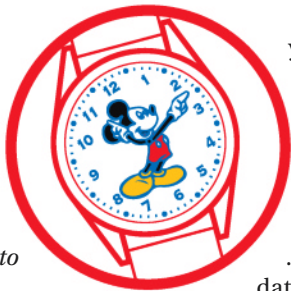
When a huge crowd hits a tight choke point, a scary thing happens: The crowd starts moving like a fluid, each person forced forward by the people behind, regardless of whether there's anywhere to move. This occurred last September when a group of more than a million pilgrims reached a narrow street intersection in Mecca. Trapped between the force of people behind them and the wall of people in front of them, some 2,200 died from compressive asphyxiation, the air literally crushed from their lungs. It's a terrible fate but one you can avoid. Here's how.

- **Don't fight the tide.** Shock waves from the back of the crowd will push you forward—*do not fight them*. Stopping is the quickest way to fall, and falling is the quickest way to die. Instead, “wait for the surge to come, go with it, and move sideways. Keep moving with it and sideways, with it and sideways,” says Edwin Galea, a crowd behavior specialist at the University of Greenwich.
- **If you do fall, make an air pocket ASAP.** Try to fall in a rigid fetal position (arms over your face and chest) to attempt to make room for your lungs to breathe. One man survived the 2003 Station nightclub fire in Rhode Island by doing this and securing a small supply of fresh air through the blaze.

HOW TO SURVIVE

The World's Slowest Line

Anytime you have more than two lines to choose from, odds are you will not pick the fastest one. What to do? Plan ahead.



you to skip the customs desk during international travel. Visit cbp.gov to apply.

■ **On hold:** Sick of hearing “For English, stay on the line”? Visit gethuman.com, a crowdsourced database that tells you the

quickest way to beat the phone tree for more than 10,000 companies.

■ **At the DMV:** Start online, where most states allow you to take care of basic services remotely or at least schedule an appointment. Avoid visits at the end of the month, when most driver’s licenses expire, and go before noon in the middle of the week.

■ **At Disneyland:** Arrive at least 30 minutes before the park opens, and start with the most popular rides; every minute you show up after the doors open becomes two extra minutes in line.

■ **At the grocery store:** Favor stores that use a “serpentine line”—that is, a single long line that flows into multiple cash registers (e.g., the line at your local bank). Many Trader Joe’s and Whole Foods stores use this system, proved to be at least three times faster.

■ **At airport security:** Wait times tend to double every Friday afternoon from four to eight, but if you are a frequent traveler who cannot avoid rush hour, consider investing \$100 in Global Entry. This U.S. Customs and Border Protection service makes you eligible for the TSA PreCheck line and allows

HOW TO SURVIVE

A Speeding Ticket

America’s boys in blue took to social media site Reddit to share their tricks for avoiding hefty speeding fines. Here’s how to tip the scales in your favor:

■ **Do:** Keep your hands on the wheel. According to one cop, “This shows care and concern for the officer’s safety—and trust me, we really appreciate that.”

■ **Don’t say:** “I’m sorry I was speeding.” If you admit guilt, the officer is supposed to write you a ticket (and in some states, he or she legally has to).

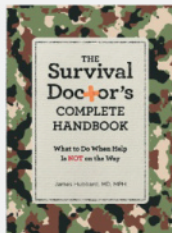
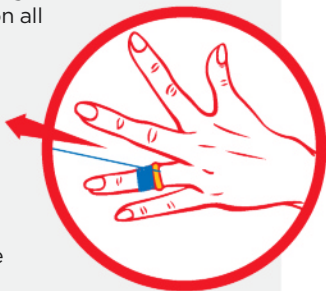
■ **Do say:** “Is it possible you could just give me a warning?” In many cases, warnings count toward a department’s ticket quota.

■ **Definitely don’t say:** “Do you know who I am?!”/“My taxes pay your salary!”/“Don’t you have anything better to do?!” Officers agree: Not being a jerk is the minimum requirement to getting out of a ticket.

HOW TO SURVIVE GETTING A RING STUCK ON YOUR FINGER

"When a ring threatens to cut off circulation to a swelling finger, you have to get that tiny tourniquet off any way you can," says James Hubbard, MD, MPH, author of *The Survival Doctor's Complete Handbook: What to Do When Help Is Not on the Way*. Before you buy a ring cutter or draft an apology letter to your beloved, first check your bathroom cabinet for a carton of dental floss. That little spool of string might just be your salvation. What to do:

- 1. Ice the finger for five minutes** to decrease swelling.
- 2. Slather a lubricant such as soap**, grease, or lotion all over the finger to help the ring slide.
- 3. Tear off a foot or two of dental floss** or another strong string.
- 4. Poke one end** of the floss under the ring, toward your palm, and pull it a couple of inches out.
- 5. Wrap the longer piece** firmly around your finger, starting next to the ring and continuing toward the end of the finger until it's wrapped well past the joint you're trying to get the ring past. The goal is to compress the swelling and push some of it toward the skinnier part of your finger.



- 6. Grab the two-inch end** of the floss that you've poked under your ring and pull on it as you push the ring past the joint until it's free. Voilà! You get to keep the finger—and the ring. R


For more essential first aid tips and tricks from a survival-medicine specialist, buy *The Survival Doctor's Complete Handbook* wherever books are sold and at rdtradepublishing.com.



WISE QUACKS

I find a duck's opinion of me is very much influenced by whether or not I have bread.

MITCH HEDBERG



Alone with a toolbox
350 miles above Earth, astronaut
Michael Massimino faced an
almost impossible task

EIGHT HOURS AT THE EDGE OF DARKNESS



Massimino repairing the Hubble Space Telescope with Earth's curvature glowing in the background

IN 1984, I WENT TO SEE the movie *The Right Stuff*. And a couple of things really struck me in that movie. The first was the view out the window of John Glenn's spaceship—the view of Earth, how beautiful it was on the big screen. I wanted to see that view. And secondly, the camaraderie among the original seven astronauts depicted in that movie—how they were good friends, how they stuck up for one another, how they would never let one another down. I wanted to be part of an organization like that.

And it rekindled a boyhood dream that had gone dormant over the years. That dream was to be an astronaut. That dream was to be an astronaut. And I just could not ignore this dream. I had to pursue it. So I was lucky enough to get accepted to MIT.

While I was at MIT, I applied to NASA to become an astronaut. I filled out my application, and I received a letter that said they weren't quite interested. So I waited a couple of years, and I sent in another application. They sent me back pretty much the same letter. So I applied a *third* time, and this time I got an interview, so they got to know who I was. And then they told me no.

So I applied a fourth time. And on April 22, 1996, I picked up the phone, and it was Dave Leestma, the head of flight-crew operations at the Johnson Space Center in Houston.

He said, "Hey, Mike. How you doing this morning?"

I said, "I really don't know,

Dave. You're gonna have to tell me."

He said, "Well, I think you're gonna be pretty good after this phone call 'cause we wanna make you an astronaut."

Thirteen years after that, I'm on the space shuttle *Atlantis*, about to do a space walk on the Hubble Space Telescope. And our task that day was to repair an instrument called a spectrograph that had failed. Scientists used this instrument to detect the atmospheres of far-off planets. Planets in other solar systems could be analyzed using this spectrograph to see if we might find one that was Earth-like or could support life. The power supply on this instrument had failed, so it could no longer be used.

There was no way really to replace this unit or to repair the instrument, because when they launched this thing, it was buttoned up with an access panel that blocked the power supply that had failed. This access

THE MOTH

This story was told before a crowd at a "Grand Slam" storytelling event hosted by the Moth in New York City. *Reader's Digest* is proud to partner with the Moth on similar events in cities across the country, with the best stories to appear in the July/August issue of *RD*. To learn more, visit themoth.org.



Massimino waves to crewmates from the cargo bay of the space shuttle Columbia.

panel had 117 small screws with washers, and just to play it safe, they put glue on the screw threads so they would never come apart.

But we really wanted the Hubble's capability back, so we started working. And for five years, we designed a space walk. We designed over 100 new space tools to be used—at great taxpayers' expense, millions of dollars; thousands of people worked on this. And my buddy Mike Good (whom we call Bueno)—he and I were gonna do this space walk. I was gonna be the guy actually doing the repair.

Inside was Drew Feustel, one of my best friends. He was gonna read me the checklist. We had practiced this for years. They built us our own practice instrument and gave us our own set of tools so we could practice in our

office, in our free time, during lunch, after work, on the weekends. We became like one mind. We had our own language. Now was the day to go out and do this task.

The thing I was most worried about when leaving the air lock that day was my path to get to the telescope, because it was along the side of the space shuttle. If you look over the edge of the shuttle, it's like looking over a cliff, with 350 miles to go down to the planet.

There are no good handrails. And I'm kind of a big goon. And when there's no gravity, you could go spinning off into space. I knew I had a safety tether that would probably hold, but I also had a heart that I wasn't so sure about. I knew they would get me back; I just wasn't sure what they would get back on the end

of the tether when they reeled me in. I was really concerned about this. I took my time, and I got through the treacherous path to the telescope.

The first thing I had to do was to remove from the telescope a handrail that was blocking the access panel. There were two screws on the top, and they came off easily. There was one screw on the bottom right, and that came out easily. The fourth screw is not moving. My tool is moving, but the screw is not. I look closely, and it's stripped. I realize that that handrail's not coming off, which means I can't get to the access panel with these 117 screws that I've been worrying about for five years, which means I can't get to the power supply that failed, which means we're not gonna be able to fix this instrument today, which means all these smart scientists can't find life on other planets.

I'm to blame for this.

And I could see what they would be saying in the science books of the future. This was gonna be my legacy. My children and my grandchildren would read in their classrooms:

We would know if there was life on other planets ... but Gabby and Daniel's dad broke the Hubble Space Telescope, and we'll never know.

Through this nightmare that had

just begun, I looked at my buddy Bueno, next to me in his space suit, and he was there to assist in the repair but could not take over my role. It was my job to fix this thing. I turned and looked into the cabin where my five crewmates were, and I realized nobody in there had a space suit on. They couldn't come out here

and help me. And then I actually looked at Earth; I looked at our planet, and I thought, *There are billions of people down there, but there's no way I'm gonna get a house call on this one. No one can help me.*

I felt this deep loneliness. And it wasn't just a "Saturday afternoon with a book" alone. I felt ... detached from Earth. I felt that I was by

myself, and everything that I knew and loved and that made me feel comfortable was far away. And then it started getting dark and cold.

Because we travel 17,500 miles an hour, 90 minutes is one lap around Earth. So it's 45 minutes of sunlight and 45 minutes of darkness. And when you enter the darkness, it is not just darkness. It's the darkest black I have ever experienced. It's the complete absence of light. It gets cold, and I could feel that coldness, and I could sense the darkness coming. And it just added to my loneliness.



I LOOKED
AT EARTH AND
THOUGHT,
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BILLIONS OF
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THERE, BUT NO
ONE CAN HELP
ME UP HERE.

For the next hour or so, we tried all kinds of things, and nothing worked. And then they called up and said they wanted me to go to the front of the shuttle to get a toolbox, vise grips, and tape. I thought, *We are running out of ideas. I didn't even know we had tape. I'm gonna be the first astronaut to use tape on a space walk.*

BUT I GOT TO THE FRONT of the space shuttle, and I opened up the toolbox, and there was the tape. At that point, I was very close to the front of the orbiter, right by the cabin window, and I knew that my best pal was in there, trying to help me out. I could not even stand to think of looking at him, because I felt so bad about the way this day was going, with all the work he and I had put in.

But through the corner of my eye, through my helmet, just the side there, I can kinda see that he's trying to get my attention. And I look up at him, and he's just cracking up, smiling and giving me the OK sign. And I'm like, *Is there another space walk going on out here?* I really can't talk to him, because if I say anything, the ground will hear. You know, Houston. The control center. So I'm playing charades with him, like, *What are you, nuts?* And I didn't wanna look before, because I thought he was gonna give me the finger because he's gonna go down in the history books with me. But he's saying, *No, we're OK. We're gonna make it*

through this. We're in this together. You're doing great. Just hang in there.

If there was ever a time in my life that I needed a friend, it was at that moment. And there was my buddy, just like I saw in that movie, the camaraderie of those guys sticking together. I didn't believe him at all. I figured that we were outta luck. But I thought, *At least if I'm going down, I'm going down with my best pal.*

And as I turned to make my way back over the treacherous path one more time, Houston called up and told us what they had in mind. They wanted me to use that tape to tape the bottom of the handrail and then see if I could yank it off the telescope. They said it was gonna take about 60 pounds of force for me to do that.

And Drew answers the call, and he goes to me, "Sixty pounds of force? Mass, I think you got that in you. What do you think?"

And I'm like, "You bet, Drew. Let's go get this thing."

