

Reader's digest

MARCH 2014

TRICKS FROM A PERSONAL ORGANIZER

An **RD ORIGINAL** ... 134

YOUR BRAIN ON NACHO DORITOS

From **THE NEW YORK TIMES**
42

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

By **SETH MACFARLANE**
116

CHILLING MEDICAL DRAMAS

An **RD ORIGINAL** ... 68

THE PSYCHIC, THE NOVELIST & THE \$17 MILLION SCAM

An **RD ORIGINAL** ... 80

EVERYDAY HEROES	10
LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES	22
QUOTABLE QUOTES	152
WORD POWER	143
LAUGHTER, THE BEST MEDICINE	78
POINTS TO PONDER	34
YOU BE THE JUDGE	26



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Contents

MARCH 2014

Cover Story

- 68 CHILLING MEDICAL DRAMAS**
From freak accidents to startling conditions, these health scares are all real.

True Crime

- 80 THE PSYCHIC, THE NOVELIST, AND THE \$17 MILLION SCAM**
How a seemingly compassionate fortune teller conned her clients. ROBERT ANDREW POWELL

Culture

- 90 BURNED!**
The true story behind the hot coffee lawsuit.
ANDY SIMMONS, ADAPTED FROM THE FILM *HOT COFFEE*

Human Interest

- 98 THE PRISONER'S GIFT**
Sixty dogs changed one man's life as much as he changed theirs. MELISSA FAY GREENE

Public Health

- 106 SOBERING UP**
AA may still be the giant among alcohol recovery programs, but some women are seeking alternatives.
GABRIELLE GLASER

My Most Unforgettable Character

- 116 MR. UNIVERSE**
When I was a kid, astronomer Carl Sagan meant the sun, the moon, and the stars to me. SETH MACFARLANE

National Interest

- 120 CLOSING TIME AT THE WAFFLE HOUSE**
The dismantling of an extraordinary ordinary place.
JESSICA CONTRERA, FROM THE *INDIANA DAILY STUDENT*

Drama in Real Life

- 126 ORPHANED ON THE OCEAN**
The strange and tragic tale of Terry Jo Duperrault.
RICHARD LOGAN AND TERE DUPERRAULT FASSBENDER,
FROM *ALONE: ORPHANED ON THE OCEAN*



P. | **106**



PHOTOGRAPH BY
LEVI BROWN;
PROP STYLIST:
PHILIP SHUBIN



5 Editor's Note 6 Letters



p. | **30**

READER FAVORITES

- 22 Life in These United States
- 33 Faces of America
- 34 Points to Ponder
- 54 All in a Day's Work
- 66 News from the World of Medicine
- 78 Laughter, the Best Medicine
- 89 Laugh Lines
- 113 That's Outrageous!
- 114 Photo of Lasting Interest
- 143 Word Power
- 146 See the World ... Differently
- 150 RD.com
- 151 Humor in Uniform
- 152 Quotable Quotes

Everyday Heroes

- 10 **The Fight of Their Lives** Meet five parents who channeled their grief into finding cures for pediatric cancers. **KIMBERLY HISS**

VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

- 19 **Well, This Is Awkward**
A list of life's most cringe-worthy moments.
JESSICA HAGY

Words of Lasting Interest

- 24 **This Is What Bodies Look Like**
A massage therapist knocks down the myth of the perfect body.
DALE FAVIER, FROM DALEFAVIER.BLOGSPOT.COM

You Be the Judge

- 26 **The Case of the Falling Filmgoer**
VICKI GLEMBOCKI

Finish This Sentence

- 28 **I Hope God Laughed When ...**

The RD Interview

- 30 **Anna Quindlen**
The Pulitzer Prize-winning author reveals the inspiration for her new novel and the proudest achievement of her life.
DAWN RAFFEL

ILLUSTRATION BY AGATA MARSZALEK





ART OF LIVING

37 Why Calm Is the New Happy

HEIDI GRANT HALVORSON,
FROM *HEALTH*

Food

42 The Nacho Dorito

MICHAEL MOSS,
FROM *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

46 Be a Spotless Gourmet

Home

49 The Best Purifying Plants

ALISON CAPORIMO

50 Your Door Just Got Smarter

DAMON BERES

Family

52 Teens: The Spark That Lights Your Midlife Crisis

JENNIFER SENIOR,
FROM *ALL JOY AND NO FUN*

Health

56 What We Tell Our Friends About Colonoscopies

THE PHYSICIANS OF *THE DOCTORS*

58 How the Weather Forecast Predicts Your Health

LAUREN GELMAN

60 21-Day Tummy Checkup

LIZ VACCARIELLO

62 The Ick Factor

SUNNY SEA GOLD

WHO KNEW?

134 13 Things a Personal Organizer Won't Tell You

MICHELLE CROUCH

136 Quick: How Does This Picture Make You Feel?

140 3 Movies That Beat the Book

RYAN MENEZES, FROM *CRACKED.COM*

142 The Founding Fathers Were Kids!

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Editor's Note

On Lizards and Love



IT WOULD BE HARD to overstate my fear of reptiles. Early in our marriage, for several weeks after watching a Nat Geo special about the Amazon, I made Steve do a nightly sweep of our Cleveland Heights apartment, including a check under the bed for snakes.


Someone upstairs chuckled when my two daughters, Sophia and Olivia, turned out to have not only a deep love for animals but a passion for cold-blooded ones. (“Mommy! Can I have snake sheets for my bed?”) My girls produce live animal shows for our annual block party, write storybooks about turtles, and design information sheets for their bedroom frog museums. I can nurture their passion without touching the creatures, right?

One recent evening, I was met at the door by a concerned husband and two wide-eyed daughters. Sleepy, Sophia’s two-month-old bearded dragon, was especially lethargic and hadn’t eaten in days. They had just returned from the vet. (The vet. For a four-inch lizard.)

The diagnosis: constipation. Yes, this was happening. (How does a lizard become constipated, I asked. Is a diet of crickets not adequately fibrous?) The recommended treatment was to immerse the tiny creature in a cup of warm water while massaging its abdomen.

Words of comfort eluded me. I did not intend to play a role in lizard massaging. “C’mon, Mommy! Let’s go!” “That’s OK, sweetheart. Daddy can do the massage.” They trotted off to prepare the patient for treatment.

One look at the three of them gathering rags, running the water, and blending cricket and banana, and I knew what was going to happen: I was going to put on my big-girl pants, and we were going to save Sleepy together.

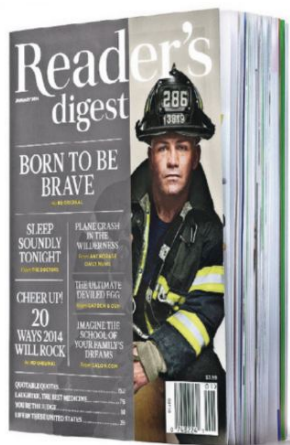


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Letters

COMMENTS ON THE JANUARY ISSUE



THE YEAR AHEAD

I can think of a 21st reason why 2014 will be better than 2013 (“20 Reasons Why This Year Will Be Better Than 2013”): your January issue! I love the new format, the reduction in advertisements, and all the wonderful, funny, and amazing stories you find. I especially loved “The Brave Among Us” and “Let’s Hear It for the Boys!” (which made me cry). Keep up the good work!

BETH BUTTAZONI, *Sonora, California*

ON THE REDESIGN

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love the new paper’s look and feel; I love that the articles are longer and more intellectual and provocative; I love that the Twitter sensibility is gone. I love the new look, period.

VIRGINIA PHARR, *Allen, Texas*

I am a graphic designer, and I really appreciate the clean look of the new design: the whiter, uncoated stock and the clean type design. Your content, as always, is terrific too.

A. SCHWARTZ, *Lansdale, Pennsylvania*

I love everything about the January issue: the white pages, the throwback cover, the variety of story lengths, and the bookmark—genius!

AMY MARTIN, *Heber, Arizona*

When it comes to reading, I’d rather have a real book in my hands than an e-book. I like the feel of a book and its pages and the smell of fresh print. That’s what your new format and pages feel and smell like: a new book. Thank you for making your magazine just that.

VIRLEN HADLEY, *Georgetown, Indiana*

SCIENCE RULES

Kudos for printing “GMO Foods: Dangerous or Innocuous?” As a retired physician who is still passionate about preventive medicine, I am very concerned about how easy it is for people to get caught up in unverified ideas. Properly conducted scientific studies are crucial.

DONALD CASEBOLT,
College Place, Washington

REINVENTING EDUCATION

I have been a reader of *Reader's Digest* for over 50 years, and “School Is a Prison and Damages Our Kids” is probably the best article you have run in recent issues. In my work as

an IT consultant for schools, I harp on the trouble with education all the time. Our schools think they are progressing by going one-to-one with computers. They don't realize that it's not about technology but the need for a new kind of system. Peter Gray hit the nail on the head.

BROOKS KENNEDY,
North Richland Hills, Texas

LOVE THE OLIVE

You have not eaten a deviled egg until you've had one that has a stuffed green olive inside (“The Devil's in the Eggs”). It is a delicious conversation starter. **R**

BARBARA LA SHOMB, Hot Springs, Arizona

PHOTO
CONTEST!

SHOW US YOUR AMERICA

The annual *Reader's Digest* photography contest launches on February 11 and runs through March 31. Send us your best shot of a person, place, or thing that's “Made in America.” And surprise us: While a Grand Canyon or a Louisville Slugger photo is great, a picture of a gorgeous, never-before-seen, only-in-America Alabama lily is even better. Please include a detailed note about why you chose your photo. First prize is \$1,000; second prize is \$500; and third prize is \$250. Go to rd.com/photocontest for more details.



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EVERYDAY HEROES



When these parents heard the unimaginable words “your child has cancer,” they grieved—then got to work to help find a cure

The Fight Of Their Lives

BY KIMBERLY HISS

ON A MONDAY afternoon in February 2007, Gretchen Holt-Witt took Liam, her 2½-year-old son, to his pediatrician because of some new habits—longer naps, pickier eating. After subsequent tests, the doctor called with impossible news: The ultrasound had found a large mass in Liam’s abdomen. After more testing at the hospital, Gretchen





*From left: Barbara Canales,
Nancy Goodman, Gretchen Holt-Witt,
Frank Kalman, and Lisa Tichenor*

learned that her son had neuroblastoma, a ruthless cancer that affects nerve cells.

Liam began three rounds of high-dose chemotherapy, then later underwent a 12½-hour surgery that left him on a ventilator. He faced more high-dose chemotherapy, multiple rounds of radiation therapy, retinoid therapy, and an antibody therapy so painful that it's given with an addictive, morphine-like drug. Meanwhile, Gretchen grappled with a startling fact that she discovered the first week Liam was in the hospital: Among diseases, cancer is the number-one killer of children in the United States.

"I asked Liam's oncologist how it was possible that I'd never heard that," says Gretchen, a 50-year-old public relations consultant from Califon, New Jersey. She recalls that the doctor told her that people don't care enough about kids who get cancer. They don't make headlines; their diseases don't get funding.

After Liam was declared disease free a few months later, his parents were overwhelmed with the impulse to give back. "Pediatric cancer is just so frightening," says Gretchen. To ask for help without scaring people off,

she decided to bake cookies—96,000 of them, over a few weeks—in exchange for donations. She and her husband enlisted friends to help, found a certified kitchen in Brooklyn, and launched a website to sell the cookies, which she packaged with a note to raise awareness about pedi-

atric cancer. As local news stations picked up the story, the batches quickly sold out.

"Everyone said, 'I had no idea cancer was the number-one disease killer of children. How can I help?'" Gretchen says. "I knew it wasn't that 'nobody cares.' They just didn't know."

After the ovens had cooled, Gretchen and her husband developed

a plan to help other people hold bake sales, assembled a medical advisory board, and began investigating the best research groups to support. In September 2008, they launched the nonprofit Cookies for Kids' Cancer, to raise research dollars for five powerhouse pediatric cancer centers. Bake sales and other fund-raising events began to spring up, eventually in all 50 states as well as overseas. Cookies for Kids' Cancer has since raised more than \$7 million for pediatric cancer research and has helped fund six new treatments for kids.

But as fund-raisers flourished,

★

"How could I look Liam in the face if I couldn't say I had done everything I could?" says Gretchen.

Liam's disease recurred. He endured more surgeries, chemotherapy, radiation, and antibody treatments before his brave battle ended on a January afternoon in 2011.

"People ask me, 'Why do you keep doing this even though you lost?'" says Gretchen, also mom to Ella, eight. "One day, I'll see Liam again. I know he's going to ask, 'Mommy, did you make it better for other people?' How could I look him in the face if I couldn't say I had done everything I could? That meeting keeps me moving forward. And I can't wait to see him again."

To make a donation, visit cookiesforkidscancer.org.

THE ULTIMATE WIN

First-grader Jackie Canales was playing hide-and-seek at recess in 2006 when she ran into an oak tree. Fearing the girl had a concussion, the school nurse suggested Jackie get checked out. That night, Jackie's mother, Barbara Canales, a divorced mother of five and an attorney from Corpus Christi, Texas, found herself sitting across from a doctor who explained that a large tumor was pressing against her daughter's brain stem, spread like a star over the entire left cerebellum.

Barbara, 47, moved her daughter to Texas Children's Cancer Center in Houston and sent the scans to eight neuro-oncologists across the country. An initial surgery revealed that

the tumor was a devastating grade 3 anaplastic astrocytoma, and Jackie needed another crucial operation to remove all of it. Afterward, she had to relearn how to crawl and then walk. "I asked our oncologist if he knew anyone with Jackie's diagnosis who had lived, and he said he knew one," Barbara says. "I told him Jackie would be two."

The next year and a half was consumed with radiation treatments at the highest allowable dose and a blitz of chemotherapy. "To see your child taken into a chamber where she has to wear a mask and be strapped to a table is an unbelievable thing," says Barbara. "And Jackie did it 33 times. That can't possibly be the best we can do."

Barbara requested a meeting with the director of the Texas Children's Cancer Center to see how she could help. "They said, 'We need money. Period,'" Barbara says. With Jackie finally feeling better, Barbara committed herself to fund-raising.

In 2007, Barbara established the Ready or Not Foundation, named for the game that saved her daughter's life. (Now 14 years old, Jackie is cancer free.) Through car washes, barbecue cook-offs, casino nights, and fashion shows, Ready or Not has so far raised \$2.2 million for the Glioma Research Program at Texas Children's Cancer Center. Projects include developing nanotechnologies that deliver immune-based therapies directly to

tumor cells and establishing a genomic database that researchers can use to identify new treatments.

To make a donation, visit readyornotfoundation.org.

A LIFESAVING LAW

In 2007, a pediatric brain cancer called medulloblastoma transformed Nancy Goodman's eight-year-old son, Jacob, from a boy passionate about sports and music to a wheelchair-bound patient running out of options. After Goodman, a Washington, DC, lawyer, contacted 36 teams of doctors and researchers across the globe, she realized that their underfunding was so profound, there was no help to be had.

"Jacob died on a Friday night in 2009," Nancy says. "On Saturday morning, I put my laptop on the dining room table to figure out how to make research more productive for children's cancers." That was the start of Kids v Cancer.

The first project grew from the decision that Nancy, 50, had made in her son's final days to donate his autopsy tumor tissue. Researchers used that precious gift to make significant advances. (One scientist discovered that primary and metastatic tumor tissues are genetically different, which affects treatment.) Nancy learned that many families would like to donate tissue as a "last stand against cancer," but doctors are reluctant to make such a sensi-

tive suggestion. So Kids v Cancer launched a program that facilitates donations at families' requests.

At the same time, Nancy knew that massive changes were needed in the landscape of drug development for rare childhood diseases. She enlisted help to draft a bill called the Creating Hope Act, then headed to Capitol Hill for the first time. She visited hundreds of members of Congress and staffers with fellow lobbyists, including Jacob's friends and his little brother, Ben, now 11. "Ben would talk about losing his brother and what he understood about the need for new drugs. He could make a senator cry," says Nancy, who also has a daughter, Sarah, three. After the bill secured 172 cosponsors, it passed into law on July 9, 2012.

Under the law, if the FDA approves a company's drug for pediatric cancer or other diseases, that company receives a priority review voucher (Nancy calls it a golden ticket) that can be applied to any other medication—such as a lucrative adult drug—to get it reviewed faster by the FDA. "We've given companies a way to do well by doing good," Nancy says.