And Drew's like, "Go!" And *bam!* That thing comes right off. I pull out my power tool, and now I've got that access panel with those 117 little bitty screws with their washers and glue, and I'm ready to get each one of them. And I pull the trigger on my power tool, and nothing happens. I look, and I see that the battery is dead. I turn my head to look at Bueno, who's in his space suit, again looking at me like, *What else can happen today?*

And I said, "Drew, the battery's

dead in this thing. I'm gonna go back to the air lock, and we're gonna swap out the battery, and I'm gonna recharge my oxygen tank." Because I was getting low on oxygen; I needed to get a refill.

He said, "Go." And I was going back over that shuttle, and I noticed two things. One was that the treacherous path that I was so scaredy-cat-sissy-pants about going over—it wasn't scary anymore. That in the course of those couple of hours of fighting this problem, I had gone up and down that thing about 20 times, and my fear had gone away because there was no time to be a scaredy-cat; it was time to get the job done. What we were doing was more important than me being worried, and it was actually kinda fun going across that little jungle gym, back and forth over the shuttle.

The other thing I noticed was that I could feel the warmth of the sun. We were about to come into a day pass. And the light in space, when you're in the sunlight, is the brightest, whitest, purest light I have ever experienced, and it brings with it warmth. I could feel that coming, and I actually started feeling optimistic.

Sure enough, the rest of the walk went well. We got all those screws

out, a new power supply in, buttoned it up. They tried it; turned it on from the ground. The instrument had come back to life. And at the end of that space walk, after about eight hours, my commander says, "Hey, Mass, you know, you've got about 15 minutes before Bueno's gonna be ready to come in. Why don't you go outside of the air lock and enjoy the view?"

So I go outside, take my tether, clip it on a handrail, let go, and I just look. And Earth—from our altitude at Hubble, we're 350 miles up. We can see the curvature. We can see the roundness of our home, our home planet. It's the most magnificent thing I've ever seen. It's like looking into

heaven. It's paradise.

And I thought, *This is the view that I imagined in that movie theater all those years ago.* As I looked at Earth, I also noticed that I could turn my head, and I could see the moon and the stars and the Milky Way galaxy. I could see our universe. I could turn back and see our beautiful planet.

And that moment changed my relationship with Earth. Because for me, Earth had always been a kind of safe haven, you know, where I could go to work or be in my home or take my kids to school. But I realized it really

“ ”

I HAD GONE UP
AND DOWN THE
PATH TO THE
TELESCOPE 20
TIMES, AND MY
FEAR HAD GONE
AWAY—IT WAS
NO TIME TO BE A
SCAREDY-CAT.

wasn't that. It really *is* its own spaceship. And I had always been a space traveler. All of us here today, even tonight, we're on this spaceship Earth, amongst all the chaos of the universe, whipping around the sun and around the Milky Way galaxy.

A FEW DAYS LATER, we get back. I'm driving home to my house with my wife, and she starts telling me about what she was going through that Sunday that I was space walking. How while watching the NASA television channel, she detected a sadness in my voice that she had never heard from me before, and it worried her.

I wish I had known that when I was up there, 'cause this loneliness that I felt—really, Carol was thinking about me the whole time. And we turned the corner to come down our block, and I could see my neighbors were outside. They had decorated my house, and there were American flags everywhere. And my neighbor across the street was holding a pepperoni pizza and a six-pack of beer, two things that unfortunately we still cannot get in space.

And I got out of the car, and they were all hugging me. I was still in my blue flight suit, and they were saying how happy they were to have me back and how great everything turned out. I realized my friends, man, they were thinking about me the whole time. They were with me too.

The next day, we had our return ceremony; we made speeches. The engineers who had worked all these years with us, our trainers, the people that worked in the control center, they started telling me how they were running around like crazy while I was up there in my little nightmare.

I realized that at the time when I felt detached from everyone else, I never was alone, that my family and my friends and the people I worked with, the people that I loved and the people that cared about me, they were with me every step of the way. **R**

Michael Massimino, PhD, is a veteran of two NASA spaceflights, in March 2002 and May 2009. A graduate of Columbia University and MIT, Massimino serves as executive director of the Rice Space Institute at Rice University in addition to his responsibilities in the Astronaut Office at NASA.

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, WHOSE FORTHCOMING BOOK, *SPACEMAN*, WILL BE PUBLISHED BY CROWN ARCHETYPE IN OCTOBER 2016. READ MORE ORIGINALS LIKE THIS IN *THE MOTH*, EDITED BY CATHERINE BURNS AND AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK AND E-BOOK FROM HACHETTE BOOKS. LISTEN TO OTHER ORIGINALS ON THE MOTH PODCAST, AVAILABLE AT ITUNES AND THEMOTH.ORG.



SCHOOLED

It's called being condescending. Maybe you've heard of it.

 @DANMENTOS

Years after a tragic loss, Alisha Gorder finally found comfort in other people's stories

What I Learned at the Flower Shop

BY ALISHA GORDER FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

ON MY FIRST DAY OF WORK at the flower shop, I showed up in sandals. The second day, realizing I needed something close-toed, I wore my nice Oxfords. The third day, having learned that less fancy would be best, I debuted a pair of red high-top Converse sneakers I'd bought specifically for the job. The clean white toes of my Chuck Taylors perfectly reflected my newness at the shop—how long it took me to put together bouquets, how I struggled to fold paper around loose stems in a way that was pretty or at least presentable.





"It's like swaddling a baby," someone told me in an effort to be helpful, but I had never done that either.

My dream of working in a flower shop had its roots in my grandmother's garden, always in bloom, where I made bouquets with whatever I could get my hands on. But that experience in no way prepared me for the number of buckets I would have to clean or the way dirt would wedge itself permanently under my nails.

Mostly, though, I wasn't prepared for the people, from the man who handed out three flowers to three strangers every Tuesday to the Thanksgiving guest who sent a bouquet to his hosts after walking off with one of their silver dinner knives. Their stories wove their way into mine and stuck with me long after I locked up for the night.

I always enjoyed reading the messages that went along with each bouquet. Most were what you would expect, plenty of "I Love You" and "Get Well Soon." We got so many "Happy Birthday," "Happy Anniversary," and "Thinking of You" requests that phone messages were written in shorthand: *H.B.*, *H.A.*, *T.O.Y.*

But others had more flair, like "Farewell to your old [breasts] and hello to the new Megan."

Once, I took a phone order for

a dozen yellow roses and a card that read, "Sorry I'm an idiot."

"Is that it?" I asked.

"'From, Your Duck,'" he added.

"'Duck' like the animal?"

"Yeah."

I would scoff at messages that seemed too sugary, trite, or boring, and it disheartened me when customers asked what their sympathy cards should say. But I understood that finding the right words can be a monumental task and that sometimes those words just happen to be the same ones everyone else is using.

About six months into the job, I came across

a message that struck me for its honesty: "Cards and flowers seem so lame when someone dies but we are thinking of you and want you to know."

I thought about that note a lot.

When I was 18, my boyfriend of two years hanged himself from the rafters of his garage. He was the first boy I kissed, the first I loved, the last person I talked to at night, and the first person I talked to in the morning, until one sunny day in November when I woke up to a call from his mother.

People sent cards. I don't remember what they wrote, but what mattered was the gesture. Maybe they said, "With our deepest sympathies" or "We're so sorry for your loss." For



By the time I started at the flower shop, I had shed some of my cynicism and bitterness.

me, it came down to one word: *gone*.

After he died, I thought of his death as something that had happened to me, an act committed specifically with me in mind because of something I had or had not done, and it took me years to break free of this habit.

By the time I started at the flower shop, I had shed some of my cynicism and bitterness. I no longer wore his T-shirts to bed and had given up on finding answers to impossible questions, most of which were versions of the relentless "What could I have done?" There was always something, but at the same time, absolutely nothing, and I had learned to live with that.

I had moved away and finished school and loved someone else. I was more open to people's pain and also their happiness, two states of being that used to equally irritate me: the pain because it hit too close to home and the happiness because it seemed so far away. I became more interested in other people's stories, and the more I was confronted with life in all its beauty and ugliness, the more I felt a softening in me.

I have sold flowers to single men and women; to color-blind fathers shopping with their precocious daughters; to new parents, grandparents, aunts, and uncles; to engaged twentysomethings and couples celebrating 50 years. I've given flowers to homeless men who have in turn given them to pretty girls in summer dresses. Once I presented a 'Cherry

Brandy' rose to Extremo the Clown—a red-foam-nosed character who drove the Never Never Van around the streets of Portland, Oregon, while blasting music and waving a monkey puppet out the window. People buy flowers when they're in love, in trouble, drunk, devastated, and excited and sometimes for no obvious reason.

ONLY OCCASIONALLY would I get to see how the story played out. I helped a young man buy flowers for a woman he was seeing, and he told me that he would soon be proposing to her on a trip overseas they were taking together. I remember him because he came in looking for the most fragrant flowers—stock, stargazers, tuberose.

I spent 15 minutes with him, walking around, taking whiffs of each flower. It was the first time I had smelled a flower all day, even though I had been working for hours.

Six months later, he came back. Again, I pointed out the most fragrant flowers, watching as he buried his nose in the blooms and listening as he told me about his wife, now pregnant.

At first, I was blown away by the ease and regularity with which I was invited into customers' lives, but it quickly became the norm.

"What's this for?" I would ask, because it was my job.

"Anniversary." "Birthday." "Just because." But then sometimes "This might be too much information, but

I'm dating my ex-wife." And just like that, I would find myself in the middle of a discussion about what that's like, to date one's former spouse.

I took notes on these conversations, snapped photos of card messages, and told my favorite shop stories to coworkers, family, and friends, but still so much has gotten away. Details escape me, and sometimes it seems as if the harder I try to hold on to them, the more blurry they become.

That used to drive me crazy. Shame on me, I thought, to gather so many stories, only to let them go like water through cupped palms. But the beauty, I learned, was that there would always be more, and that made the losing more OK.

Why do we send flowers? To make up for what is intangible? Those feelings we can't hold in our hands and present as a gift to our loved ones? And why is it that the placeholders we choose—the dozen red roses, the fragrant white lilies, the long-stemmed French tulips—are so fleeting? Hold on to them for too long, and you end up with a mess of petals, pollen, and foul-smelling water.

After my boyfriend's death, I went

about trying to find closure. I wrote letters and set them on fire. I went to a therapist, then another. I went to yoga and tried meditation. I moved to Colorado, then Oregon. I went so many places and carried him along with me to each of them. I have done so much holding.

There's a picture I took of him just days before I left for college, two months before he died. His face is turned away, hidden from the camera, but I like to think he's smiling.

I remember the song we were listening to, the chatter of frogs through the screen door, my bare feet on wood. Precious moments made all the more precious by the fact that they have already come and gone. Now I measure months by what's in season: sunflowers in July, dahlias in August, rose hips and maple in October, pine in December, hyacinth in March, crowd-pleasing peonies in May.

A favorite of mine is tulip magnolia, the way the buds erupt into blooms and the blooms into a litter of color on lawns, all in a matter of weeks while it's snowing cherry blossoms. How startlingly beautiful impermanence can be. **R**

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EXTRA CHEESE

Orion's belt is a waist of space.

 @THEPUNNINGMAN (SEAN LEAHY)

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Laugh Lines

WANTED: A VACATION FROM THE KIDS

Looks up from phone
“Kids! We’re leaving the
playground in 22 percent.”
@ABHORRENT_WIFE (MEGAN)

When you’re a parent, you sleep
according to someone else’s
schedule; you eat according to
someone else’s schedule. It’s
like being in jail, but you really
love the warden. LEW SCHNEIDER

A parent’s job is basically
a daily struggle to help a
crazy person stay alive.
@ILIKECATSHIRTS (JEREMY)

I’d like to name my kid a whole
phrase, like “Ladies and Gentle-
men.” Then when he gets out of
hand, I get to go, “Ladies and
Gentlemen, please!” LOUIS C.K.

Children
are smarter
than any
of us. You
know how
I know that?
I don’t know
any children
with a full-
time job and
children.

BILL HICKS

If evolution
really works,
how come
mothers
have only
two hands?
MILTON BERLE



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Super Colon Cleanse® is a high-quality digestive cleanse designed to help your body gently eliminate waste.* Made with soluble fiber from Psyllium Husk and a gentle herbal stimulant, Senna - Plus the added benefit of 7 soothing digestive Herbs and Acidophilus - **Super Colon Cleanse** contains 1g of fiber with No sugar, sodium, cholesterol or fat!* And your Satisfaction is 100% Guaranteed. **No Wonder They Call it “Super”!**

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15

Favorite Facts That Are False

BY BRANDON SPEKTOR

INSPIRED BY INFORMATIONISBEAUTIFUL.NET

**Bagpipes Are Scottish**

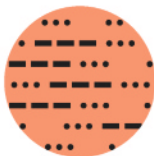
Sorry, *Braveheart* fans: They were prevalent in the Middle East centuries before Western Europe.

**Your Hair and Nails Keep Growing After Death**

Wrong—but your skin tissue does recede, making them appear longer.

**Toads Cause Warts**

Humans can catch warts only from other humans. Those bumps on toads are just their skin glands.

**SOS = “Save Our Ship”**

It doesn't stand for anything. SOS became a Morse code distress signal because it's so easy to transmit: three dots, three dashes, three dots.

**Adam and Eve Ate an Apple**

They ate the forbidden “fruit” of the tree of knowledge—nowhere in Genesis does it say it was an apple.

**Celebrities Die in Threes**

Of 449 celebs who have died since 1990, only in seven cases did three die in the same five-day period, according to data from the *New York Times*.



Sleepers Swallow Eight Spiders per Year Spiders usually don't crawl into beds during nighttime wanderings because they offer no prey. You probably swallow zero spiders per year.



Everest Is the Tallest Mountain Only above sea level. If you measure Hawaii's Mauna Kea volcano from its underwater base, it stands more than 33,000 feet tall—4,000 above Everest.



Van Gogh Cut Off His Ear for a Lover It was just a small piece of lobe, and he did it during a violent spat with Paul Gauguin. Whether Van Gogh then gave it to a local call girl remains unknown.



The Pilgrims First Landed at Plymouth Rock They landed in what is now Provincetown, Massachusetts, and signed the Mayflower Compact there. Plymouth came five weeks later.



A Story Can "Break" the Internet "The Internet is a very resilient system," says Web pioneer Vint Cerf. "Shutting the whole thing down has not happened [since] it has been in operation."



Slaves Built the Pyramids Egyptologists say this ancient construction job was a great honor granted only to respected laborers, who remain entombed near the site today.



Ben Franklin Wanted the Turkey as Our Symbol While designing a national seal, Franklin proposed an image of Moses, not a wild turkey, to represent America.



All Your Fingernails Grow at the Same Rate Because blood flow stimulates nail growth, the nails on your dominant hand actually grow faster.



Ninjas Wore Black This "uniform" comes from years of fiction and folklore. Real ninjas wore anything that would help them blend into daily life.



WHEN AMY MET DUANE *ONLINE*

You fill the space
between my fingers.


I can't wait to hold
your hand and walk
along the sandy
beaches at sunset.

Last night,
in my dreams,
I saw you on
the pier.

Oh, Amy. You know
me better than that.

My life will never be
the same since I met
you. Happy New Year.

Tell me more about you.

She gave him her —and
he took \$300,000 from her.
A harrowing story of online
dating deception.

BY DOUG SHADEL
AND DAVID DUDLEY
FROM AARP
THE MAGAZINE

SHE WROTE HIM FIRST, ON A THURSDAY EVENING IN DECEMBER 2013. “YOU WERE LISTED AS A 100% MATCH! I AM NOT SURE WHAT A 100% MATCH MEANS ... FIRST, WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN ME? CHECK MY PROFILE.”

Later, when Amy* puzzled over their relationship, she'd remember this. She had contacted him, not the other way around. That had been a fateful move; it had made everything easier for him. But she didn't know that yet.

It had been over two years since Amy had experienced the death of her husband of 20 years, four since she had lost her mother—two sharp blows in her 50s. Her marriage had been troubled—her husband was abusive—but cancer took him before she could process what was happening. Now she was alone in a house in Virginia. Amy had grown up in the community, and her brothers and their families lived nearby. When it came to meeting men, however, her choices were limited.

In the fall of 2013, she signed up for a six-month subscription a popular online dating site. She considered

herself pretty tech savvy. She had a website for her business, was on Facebook, and carried a smartphone. In her profile, she was honest about her age (57) and finances (“self-sufficient”), and her pitch was straightforward:

“looking for a life partner ... successful, spiritually minded, intelligent, good sense of humor, enjoys dancing and traveling. No games!”

She exchanged messages and had a few phone calls with men; she even met some for coffee or lunch. But either they weren't her type or they weren't who they'd said they were in their profiles. She resolved to contact only men who were close matches according to the site's algorithm.

Then she saw this guy with a mysterious profile name: darkandsugarclue. The photo showed a trim, silver-haired man with a salt-and-pepper beard. He was 61, liked bluegrass music, and lived an hour away. And he was a “100% match,” so she wrote to him.

More than a week later, she got this message: “Thank you so much for the e-mail and I am really sorry for the delay in reply, I don't come on here often ... I really like your profile and

*Names have been changed.

I like what I have gotten to know about you so far. I would love to get to know you as you sound like a very interesting person plus you are beautiful. Tell me more about you. In fact it would be my pleasure if you wrote me at my e-mail as I hardly come on here often.”

He gave her a Yahoo e-mail address and a name, Duane. When she went back to the dating site to look at his profile, it had disappeared.

She wrote: “Your profile is no longer there—did you pull it? As I am recalling the information you shared intrigued me. I would like to know more about you. Please e-mail me with information about yourself and pictures so I can get to know you better.”

Duane sent a long message that sketched a peripatetic life. He was a “computer systems analyst” from California who had grown up in Manchester, England, and had lived in Virginia for five months. Much of his note consisted of flirty jokes (“If I could be bottled I would be called ‘eau de enigma’”) and an imaginary description of their first meeting: “It’s 11 a.m. when we arrive at the restaurant for brunch. The restaurant is a white painted weatherboard, simple but well-kept, set on the edge of a lake ...”

Duane was nothing like the men Amy had met so far. “You certainly have a great sense of humor and a way with words,” she wrote. She mentioned the deception she’d encountered on dates: “It is amazing what people will do without conscience.

I think it is always best to be whom we are and not mislead others.”

Within two weeks, they’d exchanged eight more e-mails. Duane suggested they fill out questionnaires listing their favorite foods, hobbies, quirks, and financial status. He also sent a link to a song, Marc Anthony’s “I Need You.”

“It holds a message in it,” he told her, “a message that delivers the exact way I feel for you.”

Amy clicked on the link to the ballad, which ends with the singer begging his lover to marry him. Then she listened to it again.

SEDUCTION.COM

It’s an ancient con. An impostor poses as a suitor, woos the victim, then loots his or her finances. In pre-digital times, scammers found prey in the personal ads of magazines. Today, technology has streamlined communication, given scammers new tools, and opened up a vast pool of victims. Fifteen percent of adults in the United States said they’ve used a dating website or app. In 2015, the FBI received 12,509 complaints related to online-dating fraud, with losses of \$203.3 million. That figure may be low because many victims never report the crime or tell their loved ones. Their silence stems from shame, fear of ridicule, and denial. “Once people are invested in these [romances], it’s extremely difficult to convince them they are not dealing with

a real person," says Steven Baker, director of the Federal Trade Commission's Midwest Region and a fraud expert. "People want to believe so badly."

When Amy talks about how she fell in love, she always mentions Duane's voice. It was musical, clipped, flecked with endearing Britishisms. Soon after they connected online, they began talking for hours every day in addition to e-mailing and texting. His years in England explained the accent, but there was also a wisp of something else in his voice. Still, this did nothing to deter her interest. In their conversations, Amy opened up to Duane about her marriage, her job, and her conviction that things happened for a reason. She had never met a man who was so curious about her.

She was just as fascinated by Duane. Or was it Dwayne? The spelling switched from his earlier e-mails. There were other curiosities. She'd be fixing breakfast, and he'd be talking about going out for the evening. He traveled for work, he explained. He was calling from Malaysia, where he was finishing a computer job.

Since Amy loved to travel, the fact that Dwayne was living overseas added to his "eau de enigma." He sent her a link to an old John Denver song, "Shanghai Breezes," about two lovers separated by distance.

WHEN AMY RETURNED FROM HER TRIP, SHE FOUND A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS AND A NOTE: "MY LIFE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME SINCE I MET YOU. HAPPY NEW YEAR. LOVE, DWAYNE."

She wrote: "Wow ... It feels like the universe is manifesting my perfect partner right before my very eyes. Prayers answered and yes it does seem like we have known each other a long time."

Amy sent that note a week after her first message from Dwayne. In e-mails and calls, they shared the day-to-day minutiae about their lives—her upcoming trip to Sarasota, Florida, with a friend; his visit to a textiles museum in Kuala Lumpur. Mixed in were his ardent declarations of affection: "Last night, in my dreams, I saw you on the pier. The wind was blowing through your hair, and your eyes held the fading sunlight."

Those florid words cast a powerful spell on Amy. "You are filling my days and nights with wonder," she confessed to Dwayne on Christmas. "Are you real? Will you appear someday ... Hold me in your arms, kiss my lips and caress me gently. Or are you just a beautiful, exotic dream ... if you are ... I don't want to wake up!"

When she returned from her trip to Florida, Amy found a bouquet

of flowers, with a note: “My life will never be the same since I met you. Happy New Year. Love, Dwayne.”

“THE LONELY HEART IS A VULNERABLE HEART”

Enitan* lives in a small village in Nigeria. (Most dating fraud originates in Nigeria and Ghana, as well as in Malaysia and England, two countries with large West African communities.) In 2004, when he was 18, he fell in with a group of young Nigerian men known as Yahoo Boys, named for their use of free Yahoo.com e-mail accounts. “Ignorance and desperation,” he says, drove him to crime.

Enitan is not Dwayne; his fraud career ended five years before Amy contacted her suitor. (Enitan agreed to talk on the condition that he would not be identified by his real name.) Based on his account, the playbook he followed has not changed. He estimates that over four years, he took more than \$800,000 from about 20 victims, both men and women. He’d change his voice to sound feminine when speaking on the phone to his male victims, he said; only once did he get caught.

He describes a three-stage strategy. Using stolen credit card numbers, he would flood dating sites with fake profiles. Photos were pirated from social media or other dating sites. To snare women, he’d pose as older, financially secure men. For male victims, he just needed a picture of an alluring woman. All his victims, he says, were

divorced or widowed: “The lonely heart is a vulnerable heart.”

Ideally, Enitan let the victims make the first move. “It’s always better if they respond to your ad first because that means they already like something about you,” he says. “If you respond first, you have a lot of convincing to do.” After learning everything about his target, he’d launch a campaign of love notes and gifts. “This is where you need lots of patience,” he says. “This is where the real game is.”

In the 2008 book *Truth, Lies and Trust on the Internet*, Monica Whitty, a psychologist at the University of Leicester in the United Kingdom, wrote about how online romances can be “hyperpersonal—more strong and intimate than physical relationships.” Because the parties are spared the distractions of face-to-face interaction, they can create idealized avatars that command more trust and closeness than their true selves might.

Age is a factor: Not only are older victims more likely to lose larger sums of money, but there’s evidence that the ability to detect deception declines with age. When Whitty surveyed U.K. scam victims, she found that certain personality types were particularly vulnerable—people who were romantics and risk takers, believers in fate and destiny. Many, like Amy, were survivors of abusive relationships. Women were slightly less likely to be scammed than men but were far more likely to report and talk about it.

One term that Amy later learned was *love bombing*, a phrase referring to the smothering displays of affection that victims receive from suitors. A person's defenses are broken down by exhaustion, social isolation, and an overwhelming amount of attention. Amy described the feeling as akin to being brainwashed. Enitan calls it "taking the brain," where the goal is to get the victims to transfer allegiance to the scammer. "You want them thinking, My dreams are your dreams, my goals are your goals, and my financial interests are your financial interests," he says. "You can't ask for money until you have achieved this."

"YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT"

Slightly less than a month since his first contact with Amy, Dwayne brought up his money troubles. He'd planned to fly back to Virginia in January after he finished a big project, but some components were stuck in customs. Dwayne had a U.K. trust fund and would retire after this job, he said. But he couldn't use the fund to cover the customs fees. And he couldn't come back to the States until he completed the job. If Amy could help him, he'd pay her back when he returned.

Amy had money, and Dwayne knew it. She owned her home and two other properties, and she had inheritances from her mother and husband. He also knew she was in love with him.

Amy wired \$8,000 to the fiancé of a friend of Dwayne's in Alabama, who'd get the funds to Dwayne.

Then he asked her for \$10,000 to bribe officials because of an expired visa. Finally, he set a day for his flight home—January 25—and e-mailed her his itinerary. Amy bought tickets for their first date, a Latin dance concert that night, and she told her brothers and friends they'd finally meet her mysterious boyfriend.

Then a problem came up: Dwayne had to pay his workers. While he'd received \$2.5 million for the project—he even e-mailed her an image of the check—he couldn't open a bank account in Malaysia to access it. She sent more money. January 25 came and went without Dwayne. He apologized profusely and sent more flowers.

Soon he needed more help. She wired another \$15,000. This is a familiar pattern in love cons: The scammer promises a payoff—a face-to-face meeting—that forever recedes as crises and barriers intervene. As February wore on, Amy told friends that Dwayne was coming soon. But she never mentioned the loans. She knew the situation would be hard to understand, especially now that she had given more than \$100,000.