To make a donation or to help write to members of Congress about pediatric cancer, visit kidsvcancer.org.

AN UNBREAKABLE BOND

When it became apparent that Lisa and Mac Tichenor's 19-year-old son, Willie, would not survive the

osteosarcoma he'd been battling for three years, they asked him on a February afternoon in 2006 what he wanted them to do after he'd passed away. His two answers: "Find new treatments for patients like me" and "Take care of my friends."

So the Dallas couple founded What Would Willie Want, the QuadW Foundation, an organization committed to advancing sarcoma research. They asked his brother, Taylor, now 29, and eight of Willie's friends who had been at his side throughout his treatments to serve as the board of directors.

They hosted an exploratory meeting with scientists from institutions across the country to better understand the research field. As the researchers talked about obstacles they'd all experienced, a common denominator emerged: The osteosarcoma tissue bank maintained by the Children's Oncology Group, which houses the samples investigators use for experiments, wasn't fully annotated, which meant researchers couldn't analyze all the samples.

QuadW funded the staff so they could gather the necessary information. "That has led to some terrific developments for research," says Lisa, 57. QuadW's other projects include sponsoring the next generation of sarcoma researchers by helping fund the Young Investigator Award. Today, the QuadW board has conference calls every month and in-person

meetings every six. Each member attends at least one medical conference a year to identify the foundation's next projects.

"These kids miss Willie like we do," says Lisa. "They're carrying out his wishes by coming up with so many great ideas for our grants. They tell me they feel like nothing is impossible."

To make a donation, visit quadw.org.

A DAD'S DEVOTION

After a CT scan in 2001 to investigate a lump on the side of Calli Kalman's torso had led to middle-of-the-night surgery, doctors determined the ten-year-old's mass was a malignant neuroblastoma. Though they removed it, the tumor came back the next year, requiring another surgery, and the year after, when it had become horribly tangled with the blood vessels between Calli's spine and kidneys. The risky but successful surgery that followed rendered Calli disease free for four years. But in 2007, the cancer recurred in Calli's leg, which led to radiation, more chemotherapy, a 20 percent drop in body weight, and the realization that none of this was working.

Calli's mother, Terry, became the breadwinner, and her father, Frank, 57, devoted himself to finding new therapies. (The Kalmans, from San Luis Obispo, California, also have twin daughters, Taylor and Taryn, who are three years younger than Calli.) Fearful of high-toxicity chemotherapy and radiation, Frank focused

on enrolling Calli in clinical trials for biological therapies, which train the body's immune system to fight off cancer. Finally, in 2010, Calli's doctors at Memorial Sloan-Kettering in New York City tried more drugs, including one called Revlimid, which has the potential to enhance immune function—and Calli has had no evidence of disease since.

Frank had been wondering how he could help others, and one day his mind was made up for him. "One Friday, three kids in a blog community I'm involved with earned their angel wings [passed away]—and that knocked me to my knees," Frank recalls. He decided to launch the Kids Cancer Research Foundation (KCRF), which raises money from private donors and works with medical advisers to fund research advances. "We pounded the pavement to find the most promising projects, just like I did when searching for treatments

for Calli. I go to conferences, monitor clinical trials, and network with doctors." KCRF's first grant helped an immunotherapy trial called CAR T-Cell therapy—an improved version of a therapy that Calli had once tried.

The foundation has started to make a difference in the lives of desperate families nationwide, and Calli's future is looking bright as well. In 2012, not only did the 23-year-old graduate from California Polytechnic State University, but Frank had the great joy of walking her down the aisle. "This is the happiest I've ever seen her. Thank God," he says. **R**

To make a donation or download Steps to Hope, a booklet about navigating your child's cancer, visit endkids cancer.org.

📱 *Download the Reader's Digest app for videos about these families' amazing stories, or watch them at rd.com/march.*

*
* *

THE SECRET LIVES OF FAMOUS FILMS

To ward off unwanted publicity, many Hollywood movies adopt a working title during production. What three flicks were once called:

WORKING TITLE	ACTUAL TITLE
<i>Planet Ice</i>	<i>Titanic</i>
<i>Group Hug</i>	<i>The Avengers</i>
<i>Everybody Comes to Rick's</i>	<i>Casablanca</i>

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VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

Well, This Is Awkward

BY JESSICA HAGY



JESSICA HAGY
*is a cartoonist
and the author
of the best-
selling book
How to Be
Interesting.*

ACCIDENTALLY RUNNING OVER the foot of a lawyer's child with your shopping cart. Being unsure whether you are or are not on a date. That word you're unable to put your finger on. Swimsuit season. Being bitten by a toddler. Asking, "When are you due?" and being told, "It's benign, actually." Prominent dog testicles. Looking like a tourist. Forgetting the names of people who think they're important. Wearing socks with holes to the airport. When the circus lion angrily decides he's had just about enough of this nonsense, thanks. Sweaty handshakes. American flags made in China.

Being stopped because they've heard that one before.

When it's your fault we need a cleanup in aisle seven. All the things you should have said but didn't. All the things lost in translation. Cold sores. When no one has anything nice ➤➤

to say at the funeral. Inadvertent triple entendre. Cries for attention that involve visible thongs. Breaking up with your boss. Opening awful gifts in front of the person who gave them to you. Small talk at the urinal. Faded bumper stickers for candidates who lost. Forgetting the baggies before walking the dog.

Karaoke.

Magic tricks that don't quite work. Not being asked to perform an encore. Mispronouncing a common word in the presence of linguists. Rich people who have no idea what things cost. Any conversation that begins with "Let me tell you about my placenta." Being served a fine cut of an endangered species in a delicate balsamic reduction on a bed of arugula. Your Internet browsing history. First and last dates. Parrots that swear at guests.

Teenage poetry.

The casual racism of elderly relatives. Saying, "I love you," and hearing, "Oh, OK." The honesty of the extremely inebriated. The honesty of curious children. When someone angrily asks, "Are you flirting with me?" Rattraps in restaurant bathrooms. The honor of being a bridesmaid.

Calling your neighbor's dog by his wife's name.

Telemarketers who are just trying

to save some lives. Damp seat cushions on public transit. Lazy eyes. Struggling to compliment creepy-looking babies. Being the flabbiest person at the gym. Beardless Santas. Long, thick hairs in soups, on soaps, and in nostrils. Apologizing for being successful. When Dad won't give

you his ideal kidney. Speaking now instead of forever holding your peace.

Lice.

The red sock in the load of white towels. Adult tantrums. Not being allowed into the club. Sharing toothbrushes. Comparing scores on standardized tests. Sanctimonious

parenting advice. Medical exams that require the donning of a gown. Comparing salaries. Forgetting where you parked Grandma. Telling a funny story you didn't know was a secret. Reheating tuna fish in the office microwave. Every baby shower that has ever been thrown.

Accidentally flashing a gang sign.

Loud snorting. Becoming your mother despite decades of effort to the contrary. Adoring things that are not at all popular. Not getting the joke.

Being the joke.

Not knowing when to quit. Quitting while you mistakenly think you're still ahead. And so on.



*First and
last dates ...
Parrots
that swear
at guests ...
Teenage poetry.*



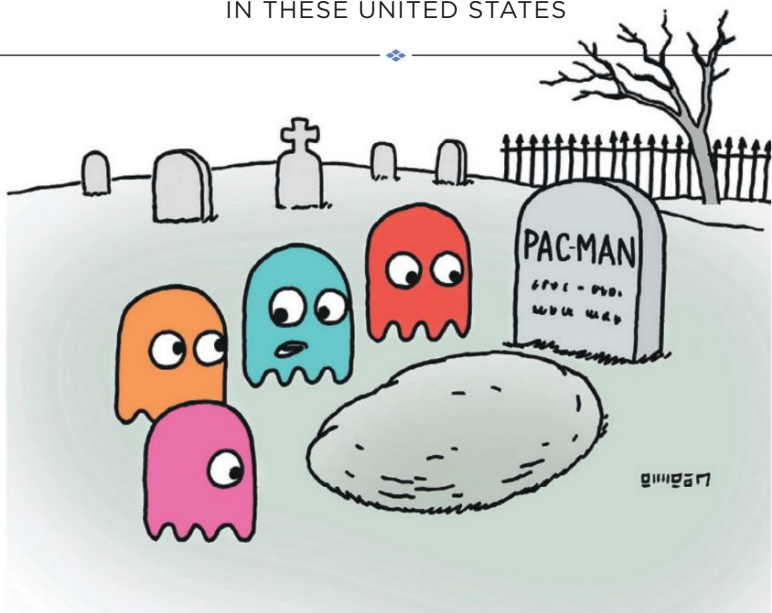
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Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



“Does anyone even remember what we were fighting about for all those years?”

AFTER A ROUGH DAY spent corraling my rowdy kids, I’d had enough.

“I think I’m going to sell them,”

I hissed to my sister.

“You’re crazy,” she said.

“For thinking of selling them?”

“For thinking someone would buy them.”

SHERI MUELLER, *Lehi, Utah*

PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE notes left for some noisy neighbors:

■ “Hi. Just thought you might like to know that I think your pet elephants

have been bowling while you’re out.—Your Downstairs Neighbor.”

■ “Good morning! We hope your exorcism was successful last night. We do ask as a courtesy that you limit expelling demons to Friday or Saturday nights. Thank you in advance.”

■ “Dear Neighbor, Your car’s sound system is amazing. It is so loud and the bass is so rockin’ that it actually shakes all the apartment buildings in the complex. Awesome!”

Source: thepoke.co.uk

HOLD THE PRESSES!

Misadventures in headline writing from around the world.

■ City Unsure Why the Sewer Smells

The Herald-Palladium (St. Joseph, Michigan)

■ Case of Innocent Man Freed After Spending 18 Years in Prison Proves Texas System Works

Lubbock Avalanche-Journal (Texas)

■ British Left Waffles on Falklands

The Guardian

■ At Last Singer Etta James Dies

dailymail.co.uk

AS THE MUSIC swelled during a recent wedding reception, my hopelessly romantic husband squeezed my hand, leaned in, and said, “You are better looking than half the women here.”

MARLENE BAMBRICK,
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

MY SEATMATE ON A FLIGHT was a woman. Ever the charmer, I asked, “Does the airline charge you extra for sitting next to good-looking men?”

“Yes,” she said, “but I wasn’t willing to pay.”

GLEN PHENIX, *Apex, North Carolina*

MY HUSBAND AND I couldn’t decide which jacket to buy our granddaughter, so we asked the young salesman.

“If you were buying a jacket for your girlfriend,” I said, “what would you get?”

“A bulletproof one,” he said. “I’m married.”

JOHN CANUTESON, *Liberty, Missouri*

“I’D LIKE TO DISCUSS something with you,” my husband told our nine-year-old son. He was about to launch into The Talk.

“What is it?” asked Michael.

“We’re going to talk about girls.”

“What about girls?”

“Well, we’re going to talk about how girls get pregnant.”

“But, Dad,” said Michael, “I’m a boy!” **CAROL WILSON,** *Dublin, California*



SECOND ACTS

If you want to make a name for yourself, choose a celebrity’s.

■ A British man named Bart Simpson appeared in court on suspicion of carrying a firearm into an airport. The name of the judge: Mr. Burns.

■ In New York State, Genghis Khan was convicted of drug possession.

■ A few years ago, a candidate for sheriff in Wisconsin hoped to get an edge by changing his name to Andy Griffith. That’s nothing. In India, candidates in one state included Billykid, Frankenstein, Jhim Carter, and even Adolf Hitler.

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

A massage therapist has seen
a lot of people naked and ...

This Is What Bodies Look Like

BY DALE FAVIER FROM DALEFAVIER.BLOGSPOT.COM



DALE FAVIER
*blogs about
massage and
health.*

☞ PEOPLE HAVE BEEN UNDRESSING for me for a long time. I know what you look like: One glance at you, and I can picture pretty well what you'd look like on my table.

Let's start here with what nobody looks like: Nobody looks like the people in magazines or movies. Not even models. Nobody. Lean people have a kind of rawboned, unfinished look about them that is very appealing. But they don't have plump round breasts and plump round behinds. If you have plump round breasts and a plump round behind, you have a plump round belly and plump round thighs as well. That's how it works. (And that's very appealing too.)

Women have cellulite. All of them.

It's dimply and cute. It's not a defect. It's not a health problem. It's the natural consequence of not consisting of Photoshopped pixels and of not having emerged from an airbrush.

Men have silly buttocks. Especially if most of your clients are women, you come to male buttocks, and you say, What, this is it? They're kind of scrawny, and the tissue is jumpy because it's unpadded; you have to dial back the pressure, or they'll yelp.



Adults sag. It doesn't matter how fit they are. Every decade, an adult sags a little more. All of the tissue hangs a little looser. They wrinkle too. I don't know who started the rumor that just old people wrinkle. You start wrinkling when you start sagging, as soon as you're all grown up, and the process continues on its merry way as long as you live. Which is hopefully a long, long time, right?

Everybody on a massage table is beautiful. There are really no exceptions to this rule.

At that first long sigh, at that first

thought that "I can stop hanging on now, I'm safe," a luminosity, a glow, begins. Within a few minutes, the whole body is radiant with it. It suffuses the room. It suffuses the massage therapist too. People talk about massage therapists being caretakers, and I suppose we are: We like to look after people, and we're easily moved to tenderness. But to let you in on a secret: I'm in it for the glow.

I'll tell you what people look like, really: They look like flames. Or like the stars on a clear night in the wilderness.

R

Should the movie theater pay when a patron takes a spill?

The Case Of the Falling Filmgoer

BY VICKI GLEBOCKI



ON CHRISTMAS DAY in 2003, Nancy Sue Brown took her daughter and grandchildren to see the film *Cheaper by the Dozen* at an AMC movie theater in a Georgia mall. The theater was packed. When the film was over, Brown, then 63, followed the large crowd through the lobby toward the exit. As she passed the concession stand, she suddenly tripped, then tumbled to the ground.

About ten minutes earlier, an AMC employee had mopped up a spilled drink in the area and placed a sign saying Wet Floor over the spot. It was an A-frame sign—the kind used by businesses everywhere—made of

bright yellow plastic, with CAUTION in red capital letters across the top.

The sign had fallen over—probably trampled by the crowd—and Brown hadn't seen it lying flat on the floor. "There [were] people all around me," she explained. "If I had been looking down ... I probably would have run into them."

Her left foot caught in the handle of the sign, and she fell forward, hitting her head on the carpeted floor. An ambulance rushed her to the hospital. She had no serious head injuries, but doctors told her that she had broken several bones in her left foot. She wore a cast for four months.

Two years later, Brown had back surgery to address injuries she believed she'd sustained in the fall.

A month after the surgery, in December 2005, Brown and her husband sued AMC, claiming the movie-theater chain was negligent for placing a "tripping hazard" in an area they knew would be "trafficked by hordes of customers." The Browns

demanded \$383,000 to cover pain and suffering and medical expenses. AMC's attorney, Christopher Ziegler, wondered, "Where else would you put a Wet Floor sign than where people are walking?"

Was AMC responsible for a filmgoer's tripping over a sign that had been knocked down? You be the judge.



THE VERDICT

It took three courts four years to make a final decision in the case. In 2005, a state judge in Clayton County, Georgia, threw out the case, ruling that AMC had "properly positioned" the sign. The judge based his dismissal on a similar case that he said had set a precedent in trip-and-fall cases. In that 2002 case, the judge had found that a bakery wasn't liable for a woman's injuries because the Wet Floor sign she had tripped over hadn't been down long enough for an employee to notice.

The Browns appealed, arguing that their case deserved to be heard because AMC had placed the sign in the path of a herd of people and should have known the sign would become a hazard.

In 2008, the Court of Appeals of Georgia agreed with the Browns and ordered a trial by jury. AMC appealed to the Supreme Court of Georgia. "If a business fails to put a sign over a spill, they can be sued. If they do, they can be sued. What are they supposed to do?" Ziegler asked during the case. But the Supreme Court ruling went in favor of the Browns. AMC didn't fulfill "its legal duty to avoid creating an unreasonable risk of foreseeable harm to the public," wrote the court.