Dwayne would pay her back, of course. When doubt crept in, Amy would look at his pictures or read his messages. Still, little things were odd. At times, he'd send a series of rapid messages that felt almost as if she

“PEOPLE THINK THAT VICTIMS ARE ALL LONELY OLD WOMEN WHO CAN’T GET A DATE, BUT I’VE SEEN DOCTORS, LAWYERS, POLICE OFFICERS [GET CONNED].”

time he’d failed to show. Still, she wired him the funds, putting the total amount she’d sent him over \$300,000.

Amy’s sister-in-law figured it out. “You need to see this,” she told Amy, sending her a link to an

were getting them from someone else. Another time, she asked what he’d had for dinner. He said stir-fried chicken.

But I thought you hated chicken, she replied.

He laughed. “Oh, Amy. You know me better than that.”

One night she commanded Dwayne, “Send me a selfie, right now.” She got a photo moments later. There he was, sitting on a bench in the sun.

“How do I know you’re not a Nigerian scammer?” she asked one day, playfully.

He laughed. “Oh, Amy. You know me better than that.”

Psychologists call this confirmation bias—if you love someone, you look for reasons he or she is telling the truth, and Amy was looking, desperately, for reasons to trust Dwayne. Besides, he’d be there on February 28. He sent a text from the Kuala Lumpur airport: “I’ll be home soon my love.”

Then he went silent, and Amy tried to tamp down the panic. He texted her three days later—something about being held up by immigration in Malaysia and needing money to bribe the officials. This was the third

episode of *Dr. Phil* that featured two women who had been unknowingly engaged to imaginary men they’d met online. Amy watched in horror.

A few days later, Malaysia Airlines Flight MH370 disappeared. This was the same route that Dwayne had planned to be on. Amy couldn’t help worrying that he’d been on board. Finally, he phoned. They spoke for only a few moments before the call broke up. She was relieved but also disturbed. Something was different.

That week, the daily siege of calls, e-mails, and texts from Dwayne ended, and Amy wondered: How much did she know him? She fed the photos he’d sent into Google’s image search. Eventually, up popped the LinkedIn page of a man with an unfamiliar name. She Googled the phrase *romance scam* and started reading. Yet even as she learned the truth, part of her hoped that her case was somehow different, that she was the lucky one.

“THE STRONGEST DRUG IN THE WORLD IS LOVE”

At romancescams.org, a resource center and support group for dating

fraud, you'll find scores of similar stories. In a decade, the site has collected about 60,000 reports, from men and women, young and old. "People think that victims are all lonely old women who can't get a date, but I've seen doctors, lawyers, police officers [get conned]," says Barbara Sluppick, who founded the site in 2005.

Some of the most aggressive anti-scam efforts have come from Australia. Brian Hay, the head of a fraud unit in Brisbane, has orchestrated stings that have led to the arrest of criminals in Malaysia and Nigeria. But so dim are the chances of finding offenders that he rarely tells victims about these cases. "The strongest drug in the world is love," Hay says. "These bastards know that. And they're brilliant at it." He notes that face-to-face support groups can be helpful for victims.

When Amy went to her regional FBI office, she says, an agent took her report—and told her that a woman in the next town had lost \$800,000. The psychological trauma suffered by victims is twofold. First, they must cope with the end of a serious relationship. "It's like finding out someone you

loved has died, and you'll never see them again," Sluppick says. To compound the damage, victims blame themselves—and their loved ones often do too. "People think, Why did I let this happen to me?" she says. "But you're a victim of a crime."

Some victims try the risky practice of scam baiting, attempting to turn the tables on fraudsters. Months after she discovered the con, Amy continued talking to Dwayne, promising him \$50,000 if he sent various documents. She wanted to lure him into giving up something incriminating.

Eventually, Amy had to accept that Dwayne would never show his true face or give her the confession she yearned to hear. On New Year's Eve 2014, a year after he'd sent that first bouquet of flowers, she e-mailed him telling him not to contact her again.

A few minutes later, he texted. He promised not to call. "I know you're innocent," he wrote. "And so am I." **R**

Doug Shadel is AARP state director and a nationally recognized expert on the financial exploitation of older persons. David Dudley is a features editor at *AARP the Magazine*.

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MONEY IS LIKE MANURE ...

It's not worth a thing unless it's spread around,
encouraging young things to grow.

THORNTON WILDER

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



"I'd like to donate my body to comedy."

IF YOU KNOW how many calories are in your cinnamon bun, you're eating it wrong.

🐦@JESSOBSESS (BUBBLE GIRL)

A MAN HATED HIS WIFE'S CAT, Mr. Peepers, so he drove the cat to a park and left him. When the man got back, Mr. Peepers was walking up the driveway.

The next day, he drove Mr. Peepers to another town and booted him out.

The man arrived home to find Mr. Peepers asleep in his chair.

Finally, the man drove 20 miles away, turned right, then left, over a mountain, down into a valley, through a river, into a thick forest, and dumped the #%%^ cat. Hours later, he called home to his wife: "Jen, is Mr. Peepers there?"

"Yes," said his wife. "Why?"

"I'm lost, and I need him to give me directions home."

SUGGESTED BEN & JERRY'S FLAVORS FOR FEMINISTS:

- Chocolate Chip Cookie Doughprah Winfrey
- Butter Pecancé Knowles
- Cheryl Sandberg
- Caramellen DeGeneres Fudge

AMANDA MCCALL, on huffingtonpost.com

I WENT HOME to visit my mom the other day. She made my favorite meal, “pancakes—all you can eat, ten dollars.” *Comedian* **CHUCK SKLAR**

Your funny joke, list, or quote might be worth \$\$\$\$. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.



EXCUSES I HAVE TOLD MY SON TO USE FOR FAILING TO HAND IN HOMEWORK THAT HAVE SERVED ME WELL DURING A CAREER IN JOURNALISM, BOOKS, AND FILM

Dear Mrs. D.,

I'm sorry I haven't done my homework, but my homework diary is currently full, and I'm not looking to take on anything else right now.

Dear Mrs. D.,

Sorry it has taken me so long to reply to your request. As you can imagine, I am swamped here by many similar inquiries—everyone wants homework, it seems! If you haven't heard from me within a few weeks, then please presume that I am not interested at this time.

Dear Mrs. D.,

Thank you for your engagement in my education. My interest was piqued by your task, and though I unfortunately won't be completing it on this occasion, I liked the idea of it, and of you, enough to take a look at any future homework you might assign. Please stay in touch.

Dear Mrs. D.,

Thanks for your homework. Your idea of writing a Christmas ghost story was a good one, but it's not really the kind of thing I tend to do—it's a little bit too

genre for my tastes.

Try Kevin, who sits next to me. He loves that stuff.

Dear Mrs. D.,

It's a no, as you've probably guessed. The problem is that it's too similar to something I did quite recently, and though I know you'll say that you're asking for a book report of a different book, the form and shape of book reports are sufficiently alike for me to conclude that the homework would feel a bit stale. I hope we can get to do something together soon!

NICK HORNBY, ON MCSWEENEYS.NET, COPYRIGHT © NICK HORNBY.

Her death in March causes us to remember her fierce devotion to her husband in the face of his Alzheimer's diagnosis

The Courage of *Nancy Reagan*

BY ELEANOR CLIFT AND EVAN THOMAS FROM *NEWSWEEK*

THE NEWS DID NOT SURPRISE HER. In 1994, Nancy Reagan took her beloved Ronnie to the Mayo Clinic. The former president, her soul mate of more than 40 years, had been forgetting things, repeating himself, trying but failing to do the simplest things. When the doctors returned with their devastating verdict—Alzheimer's, then a relatively new term—Nancy was already braced for the worst. “By the time you go in to get checked out,” a source close to the family said, “something has given you the idea that there is something very wrong.” Discovering what the enemy was did not make the toll the disease would take any easier to bear. In 1994, “nobody knew what to expect,” the insider recalled. “We didn’t know what questions to ask, what to talk about, what the future would be





*Ronald and
Nancy Reagan
in California,
1964*

like.” Nancy did know one thing: The man who called her his “roommate” and wrote her love letters in their fifth decade of marriage was going to leave her—slowly, painfully, bit by bit.

So began what she called her husband’s “long goodbye,” which was, for her, ten years of exacting caregiving, hurried lunches with friends, ever-briefer phone calls to the outside

world, hours spent with old love letters, and advocacy for research into the disease that was taking Ronnie from her. The story of her devotion was in a way grim and unrelieved but also tender and loving. The woman once mocked as a Lady Who Lunched showed more true grit than any cowboy Ronald Reagan ever played.

The former president himself had

seen how difficult his descent would be, and as always, his first thoughts had been of Nancy. “Unfortunately, as Alzheimer’s disease progresses,” he wrote in his last letter to the country, “the family often bears a heavy burden. I only wish there was some way I could spare Nancy from this painful experience. When the time comes I am confident that with your help she will face it with faith and courage.”

Nancy’s “faith and courage” were on display as she led the nation in mourning her husband, who died on June 5, 2004, at the age of 93. Under the Capitol Dome, she kissed his coffin. She stood there, a solitary figure, an 82-year-old woman who had lost the love of her life.

She never liked to be apart from him. In 1981, the night before she flew to England alone to attend the wedding of Prince Charles and Diana Spencer, Nancy wept at the thought of being away from Ronnie for a few days. At the White House, the first lady was portrayed in the media as a hard woman, a fashionista who plotted to fire her husband’s aides. The real insiders knew better; they understood she could be determined and even relentless but also emotionally fragile. She seemed to carry all her husband’s cares for him. “She never

slept much; he did,” recalled a close friend. “He never worried about anything; she worried about everything.”

But on June 11, 2004, a day of liturgy and ceremony before her husband’s final rest, she was determined to be stoic and serene. In the long, creeping darkness of his disease, he had slowly

drifted away, even from her. Now she was bringing him back into the sunlit realm of symbol and legend. Not since Jacqueline Kennedy had a first lady better grasped her husband’s myth and worked with such craft and devotion to enlarge and enshrine it.

At the funeral, Nancy was determined not to lose control. Her face

seemed frozen at times. Speaking in the National Cathedral, George H. W. Bush told a story about his old boss’s charm. Bush recounted how Reagan was once asked, “How did your visit go with Bishop Tutu?” The president responded, “So-so.” The heads of state and media bigwigs and Hollywood types roared. Nancy’s mask dissolved, and she chuckled softly, a bit ruefully. We all did, recalling for a moment when it was morning in America.

THE MARRIAGE OF Nancy and Ronald Reagan had been, in a way, a perfect union. It did not really have room for anyone else,

“
**The president
 had always been
 a little forgetful
 of names. But
 Nancy knew
 something was
 wrong.**

*Nancy and her
Ronnie on his
89th birthday
at home, 2000*



including, for long stretches of time, their own children. Nancy once said that her life began when she met Ronald Reagan (at the age of 30, in 1951). Reagan had been jilted by his first wife and his movie career was fading when he found Nancy. She made him whole.

Alzheimer's was an excruciating curse on the Reagans. "You know, you wouldn't believe it; it's worse than the assassination," Mrs. Reagan told commentator Chris Matthews in 1997. She spoke of the "separation." At the time, she was still sleeping in the same bed with a man who would awake, each day, a little less sure of who she was.

Reagan had always been a little forgetful of names and masked it with corny jokes. But in the early 1990s, Nancy knew something was wrong. In

1994, Reagan gave his last speech, at his 83rd birthday, before 2,500 people in Washington. He delivered his lines all right, but as the Reagans returned to their hotel suite, he hesitated and said, "Well, I have got to wait a minute. I am not quite sure where I am."

Dr. John Hutton, Reagan's personal physician, later told the *New York Times* that Mrs. Reagan "very quickly and simply said, 'Now, Ronnie, your clothes are down at the end of this room, and you go down and you will find out where they are.'" Nancy turned to Dr. Hutton and said, "John, do you see what I mean?"

Then came the Mayo Clinic and the diagnosis of degenerative cognitive dementia, or Alzheimer's disease. At moments, Reagan couldn't remember having lived in the White House; then,

for a while, he'd seem almost normal. He knew the time had come to go public. On November 5, 1994, he wrote in a still-strong hand, "I now begin the journey that will lead me into the sunset of my life."

For Nancy, the ordeal had begun. "Alzheimer's is a disease, like any other disease—cancer, heart disease, whatever," she told an audience in New York City in July 1995. But it is a "really very cruel disease, because for the caregiver," she said, her eyes reddening and her voice breaking, "it's a long goodbye."

Nancy had begun to talk to an old friend, Princess Yasmin Aga Khan, daughter of movie star Rita Hayworth, who had received an Alzheimer's diagnosis in 1981. The princess told Mrs. Reagan what to expect: the mood changes, what it would be like when your loved one can't talk and doesn't recognize you, how to care for someone who has grown incontinent, how to stimulate swallowing by patting the throat or touching the chin. Nancy was, "of course, devastated but very brave," the princess said.

There was less and less time for travel and shopping, even for social chitchat on the phone. "We all said goodbye ten years ago, when he still

knew who some of us were," said Nancy Reynolds, a close family friend. "She took the responsibility for caring for what was left." In those early years after the diagnosis, Reynolds called Nancy quite often. "But how many times can you say, 'How's the president doing?'" Reynolds said. "So I started

writing notes and letters and sending an occasional book instead ... It took the pressure off. She didn't have to talk about how she was doing. She wasn't doing well."

There were doctors, nurses, and maids around the clock, but Nancy was always in charge. She tried to create a life for her

husband that would offer a semblance of pleasure and purpose and preserve his dignity. Some old joys had to go. Reagan could no longer ride his favorite horse. Nancy asked his Secret Service man, John Barletta, to deliver the news. "I said, 'I don't think we should ride anymore,'" Barletta recalled. "By this time, there's tears coming down his cheeks. And all he said, in his time of need, was, 'It's OK, John.' I know he was trying to make me feel better."

Nancy, who had never taken to the outdoor life, sold Reagan's beloved Rancho del Cielo in 1998. No more brush cutting or posthole digging for the Gipper. He walked in the park or

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**As her sadness
 turned into
 acceptance, Nancy
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 of Alzheimer's
 research.**

whacked golf balls at the Los Angeles Country Club. He was, as ever, polite and greeted everyone with a nod or a wave or a smile. And he was always beautifully dressed. "He looked terrific," recalled conservative activist Craig Shirley, remembering a visit to the Reagans in 1996. "A blue blazer with gray slacks, and the creases could have split wood."

Alzheimer's patients are soothed by routine, and Nancy created one that seemed as normal as possible. She sent her husband to his office for several hours a day. He'd sign papers and look busy, though he mostly thumbed through picture books and the comics. Nancy's own pleasures were few. During the O. J. Simpson trial, social chronicler Dominick Dunne gave her daily briefings at lunchtime on the machinations in and out of court. Friends began to notice her exhaustion. She looked rail thin. She was uncomplaining but "sad," recalled Sheila Tate, a former aide to Mrs. Reagan.

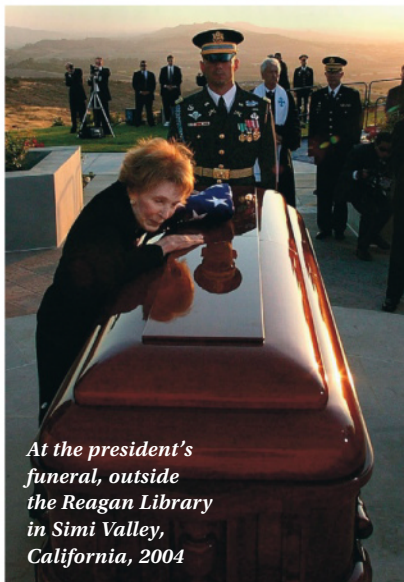
In their king-size bed at 668 St. Cloud Road in Bel Air, Reagan would still clasp her hand in the night as he dreamed, but she would worry. Her own children were distant from her. Young Ron, a film and TV producer living in Seattle, rarely visited, and daughter Patti had been writing biting fiction that thinly disguised her anger at her parents. After her father was found to have Alzheimer's, Patti joined the fold, but reconciliation with her mother was not instant-

aneous or easy. Maureen, Reagan's daughter from his first marriage, to actress Jane Wyman, was attentive to her father, visiting about twice a month and speaking out to increase public awareness of the ravages of Alzheimer's. But by 2001, Maureen lay in a hospital, dying of cancer.

NANCY SEEMED ALONE. In 2001, as he turned 90, Reagan fell and broke his hip. Physically, he recovered. His body, as always, was a fountain of youth. His doctors said he had the bones and tissues of a 60- to 70-year-old. But when Reagan went home from the hospital after the hip operation, he never left the house again.

Nancy essentially cut off contact with outsiders. "It was a matter of dignity," explained a person close to the family. "She didn't want anyone to see him that way." She stopped her twice-a-year trips to see friends in New York. She never wanted to be more than five minutes away from the house; she did not want her husband to die alone. After he broke his hip, "we really expected that that was it. We literally believed he had three months to live," said the family insider. If she did venture out to lunch or dinner, she would soon excuse herself and say that she had to get back to her "Ronnie."

The years passed, and a certain resignation set in. Her sadness, Sheila Tate noticed when Nancy occasionally touched base, seemed to have



At the president's funeral, outside the Reagan Library in Simi Valley, California, 2004

turned into acceptance. "There was less pain in her voice when she talked about him," Tate said. Nancy was ready for her husband to die. After he became infirm and began to sleep in a hospital bed at home, he ceased to recognize even Nancy. "Every year, his eyes seemed to withdraw more," said the family insider, who went on: "Nobody who has watched Alzheimer's progress would think that it's good to hang on no matter what. The disease just keeps up its relentless march. Reagan never would have wanted to have gone on like that. He wasn't a Republican who thought that all life was life, no matter what. That wasn't living."

Nancy's life was not altogether joyless and certainly not meaningless.

She became close to her daughter Patti. Nancy put her considerable shrewdness and drive into the cause of Alzheimer's research. Despite a penchant for astrology, Nancy had always had an intellectual side. As a girl, Nancy admired her stepfather, Loyal Davis, a brain surgeon.

Still, she was stepping into a controversial area. The Republican right was dead set against using embryonic tissues for stem-cell research, and President George W. Bush had ordered strict limits. In Washington to accept an award in 2003, Nancy took President Bush's chief of staff, Andy Card, aside at a dinner party and pressed him for a change of heart by the administration. Card was heard assuring her, "I will do that, Nancy."

WHEN THE END finally came, Nancy was there. At the last moment, Patti Davis said, "he opened his eyes, and he looked at Nancy for a good minute. He saw her; there was no doubt in my mind. It was as if his soul was saying, 'Hey, I was never really affected by all this.'"

Nancy braced herself for the celebration. When her husband's coffin was placed in the Capitol Rotunda to lie in state for two days (more than 100,000 people went to see it), she wobbled slightly as Vice President Dick Cheney escorted her. She looked stricken, but she recovered. Sitting in the front pew at the National Cathedral, she held

Patti's hand from time to time but mostly stared straight ahead.

Aboard Air Force One, she flew with her husband westward for the last time. In the slanted light of early evening, the hearse bearing the president rose up the mountainside. The Reagan Library overlooks the Santa Susana Mountains, where, as a movie actor long ago, Reagan had performed in westerns. The soldiers and sailors carefully folded the American flag her husband had honored and handed it to her. She held Old Glory close to her heart and put her head on the coffin. Finally, she began to cry. Her family gathered around her; in that moment, at least, she no longer seemed so alone. That night, when Nancy and her children returned home to Bel Air, the house was empty and dark. The family talked into the night, until Nancy fell into a deep sleep.

She did not wake up for more than 12 hours. The family had C-Span tapes of the Washington and the Simi Valley events to watch, and then, for Nancy, there was a new grief to endure in a house without Ronnie.

"Now is the hard part, obviously," said a family insider. "We all knew that last scene at the casket was going to come. That was really the begin-

ning of her pain. She's in that house all by herself." Her memories—and the cause of stem-cell research—would have to sustain her. For her, the lingering images were the crowds on her husband's final journey, the ordinary Americans who lined the roads on two coasts, saluting and waving.

"They buoyed Nancy," the insider said. "They gave her the strength to keep going."



EDITOR'S NOTE: *After her husband's death, Nancy Reagan intensified her advocacy for the patients and caregivers grappling with Alzheimer's disease. She raised millions of*

dollars for research. Thanks to her intervention, President George W. Bush stepped back from a total ban on federal funding for stem-cell research. She also successfully lobbied members of Congress to prevent legislation that would have blocked state-funded stem-cell research. She stayed faithful to the memory of her husband. Her daughter Patti wrote in Time that as her mother neared the end of her life, "I remember how her eyes drifted toward the sky when she spoke about wanting to be with my father again." On March 6, Nancy Reagan died at the age of 94. **R**

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When the end finally came, Reagan opened his eyes and looked at Nancy for a good minute.

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That's Outrageous!

YOU GOT YOUR JOB HOW?

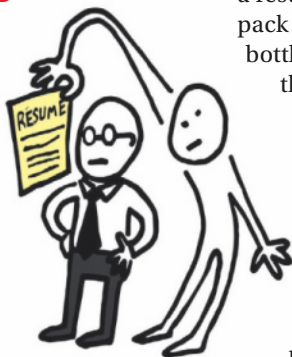
WANT TO GET NOTICED

BY FACEBOOK? Hack the site and redesign some profiles to look like MySpace profiles. That's what Chris Putnam of Austin, Texas, did. When the subterfuge was discovered, executives at Facebook experienced the three stages of What the ... !!! First they were pissed off. Then they were sort of impressed. That segued into, "Hey, let's hire him!" And they did.

WHO DOESN'T LOVE CHOCOLATE?

That's what Nick Begley thought. So he designed his résumé to look like a chocolate-bar wrapper and folded it around Nestlé Crunch bars. He called it a ResumeBar, with the tagline: "Credentials that will satisfy any organization's appetite." One sated organization offered Nick a job.

IF CHOCOLATE DOESN'T WORK, you can always get your future boss plastered. Unemployed graphic designer Brennan Gleason combined his love of brewing with his need to put food on the table and created



a résumé in the form of a four-pack of homemade beer. Each bottle of Resum-Ale, as well as the packaging, featured his CV's details. Gleason is no longer unemployed.

AFTER BEING TURNED DOWN FOR 250

JOBS, social media specialist Adam Pacitti threw himself at the mercy of prospective employers. The Brit rented

a billboard that screamed: "I spent my last 500 pounds on this billboard. Please give me a job." Sixty companies went to his site, employadam.com, to offer him a job.

HUMANS ARE VAIN, and we like to look ourselves up online. With this in mind, Alec Brownstein bought an ad on Google. He titled it "Ian Reichenthal," then linked to his own portfolio. Reichenthal, at the time, was the creative director at an ad agency. When he Googled himself, the first result was an ad with his name and Brownstein's résumé. "It was great," Reichenthal told CBS. "So unusual and fun." Which is why he hired Brownstein.

Sources: plotr.co.uk, CBS, ABC



Rob the Vatican

Robert Gallant

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Everyone says robbing the Vatican is impossible, but Craig Reynolds is going to prove them wrong. As he puts his pieces into play, he prepares to become the greatest thief in history, but have others discovered his nefarious plot?



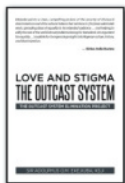
Jericho's Trumpet

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Travis Weld, leader of a clandestine government team, kills a former Russian KGB officer smuggling two nuclear bombs into the United States. But one bomb has already been delivered. Where is the bomb? What is their target?



Love and Stigma THE OUTCAST SYSTEM

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Love and Stigma THE OUTCAST SYSTEM written by Sir Adolphus O.M. Ekejiuba, KSJI emphasizes on the outcast system practiced in Eastern Nigeria to draw attention to the role of ignorance in some of the distasteful practices in society.



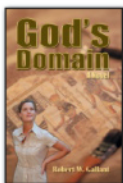
Satan's Stronghold

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Chesney Barrett, an environmental graduate student, is recruited by Travis Weld, leader of a clandestine team, to search for an illicit drug operation in the Louisiana swamps. When a plantation owner discovers Chesney's affiliation, will she make it out alive?



God's Domain

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Agent Travis Weld reenters Chesney Barrett's life, asking her to help him rescue archaeologist David Phillips from guerillas in the Yucatan. The mission plunges Chesney into a dangerous, complex quest for an ancient site that may change the world forever.



Death of the Republic

Anthony Fielek

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Death Of The Republic is a spellbinding historical novel about a Plebeian Boy seeking justice for his family trying to unravel the fog of avarice, double dealing, deceit, corruption and bloodshed as the old republic dissolves.

My Navy crew rescued a group of “boat people” with resentment. But we saved ourselves once we opened our hearts.

Welcome, Strangers

BY TOM PARZYK A *READER'S DIGEST* READER

ON JULY 10, 1980, I was aboard the destroyer USS *Oldendorf* DD-972, in transit in the South China Sea from Singapore to Subic Bay, in the Philippines. The day was gray and dreary, with threatening clouds all around us. The wind was blowing at 20 knots with about ten-foot swells. There was a typhoon 200 miles east of us heading our way. All of us were looking forward to arriving in the Philippines as quickly as possible. Suddenly, the lookout spotted an object adrift about ten miles to the east.

The signalman looked at it through the large telescopic binoculars we called the big eyes and announced that it was



a boat with many people on it. We all knew right then that they were refugees adrift in an area dangerous with reefs and shoals.