In 2009, the case went to trial in Clayton County, in front of the same judge who had reviewed it four years earlier. The jury deliberated for less than 30 minutes and then ruled that AMC was not liable and that Brown, who passed away in August 2012, would not receive any compensation. **R**

Agree? Disagree? Sound off at rd.com/judge.

I hope God

...I said

I'd never have kids.

KATRINA COTTRELL
GROVER

...He saw all the stuff

I blamed

on my younger sibling.

RICCI JONES II

Las Vegas, NV

...Bruce
Almighty

was filmed.

ANDREA ENGLISH

...He learned about

**Grumpy
Cat.**

HARMONY BROWN

Lawton, OK

...I fell off

my front porch taking pictures
of my grandson riding his bike
without training wheels.

SUE WILLIAMS

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

laughed when...

Perham, MN

...sarcasm

was born.

ANNETTA GRACE

...He made the
three-toed sloth.

KATE EASTMAN

Fryeburg, ME

Philadelphia, PA

...He set
a swarm
of bees

on me last summer!

SARAH BAUER

Perryville, MO

...I sat beside a six-week-old
Chihuahua puppy when

I thought I
hated dogs.

She is now my beloved
companion of many years.

LAWANDA KINARD

El Dorado, AR

Columbia, SC

...He
created

politicians.

DEBBIE WHITTEMORE

Rosepine, LA

The beloved author talks about midlife surprises, lifelong friendships, and her proudest achievement (it's not her Pulitzer Prize)

Anna Quindlen

BY DAWN RAFFEL

WITH HER WARM TONE, sharp eye, and finger on the pulse of American women, Anna Quindlen seems like a friend who both understands you and challenges you a little. Make that a *very* accomplished friend. Her six novels have all been bestsellers, as have many of her nonfiction books. She also was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1992 for her op-ed columns in the *New York Times*.

*The main character in your new novel, **Still Life with Bread Crumbs**, has had a great career, but now she's down on her luck. Does she embody your fears of the worst that could happen, or is she just a work of the imagination?*

Definitely imagination. I'm interested in second and third acts in American lives. I wasn't so



focused on what she'd lost as on what she might learn. She has the opportunity to become a different person. I hate the notion that at a certain point, you're done, you're cooked.

Yes, that relates to a line I love in the book: "The problem was that at a certain point she thought she'd be a finished product. Now she wasn't sure what that might be, especially when she considered how sure she'd been about it at various points in the past and how wrong she'd been." What does that mean to you?

I think we tend to be kind of task-based, and then life teaches us how foolish that is. For example, I believed at some point that my kids would be finished and my work as a mother would be over. Clearly, that's illusory! And that's true of my work as a writer and as a friend. What I bring to my friendships now is different from 30 years ago.

How so?

Our friendships used to consist of giving each other advice about potty training and difficult bosses, and now we spend way more time than we'd like talking about illness, unemployment, divorce, and all the things that come along later in life.



One of your characters comments that men's artwork is more of a closed statement, that if you look at an Ansel Adams photograph, it's beautiful, but it doesn't make you wonder what happens next, whereas women's art invites conversation. Is that something you believe?

I'm not sure it's gender-specific. But I do think there are certain people whose work makes you ask, "What happens next?" Those are the people who intrigue me most.

I have to admit: One of my favorite characters in the book is the dog. Everybody loves the dog! It turns out that a dog is an easy character to write because most dogs have lots of personality, but there aren't a whole lot of nuances.

So tell us—what's the Reader's Digest version of your career?

I'm an Irish kid, so I grew up on storytelling. When I was a journalist,

I liked the idea of following writer H. L. Mencken's directive: "Comfort the afflicted, and afflict the comfortable." But I think my career's overarching theme has been storytelling: in speeches, in novels, and in newspapers. ➔

What is your favorite book?

That's such a hard question. Each time you name one, you think of five or six you just missed. I like Charles Dickens's *Bleak House* as much as I've ever liked anything. I love his ability to combine a rip-roaring story with questions about social justice and political systems.

Dickens was a wonderful writer, but he was so hard on his kids.

Having a father who's a Great Man can't be easy for anyone. But we all know there are children who've risen to the occasion. Some people see it as an invitation to attempt greatness themselves, and others just sort of lie down.

What would you say is your proudest achievement?

I'd say my kids, except that they have been so convincingly themselves from the beginning that I almost feel like my instructions were "Just add water." I unexpectedly turned out to be a natural at motherhood, and that's something I'm very proud of.

Your children are all grown now. The transition to an empty nest must have been a big one for you.

All three of my kids live in New York City, and they tend to bounce in and

out of our house with some regularity. It's not a very empty nest. My eldest child is writing a novel, and he comes here every day and works on it. He writes on the first floor, I work on the fifth floor, and we meet every day for lunch. It's great.

This is a question we always ask our RD interview subjects: What's your***favorite word?***

Flabbergasted. It's a big word—I mean it registers big—and it sounds like what it is. You can use it only once every 18 months or so.

I've saved my toughest question for you until the end. Can you tell me a joke?

I love jokes, but I'm so bad at telling them. I

always get them wrong; I can never remember them. Here's the only one I can think of—I use it in speeches. So a man goes to see the doctor, and the doc says to him, "I'm sorry, but you need a brain transplant." The man says, "Oh, my God! How will that work?" The doctor says not to worry. "I have two brains available right now. One is the brain of a man, and it will cost \$50,000. The other is the brain of a woman, and it will be \$5,000." The man says, "Why is the woman's brain so much cheaper?" And the doctor says, "It's used!" **R**

“
I unexpectedly turned out to be a natural at motherhood, and that's something I'm very proud of.

FACES OF AMERICA



Jillian Sanchez

EVERGLADES CITY,
FLORIDA

What is a Swamp Buggy Race?

It's an event that started in 1949 with a bunch of old woodsmen and has evolved into this high-speed, crazy, world-famous race—with lots of mud flying. The queen gets tossed into a big mud hole.

Besides Swamp Buggy Queen, what do you aspire to be?

A cardiothoracic surgeon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
GLENN GLASSER

Points to Ponder

ON TIME It would seem to be more efficient to do away with daylight saving time altogether. Frequent and uncoordinated time changes cause confusion, undermining economic efficiency. There's evidence that regularly changing sleep cycles lowers productivity and increases heart attacks. Being out of sync with European time changes was projected to cost the airline industry \$147 million a year in travel disruptions.

ALLISON SCHRAGER,
economist, in Quartz

ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS Intelligence doesn't just mean tracking down terrorists; it means finding out what is in people's hearts and minds.

KAREN ARMSTRONG,
writer, in Origin magazine

ON SPORTS Basketball, like all team sports, has a built-in ethical question: Does the talented individual try to win on his own or trust in his lesser teammates? It's the predicament of modern life.

BETHEHEM SHOALS,
sportswriter, in Good magazine

ON POLITICS While it may be easier to stay within one's ideological comfort zone, left or right, it is a good deal more stimulating to wander beyond the boundaries to find what else is out there.

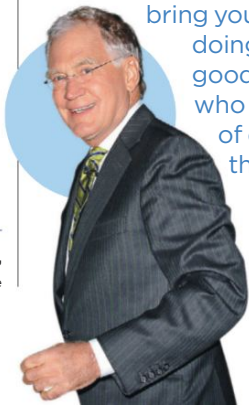
TOM BROKAW,
broadcaster, in the Wall Street Journal

ON ENERGY What most people know but don't realize they know is that the world is almost entirely solar-powered already. If the sun wasn't there, we'd be a frozen ice ball at three degrees Kelvin.

ELON MUSK,
inventor, in a TED talk

I'm a person who spends a great deal of his time wondering why he's not happier. I have found that the only thing that does bring you happiness is doing something good for somebody who is incapable of doing it for themselves.

DAVID LETTERMAN,
late-night talk show host, in the New York Times





Social media's kind of like cotton candy: It looks so appealing, and you just can't resist getting in there—and then you end up with sticky fingers, and it lasted an instant.

JULIA ROBERTS, actor, in *Marie Claire*

ON SECRETS Some revelations stop relationships in their tracks. But others reveal the true person in our midst, the imperfect, limping, and often loving soul we cared about so much. And so we continue to care, and together we rebuild, this time slowly, on a foundation of truth. We can build a house together, or a home, or a beautiful garden that is nourished by acceptance.

JANE ISAY,
author, in her book *Secrets and Lies*

ON LIFE LESSONS My father was very generous and a gambler by instinct, and he died broke. The lesson he taught me was not to worry. The lesson I learned was to worry.

BARBARA WALTERS,
TV journalist, in *Esquire*



ON NUTRITION I do not think it's too much of an exaggeration to say that one restaurant meal in America will give you more salt than your ancestors 200 generations ago ate in a month.

JOHN SOTOS,
cardiologist, on *wsj.com*

ON TRAVEL What an odd thing tourism is. You fly off to a strange land, eagerly abandoning all the comforts of home, and then expend vast quantities of time and money in a largely futile attempt to recapture the comforts that you wouldn't have lost if you hadn't left home in the first place.

BILL BRYSON,
writer, in his book *Neither Here nor There*

ON AGEISM I'm 64. Suddenly, my mailbox is full of flyers for Medicare supplement plans, and jokes about old people, which are pervasive in our culture, start to leave a sour taste. This summer, when Dick Van Dyke tweeted [at] Bill Maher, "Enough with insulting old people on your show. I'm 87 years old, and I can whip your ass," I silently cheered for Van Dyke.

GREGG KILDAY,
journalist, in the *Hollywood Reporter*

ON SCIENCE Science can never prove or disprove the existence of God. If God exists, God surely exists outside of rational thought and outside the physical universe. **R**

ALAN LIGHTMAN,
physicist, in a speech

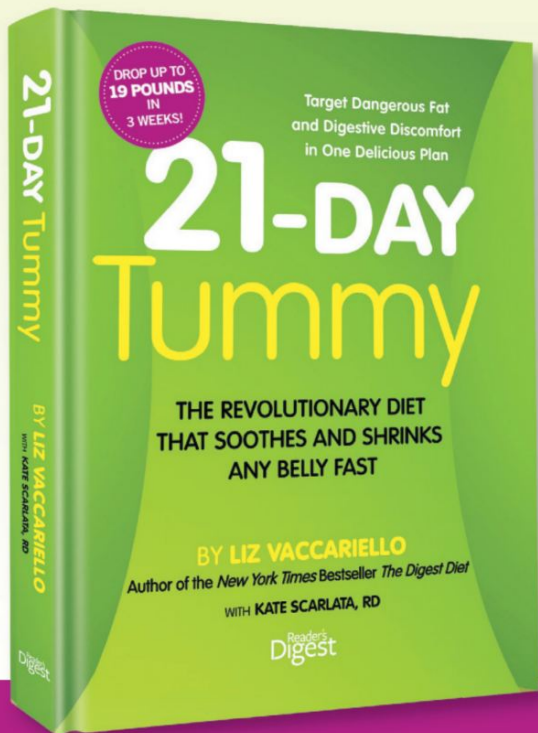
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–Liz Vaccariello
Editor in Chief,
Reader's Digest

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ART *of* LIVING

A long time ago, happy meant excitement, right? Don't worry. You're not missing out—you've just evolved. (Thank goodness.)

Why Calm Is the New Happy

BY HEIDI GRANT HALVORSON FROM *HEALTH*



 WHEN I WAS 21 and approaching my final semester of college, my research adviser offered me the chance to spend the term in India, working at the University of Mumbai. I squealed and jumped up and down, excited beyond words. It would be so thrilling to live abroad, I thought. The adventure of a lifetime!

I shared the wonderful news with my parents. Sadly, they did not think it was so wonderful. They thought it was crazy.

“Where will you stay while you’re there?” my mother asked.

“I ... um ... I don’t actually know,” I replied, a little embarrassed not to have a good answer.

“And what will it cost? What will you live on?”

I didn’t know that either. All I knew was that going to India for a few months sounded really cool. Back then, I was all about embracing risk, seeking out new experiences, and living for the thrill. I wasn’t going to let little things like what I’d eat or where I’d sleep get in the way. When I boarded the plane, I felt as if I were on top of the world.

Fast-forward 20 years: I am packing for a four-day trip to Toronto with my husband and two children. I’ve made detailed lists so I don’t forget anything important, like aspirin, tearless shampoo, and Band-Aids. “You know, they have pharmacies in Canada too,” my husband says teasingly. I smile but ignore him. Prepping

to ensure a safe, relaxing getaway makes me happy—not jumping-up-and-down happy but a different kind. I pack eight changes of clothes per person, a hair dryer in case the hotel’s doesn’t work, and an extra charger for my cell phone.

I’m thinking about how good it will feel when we get to the hotel, where—confident that I’ve taken care of every possible need for the family I love so dearly—I can soak peacefully in a hot tub and relax. Then I’ll be on top of the world.

A Change of Heart

My 21-year-old adventurous self wouldn’t believe it if you told her that one day she’d be a woman who looked forward to an evening bath. This was a girl who, without exaggeration, refused to stay home on a Saturday night even when she had the flu, unless she was too delirious to wiggle into her party jeans.

Something happened to me on the way from 21 to 40: My idea of happiness morphed from the high-energy, ecstatic experience of a wild night with friends to the more peaceful, relaxing one of an overworked parent who dreams of putting her feet up and enjoying a good book. As I’ve learned in nearly 20 years of psychology research, most recently at Columbia University’s Motivation Science Center (where I am associate director), this happiness metamorphosis is actually quite common.

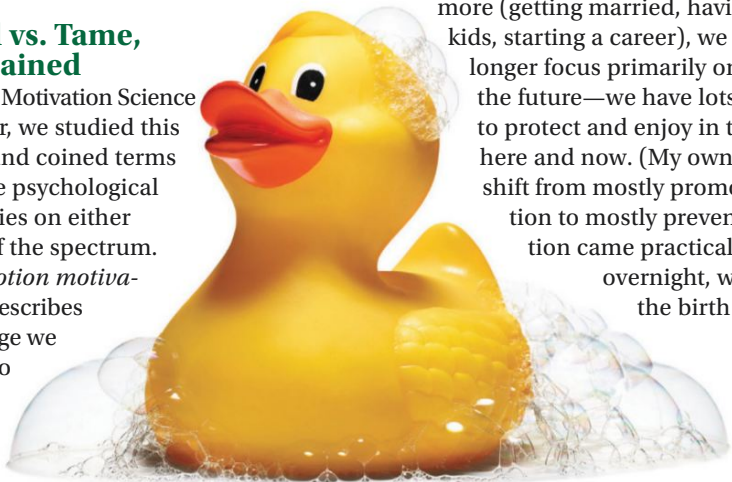
Colleagues at other universities have discovered this truth as well. Researchers at Stanford University and the University of Pennsylvania recently analyzed 12 million blogs and found that in those by bloggers in their teens and 20s, the word *happy* was usually accompanied by words like *excited*, *ecstatic*, or *elated* (e.g., “I’m so happy and excited to go to India!”). Bloggers in their 40s, 50s, and beyond, on the other hand, paired *happy* with words like *peaceful*, *relaxed*, *calm*, or *relieved* (e.g., “I’ll be so relaxed and happy in my hot tub”). Being “happy,” it seems, takes on new meaning as we acquire more birthday candles. And one kind of happy is not better or more fulfilling than the other—although nostalgia for youth often leads us to assume that. They are simply two different ways of experiencing satisfaction that result from two different life views.

Wild vs. Tame, Explained

At the Motivation Science Center, we studied this shift and coined terms for the psychological qualities on either end of the spectrum. *Promotion motivation* describes the urge we have to

advance ourselves and be better off, along with the joy we feel when doing the things we believe accomplish those goals. *Prevention motivation* refers to the focus we place on maintaining what we value (including relationships and health) and the bliss that comes from running our life smoothly and feeling secure.

Teens and twentysomethings tend to have stronger promotion motivation. They are more likely to be spontaneous and are open to saying yes to anything and everything that comes their way. Research by University of Zurich psychologist Alexandra Freund suggests that promotion motivation is dominant among those 26 or younger. The young are relatively more focused on the future and the possibilities it holds and less concerned with responsibilities and avoiding mistakes. As we get older or take on more (getting married, having kids, starting a career), we no longer focus primarily on the future—we have lots to protect and enjoy in the here and now. (My own shift from mostly promotion to mostly prevention came practically overnight, with the birth of



my first child.) We're no longer as interested in the new, because we're more content with what we have. Prevention-focused people's top priority—and biggest source of pleasure—is keeping everyone secure and healthy. While the ideal Saturday used to involve staying out all night and meeting new people, total bliss for a mature soul might consist of heading to yoga class and making a healthy dinner at home.

Consider, for example, the evolution of Angelina Jolie. In her youth, she was famous for her thrill-seeking wild side and provocative behavior. Today, she is a mother of six who recently underwent a preventive double mastectomy to ensure that she will be alive for as long as possible to care for her children. She is also known for her work as a special envoy for the United Nations. She projects the quiet confidence of a woman who has matured into prevention mode, cherishing the blessings in her life more than looking for her next adventure.

Of course, some people have a natural tendency toward one style or another going back to childhood, and their shift might not be as dramatic. Promotion and prevention are on a continuum—you can be strongly one or the other, or you can be somewhere in between. And where you fall on the continuum changes with your life experience. It's correlated with

age, but there are exceptions: Some young people are cautious and risk-averse, while a subset of senior citizens are adventurous risk takers.

Find Your Balance

What if your life has lots of excitement, but you're never relaxed or content? Or what if you experience plenty of serenity but long for more exhilaration? It's possible to feel you have too much of one kind of happiness and not enough of the other. Spontaneity and novelty are the antidotes to a life that's veered too far into the realm of prevention, while doing something healthful and relaxing is a counter to a hectic, promotion-oriented existence. The only one who can judge if you are out of whack is you. Many people are mostly promotion or mostly prevention and are perfectly happy that way.

If you are like me and you find that your life has become more about pursuing peace and contentment than being pumped up and excited, rest assured that there is nothing wrong with you. You aren't missing out on happiness; your happiness has evolved, just as you have. And even though this new version might seem a bit more low-key—and it is—that doesn't mean it's less wonderful or any less satisfying.

So if you want me, I'll be in the tub for the next hour. Please do not disturb.



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FOOD

What's in it?

The Nacho Dorito

BY MICHAEL MOSS

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*



THE INVENTOR OF Doritos envisioned this snack in 1964 as a marketing powerhouse that could deliver endless varieties of new flavors. But none of the formulations would surpass Nacho Cheese, whose irresistible taste sent Doritos into the processed food hall of fame, and more recently into a partnership with Taco Bell. I visited Steven A. Witherly, a food scientist who wrote an insider's guide, "Why Humans Like Junk Food," and we raided his lab to taste and experiment our way through the psychobiology of what makes Nacho Cheese Doritos so alluring.

That Melting Sensation

When fat-laden snacks melt in the mouth, the brain thinks that the calories have disappeared, too, in what food scientists call "vanishing caloric density." This tends to delay the feeling of fullness.



POPCORN



CHEETOS
PUFFS



COTTON
CANDY

Other foods that exhibit "vanishing caloric density"

The Feel of Fat

Mr. Witherly says that to maximize the pleasure in snacks, the goal is to deliver half the calories through fat,



and Nacho Cheese Doritos hit this mark precisely. Scientists say fat is experienced not as a basic taste like sweetness or bitterness, but rather as a sensation, with a mouthfeel that has all the power of sugar or salt. Fat in food is detected by the trigeminal nerve, which conveys the signal straight to the brain's pleasure center.

Gold Dust

The blend of ingredients in Nacho Cheese is given one of the finest grinds in food processing: flour grinding, which creates a powder that fills every nook and cranny on the chip. This maximizes the amount that will contact saliva. Intentional or not, one byproduct is the powder left on your fingers.

Licking the dust from the fingers in its pure form, without the chip to dilute the impact, sends an even larger flavor burst to the brain.



Cheese

Frito-Lay goes first class here with domestic Romano cheese, an expensive ingredient you won't find in many other brands. (The company even refrains from using preservatives in many of its chips.) Romano is packed with its own taste enhancers.



The white dots on a wedge of Romano are concentrations of amino acids, which convey a brothy flavor.

Garlic

There is also garlic powder, which has the powerful savory flavor known as umami. The “long hang time” of flavors like garlic creates a lingering smell that stimulates memories (and contributes to “Dorito breath”).



Salt

It's no accident that salt makes three separate appearances in the list of ingredients. Salt delivers what food companies call “flavor burst.” It dissolves in saliva, igniting the salt receptors on the tongue. They send signals that excite the pleasure center of the brain, which encourages us to eat more.

A 1.75-ounce bag contains nearly a quarter of the daily maximum sodium intake recommended for most adults by the federal government.



MSG and Friends

By itself, monosodium glutamate has little taste. But when we tried this white powder mixed with salt, we could almost feel our brains start to sizzle. Despite complaints that it has side effects, MSG is still widely used in processed foods because it powers up other flavors, especially savory ones. Nacho Cheese chips also have two ingredients that crank up the flavor even more: derivatives

from the nucleotide family called disodium inosinate and disodium guanylate. When we tasted this pair along with MSG and salt, Mr. Witherly tossed back his head and cried, “Wow! Oooh! Water!”

Coca-Cola has a flavor that is similarly ambiguous and forgettable.



Forgettable Flavor

Despite the powerful tastes in Nacho Cheese, the Doritos formula balances them so well that no single flavor lingers in the mind after you've eaten a chip. This avoids what food scientists call “sensory specific satiety,” or the feeling of fullness caused by a dominant flavor. Would you eat a whole bag of rosemary chips? With Doritos, you go back for more.

Mouth Moisteners

Two acids, lactic and citric, get the saliva flowing, which triggers the impulse to eat. Another ingredient, buttermilk, delivers even more lactic acid.



Eye Candy

Research has shown that consumers are attracted to bright colors. Doritos have three artificial colorings: two different yellows and a red. **R**





collette
guided by travel

enjoy the
freedom
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The Clever Cook

Be a Spotless Gourmet

■ For cleaner counters, place all ingredients on an empty baking sheet prior to prepping them. (This will help you catch spills and avoid wasting time hunting for an item as you cook.)

■ Break a glass? If a tumbler tumbles, pick up the shards with a slice of white bread—even tiny slivers will cling to it.

■ To protect a treasured recipe card (or cookbook or magazine) from splatters and stains, place it under a clean glass pot lid.

■ As you cook, toss scraps, eggshells, and other garbage into a large bowl. This will contain messes and save time if a trash can isn't readily




accessible. Line the bowl with a plastic bag to make cleanup even easier.

■ To prevent an olive oil bottle from becoming greasy, secure a folded paper towel around its neck with a rubber band; the towel will absorb any drips.

■ Keep your thumbs squeaky-clean by using a wine cork to make an indent in thumbprint cookies. **R**

Sources: imgur.com, *Cook's Illustrated*, homefries.com, *Rachael Ray Show*, americastestkitchenfeed.com, *Real Simple*



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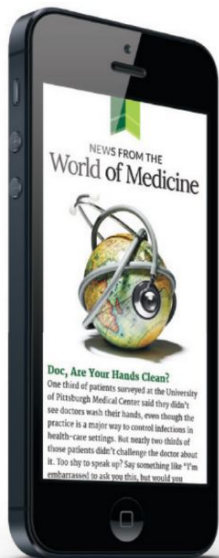
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The Best Purifying Plants

BY ALISON CAPORIMO

1 FOR THE BEDROOM Jewel of India

This large-leaved variety tolerates low natural light and prefers higher temperatures, which makes it an ideal choice for a dimly lit finished attic or a warm bedroom.

2 FOR THE LIVING ROOM Janet Craig

Preferring indirect sunlight, this lush plant is easy to maintain, and it offers a splash of color. Let soil dry out completely between waterings, and fertilize only once a year.

3 FOR THE DEN ZZ Plant

Even if you neglect it, there's a good chance this drought-tolerant, disease-resistant succulent will

do just fine. In addition, the ZZ plant thrives in low-light rooms. But keep the plant away from pets and small children: Its parts can be poisonous.

4 FOR THE KITCHEN Golden Pothos

With heart-shaped leaves that filter formaldehyde, this fast-growing vine purifies any area that is frequently exposed to harsh cleaning chemicals. It's also great for the garage, as it removes toxic exhaust from the air. **R**



Your Door Just Got Smarter

BY DAMON BERES

Text Your Way In

After you install the **Lockitron device (\$179)** over your door's deadbolt and download the app, you can unlock the door by texting your password or tapping the app on your phone. The device is placed on the interior side of your door, and the app works with any smartphone.

Let In Friends

Security gets very social with the **August Smart Lock (\$199)**, which uses an app to sense and grant access to those with approved smartphones. Approach the entry while logged in to your account, and the door will automatically unlock. You can temporarily add a friend who wants to borrow a measuring cup or set up a schedule to admit the nanny each weekday morning.

Add a Camera

For the Einstein of digital unlocking devices, go for the **Goji system (\$245)**. It replaces your deadbolt and features an LED display that flashes a personalized greeting as you approach the front door. It also has a built-in camera, which takes a photo of visitors (expected or not) and sends it straight to your smartphone. Burglars, beware.



Forget the Phone

Give the **Kwikset Kevo lock (\$219)** a whirl for the ease and convenience of digital access with a traditional “key” feel. A little device called the Fob—roughly the size of a stick of gum—easily fits on your key chain and syncs with the lock: All you have to do is tap the two of them together to unlock the door. (Lugging in the groceries just became much easier.) **R**

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Teens: The Spark That Lights Your Midlife Crisis

BY JENNIFER SENIOR

FROM THE BOOK *ALL JOY AND NO FUN*

WHEN PROSPECTIVE mothers and fathers imagine the joys of parenthood, they seldom envision the adolescent years. Adolescence is the stretch of childhood that Nora Ephron opined can be survived only by acquiring a dog (“so that someone in the house is happy to see you”).

Gone are the first smiles, warm nuzzles, and cheerful games of catch. They’ve been replaced by 5 a.m. hockey practices, renewed adventures in trigonometry, and middle-of-the-night requests for rides home. And these are the hardships generated by the good adolescents. Yet their parents are still going half mad. Which raises an important question: Is it possible that adults experience adolescence differently from children? That the classification, in fact, might be more useful for parents than for the children it attempts to describe?



PROP STYLIST: ROBIN FINLAY

Laurence Steinberg, a Temple University psychologist and quite possibly the country's foremost authority on adolescence, believes there's a strong case to be made for this idea. "Adolescence does not seem to be a difficult time for the kids," he tells me. "Most of them go through life in a very pleasant haze. It's when I talk to the parents that I hear, 'My teenager [is] driving me crazy.'"

In the 2014 edition of his best-known textbook, *Adolescence*, Steinberg debunks the myth of the querulous teen with even more vigor. "The hormonal changes of puberty," he writes, "have only a modest direct effect on adolescent behavior; rebellion during adolescence is atypical, not normal; few adolescents experience a tumultuous identity crisis."

Not so for parents, however. In 1994, Steinberg published *Crossing Paths*, one of the few book-length accounts of how parents weather the transition of their firstborns into puberty, based on a study he conducted of more than 200 families. Forty percent of his sample suffered a decline in mental health once their first child entered adolescence—nearly one half of the mothers and one third of the fathers. Parents reported feelings of rejection and low self-worth; that their sex lives had declined; and that they had experienced increases in headaches,

insomnia, and upset stomachs.

It may be tempting to dismiss these findings as by-products of midlife rather than the presence of teenagers in the house. But Steinberg's results don't seem to suggest this notion. "We were much better able to predict what an adult was going through psychologically," he writes, "by looking at his or her child's development than by knowing the adult's age."

Which is to say that a mother of 43 and a mother of 53 have far more in common, psychologically speaking, if they both have 14-year-olds than two moms of the same age with kids who are seven and 14. And the mothers of the adolescents, according to Steinberg's research, are much more likely to be experiencing distress.

Steinberg has a theory about why this is. Adolescents, in his view, exacerbate conflicts already in progress, especially those at work or between the parents, sometimes unmasking problems parents hadn't recognized or consciously acknowledged for years. You might say that adolescents are the human equivalent of salt, intensifying whatever mix they're in.

Steinberg might even go so far as to say that the so-called crises of midlife would be a good deal less troublesome if adolescents weren't around. But teenagers have an uncanny way of throwing problems, whatever they are, into high relief. **R**

ALL IN

A Day's Work



"I think you'll like this suit—it's 100 percent yarn."

A CLIENT WALKED INTO my design studio with a black-and-white flyer.

Client: Can you make a color copy?

Me: Do you have the original?

Client: No. Just this one.

Me: Sorry, I can't make color copies unless I have the original color version.

Client (confused): Why can't you just run it through the color copier?

From clientsfromhell.net

AS A FLIGHT ATTENDANT, I wear a watch with two faces: one set for the time in our departure city, and the other set for our destination city. One day, a passenger asked me for the time. Looking at my watch, I told her, "It's 9:41 in Chicago and 5:41 in Honolulu."

Intrigued, she asked, "Is the watch available for other cities?"

PAM TATREAU, Hermosa Beach, California

THERE WAS A PERIOD when our company's ownership was constantly changing hands, resulting in a new name for the business each time. After the latest regime *and* name change, I said, "We're going to need a new company sign out front."

A colleague said, "We don't need a new sign; we need a blackboard."

GARY SCHNEIDER, *St. Cloud, Minnesota*

OVERHEARD AT OUR HOSPITAL:

Phlebotomist: I'm here to draw some blood.

Patient: But I just received blood yesterday.

Phlebotomist: You didn't think you'd get to keep it, did you?

REBECCA SHAFER, *Springfield, Missouri*

AM I THAT TOUGH? After interviewing a candidate for an open position, I got a thank-you e-mail, stating, "It was a pressure meeting you."

MICHELE DAVIS, *Onsted, Michigan*

SCENE: OFFICE CAFETERIA LINE

Friend: May I have pepper and salt? (Counter guy looks confused.)

Friend: Sir? Pepper and salt? (Counter guy grabs a bell pepper.)

Friend: No! Not that pepper. The pepper and salt ...

Me: You know, like you shake it on? (Coworker looks over.)

Coworker: Dude! She means the salt and pepper!

Counter guy: Oh! Why didn't you just say that?

From notalwaysworking.com



THAT REMINDS ME OF A JOKE

THE NEWS

Security guards at an English darts tournament had their hands full when a riot almost broke out. The cause? Among the 4,500 spectators was a man with long hair, a beard, and a striking resemblance to a certain Lord and Savior.

Chants of "Jesus! Jesus!" disrupted the tournament until the guards had no choice but to escort the doppelgänger out. They took him to a nearby bar, where they bought him a beer and told him to stay put and watch the rest of the match on TV.

Source: web.orange.co.uk

THE LAUGH

Two hunters were out in the woods when one of them bagged a duck. Immediately, his retriever walked atop the pond to fetch the duck. His friend was in awe.

"Your dog just walked on water," he said. "That's amazing!"

"Not really," said the first hunter. "He can't swim."

Submitted by **R. S.,
Burlington, Wisconsin**

Anything funny happen to you at work lately? It could be worth \$100. See page 7 for details or go to rd.com/submit.

Doctors' Orders

What We Tell Our Friends About Colonoscopies

BY THE PHYSICIANS OF THE DOCTORS

FIRST OF ALL, get tested if you're over age 50 or your doctor recommends it sooner. Colonoscopy is the most widely used screening test for colon cancer, which is among the most commonly diagnosed cancers. More than 50,000 Americans die from the disease every year. Colon cancer almost always begins as abnormal growths called polyps, which can be detected and removed during a colonoscopy, dramatically lowering your risk of developing the disease. But according to recent data, about 23 million U.S. adults have never been tested for colon cancer (even though two thirds of them have a regular doctor and insurance to pay for the test).

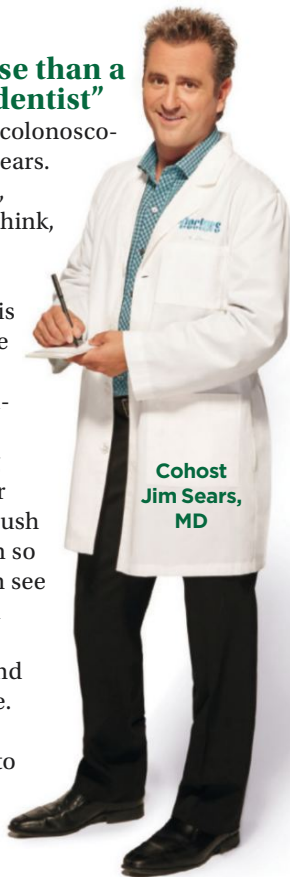
Two of us—Jim Sears, MD, and Travis Stork, MD—recently underwent colonoscopies on the air. So we grilled experts for advice on everything from choosing a doctor to gulping down the prep. Here's what we want you to know about our experience.