It was almost noon. I was going off the eight-to-12 watch when the captain announced to the crew from the bridge that we were heading toward the boat to assist her. The ship came alive. Everyone prepared for a possible rescue. I left the bridge, grabbed a sandwich on the mess deck, and made my way to the fantail, where I would help out. Along the way, I noticed that most of the crew members were complaining about assisting the boat people. I'll never forget how a big, burly engineman looked into my eyes and angrily said, "We oughta leave them out there to die."

We got as close to the boat as we safely could to avoid the reefs. We then sent out the whaleboat with a small crew to check it out further. The situation was much worse than we'd expected. The whaleboat crew reported back that an old 25-foot wooden junk boat was jam-packed with about 50 men, women, and children. They were very weak and trying to keep the slowly sinking junk afloat. Our ship became even more prepared after that news. Some gathered whatever dry clothes

anyone could spare, and I prepared by getting the special decontamination area ready; it would normally be used to wash off nuclear fallout. I unlocked the compartment and readied it with soap and all the necessary medical items. I then watched as the whaleboat towed the junk closer and closer to the ship. It wasn't an easy task, as the seas were high.

We finally got alongside the junk, and the first thing I noticed was the strange sound of babies crying. It was the first time I had heard babies crying out at sea. Then came the sound of the men and women excitedly talking with pain in their voices.

The women sat holding their children and caring for the sick, while the men remained standing and stoic. But the faces of all the boat people reflected great fatigue. Their bodies, sunbaked and bony, did too. We helped get them settled. The weakest of them received excellent treatment in the sick bay, and the rest of them stayed in the engineers' berthing compartment. The engineers were glad to sleep in their working spaces for the remaining two nights of our voyage.

During those hours after the rescue, I noticed a big change in the attitude of the crew. Everyone was happy

“
*They were
 Vietnamese
 refugees who
 had left their
 homeland
 a month
 earlier.*”

about the successful rescue effort. We discovered that boat people were, of course, just as human as any of us.

The next day, after our guests were properly rested, we ate, sang, and laughed with them and made them as comfortable as we knew how.

We soon discovered their story. They were Vietnamese who had left their homeland a month earlier with Singapore as their destination. After one week, their motor had broken down. They had gone without food and water for the past ten days. There had been 55 of them, but seven had died.

Outside, the weather was growing worse, but inside, everything felt warm and pleasant. Our Vietnamese friends

were very happy. Compared with being on that small boat for the past month, they must have felt as though they were on the *Queen Mary* instead of an old Navy destroyer.

On the last evening before we pulled into port, I walked into the engineering berthing space and was greeted by another sight that I'll never forget. The same big, burly, bearded engineman who had once wanted to avoid the rescue was now seated at the table looking right at me and smiling widely. In his large arms, he held a bright-eyed baby girl, carefully wrapped in one of his old faded blue work shirts. She looked very secure as he gently fed her a life-giving bottle of milk. **R**



IMPORTANT THINGS CREATED OVER A COUPLE OF BEERS

PET ROCK After a bar conversation, Gary Dahl spent two weeks writing *The Pet Rock Training Manual* and started selling the low-maintenance pal for \$3.95 not long after.

QUIDDITCH J. K. Rowling created Quidditch in a pub after having a fight with her then-boyfriend. "In my deepest, darkest soul," she said, "I would quite like to see him hit by a bludger."

BUFFALO WINGS Teresa Bellissimo of the Anchor Bar in Buffalo, New York, coated a shipment of chicken wings in a sauce of her own recipe, then served them with blue cheese and celery. The buffalo wing was born.

STACY CONRADT via *Mental Floss*

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A drunk driver took the life of Patty O'Reilly's husband. How she turned her rage and despair into forgiveness.

FACE TO FACE WITH HER HUSBAND'S KILLER

BY KENNETH MILLER

ON THE DAY PATTY O'REILLY MET the man who had killed her husband, Danny, his wedding band hung next to a small crucifix on a gold chain around her neck. Patty clutched a family photo album as guards ushered her into a cramped, windowless conference room at California State Prison, Sacramento. She sat at a wooden table and leafed through the pages of photographs, her chest tight as she recalled the moment each picture was taken: Danny dancing. Danny getting married. Danny playing with their daughters.



After Danny's death, "my faith sustained me," says Patty, above right, with her daughter Siobhan.

When Dave Mancini* shuffled in, accompanied by a correctional officer, Patty was struck by how frail he looked. His blue uniform hung from his skinny frame, and his face, accented by a graying mustache, was drawn. He seemed as anxious as she was—and far less powerful than he'd appeared from across a courtroom two years earlier. Hunched and fidgeting, Dave took the seat across from her. The mediator who'd arranged the meeting led a silent meditation. Then Patty and Dave exchanged stories about the day that united them. It was the worst one of their lives.

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DAVE AND
PATTY
EXCHANGED
STORIES ABOUT
THE THING
THAT UNITED
THEM: THE
WORST DAY OF
THEIR LIVES.

ON APRIL 19, 2004, Danny had risen at 6 a.m. to make a pot of coffee. As usual, he and Patty had taken their mugs to the sofa and read each other a passage from a spiritual writer—a private communion ritual for these devout Catholics. Then Patty fixed breakfast for their girls, Erin, 12, and Siobhan, seven, while Danny cut roses from the garden to send off to school with Erin.

Danny was a former ballet dancer who worked as a marketing analyst for a winery in Sonoma County. He

and Patty had met in ballet class in their 20s, and they still shared a passion for jetés and pliés. At 43, Danny was as lean and muscular as ever. Patty, 39, now ran a ballet school of her own.

Patty's car was in the shop, so Danny biked to work that morning and let Patty use his car. She ran errands while the girls were in school, then picked them up and took them to her studio, where they did homework while she rehearsed her students for an upcoming show.

Home around 9:30 p.m., they came in through the back door, and the girls went straight to bed, but

there was no sign of Danny. The dog whined to go out, and when Patty opened the front door, a card with the sheriff's number fluttered to the floor.

She called the number and told the operator she'd be waiting in the garage. If the news was bad, she didn't want the girls to hear her wailing.

Ten minutes later, the sheriff arrived. The news was very bad.

ON THE WORST DAY of his life, Dave woke up with a pounding hangover from yet another drinking binge. After popping a couple of Percodans and smoking a joint, he called his girlfriend, Alyce Malone,*

*Names have been changed.

for a ride to the doctor's office to refill his oxycodone prescription. Dave, who was 46, had become addicted to the powerful opioid analgesics he'd been taking since breaking his back a few years earlier. "I'm a mess," he told her. "If I don't get those pills, I'm gonna go off the deep end."

But Alyce passed on giving him a lift. "A DUI would serve you right," she said.

Furious, Dave climbed into his pickup and drove to see his doctor, who took one look at him—gaunt, unshaven, almost incoherent—and referred him to a detox program at a nearby hospital. On the way to the clinic, he bought two quarts of beer and drank them in the hospital parking lot. After waiting an hour for his name to be called, Dave ran out of patience and took off across town to a neighborhood where he knew he could find heroin. He'd never used the stuff, but he felt desperate. The dealer he was looking for wasn't around, so Dave found another liquor store, drank two canned cocktails, and passed out in his truck. When he awoke, he called Alyce, but she again refused to pick him up. He drove back toward the clinic.

En route, as he weaved through Santa Rosa, Dave rear-ended a car. Afraid of losing his license, he sped away. Swerving around a bend, he spotted a man on a bicycle. He had a flash of Alyce's ex-boyfriend, an avid cyclist, and a jolt of jealous rage electrified him. By the time he slammed on the brakes, it was too late. He'd hit

Danny O'Reilly with a force that sent his body flying over the guardrail.

When a patrol car appeared, Dave staggered out of the truck and cursed at the officer, reaching for his waistband as if he had a gun. He hoped the cop would shoot him. Instead, he was pepper-sprayed, handcuffed, and taken to jail.

AS THE WEEKS following Danny's death passed, Patty's grief curdled into bitterness. One evening, when the girls were supposed to be showering, Patty heard giggling instead of running water. "I don't need this!" she screamed. Patty immediately felt ashamed. Her hatred for Dave, she realized, was hurting those she loved.

Soon afterward, Patty received court papers outlining Dave's background. She read that Dave had been raised Catholic. She also learned that as a small boy, he had been sexually abused by his father. When she read this, Patty welled up with empathy.

Four months later, Dave pleaded guilty to vehicular manslaughter, hit-and-run, and driving under the influence. At his sentencing hearing, he apologized tearfully. "I pray one day one of you will find a hint of forgiveness," he said. Patty rose and spoke about the damage he'd done. "I've had to tell our daughters that their father would never be coming home again," she said. "I have lost my best friend ... my companion."

She paused, then added, "I do have the capacity to forgive."

That was as much as she could say. She asked the judge that Dave be held fully accountable for his crime, and a 14-year sentence was imposed.

With Dave locked up at San Quentin State Prison, Patty believed it was over. But one day her youngest daughter, Siobhan—now a pensive second grader—asked her mother if she could visit Dave in prison. Patty said no. A week or two later, Siobhan asked again. Patty searched the girl's dark brown eyes. She and Danny had raised their daughters to forgive anyone who sincerely apologized. Patty saw Siobhan's request as a sign that Patty had more forgiving to do. "We can try," she told Siobhan.

"Good," the girl said. "I made him a card." Decorated with stars, a panda sticker, and a drawing of a crying face, it read: *My name is Siobhan. I'm eight years old. You might be surprised, but I'm not mad at you! But I am very sorry.*

"I wanted to see him, and I wanted him to see me as well," Siobhan says now. "I wanted to tell him in person, 'I'm sad, but I'm OK, and I forgive you.' It wasn't a conscious thought process. It just seemed like the thing to do."

Patty was touched by Siobhan's generous spirit, but she wanted to meet Dave herself before deciding whether to bring her little girl. Researching her visitation options, she read about Rochelle Edwards, a mediator with the nonprofit

Insight Prison Project who was starting a program based on the concept of "restorative justice," which encourages structured dialogues between inmates and victims. Increasingly influential in correctional systems across America, this face-to-face communication has been shown to help repair harm caused

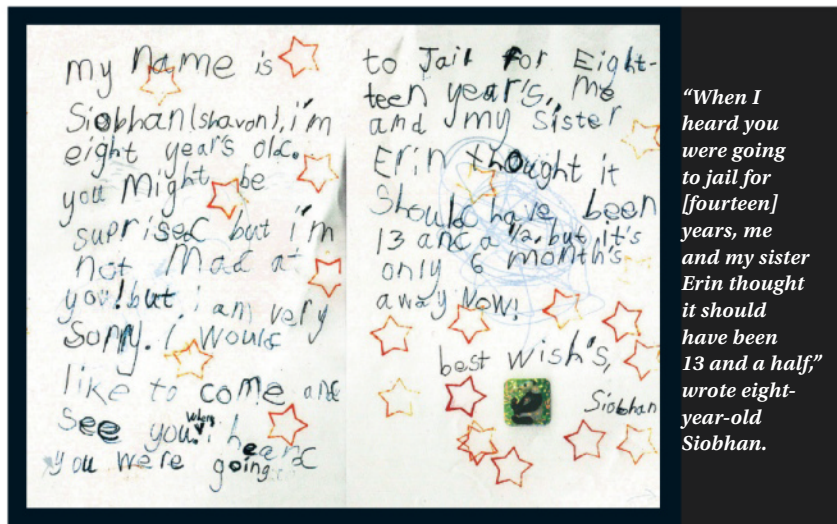
by the crime.

Patty called Edwards. "The process isn't easy," Edwards told her. "But it can be a powerful experience for everyone involved." Edwards explained that both parties would spend at least six months preparing for the meeting. For practice, she suggested, Patty could volunteer as a surrogate victim for groups of inmates at San Quentin.

Although Siobhan was too young to participate then (the minimum age is 18), Patty seized the opportunity. She hoped to find a deeper forgiveness—one that didn't feel like surrender.



AS A LITTLE GIRL, SIOBHAN ASKED IF SHE COULD VISIT DAVE IN PRISON. "I WANTED HIM TO SEE ME," SAYS SIOBHAN NOW.



"When I heard you were going to jail for [fourteen] years, me and my sister Erin thought it should have been 13 and a half," wrote eight-year-old Siobhan.

PATTY AND DAVE met on September 28, 2006, at the prison outside Sacramento to which Dave had recently been transferred. Before they exchanged stories, Patty slid her daughter's well-worn card across the table to him, along with a new one from Siobhan: *I just want to make sure you know that I forgive you. I do still miss my dad; I think that's a lifelong thing. I hope you're feeling OK.*

Dave winced. "The resiliency of a child is incredible," he said quietly.