"It's no worse than a visit to the dentist"

"I've had three colonoscopies," says Dr. Sears.

"After each one, I wake up and think, You know, that wasn't so bad.

The worst part is just booking the appointment. Even the notoriously dreaded prep—drinking certain fluids or taking pills to flush out your system so your doctor can see every nook and cranny of your colon—feels kind of like a cleanse. It's a day of not putting junk into your gut."



Cohost
Jim Sears,
MD

“You feel fine? That’s the perfect time to be tested”

The logic among many patients goes, “I’m OK. Why should I have this procedure?” says Anish Sheth, MD, attending physician at the University Medical Center at Princeton in New Jersey. “But it’s most important [to have a colonoscopy] to find polyps before they turn cancerous.”

“Ask two key questions”

Not all doctors perform colonoscopies equally well. A less-than-thorough procedure may miss polyps or lead to complications like a tear in the bowel. Ask the doc about his “adenoma detection rate”—the percentage of patients in whom he finds precancerous polyps. This metric isn’t universally adopted, and many doctors may not know. (An ideal number is at least 15 percent for women and at least 25 percent for men.) If the doctor doesn’t know his rate, ask how many procedures he performs each day. You don’t necessarily want to choose someone who does just one, but a physician who does 20 may be prone to fatigue or be rushing through them.

“Split your prep time”

Taking half of the preparation the evening before and half the morning of

the procedure is becoming more common, says Harry Sarles, MD, president of the American College of Gastroenterology. (With this type of prep, you typically need to take only one day off from work.) Research shows this method clears the bowels more effectively. This may mean it will be less likely that you’ll have to repeat the test because your colon was too clogged for your doctor to see it well.

“Constipated? Modify your diet for a few days before”

Most patients start a “clear liquids only” diet the morning of the day before a colonoscopy. But if you’re prone to constipation, your doctor may recommend that you follow a liquid diet for an extra day and eat a low-fiber diet for up to a week before. Since fiber is hard to digest, it takes a while to leave your colon.

“Request de-bloating”

As part of the test, air is pumped into the colon to expand its walls for a better view. Some docs use carbon dioxide instead because it exits the body more quickly and reduces bloating afterward. If your physician injects air, ask her to suction it out at the end of the procedure, which helps minimize gassiness and bloating. **R**

YOUR DAILY DOSE The health teams at *The Doctors* and *Reader’s Digest* partner monthly to prescribe feel-great advice. Check local listings to watch the hit show every day.



How the Weather Forecast Predicts Your Health

BY LAUREN GELMAN

On cold days, watch for:

■ HEART ATTACK

One 2012 U.S. study found an 18 percent increase in heart attack deaths in winter and a 10 to 12 percent decrease in summer. Cold weather may constrict blood vessels or lead to more blood clots.

■ PSORIASIS FLARES

Cold, dry air sucks moisture out of the skin, which makes it more vulnerable to the disease's trademark red, scaly patches. A good, greasy, penetrating moisturizer can help.

On hot days, watch for:

■ GOUT

Dehydration from sweltering temps can cause uric acid, a trigger of gout pain, to accumulate.



■ MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

Steamy weather and even slight rises in core body temperature—caused by a fever or taking a hot bath—can exacerbate symptoms.

When lightning strikes, watch for:

■ MIGRAINES

A study found that these headaches were 28 percent more likely to occur when lightning struck, perhaps due to electromagnetic changes.

On rainy days, watch for:

■ ARTHRITIS

As atmospheric pressure drops, tissues near joints expand and put pressure on nerves. (However, some studies that tracked symptoms with weather didn't find a strong link.) **R**



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AT THE CORNER OF **HAPPY & HEALTHY**™

21-Day Tummy Checkup

Happiness Is a State of ... Gut?

BY LIZ VACCARIELLO

ONE OF THE MOST important recent medical breakthroughs has been the impact of gut flora on overall health. This dynamic mix of bacteria in the digestive tract may affect everything from obesity to asthma. It's a topic that *Reader's Digest* has been closely covering, including in my recent book *21-Day Tummy*, a plan to shrink and soothe your stomach by reducing inflammation and balancing gut bacteria.

I'm also intrigued by this latest pioneering research: Gut microbes, new studies show, may even influence how happy or anxious we feel.

THE GUT-MOOD LINK

Anyone who's ever experienced "butterflies" in his or her stomach knows that the gut and the brain are connected. But until recently, scientists hadn't realized that the trillions of bacteria in our digestive tract

may be driving the relationship.

One recent experiment suggests that you can colonize calm. Canadian researchers gave healthy mice a cocktail of antibiotics, which alter the makeup of GI-tract bugs. Over two weeks, some animals became more anxious and some less, depending on which drugs they received. In another study, when gut bacteria from calm mice were

transferred to anxious mice, the jittery critters seemed less nervous.

Everyday foods may also affect the composition of gut bacteria, and in turn, brain chemistry. UCLA gastroenterologist Kirsten Tillisch, MD, recently had healthy women eat a yogurt rich in certain strains of "good" probiotic bacteria. Two control groups ate yogurt without such bacteria or ate nothing. Brain scans of the probiotic-yogurt



eaters indicated changes in regions that could be associated with a less-anxious response in fearful or stressful situations compared with the control groups.

Scientists are even exploring whether gut microbes might treat some brain disorders. A new study in *Cell* found that mice with features of autism given a type of bacteria in healthy human GI tracts exhibited less autism-like behavior. In a recent case report, a Boston psychiatrist says a course of certain probiotics and antibiotics helped relieve a patient's obsessive-compulsive disorder and ADHD.

"We tend to focus on how your mood affects your body from the top down, not the bottom up," says Dr. Tillisch. "Now we know that the gut affects how your brain responds to the environment—it's a remarkable change in thinking."

HOW BACTERIA TALK TO THE BRAIN

Scientists aren't sure how gut flora affect brain chemistry. One theory is that the bacteria access pathways along the vagus nerve, the main highway in the nervous system that links the brain to the gut. Another is that the bacteria influence the immune system,

releasing chemicals that affect conditions like depression. Finally, researchers believe that bacteria produce or affect the metabolism of chemicals like serotonin or dopamine, which alter brain function.

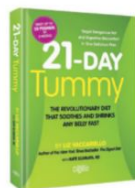
CULTIVATE A HAPPIER GUT

Dr. Tillisch told me that patients always ask which probiotics will lift their mood. Her answer: "We don't know yet, but we hope to one day." In the future, patients might receive probiotics or fecal transplant—in which bacteria from the gut of a healthy person are transferred to the gut of a sick one—to prevent or treat mental health issues. But these approaches are years away from prime time. Until then, a diet rich in fruit and veggies (whose fiber nourishes certain bacterial strains)

helps cultivate better-balanced microbes than a typical Western diet high in animal and processed products. Avoiding unnecessary antibiotics, particularly in early childhood, may also establish healthier gut bacteria. **R**



21-Day Tummy is available wherever books are sold. The plan helps balance gut bacteria for improved digestion and weight loss.



Do your dirty little everyday habits jeopardize your health?

The Ick Factor

BY SUNNY SEA GOLD

How bad is it to drink water out of a bottle that you left in the car for weeks?



First, know that despite scary e-mail forwards from nervous relatives, you needn't worry about disposable plastic water bottles leaching cancer-causing chemicals into the liquid, according to the American Cancer Society. Commercial water bottles often don't contain concerning hormone-disrupting chemicals like bisphenol A (BPA) or phthalates either. But any used bottle can harbor germs from saliva backwash, says Charles Gerba, a microbiologist at the University of Arizona and coauthor of *The Germ Freak's Guide to Outwitting Colds and Flu*.



Surprisingly, “that’s not really a problem as long as you don’t share the bottle with other people,” he says, since your immune system has already dealt with whatever cold, flu, or other germs may be in your mouth. One exception: sports bottles that you’ve used your thumb or fingers to press shut. Bacteria such as *E. coli* or *Staphylococcus* on your hands can contaminate the nozzle when you press it down and then flourish in the warm, moist environment. “Then you’re going to stick that in your mouth? Not a good idea,” says Gerba.

How dicey is it to let my dog lick my ice cream?



Sadly, it’s not true that a dog’s mouth is cleaner than your own: A 2012 Japanese study found that both dogs and humans have in their mouths several different kinds of harmful bacteria that can cause or worsen gum disease. Dogs have also been known to carry salmonella bacteria, says Gerba, which can cause severe food poisoning symptoms in humans. Sharing food or letting your dog lick your mouth could be unhealthy for both of you, depending

on which types of germs you each harbor. Plus, if your pooch is the kind that likes to sniff and lick gross stuff on his walks (you know—deer feces, half-rotten garbage), who knows what health-compromising bugs and chemicals could be on his tongue? “Personally, I’m suspicious of any animal that uses its tongue as toilet paper,” says Gerba.

Can I wash my hair with body wash in a pinch?



If you just ran out of shampoo, a one-time washing isn’t going to harm anything more than your pride. But body washes and bar soaps can create a chemical reaction with minerals in your water that could leave a scummy film on your

hair, says LeAine Dehmer, a Los Angeles–based skincare product researcher and developer. In fact, the ones with lots of moisturizers and oils can leave even more residue, giving you flat, heavy locks. “Hair is very porous and really soaks up waxes and oils,” says Dehmer. So if you’re trying to, say, pack light for a trip, look for an all-in-one hair and body wash. It can do a good job of rinsing clean with less residue, says Dehmer.

Key to Ratings



Probably OK



Not ideal



Pretty bad



Definitely dangerous

Is it bad to fall asleep with the TV on?



This habit might mess with your shut-eye. A new Australian study found that watching TV before bed keeps kids and teens up later rather than lulling them to sleep. University of Pennsylvania research from 2009 revealed that the time people spent watching TV before bed was a key factor in when they hit the sack, which could lead to sleep deficits. Researchers at Ohio State University even found that hamsters exposed to TV-like light at night showed signs of depression. But don't swap TV time for iPad or smart-phone time. These devices are actually more stimulating to your brain. Using them close to bedtime can make it tougher to slip into slumber, says Michael Breus, a psychologist who specializes in sleep disorders.

However, if you swear that *Seinfeld* reruns help you snooze, you might not be wrong. "For certain people who have trouble 'turning their brain off,' watching TV, which is very passive, could allow them to relax and fall asleep," says Breus. Just be sure to set a timer to turn the TV off so that a blaring infomercial doesn't wake you up in the middle of the night.

How gross is it for me to use my spouse's toothbrush or razor?



As intimate as you are with your partner, swapping personal-care items may take things a little too far, says Shilpi Agarwal, MD, a family and integrative medicine physician in Los Angeles. In addition to the cavity- or gum disease-causing bacteria that live on toothbrushes,

cold and flu viruses can also linger for up to eight hours, she says. (That said, kissing can transfer these viruses and bacteria too—so if you smooch your spouse a lot, chances are you'll be exposed anyhow.)

"As for razors, *Staphylococcus* bacteria are a concern. Another person's razor blades may carry germs that spread by skin contact and can lead to infections, boils, and even abscesses, especially if you accidentally break the skin," says Dr. Agarwal. Some strains of bugs may even be resistant to antibiotics.

Also notable: Skin and hair-growth patterns of men's faces and women's legs are very different. "If a razor is used interchangeably, it is more likely to have kinks in the blade; this makes both parties more prone to cuts and irritation that can become colonized with bacteria."



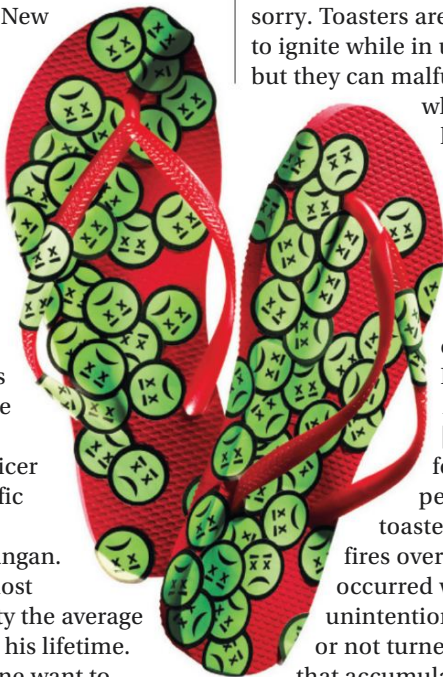
Is it OK to drive in flip-flops?



Flip-flops have been blamed for some truly tragic traffic accidents—including one in New

York in which a woman lost control and crashed into a church foyer, killing three people. Flip-flops can slip off and either get stuck under the brake and gas pedals or depress both pedals at the same time, says former police officer and certified traffic safety and crash expert John E. Langan.

“Driving is the most dangerous activity the average person will do in his lifetime. Why would anyone want to make it even more dangerous by wearing the wrong shoes?” he says. So the next time you must get behind the wheel wearing flip-flops, just slip them off and set them on the seat next to you. “Driving barefoot is better than wearing flip-flops,” says William Van Tassel, manager of driver-training programs at AAA’s national office.



Any reason I can't leave the toaster plugged in all the time?



This is a case of better safe than sorry. Toasters are far more likely to ignite while in use than not, but they can malfunction even

while off, particularly if the cord is damaged.

If you leave the toaster plugged in, you could accidentally leave it on or switch it on. (A National Fire Protection Association [NFPA] analysis found that 11 percent of 3,600 toaster/toaster oven fires over a four-year period occurred when they were unintentionally turned on or not turned off.) Crumbs that accumulate can be a fire hazard if you don't clean them out regularly.

“Major toaster manufacturers advise unplugging,” says Lorraine Carli, NFPA vice president of outreach and advocacy. That said, if you keep the toaster away from combustibles and see no cord damage, it's probably fine if you forget to unplug it every now and then.

R



NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

The Sleep-Heart Connection

Although sleep apnea is associated with heart disease in both men and women, the sleep disorder may negatively affect the heart rates of women more than those of men, according to recent research. During various physical challenges, the heart rates of sleep apnea patients didn't change as much or as quickly as the rates of healthy adults (a sign of greater cardiovascular disease risk). The effect was even more pronounced in the women. Researchers plan to study whether treating sleep apnea with CPAP therapy improves patients' heart rate function.

When Brain Blips Aren't Dementia

The challenge: Name the place where you can view celestial bodies on the inner surface of a dome. If you struggled to come up with *planetarium*, don't worry: It's not a sign of cognitive

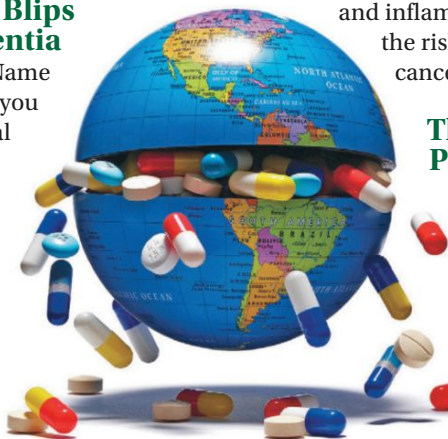
decline. Seniors have more "it's on the tip of my tongue" moments than younger adults, but they don't correlate with memory problems associated with dementia, shows a recent University of Virginia study of 700 people ages 18 to 99.

The Nutty Secret to Longevity

People who ate one ounce of nuts a day (that's about 25 almonds or 50 pistachios) were less likely to die over a 30-year period than people who didn't eat them at all, found a study of 119,000 people published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Study authors believe that the high levels of healthy unsaturated fats in nuts may lower cholesterol and inflammation, reducing the risk of heart disease, cancer, and more.

The Healing Power of Light

Letting more sunlight into hospital rooms may help patients feel better, revealed recent Cleveland Clinic research. Authors found



PROP STYLIST: ROBIN FINLAY

that low light exposure led to more reports of fatigue and pain. The lack of fluctuation between bright light during the day and low light at night may interfere with sleep-wake patterns. Ask if you can keep the shades open during the day. In a room with no windows? Spend some time in a solarium or other sun-filled area if possible.

Who's Sick? Your Nose Knows

There's a subtle difference in the way sick and healthy people smell (and we're not talking about sweating out a fever). In a recent experiment, researchers injected volunteers with a type of bacterial toxin known to activate the immune system. Another time, the participants were injected with just a saline solution. Both times they wore T-shirts. When another group sniffed scents extracted from the shirts, they rated those from the toxin batch as much more unpleasant. Researchers believe this finding may one day help contain disease outbreaks: Sensors at airports could screen out sick people, for example.

The Truth About Spider Bites

Many people are quick to assume that a sudden red splotch on their skin is from a spider bite, but experts want to dispel the myth that bites are common. They're rare, in fact, and venomous spiders are regularly

misidentified. (The brown recluse, an often misidentified venomous spider, is blamed for skin lesions even in areas where it's not native.) A paper in the *New England Journal of Medicine* listed about 40 other conditions that can be mistaken for spider bites, such as bacterial, viral, and fungal infections, including MRSA; poison ivy; and even melanoma. One clue that you should stop blaming Charlotte: the presence of multiple lesions (spiders rarely bite more than once).

Chores Protect Your Ticker

Need motivation to break out the vacuum cleaner? People who did the most yard work, housecleaning, and DIY projects had a nearly 30 percent lower risk of a first-time cardiovascular event like a heart attack or stroke compared with those who were the most sedentary, according to a new Swedish study of 3,800 older adults.

Hear This: Ear Blockage Breakthrough

An innovative device may relieve discomfort for adults who suffer from Eustachian tube dysfunction: a balloon. Doctors thread the balloon, about the size of a grain of rice, through the nose and into the ear, where the balloon is inflated to widen the tube. Eighty percent of patients in a recent study reported relief for symptoms such as muffled hearing, congestion, and dizziness for up to three and a half years. **R**



From freak accidents to startling conditions, these health scares are all true

CHILLING MEDICAL DRAMAS

The Boy Who Turned Blue

THE 2011 HOLIDAY season was rough for Rece Mostek. The 19-month-old from Omaha had spent much of November and December in and out of doctors' offices with coughs, colds, and fevers. His condition had deteriorated so much that he was hospitalized with pneumonia for four days in February 2012. Even upon his release one Thursday morning,

doctors warned his parents that he was not out of the woods yet.

Just an hour after he arrived home—and under his father Jamie’s watchful eye—Rece began to cough uncontrollably and turn blue.

Believing that his son was choking on a piece of Play-Doh, Jamie called 911 and began CPR. An ambulance arrived a few minutes later. The first responders gave Rece oxygen and rushed him to the nearest hospital. He arrived critically ill, limp, and still blue. When intubating Rece with a breathing tube made little difference, the ER doctor knew that an obstruction was preventing air from entering his lungs. However, she noticed that his oxygen levels rose whenever she placed him on his right side, which indicated that the blockage probably wasn’t in his throat. Chest X-rays revealed the problem was in Rece’s lungs. His right lung was inflamed from pneumonia and was collapsing, and a foreign body—that wasn’t visible on the X-ray—likely blocked the left.

The doctors had to move quickly; Rece’s risk of brain damage increased each time his oxygen levels dipped too low. A transport team rushed Rece to the pediatric intensive care unit at Children’s Hospital and Medical Center about 20 minutes away, where specialists would try to surgically remove the obstruction. Once there, Rece was placed on extracorporeal membrane oxygenation (ECMO), a bypass pump that provides

oxygen when a patient’s lungs can no longer function. For the next 45 minutes, pediatric pulmonologist Paul Sammut, MD, and a team of surgeons tried to grasp and remove the object with a variety of tools. Dr. Sammut finally succeeded with a tool used by urologists to extract kidney stones.

Meanwhile, the Mosteks spent a frantic hour trying to comprehend the dire nature of Rece’s situation. Then Dr. Sammut entered the waiting room and gave the worried parents a thumbs-up. Inside a plastic vial was the unbelievable item that had nearly taken Rece’s life: a popcorn kernel that had been lodged in his left lung.

Rece’s condition was the result of a perfect storm. Months earlier, he had inhaled a kernel of popcorn, which became lodged in his right lung. This led to infections and breathing problems, including pneumonia. But his excessive coughing earlier that day had thrust the kernel from the right lung and propelled it into his left lung, where it unluckily blocked his airway.

Today, Rece’s breathing is strong, and there is no sign of brain damage from oxygen deprivation. A tiny scar on the side of his neck where the breathing tube was inserted is the only remnant of his life-threatening ordeal. The Mosteks are much more wary of giving him popcorn now. “Whenever I see people feeding their young kids popcorn and not paying attention, I want to warn them to be careful!” says Rece’s mother, Brenda. **MELBA NEWSOME**



A Simple Dinner Almost Killed Her

THE HOTEL WAS BOOKED, the bags were packed, and Cynthia Royal headed out with her mother, Joan, for a vacation-kickoff dinner. The women were flying to Walt Disney World that evening, right before the Fourth of July, 2004. But after one bite of chicken chow mein, Cynthia felt ill; within hours, she was feverish and vomiting. Still, she boarded the plane. There was no way Cynthia was going to let a stomach bug keep her from going on this much-anticipated vacation. But the 45-year-old spent the entire two-hour flight with her head planted on her tray table. Joan played nursemaid the next day as Cynthia was too sick to leave the hotel room.

Then, the second night, at 2 a.m., Cynthia couldn't catch her breath. It felt like an elephant was sitting on her chest. She debated what to do for two hours before she gave in to a nagging feeling that her illness was more than just a stomach bug. Cynthia went to a hospital emergency room and had a blood test that helped prove the improbable: She was having a heart attack. The cause: salmonella bacteria from her recent bout of food poisoning.

Most people associate salmonella

with diarrhea and dehydration. But in extremely rare cases, the bacteria breach the intestinal wall and enter the bloodstream, where they can latch onto arterial plaque, form clots, and block blood flow to the heart. Just days after Cynthia ate the contaminated Chinese food, her heart's blood supply had been choked off.

Cynthia was treated with clot-busting drugs, given a month's supply of antibiotics, and discharged the next day. Once home, she started to feel better, but fatigue made it difficult for her to juggle her job in information technology with her hobby of training horses on her Virginia farm.

Doctors eventually ordered more tests and found that the arteries leading to Cynthia's heart were badly swollen, restricting blood flow. The swelling was due to lingering inflammation from the salmonella that was exacerbated by an inherited type of high cholesterol. Cynthia needed a double bypass operation, in which blood vessels taken from other parts of the body are used to route blood around blockages.

Cynthia had a lot of time to think while recovering from surgery. When she returned to her IT job, she handed in her resignation, emptied her 401(k), and moved to San Diego, where she now trains and performs with a team of horses. "I really do believe that this whole salmonella encounter had a purpose," she says. "Today, I'm on my life's true mission."

CYNTHIA RAMNARACE

"I Saw Forceps Sticking Out of My Leg"

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS David Biber remembers is feeling things moving around in his knee. He felt the plastic mask on his face. He looked at his arm. A needle, attached to an IV bag, punctured his skin. He glanced at his knee, the one on which the surgeons were operating. "I saw what appeared to be surgical forceps and other things sticking out of my leg," says David, 61, of Dana Point, California. "It was very unsettling."

His fight-or-flight instincts took hold. He pulled off the mask and reached toward the needle in his arm to pull it out. "When I sat up and looked around, I think the doctor hit me real hard with that anesthesia," says David. "I remember him looking like a deer in the headlights, and I said something to the effect of 'I told you.'"

What David had told the doctors before this procedure in 2005 was that he tends to wake up during surgery. "Make no mistake: You're going to have a mess on your hands if I get up and start moving around," he'd warned.

David first realized that anesthesia had little effect on him in 1972, when he required a dozen surgeries after a near-fatal car accident. During one

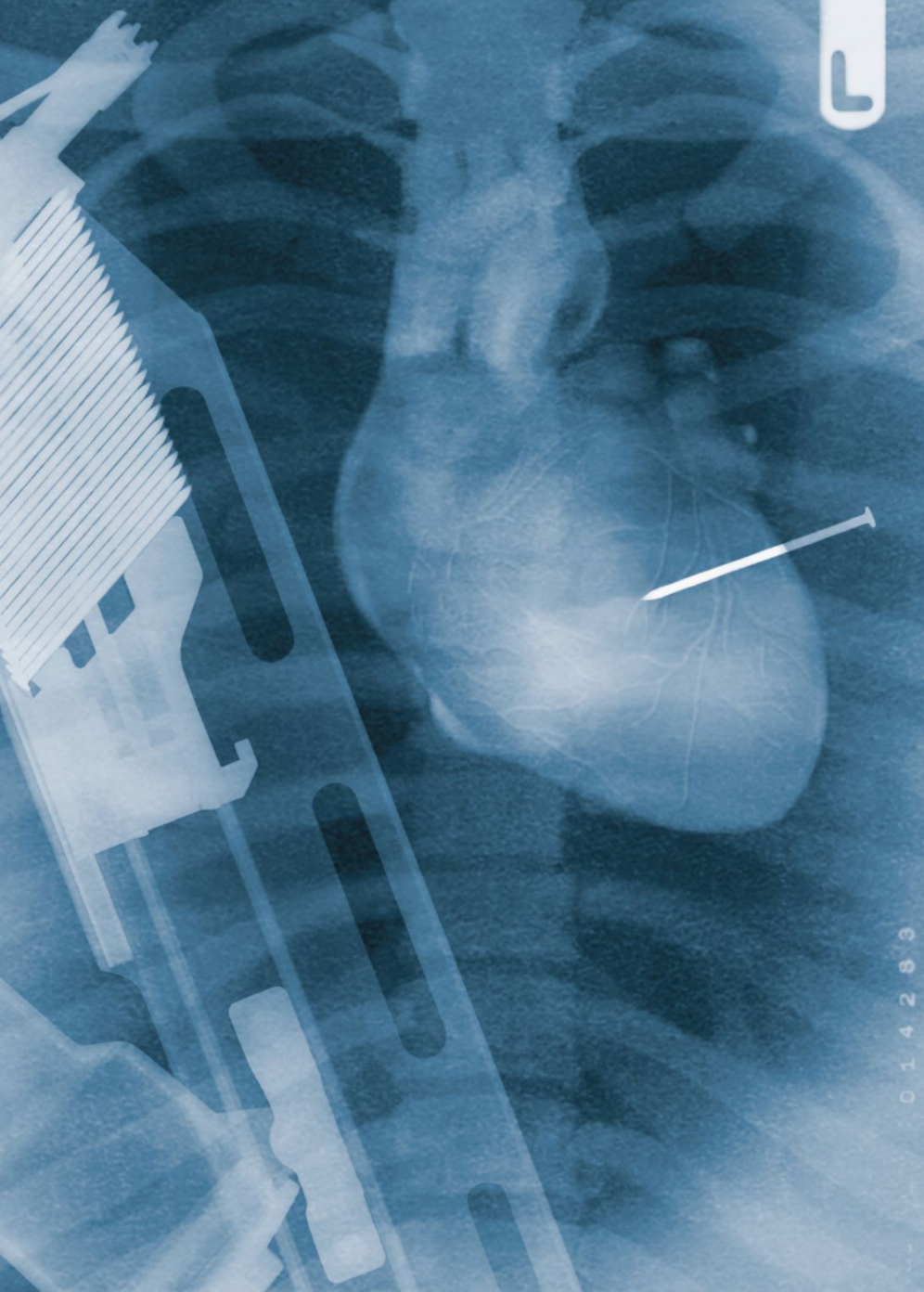
operation, he recalls hearing the muffled sounds of a conversation. He also says he's been aware during a colonoscopy and cataract surgery when he was supposed to be fully sedated.

Episodes like David's are, thankfully, rare. An estimated one of every 1,000 patients who undergoes general anesthesia experiences "intraoperative awareness." For most, it results in only a vague memory of the procedure. But in one study of 19 patients who had some awareness during surgery, seven felt pain at the incision site or from the breathing tube.

Certain people are at higher risk, says Daniel Cole, MD, a member of the American Society of Anesthesiologists. They include those with a genetic resistance to anesthetics (redheads, for instance, thanks to an otherwise harmless genetic mutation) and those who have "acquired resistance" from regular use of alcohol, pain medication, or exposure to sedation medication from previous surgeries. While David will never know for sure why he wakes up under anesthesia, he does fit the profile: He was born with red hair (which has since turned white) and has undergone numerous surgeries.

He's now understandably reluctant to get deep sedation. A few years ago, when he needed surgery to remove lingering scar tissue (caused by injuries sustained in the car accident) from his eyebrow, he opted for local instead of general anesthetic.

C. R.



014289

A Nail Gun Nightmare

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE an easy roofing job, but Dennis Hennis was impatient. His son, Danny, was moving too slowly. "By the time you finish, I'll be 53," said Dennis. It was March 2012, and he had just celebrated his 52nd birthday.

Dennis grabbed the nail gun to demonstrate how to work faster. But the tool was jammed, so Dennis attempted to fix it. He forgot one important step: Unplug the device. "For some dumb reason, I turned that thing toward me, and all I heard was a thud in my chest," says Dennis, of Vineland, New Jersey. "I knew it was in my heart. I said, 'Danny, I'm going to light this cigarette. This will be my last one.'"

When the ambulance arrived, Dennis was holding the 3¼-inch nail in place with one hand and a cigarette in the other. His first instinct had been to pull out the nail, but he stopped himself. As a general contractor familiar with plumbing, he knew that the nail was the only thing preventing him from bleeding to death.

Unfortunately, the closest Level 1 trauma center was 34 miles away, and helicopters were grounded because of thick fog. He would have to go by ambulance. When Dennis's heart stopped en route, the medics had to make a tough call: Dennis needed cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR),

but the chest compressions would make the nail gun injury worse and might even kill him. Without the CPR, he would definitely die. The medics started CPR as the ambulance changed course and sped toward the nearest hospital. Then, in a stroke of good luck, the fog lifted enough for a helicopter to fly.

Cardiothoracic surgeon Michael Rosenbloom, MD, was ready. But after he opened Dennis's chest, removed the nail, and sewed up the hole with a few stitches, Dennis unexpectedly went into cardiac arrest. "We tried shocking the heart with paddles, but it was clear after a couple of shocks that he wasn't going to come back readily," says Dr. Rosenbloom.

Because they were still in an operating room with a heart-lung machine, the doctors quickly used the device to circulate Dennis's blood and stabilize his heart rhythm. After about 45 minutes, "everything was back where we wanted it," says Dr. Rosenbloom, "and we could close him up and move him to recovery."

As he healed, Dennis mulled over just how lucky he was. His hospital room hosted a parade of family members he hadn't seen in years—from a cousin who was a beloved childhood friend to half-siblings with whom he'd lost touch. "If I were in a casket in a funeral home, I wouldn't have known they loved me that much," says Dennis. "I got shot in the heart and then flooded with love." **C. R.**

540 Pints of Blood Lost

DUSTIN WALKER WAITED in the obstetrics unit at University Hospital in San Antonio on February 15, 2012. The surgeons had told him his new baby would arrive within 20 minutes. But Dustin knew his wife Gina's surgery was expected to take several hours. Three hours turned into four. Then more. "That's when I started to get worried," says Dustin, 31, of Ashville, Ohio.

The joyous occasion of his daughter's birth was coupled with the horror of a one in seven chance that Gina, 31, already a mother of two and stepmother of two, would not survive the delivery because of a life-threatening condition called placenta percreta.

In a healthy pregnancy, the placenta, the lifeline that delivers nutrients to the baby, spontaneously detaches from the uterus after delivery. With placenta percreta, the placenta attaches so deeply into the uterine wall that the body can't naturally or safely expel it. In Gina's case, the placenta had extended straight through the uterus and attached to her bladder and pelvic wall. The only solution was a full hysterectomy.

Finally, Gina's ob-gyn, Jason A. Parker, MD, of the University of Texas Health Sciences Center, emerged to update Dustin. Their baby, Addison,

was born quickly and was deemed healthy, although she weighed just four pounds, 14 ounces. But when Dr. Parker widened the incision to start the rest of Gina's surgery, he was greeted with anatomy unlike any he had ever seen. In a normal pregnancy, the vessels that deliver blood to the placenta are about the width of a pencil. Gina's were as wide as fingers and reached deep into the pelvis.