Patty told him about Danny: devoted husband and dad, skilled cook, and biking buff. She listed family milestones her husband had missed in the two years he'd been gone and those he would miss in the future: graduations, weddings, grandchildren. As she wept, she recounted Danny's last day

and the days that had followed. She shared the details of her daily struggle to raise her daughters and how she still nearly broke down whenever a cyclist rode past. She told Dave how she'd hated him. Then she revealed that she'd given up her anger.

"Forgiveness doesn't mean you're off the hook," she said. "I want you to deal with what you've done—to confront the pain and let it change you."

Dave then spoke of his father's abuse, of how the old man had given him his first drink at age seven and how the whiskey had seemed to transport him to a better world. He told how he'd started businesses and lost them, found love and squandered it, how he'd tried rehab again and again and managed to stay sober for 14 years—until, in 1996, a piece of

stage equipment he was installing fell and cracked his spine. He explained how he'd hoarded extra pain pills and plunged back into drinking.

"My rage at my father was at the root of it all," he said. "Does this give me an excuse to do what I did? No."

Patty shared the photo album, showing scene after scene of Danny basking in his family's love. "It was such a wonderful life," Dave said. "I'm so sorry."

In keeping with the guidelines of restorative justice, Patty asked Dave to make specific commitments: to stay active in Alcoholics Anonymous, to continue in psychotherapy, and to share his story with others as a cautionary tale. She requested that he send letters every three months, updating her on his progress. He promised he would do it all.

After four hours, Patty walked out of the prison. For the first time since she had seen the sheriff's card fall from her door, she felt free.

IN MARCH 2015, Siobhan turned 18—finally old enough to meet Dave face-to-face. He had been transferred to a prison in San Luis Obispo and would be paroled in May. Five days before Dave's scheduled release, Patty drove Siobhan to the

prison. Patty cried in the car as her daughter, who still seemed so young and vulnerable, disappeared inside.

Siobhan joined Rochelle Edwards in a boardroom with barred windows. When Dave entered, Siobhan was relieved to see that he appeared

fit and calm; he was no longer the haggard scarecrow her mother had described. He offered his hand, and she shook it.

Siobhan read Kahlil Gibran's poem "The Coming of the Ship": *How shall I go in peace and without sorrow? Who can depart from his pain and his aloneness without regret?*

Dave repeated his story,

up to the day that had changed them all. Then he described his life since.

Dave said that after meeting her mother, he'd resolved to get sober and pull himself together. He'd struggled with depression and medical troubles and had occasionally resorted to using marijuana or pills smuggled into prison. Eventually, Dave was diagnosed with bipolar disorder and prescribed mood stabilizers. He told Siobhan that he hadn't touched alcohol since the accident or illicit drugs for five years. He'd gone through intensive psychotherapy and attended AA meetings daily, mentoring 20 other inmates in the program.



THANKS TO
RESTORATIVE
JUSTICE AND
HER JOURNEY
TOWARD
FORGIVENESS,
"I FEEL LESS
LIKE A VICTIM,"
SAYS PATTY.

"Your family's forgiveness saved my life," he said. "Now I'm trying to do the same for other people."

Siobhan discussed her own depression and struggle to stay focused on schoolwork. She was thriving now, she said, ready to graduate and head to college. She asked him to make a list of at least five people he could count on for support when he left prison. He told her he would.

The meeting lasted an hour and a half, and Siobhan walked out smiling.

PATTY VISITED DAVE that afternoon. She read him the passage that she and Danny had shared on his last morning, from the medieval mystic Hildegard of Bingen: *I saw a woman bowed to the ground under the assault of many whirlwinds. And I saw her regain her strength, pulling herself up, resisting the winds with great courage.*

"Those words have always comforted me," she said, handing him

the book. "I hope they'll do the same for you."

Dave was released the following Friday. He's living in a halfway house now, volunteering as a crisis counselor for survivors of rape and domestic violence and searching for paid work that will make use of his hard-won experience.

"I've been given an incredible gift," he says. "I want to do something magnificent to honor it."

Patty, who continues to work with inmates, cherishes the gifts she has unearthed during her long journey of forgiveness. "My best qualities—things like patience and gratitude—have been nurtured," she says. "I feel less like a victim and more like a person who makes things happen."

Perhaps most important, she feels that justice has been served. Helping her husband's killer transform himself, Patty explains, "was my form of vengeance. I got a life for a life." **R**



FLIP THIS MAGAZINE

You all know palindromes (words/phrases that read the same forward and backward), but what about ambigrams—words that read the same upside down? Try flipping these phrases, then send us any others you've turned over:

pod

SOHOS

NOON

WOW MOM

Ask the Expert

ADVERTISEMENT

IS A HEARING IMPLANT RIGHT FOR ME?

Straining to hear each day, even when using powerful hearing aids?

More people than ever before are turning to hearing implants to help them hear again and reconnect to the life they love. In fact, hundreds of thousands of people worldwide have found hope beyond hearing aids and are now enjoying the sounds they've been missing with an implantable hearing solution.

You may be asking yourself: "What are hearing implants and will they work for me?" While these answers lie in the hands of a qualified Hearing Implant Specialist, there are some telltale signs that may mean a hearing implant is right for you. Get to know the facts. It's the first step to better hearing.



David C. Kelsall, M.D.,
Cochlear Medical Advisor

Dr. David C. Kelsall, a hearing implant surgeon and medical advisor to Cochlear, the world leader in hearing implants, answers common questions about hearing implants.

Q: Is a hearing implant right for me?

A: If you have tried hearing aid after hearing aid and nothing seems to work, it may mean a hearing implant is right for you. Other signs may include having difficulty hearing in noisy environments (*such as restaurants*) or on the phone. Be sure to discuss these signs with a Hearing Implant Specialist in your area. Hearing aids are typically worn before implantable solutions are considered.

Q: How are hearing implants different than hearing aids?

A: While hearing aids only amplify sounds, hearing implants help make them louder and clearer. Improving the clarity of your hearing may help you better understand speech in both quiet and noisy situations.

Q: What kinds of hearing implants are there?

A: There are hearing implant solutions for many types of hearing loss. They include cochlear implants, Hybrid™ Hearing and bone conduction implants. Visit your Hearing Implant Specialist to determine which one may be right for you.

Q: Does Medicare cover hearing implants?

A: Yes, hearing implants may be covered by Medicare and most private insurance.*

Q: Do hearing implants require surgery?

A: Yes, surgery is required. However, in most cases it is a short, outpatient procedure.

Q: Am I too old to get a cochlear implant?

A: No, it's never too late to begin your journey to better hearing.

Call **1 800 836 2905** to find a Hearing Implant Specialist near you.

Visit **Cochlear.com/US/RDigest** to take an online hearing quiz.

*Contact your insurance company or local Hearing Implant Specialist to determine your eligibility for coverage.

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Hear now. And always



WHO ? KNEW

13 Things Lifeguards Won't Tell You

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

1 We fall asleep. It's rare, but it does happen. Staring at the water in the bright sun can be mind-numbing. In my seven years of lifeguarding, I've had to discipline two lifeguards who fell asleep on the stand—but to be honest, they weren't fired.

2 Parents, you need to pay attention too. About a third of drowning deaths in the United States occur at lifeguarded pools, according to one report. Sitting nearby, looking at your phone, isn't good enough. A child can drown in the time it takes you to text someone back.

3 Please, stop talking. We're supposed to listen politely, but your chitchat is distracting. When I'm on the stand, I'm scanning the area and taking head counts.

4 We get excited when we hear thunder. It means we can take a break for 30 minutes. That's how long the National Lightning Safety ➤➤



Institute recommends keeping swimmers out of the water after the sound of thunder. Even if it might be a truck passing by, if it sounds like thunder, we're shutting down the pool.

5 It's not just kids who break the rules. Some parents refuse to, say, stop throwing their kids in at the shallow end. Please respect pool rules like everyone else.

6 You never know what you're going to find. When checking the skimmer, the filter that removes debris from the pool, I've pulled out hair balls, soggy snacks, bloody Band-Aids, and animals—including frogs, rats, and even a snake once.

7 Some of us are very young. The American Red Cross certifies guards as young as 15. I may spend the morning fighting with my mom about letting me go to a party, and then an hour later, I'm responsible for your child's life.

8 Don't equate standing with safety. I've seen many parents leave their two- and three-year-olds in a foot of water. If they stumble, I'm going to have to go get them. Toddlers often don't have enough arm strength to lift themselves out of the water.

9 We do more than save people. We also perform first aid for minor cuts and bruises, clean the

pool deck, set up the furniture, sell the concessions, sanitize the trash cans, and, yep, clean the bathrooms—all for around \$10 an hour.

10 Your bare feet gross us out. The virus that causes plantar warts thrives in moist environments like locker rooms. Always wear shoes when you go into the bathroom.

11 If someone needs help, grab something that floats. A frantic drowning victim will claw and climb on you in an attempt to get out of the water, pushing you under. Instead, throw something buoyant, even if it's just a cooler, to the victim.

12 We have access to intense chemicals. At some pools, teenagers are the ones handling chemicals such as hydrochloric acid. One time a lifeguard mixed two chemicals together incorrectly, and it created such dangerous fumes, we had to evacuate the clubhouse.

13 I make a difference. A gentleman once had a stroke and fell unconscious. I had to do CPR until the ambulance arrived. He's fine now, and I don't think he even recognizes me, but when I see him back at the pool, I feel really good about what I did. **R**

Sources: Lifeguards in Atlanta, Philadelphia, and Charlotte, North Carolina; Grace Witsil, a former lifeguard in Chapel Hill, North Carolina; and Thomas G. Gill, a Virginia Beach lifeguard and spokesman for the U.S. Lifesaving Association

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LOOK TWICE ...

Turn the page →

Where are we?

- A)** An all-day quilting marathon at a state fair.
- B)** A big-city version of a drive-in movie.
- C)** An attempt to throw the world's largest picnic.





LOOK

TWICE ...

← Turn back

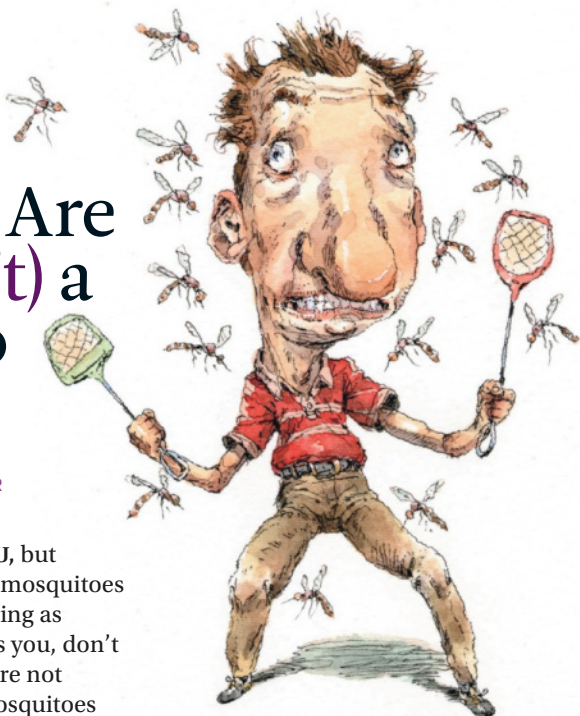
Answer: B. Launched in 1993, New York City's annual Bryant Park film festival now attracts more than 100,000 viewers each summer—and that's not counting those watching from the rooftops. Leaning over the edge of a nearby skyscraper, photographer Navid Baraty gets this rare pigeon's-eye view of the moviegoing masses staking their territory hundreds of feet below. "After seeing countless skyline photos of NYC," Baraty says, "I found that the real life of the city can best be captured by pointing the lens straight down from high above."

Why You Are (Or Aren't) a Mosquito Magnet

BY BRANDON SPEKTOR

NO OFFENSE TO YOU, but scientists have found that mosquitoes may find your feet as alluring as Limburger cheese. If that's you, don't fret—it doesn't mean you're not washing them enough. Mosquitoes are simply enchanted by certain DNA.

A research team out of London recently investigated the genetic role in mosquito attraction by testing the bite appeal of 18 identical and 19 fraternal pairs of female twins. In a series of tests, 20 hungry mosquitoes were released into the end of a Y-shaped tube and allowed to choose whether to follow their noses left or right. Down either path was one twin's hand, releasing its delicious natural odors but protected from bites behind a mesh screen. After testing all 37 twin pairs, scientists found that the identical twins had consistently more similar attraction scores than the fraternal




ones did—specifically, 67 percent of a person's insect attractiveness had to do with her genes.

So what's the deal: Does DNA stink? Thankfully, no. But specific DNA does attract unique species of micro-bacteria to your body—and those are what mosquitoes just can't resist.

Each of us, right now, is covered with about 100 trillion microbes, outnumbering our human DNA ten to one. Maybe weirder still: Scientists believe we share only a fraction of these microbial species with one another, making our "microbiome"—the world of bacteria living in and on us—unique, just like our fingerprints. In addition to producing many of

the vitamins and chemicals in our blood, our microbiome is thought to be responsible for most of our distinct odors as well.

Different mosquitoes prefer different smells from different parts of the body—that's why *Aedes gambiae* (known for spreading malaria) prefers biting hands and feet, while others go right for the armpits or groin. And those smells come from chemicals produced by our microbiomes.

So the next time a group of hungry skeeters swarms your cousin but leaves you bite-free, thank your DNA for the world of microscopic creatures on your skin that produce just the right smell to send the bloodsuckers reeling. 



FOUR WAYS TO MAKE YOUR MICROBIOME LESS MOSQUITO FRIENDLY

- **Mask it with spray.** Choose a repellent with DEET, lemon eucalyptus oil, icaridin, or IR 3535.
- **Cover it with armor.** Get extra protection from clothing containing permethrin, a synthetic insecticide.
- **Keep it dry.** Skeeters love carbon dioxide and heat—your body emits more of each when you work out.
- **Really dry.** Beer alters your skin's chemistry, luring certain mosquitoes in. Keep the Coors indoors.

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So That's What That's For ...

BY BRANDON SPECKTOR



The color of the tag on your store-bought bread ...

... Tells grocers **what day of the week the bread was shipped**. Bread is usually delivered fresh to stores five days a week—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—and each day has its own colored tag or twist tie. Though some companies use their own system, this common code is easy to remember: Just as the days of the week proceed in order from Monday to Saturday, their corresponding colors proceed in alphabetical order—blue, green, red, white, yellow.

The perforations on the sides of your aluminum-wrap container ...

... Are called end locks and, when pushed in, are meant to **keep your roll secure** inside the box. Many similar kitchen products, such as plastic wrap, come equipped with the same feature so you'll never rip the whole roll out of the box when you want just a single piece.



The arrow next to the gas symbol on your dashboard ...

... Is a perpetual reminder of which side your gas cap is on. If the arrow points right, your gas tank is on the right side of your car, and vice versa. Nearly every car sold in the United States now comes equipped with this handy guide so you'll never be stumped at the pump again!

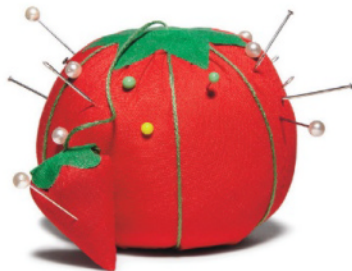


That tiny pocket on your blue jeans ...

... Is for your pocket watch. Well, maybe not yours, but the cowboys who made blue jeans famous in the 1800s were plumb grateful for it. Typically, watches were carried on chains and worn in waistcoats, but hard field labor made that a lot less practical. Outdoors, the “watch pocket” on any pair of jeans did just the trick—even after watches moved to the wrist. “This extra pouch has served many functions, evident in its many titles,” the Levi Strauss website reminds us: “frontier pocket, coin pocket, match pocket, and ticket pocket, to name a few.”

That little strawberry attached to your pincushion ...

... Is an emery board for your needles. Filled with tough emery sand—a combination of aluminum and iron oxides—the strawberry is historically a tool for polishing, sharpening, and removing rust from your pins and needles. **R**



AGE SPOTS?

Are unsightly brown spots on your face and body making you uncomfortable? Liver spots, also known as age spots, affect the cosmetic surface of the skin and can add years to your appearance. Millions of people live with the dark spots and try to cover them with makeup, or bleach them with harsh chemicals because they are not aware of this new topical treatment that gently and effectively lightens the shade of the skin.

MagniLife® Age Spot Cream uses botanicals, such as licorice root extract to naturally fade age spots, freckles, and other age-asso-

ciated discolorations. Ingredients are proven to help protect skin from harmful external factors, and emollients soften and smooth skin. *"It is fading my liver spots. This product actually works!!!"* - Patricia C., NJ.

MagniLife® Age Spot Cream can be ordered risk free for \$19.99 (\$5.95 S&H) for a 2 oz jar. Get a **FREE** jar when you order two for \$39.98 (\$9.95 S&H). Send payment to: MagniLife AC-RD, PO Box 6789, McKinney, TX 75071, or call **1-800-454-6135**. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now at www.AgeSpotSolution.com

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found your cream." - Michele G., CA.

MagniLife® Painful Rash Relief Cream is **available at CVS/pharmacy and Rite Aid Pharmacy**. Order risk free for \$19.99 (\$5.95 S&H) for a 1.8 oz jar. Get a **FREE** jar when you order two for \$39.98 (\$9.95 S&H). Simply send payment to: MagniLife SH-RD, PO Box 6789, McKinney, TX 75071, or call **1-800-454-6135**. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Order now at www.PainfulRashRelief.com

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If you experience painful muscle cramps in your legs, back, feet, or hips, you should know relief is available. Over 100 million people suffer from unnecessary muscle cramps, which may interfere with sleep, because they are not aware of this proven treatment.

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IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

Endings like -ism (“belief”), -mania (“obsession”), and -phobia (“fear”) can tell you a lot about a word’s meaning. As you navigate this month’s quiz, pay close attention to the suffix of each term for helpful clues. At your wit’s end? Turn the page for answers.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

1. cryptology (krip-’tah-luh-jee)
n.—A: raiding of tombs. B: series of puzzles. C: study of codes.

2. empathetic (em-puh-’theh-tik)
adj.—A: showing understanding or sensitivity. B: sad. C: numb.

3. ovoid (’oh-voyd) *adj.*—A: egg-shaped. B: empty. C: passionate.

4. deify (’dee-uh-fiy) *v.*—A: treat as a god. B: bring back to life. C: disregard.

5. perspicacious (puhr-spuh-’kay-shuhs) *adj.*—A: finicky. B: of acute mental vision. C: fortunate or lucky.

6. indigenous (in-’dih-juh-nuhs)
adj.—A: poor. B: native. C: mixed.

7. herbicide (’er-buh-siyd) *n.*—
A: greenhouse. B: skin lotion.
C: agent used to inhibit or kill plant growth.

8. pachyderm (’pa-kih-duhrm)
n.—A: elephant. B: jellyfish.
C: butterfly.

9. Kafkaesque (kahf-kuh-’esk)
adj.—A: nightmarishly complex.
B: gigantic. C: left-wing.

10. atrophy (’a-truh-fee) *v.*—
A: waste away. B: win a prize.
C: speak out against.


11. knavish (’nay-vish) *adj.*—
A: sticky. B: sharply honed.
C: deceitful or dishonest.

12. legalese (lee-guh-’leez) *n.*—
A: passage of laws. B: strict rules.
C: legal language.

13. patriarch (’pay-tree-ark) *n.*—
A: Roman vault. B: father figure.
C: homeland.

14. obsolescent (ob-soh-’leh-sent)
adj.—A: teenage. B: quite fat.
C: going out of use.

15. solarium (soh-’lar-ee-uhm)
n.—A: sunroom. B: private nook.
C: answer to a problem.

 *To play an interactive version of Word Power on your iPad, download the Reader’s Digest app.*

Answers

1. cryptology—[C] study of codes (-ology = “study”). The Enigma code was cracked by aces in *cryptology*.

2. empathetic—[A] showing understanding or sensitivity (-pathy = “feeling”). Do you think women are more *empathetic* than men?

3. ovoid—[A] egg-shaped (-oid = “resembling”). Jay’s *ovoid* physique made him a shoo-in for the role of Falstaff.

4. deify—[A] treat as a god (-fy = “make into”). First we *deify* pop stars, then we tear them down.

5. perspicacious—[B] of acute mental vision (-acious = “with a quality of”). She’s too *perspicacious* to fall for their hoax.

6. indigenous—
[B] native (-genous = “producing”). The protesters argued that chemical testing would disrupt the island’s *indigenous* species.

7. herbicide—
[C] agent used to inhibit or kill plant growth (-cide = “killing”). Mother Nature is not fond of lawn *herbicides*.

8. pachyderm—[A] elephant (-derm = “skin”). Cartoonist Thomas Nast drew the first Republican *pachyderm*.

9. Kafkaesque—[A] nightmarishly complex (-esque = “resembling”). Getting my passport back involved a *Kafkaesque* maze of bureaucracies.

10. atrophy—[A] waste away (-trophy = “nourishment”). Without rehab, Alison’s knee will *atrophy*.

11. knavish—[C] deceitful or dishonest (-ish = “like”). OK, who’s the *knavish* sneak who swiped my drink?

12. legalese—[C] legal language (-ese = “language style”). Please, cut the *legalese* and speak plain English.

13. patriarch—[B] father figure (-arch = “chief”). That loudmouth

is the *patriarch* of all spin doctors.

14. obsolescent—
[C] going out of use (-escent = “becoming”). Our landline is now *obsolescent*.

15. solarium—
[A] sunroom (-arium = “place”). Let us retire to my *solarium* for a little more inspiration.

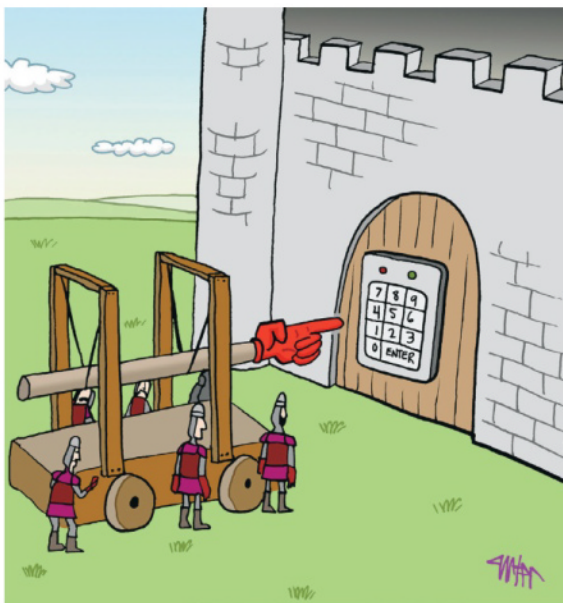
PSEUDO SUFFIXES

The ending *-gate* is not a natural suffix; it was taken from the Water-gate affair and tacked onto new scandals: deflategate, debate-gate. Same with *-athon*, taken from the Greek battle of Marathon, “to make things long”: telethon, walkathon. Others include *-itis*, for modern maladies (computeritis), and *-holic*, for addictions (shopaholic, tweethaholic).

VOCABULARY RATINGS

9 & below: linguist
10-12: wordaholic
13-15: brainiac

Humor in Uniform



MY WIFE, a phlebotomist at the Denver VA hospital, entered a patient's room to draw blood. Noticing an apple on his nightstand, she remarked, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away, right?"

"That's true," he agreed. "I haven't seen a doctor in three days."

LARRY JENSEN, *Englewood, Colorado*

WHEN I LOST MY RIFLE, the Army charged me \$85. That's why in the Navy, the captain goes down with the ship.

Comedian **DICK GREGORY**

MY HIGH SCHOOL assignment was to ask a veteran about World War II. Since my father had served in the Philippines during the war, I chose him. After a few basic questions, I very gingerly asked, "Did you ever kill anyone?"

Dad got quiet. Then, in a soft voice, he said, "Probably. I was the cook."

MARIAN BABULA, *Penn Run, Pennsylvania*

Send us your funniest military anecdote or news story—it might be worth \$100! For details, go to page 7 or rd.com/submit.

Quotable Quotes



VICTORY GOES TO THE PLAYER WHO MAKES THE NEXT-TO-LAST MISTAKE.

SAVIELLY TARTAKOWER,
chess master

Be like a duck. Calm on the surface but always paddling like the dickens underneath.

MICHAEL CAINE, actor



The opposite of play is not work. The opposite of play is depression.

BRIAN SUTTON-SMITH,
scholar

THE AX FORGETS; THE TREE REMEMBERS.

AFRICAN PROVERB



I have accomplished nothing without a little taste of fear in my mouth.

BEYONCÉ, pop star and mogul

WORRY DOES NOT EMPTY TOMORROW OF ITS SORROW; IT EMPTIES TODAY OF ITS STRENGTH.

CORRIE TEN BOOM, humanitarian



A psychiatrist once said that I gambled in order to escape the reality of life. I told him that's why everybody does everything.

NORM MACDONALD,
comedian

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Home Spray

From April 1, 2016 through September 30, 2016, for each bottle of Adams™ Shampoos and Adams™ Sprays sold by retailers in the United States, the makers of Adams™ brand will donate \$1* to Code 3 Associates to help animals in need during times of disasters. *up to \$150,000

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*Based on IRI sales data 52 weeks ending 2/14/16 among OTC brands. **It's possible while taking Nexium 24HR. Use as directed for 14 days to treat frequent heartburn. Do not take for more than 14 days or more often than every 4 months unless directed by a doctor. Not for immediate relief. May take 1-4 days for full effect. © 2016 Pfizer Inc.