"On a scale of one to ten, one being perfectly healthy and ten being dead, how is my wife?" Dustin asked. "The surgeon basically told me that she was a nine."

The operating room was packed with obstetrical surgeons, trauma surgeons, anesthesiologists, nurses, and a urology team. Trying to remove the uterus and placenta without damaging other organs was a Herculean task. When the placenta invades the body outside the uterus, it can behave almost like a tumor, producing new blood vessels, which raises the risk of bleeding complications. And despite all the preparation, Gina's blood loss was epic. The average blood transfusion is three pints. A victim of a bad car accident can require as many as 100. Gina wound up needing 540.


Eight hours later, surgeons had finally stemmed the bleeding, and Dustin was allowed to see his wife. "I would not have recognized her had they not actually walked me into the room," Dustin says. Gina was slim—five-foot-seven and 120 pounds

pregnancy—but because of all the blood and fluids pumped into her, the woman lying on the hospital bed no longer fit that description. “Her shoulders were as wide as the bed, and her face measured exactly 12 inches ear to ear. It was a sight you could never imagine,” Dustin says.

Two days later, Gina underwent more surgery to stop residual bleeding. Again, Dustin waited. But the doctors were smiling after the four-hour procedure. She would be OK, although there were still many unknowns. Blood loss like Gina’s can cause brain damage, a heart attack, or a stroke. Gina’s kidneys would likely be affected. Only time would tell if her bladder would regain full function.

Gina drifted in and out of consciousness for a week. Hooked up to a breathing machine, she could not speak, but occasionally she could

mouth “I love you” to Dustin. She would ultimately spend a month in the hospital. Aside from stomach pain, “the most agonizing part was not being able to be with my newborn girl,” Gina says. Although Dustin could bring the baby to the hospital, Gina had developed a postoperative infection and wasn’t allowed to hold her.

When she returned home, Gina continued to recover. Ten months later, she needed additional surgery to reconstruct her abdominal wall and help her organs settle properly, but the only residual effect is vision loss in one eye. “This has renewed my faith,” Gina says. “We asked for prayers, and those prayers were heard.” Gina and Dustin recently started Hope for Accreta, a foundation to support patients with certain placenta health issues through events such as an annual blood drive. **C. R. **



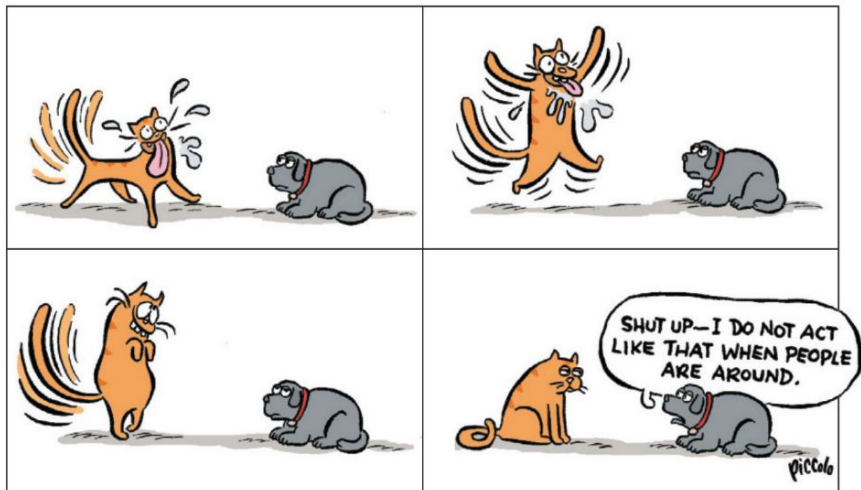
BANNED ON THE RUN

- The FBI investigated the song “Louie Louie” because they suspected it was dirty. After more than two years, the agency abandoned the investigation; they couldn’t make out the lyrics.
- The BBC briefly banned the Kinks’ 1970 hit “Lola”—not because it was about a drag queen but because it mentioned Coca-Cola.
- Monty Python’s *Life of Brian* was banned in Norway for blasphemy, prompting Sweden to advertise it as the film “so funny it was banned in Norway.”

FROM MENTAL FLOSS

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



A MAN WALKS INTO a barbershop and asks, “How much for a hair-cut?”

“Twelve dollars,” says the barber.

“And for a shave?”

“Ten dollars.”

“All right,” says the man, settling into the barber chair. “Shave my head.”

HELEN RUSS, *Medford, Oregon*

“YOU’VE HAD THREE hairstyles. What’s next for your career?”

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS to JUSTIN BIEBER

in an episode of *Between Two Ferns*
(Catch it on funnyordie.com.)

IT DOESN’T TAKE MUCH to ruin a film. Sometimes all you have to do is add a word to the title, such as:

- *The Girl with the Washable Dragon Tattoo*
- *Game of Porcelain Thrones*
- *The KFC Bucket List*

From twitter.com/ruinmovie

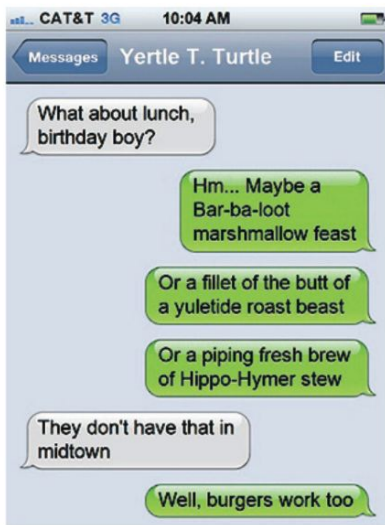
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT the new e-reader? *Reader’s Digest* and Amazon created software that will condense books when you download them. It’s called the Dwindle.

KRISTIN MAURER, *Evansville, Indiana*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DR. SEUSS!

On March 2, Theodor Geisel would have turned 110—and all we could think was, if he were alive today, oh, the texts he would text!

BY BRANDON SPECKTOR



👉 See more silly *Seuss* at rd.com/march

PENN JILLETTE, the chatty half of the magic duo Penn & Teller, shared with us his favorite *clean* joke:

Two racehorses are in a stable. One says to the other, “You know, before that last race ...”

“The one that you won?” asks the other horse.

“Yeah, before that race, I felt a

pinch in my hindquarters.”

The other horse says, “Funny, I felt a pinch in my hindquarters before the race that I won.”

A dog walking by says, “You idiots, you’re being doped. They’re injecting you with a drug to make you faster!”

The first horse turns to the other and says, “Hey, a talking dog!”

Penn & Teller’s documentary, *Tim’s Vermeer*, opened in February

WHERE ARE ALL the Sour Patch parents?

Comedian **BO BURNHAM**

HISTORIC HEADLINES reimagined for a social media-obsessed audience:

1912: 6 *Titanic* Survivors Who Should Have Died

1920: 17 Things That Will Be Outlawed Now That Women Can Vote

1928: This One Weird Mold Kills All Germs

1929: Most Embarrassing Reactions to the Stock Market Crash [GIFS]

1948: 5 Insane Plans for Feeding West Berlin You Won’t Believe Are Real

1969: This Is the Most Important Photo of an Astronaut You’ll See All Day

1989: You Won’t Believe What These People Did to the Berlin Wall! [Video]

From xkcd.com

Your hilarious joke, list, or quote might be worth \$100. See page 7 for details, or go to rd.com/submit.



TRUE CRIME

The Psychic, the Novelist, and the \$17 Million Scam

BY ROBERT ANDREW POWELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISTVAN BANYAI



Start the whole nightmare on a whim. Kind of as a joke, really.

Walk up Fifth Avenue in Manhattan with a little time on your hands. As you turn past the Plaza Hotel, spy a sandwich board on the sidewalk advertising fortune-telling and psychic insights. Notice how the sign points to a prewar building where the rents must be astronomical. The address alone signals that this operation—you're unsure what exactly psychics do, to be honest—is legit, that it isn't some carnival-barker-at-the-fair scam. Not that you're thinking about it so deeply. This isn't to be a big deal, a major financial mistake, an event in your life that you will later come to describe with the words *disgust* and *shame*. It's just a little entertainment, initially, as you step inside the building. Akin to visiting the Apple Store, one victim will testify. Harmless. Just a fun diversion.

Be at your lowest point, emotionally. Really suffering. (This emotional weakness will be your undoing.) Susan Abraham, an Englishwoman in town with her husband, doesn't know whom to talk to about him. How he's always criticizing her. How she feels like a bird trapped in a cage. And how she wants out of the marriage so very badly. Jennifer Hill, a marketing executive from Hawaii, has just ended a long relationship. The breakup leaves her without any prospects as she sees

her last chance at childbearing fade away. Jude Deveraux, a romance novelist from New Mexico by way of Kentucky, feels stuck in a terrible marriage too. Unable to turn to her husband, Deveraux walks alone with her problems, like the others. She craves someone she can open up to.

Rose Marks will be that person. She's a grandmother in her 60s. Matronly in appearance, with silver hair, olive skin, designer eyeglasses. She's of Roma heritage, one of a long line of women brought up in the dark art of fortune-telling. Her mother was a psychic; her grandmother too. Marks has been in the business since being pulled out of school in the third grade. Her operation is a scam, prosecutors argue. But Marks regards herself as a life coach of sorts. In federal criminal court facing charges of fraud, money laundering, and falsifying tax returns, Marks insists through her attorney that she was an independent contractor who was hired by clients for her keen ability to offer guidance. Not a grifter, she was a combination of psychologist, social worker, financial counselor, spiritual teacher, and friend.

"I gave my life to these people," Marks says in an interview with the *Sun-Sentinel* before the trial begins.

"We're talking about clients of 20 years, 30 years, 40 years. We're not talking about someone I just met and took all their money and ran off."

Marks is not the only fortune-teller to find herself in a criminal courtroom in 2013. Another Manhattan psychic, working under the name Zena the Clairvoyant, was recently convicted of swindling \$138,000 from her clients, including \$27,000 from a Naples, Florida, woman who was led to believe that she had been an Egyptian princess in a previous life.

Marks, though, is the next level. No other clairvoyant has raked in anything close to her financial haul. That novelist she counseled, Jude Deveraux? Her bestselling books—*Scarlet Nights*, *Days of Gold*, and others that if you haven't read, you've seen in airport bookstores—have sold some 60 million copies. Marks took from the writer more than \$17 million of her profits, an eye-popping sum that the defense does not dispute. Again, Marks claims this money was simply payment for services rendered. Just like the several million dollars she was given by more than a dozen other alleged victims listed on the federal indictment, add-

ing up to a grand total of \$25 million.

"You're going to hear many references to 'the work,'" Assistant U.S. Attorney Larry Bardfeld tells the pool of prospective jurors when the trial opens in August in West Palm Beach, Florida. As witnesses testify over the course of the following month, what the work entails will become clear—and how easy it is to fall for it.

Inside the storefront, you'll be ushered into a room—closet-size, windowless, so tiny there's space only for two chairs and a small round table. A menu, just like at a restaurant, lists the

"Take off your bracelet," the fortune-teller commands. That's a test. Do you trust?



services. You want to see your future in tarot cards? Anyone can do tarot cards, you're told. Choose something else. A palm reading? Again, no, too common. "Take off your bracelet and let me see it," the fortune-teller instructed Hill, the Hawaiian executive who, prior to this, says she'd always considered herself street-smart. That's your first test: handing over something valuable. You're being screened.

Do you trust? Hill turned over her bracelet. Abraham, the unhappy wife from England, gave Marks's daughter-in-law a pair of earrings. You'll talk about your love life while the jewelry is appraised. Vent about your hus-

test: Do you still trust? Or do you feel the hook sliding into your flesh?) You don't want to come back, you'll protest. You were just playing around. You don't believe any of this, really. Such talk earns you a scolding. Your negativity is a problem. With this attitude, nothing can be done for you. You'll end up feeling kind of badgered into it, but you will leave your jewelry with her. And the next day, as instructed, you'll return.

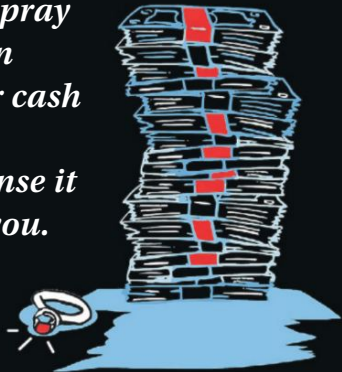
"I wanted to get my bracelet back," Hill explains.

But when you come back, there's more bad news. Turns out you've been cursed. Centuries ago. In another life. This curse is the reason why your relationship ended, why you can't conceive a child. But there's good news. Marks and the family members who work under her can change things. "I can block this curse," Hill is told. "This is what I am here for.

I can help you."

Best of all, she'll do it for free. This is her life's work, Marks says. This is her purpose. Doing right by you is how she gets right with God. You won't have to pay a cent, ever. You just need to take a \$4,500 cash advance on your credit card, please. Money is the root of your problems, see? Money is evil. This money—cash, of course—must be cleansed. Prayed upon. Stored in a dedicated drawer where it won't be

Money is the root of your problems, says Marks. Money is evil. But she will pray upon your cash and cleanse it for you.



band, your breakup. Finally, you've found someone who cares.

"I kept coming back because she was listening to me. I've never been able to get anyone to listen to me," Deveraux testifies.

But there's bad news. It turns out the jewelry is giving off evil vibes—really bad signals, serious problems. This is going to take all night. "I have to pray on it," you will be told. Can you come back tomorrow? (Another

touched until it's returned to you, free of bad spirits.

Now the hook is set. You're out thousands of dollars, and you want to make sure you get it back. But there is still evil plaguing you, it is revealed. More money needs to be cleansed. What's that? You don't want to give over any more cash? You need to get over your fixation on money! You need to trust the process, the work. We're talking about an ancient curse here! This is serious!

You continue in good faith, amazed at how much you've handed over, but telling yourself that it will return. That's what you are specifically, repeatedly told by Marks: All this money will come back to you. As instructed, you liquidate some bonds. You sell property. You cash out your retirement account, absorbing the painful tax penalty. We've come so far. It's not time to be timid or back down. You must give more money so more work can be done. Your boyfriend will come back to you. Your husband will leave you free to find the love and contentment you deserve. You'll have a baby. Everything will work out.

It seems ridiculous. Suckers, right? Anyone who visits a psychic deserves to be fleeced. Yet in the courtroom, on the stand, the victims don't sound stupid or deluded. One victim graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy; another is a lawyer. Instead, what they seem is all too human. At the

time they first met Marks or a member of her family, they were lost and searching for peace. It's very easy to mock what happened to them, but it also becomes clear how something that started so innocently could spiral into a trap from which there was no escape. The victims, almost all of them women, were vulnerable. All of them were looking for hope.

The cash rarely comes back. Marks told one client, Sylvia Roma, that hundreds of thousands of her dollars were lost in the 2001 attack on the World Trade Center. In court, the prosecution tediously documents where the \$800,000 that Roma lost really went. "A St. Moritz 18-karat yellow gold watch," says a special agent from the Secret Service, flipping through a folder of property recovered at the waterfront mansion in Fort Lauderdale where Marks and her family relocated from Manhattan. "A Rolex watch with sapphires and 29 round full-cut diamonds." Photos of luxury cars flash on a video screen while the agent speaks. A Range Rover, white. A Mercedes coupe, black. A Mercedes SUV, black. A Bentley, a Ferrari, a Rolls-Royce, and a Jeep. "A 14-karat gold key to a Porsche," says the agent, continuing until Judge Kenneth Marra cuts her off with an exasperated smirk.

Marks's eldest son, Ricky, sits in the gallery every day, his eyes boring into the backs of the prosecutors' heads. He pleaded guilty in 2013 to federal conspiracy to commit mail and wire

fraud involving the same victims. Other family members join him when they can, seven more of them also having pleaded guilty to conspiracy or fraud charges. Fortune-telling is their business. Rose Marks, described by the prosecution as the family matriarch, is the only one who decided to take a chance on a court trial.

The last victim to take the stand is the author Deveraux. She's a small woman with an easy smile and a soft voice that hasn't lost its Southern lilt. She starts with her basic information. That she was born in Kentucky in 1947. That she is the author of "happy little romantic novels that have happy endings and a lot of fun." That a number of her books have appeared on the *New York Times* bestseller list and that she'd been doing "quite well financially" before she met Marks. Back then, she had four properties in Santa Fe and an apartment in New York City, which is where she first found Marks, in the early '90s, before her divorce.

They met in the usual manner. The walking past the Plaza Hotel, the sandwich board, time on her hands, a curiosity about psychics. The room with the chairs. A chance to vent about her love life. Her marriage, she reveals, "was horrific, terrible, very bad." Her husband, she testifies, was doing "everything to control me, make me feel as bad as he possibly could. It was brutal. He was screaming and yelling at me all the time." She felt that suicide was her only way out.

Marks, according to Deveraux's polite and straightforward account, told her something that she deeply wanted to hear: "I can give you a peaceful divorce," Marks said.

"I wanted that," Deveraux matter-of-factly states in the courtroom. "A peaceful divorce."

The work began. Deveraux handed over one of her writing notebooks, for the energy it gave off. She also put up money. Twelve hundred dollars at first, with the usual promise that the cash would be returned when the work was done. Soon, Deveraux added "a few thousand here, a few thousand there, to give [Marks] more energy." That energy supposedly helped Marks telepathically enter Deveraux's husband's mind, to see what he was planning.

The work drew Deveraux in. She began to believe what she was told. And yes, what she was told does sound ludicrous. That her husband had sold his soul to the devil. That the peaceful divorce she was promised was more difficult to deliver than expected, so she should turn over a cool \$1 million, which soon became a \$1 million-a-year flat fee. In return for the cash, Marks became Deveraux's most trusted confidante, dispensing advice about all aspects of life. Advice that, in hindsight, could not have been worse.

For the split from her husband, Deveraux wanted to hire an experi-

enced divorce attorney, but Marks steered her to a guy who had little background in divorce. That lawyer drafted an agreement giving Deveraux's husband too much, the property, the cars. And Deveraux would have to pay her former spouse's bills into the future, along with his future taxes. Marks pushed Deveraux to sign off on the settlement, explaining that the terms were irrelevant because her husband was "going to die very soon ... within three years."

Twenty years later, he's still alive. Healthy. Very wealthy. Marks's advice was so destructive that prosecutors investigated the possibility she was working in league with the divorce attorney. (No evidence of collusion was found.)

Still, Deveraux stayed with Marks, even after the divorce. The novelist wanted a baby. Marks told her she couldn't have one without the psychic's help. She also told Deveraux that if she had a child, it would fall over her New York apartment's balcony railing. So Deveraux sold the apartment, giving Marks all the proceeds so that the money from the sale could be spiritually cleansed. "She was fierce about asking about it," Deveraux testified, referring to the

hefty checks she regularly signed over to Marks. "Money was extremely important to her."

Deveraux suffered eight miscarriages. When she finally gave birth in 1997, Marks told her that she needed more money to keep the baby from

You will call Marks repeatedly, begging for the return of your savings. She's brusque. Abrupt.



harm. "I would have paid anything to protect my son," Deveraux explains. "Anything." The protection didn't work. Deveraux's young son died after being hit by a truck. Marks warned that he was going to hell without spiritual intervention. "I gave her some hair I had cut from my son, and she said all she saw were flames," Deveraux says, her voice wavering for the first time since she's been on the stand. "She said I had to write books. I was crying all day long. She said she had to have money to keep my son out of the flames."

With her son dead and her divorce still on her mind, the quality of Deveraux's books deteriorated, the author admits. The amount of money left to take from her dwindled in lockstep,

and Marks became harder to reach, Deveraux says. That's pretty much the way these relationships conclude. There's a script for that too.

The end is so inelegant. All your money spent on those diamond-encrusted watches and sterling silver bracelets stashed at Marks's home. That Ferrari, too, and all those other cars. Also, it will come out, there's Marks's gambling addiction. Court testimony reveals that Marks poured millions of her clients' dollars into slot machines at the Seminole Hard Rock casino in Hollywood, Florida.

You don't know this yet. You will call Marks repeatedly, begging for the return of your savings. (You'll be having significant financial problems by now, to say the least.) She used to take your every call. Now she picks up selectively. When you do reach her, she's brusque. Abrupt. She tries to talk you into showing more faith, sticking with it a little longer so she can complete the work. You ask, again, and then again, for your money. Finally, Marks cracks. "There is no money," she snapped at Andrea Walker, another client. "You want to sue me, sue me." She hangs up. The end.

Except now you're cooperating with the police. You're taping the phone calls. They will be played in court for jurors, who take less than five hours to deliberate and convict Marks on all 14 criminal counts. Marks, who opted not to testify, nods her head each time the foreman says the word

guilty. That morning, she'd arrived at the courthouse in comfortable tennis shoes and pants, a clear change from the sharp outfits she'd worn throughout the trial. It's as if she can see the future, and she's ready to be taken into custody, which is what happens.

"I love you," she says to her distraught family as she's led away. "It's going to be OK."

Marks will likely receive up to 20 years in jail. Prosecutors have filed a motion to get \$25 million of the victims' money returned, a maneuver unlikely to bear fruit, since her attorney, who was paid for his services in part with a used Rolls-Royce from the psychic, claims she no longer has any assets. That doesn't upset Deveraux.

"I will accept no money from this [prosecution]," she'd earlier testified. "My only goal here is to make Rose Marks stop doing this."

The guilty verdict is being appealed. Marks is too frail to survive incarceration, her lawyer insists. Even with a sentence as short as four years, "the wear and tear on her body from working since she was eight or nine" would kill her. Regardless of her sentence, she has entered custody with a project to work on. She intends to write a book about her life, she has said. She believes it's a story people will want to read and, more important, buy. She thinks there's a way she can still make some money out of this. **R**

Laugh Lines

JUST MY LUCK!

Today is Thursday the 13th, which means it's bad luck to deal with Australians.
@KEATINGTHOMAS

For every set of horseshoes human beings use for luck, somewhere in this world there's a barefoot horse.
ALLAN SHERMAN

Research has found that because it makes you think positive thoughts, throwing salt over your shoulder can actually prevent bad luck. Or at least give you better luck than the guy behind you.
JIMMY FALLON



What does it mean if a black squirrel crosses your path? Will I have adorably bad luck?
@SUDDAIN

If 13 is unlucky, then 12 and 14 are guilty by association.
MITCH HEDBERG

Find a penny, pick it up, all day long you'll have nothing but a gross penny you found in some filthy parking lot.
@JENNYJOHNSONHIS

\$2.7 Million Verdict Cut to \$480,000

CONTINUED FROM PAGE A1

Jury Sends Message

Scott Beard
al Woman Wins
9 Million Over
rning-Hot Coffee
anne Burks

burned people but refused to lower the temperature.
Getman said the \$2.7 million "seemed to us a small amount."

"It's printed on the cup and in with the decoration. I don't pay attention to it."

Another juror, who identified the coffee as the judge's light of the has got it

"All we did was charge for two of their (international) coffee," she said. "They sell a billion coffee a year, so this is just



McDonald

Burn

THE TRUE STORY BEHIND

BY ANDY SIMMONS ADAPTED FROM HOT COFFEE,

Coffee-Burn Suit Coffee Award

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.

er said the plaintiff's attorney...
claiming arguments asked the...
ward \$250,000 in compensa...
damages, "and we said in...
pend a message, you have...
e them financially before...
ge will get to incorporate...
ers in order to separate...
cooperating to separate...
punish.

while removing the cap, and the spill ensued, causing the severe burns.

Morgan said Lidbeck's medical bills totaled close to \$10,000. The jury awarded \$200,000 in compensatory damages under the state's negligence law.

women had deliberated less than four hours since late Tuesday afternoon. The trial was adjourned until the next day when it resumed a verdict.

Plaintiff Asks Supreme Court to Overturn State Damage Ruling



LIABILITY MENU



...written verdict...
...they found, amounting to...
...the coffee was...
...the Donald's...
...product justifying the...
...said the...
...expect to ask...
...an Albuquerque...
...punitive damages a...
...McDonald's coffee...
...Wagner said We...
...order to...
...said

Warning!

The coffee is hot, and life is hazardous

Something is a little askew in the United States when a woman who spills coffee in her lap after pulling away from a McDonald's drive-through window is awarded almost \$2.9 million by a jury.

It's no wonder many companies are apprehensive about being sued. Stella Liebeck was a passenger in her grandson's car in Albuquerque when the hot

suit alleges that the carryout put her coffee in to keep it warm. The car seat was "improperly designed."

This brings to mind the case of a woman who sued a movie theater for harassment of being forced to sit in a seat because the seats in the theater were too narrow for his coffee.

ned!

THE HOT COFFEE LAWSUIT

A DOCUMENTARY FILM BY SUSAN SALADOFF

'Stop Me Before I Spill'

IS IT the job of the courts to protect Americans from themselves? Recent court cases suggest that many plaintiffs and jurors believe so.

Last month's infamous jury award in Albuquerque of \$2.7 million in punitive damages to a woman scalded by McDonald's coffee is the first case. Stella Liebeck, then 70, was a passenger in a car driven by her grandson when she spilled coffee on her

some desperate people to conjure up false memories, with tragic consequences.

Last week a Sacramento Superior Court judge dismissed the suit against the authors, but let stay Deborah David's suit against her therapists, minister and health care provider. As Neil Shapiro, author of *False Memories*, says, "The courts are the only place where people can be held accountable for their actions."

She "believed and relied on such representations in reliance thereon, the book and the (Heal) Workbook and as directed."

There is a irony in the fact that two priestesses in the field of pseudoscience have faced

It's the legal case that lives in infamy. An elderly woman is burned when she spills a cup of hot coffee on her lap. She blames her injuries on the corporation that sold her the coffee, riding it all the way to a \$2.7 million jury-awarded jackpot. Headlines scream rip-off. News anchors report the story with barely concealed scorn. Even Jay Leno cracks wise at the victim's expense. Rarely, however, does anyone bother to learn the full story, and as with most things in life, there's more here than meets the eye.

ON FEBRUARY 27, 1992, Stella Liebeck, a 79-year-old widow, was in the passenger seat of her grandson's Ford Probe ordering a Value Meal at the drive-through window of an Albuquerque, New Mexico, McDonald's. Since there were no cup holders in the Probe and the interior surfaces were sloped, her grandson, Christopher Tiano, pulled into a parking spot after they got their order.

"I wanted to take the top off the coffee to put cream and sugar in," Liebeck told a local news station at the time. "So I put the cup between my knees to steady it [as I tried] to get the top off."

"And after that," says Tiano, "she started screaming."

The coffee spilled on Liebeck's lap, resulting in second- and third-degree burns over 16 percent of her body. She went into shock and was hospitalized for a week, undergoing numerous skin graft operations.

"I'm a nurse, and I was horrified by the type of injuries that she had sustained," said Liebeck's daughter-in-law, Barbara Liebeck.

When Liebeck's medical bills topped \$10,000, she contacted McDonald's and asked to be reimbursed.

"We couldn't believe that this much damage could happen over spilled coffee," Liebeck's daughter, Judy Allen, said in *Scalded by the Media*, a 2013 documentary about the case. "We wrote a letter to McDonald's asking them to check the temperature of the coffee and to give recompense for the medical bills."

"We said, 'Your machine must be too hot, so look at it, and fix it if it's broken,'" said Liebeck's son-in-law, Charles Allen. "It must be an aberration. But if that's your policy, we ask you to worry about your policy."

McDonald's responded with an offer of \$800.

That's when Liebeck contacted a lawyer. After attempts to settle out of

court failed, Liebeck sued McDonald's for \$125,000, claiming physical and mental pain, anguish, and loss of life's enjoyment. Her argument: The coffee was too hot.

At the time, McDonald's required its franchises to brew its coffee at 195 to 205 degrees and sell it at 180 to 190 degrees, far warmer than the coffee made by most home coffee-brewing machines. That meant that "the coffee in question was brewed at temperatures that would approximate the temperature in your car's radiator after you drive from your office to home," said one of Liebeck's lawyers, Ken Wagner.

During the trial, Liebeck's surgeon, David Arredondo, MD, told the jury that if liquid at that temperature makes contact with skin for more than a few seconds, it will cause very serious burns. "If you're lucky, it will produce second-degree burns," he said. "If you're not as lucky, you will get third-degree or full-thickness burns requiring skin grafting and surgery." Jurors were given a graphic example of what he was talking about when they were shown photos of Liebeck's burned groin and skin grafts.

McDonald's had a reason for requiring its coffee to be served at that

temperature, reported the *Wall Street Journal*—it tasted better. Coffee experts assured the company that "hot temperatures are necessary to fully extract the flavor during brewing."

McDonald's reps suggested that the blame lay with Liebeck for holding the cup between her legs. And once she spilled her coffee, they said, she should have removed her clothes immediately. On top of that, her age may have played a part in the severity of her

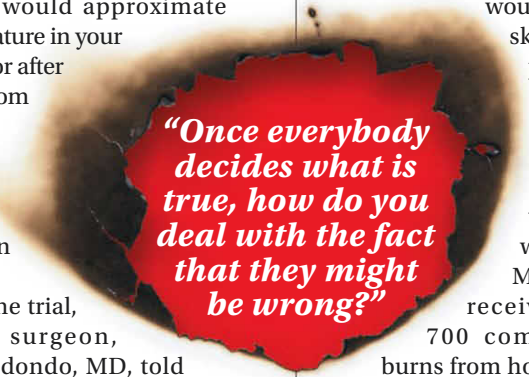
wounds, because the skin of older people is thinner and more susceptible to injury.

However, the trial revealed that Liebeck was not alone. McDonald's had received more than 700 complaints about burns from hot beverages over the previous ten-year period.

The defense countered that the number of complaints was statistically insignificant, given the billions of cups of McDonald's coffee sold annually. Their point seemed to turn off jurors.

"There was a person behind every number, and I don't think the corporation was attaching enough importance to that," juror Betty Farnham told the *Wall Street Journal*.

After seven days of testimony and four hours of deliberation, the jurors sided with Liebeck. They awarded her



"Once everybody decides what is true, how do you deal with the fact that they might be wrong?"



ABC News labeled Stella Liebeck "the poster child of excessive lawsuits."

\$200,000 in compensatory damages. But because she caused the spill, they reduced the amount to \$160,000. The jurors then awarded her \$2.7 million in punitive damages, which, they reasoned, was equivalent to about two days' worth of McDonald's coffee sales. The total was \$2,735,000 more than Liebeck's lawsuit had requested.

"The only way you can get the attention of a big company [is] to make punitive damages against them," said juror Marjorie Getman. "And we thought this was a very small punitive damage."

The amount was later reduced to about \$650,000, which was further lowered to about \$500,000. Nevertheless, "I think the initial award certainly got everybody's attention, not necessarily in a favorable way," said Farnham.

As *Scalded by the Media* showed, although the original *Albuquerque Journal* article about the trial ran at 700 words, subsequent pickup and wire-service articles were far shorter and left out important details. In the end, all that most people knew about the case came from the headlines and late-night talk shows.

"When you read, 'Woman' ... 'Coffee' ... 'Millions' ... it sounds like a rip-off," John Llewellyn, a professor of communication at Wake Forest University, said. "Not the logical consequence of a thoughtful trial."

And Liebeck became the chum feeding the ensuing media frenzy:

"I've been thinking of quitting work here and suing big companies for a living instead. Suing has become a popular American pastime, and I'd like to get in on some of that easy money."—CBS News correspondent Andy Rooney

"Every minute they waste on this frivolous lawsuit, they're not able to waste on other frivolous lawsuits! 'Oooh, my coffee was too hot.' It's coffee!!"—Talk show host Craig Ferguson

"Now [Liebeck] claims she broke her nose on the sneeze guard on Sizzler's salad bar bending over looking at the chickpeas."—Jay Leno

Politicians jumped on the bandwagon:
"If a lady goes to a fast-food restaurant,

puts coffee in her lap, burns her legs, and sues and gets a big settlement, that in and of itself is enough to tell you why we need tort reform." —former U.S. Representative John Kasich of Ohio

Public opinion was swayed. During man-in-the-street interviews for the documentary *Hot Coffee*, one woman said of Liebeck, "People are greedy and want money. They'll do anything to get it."

A man said, "The woman purchased the coffee and spilled it on herself. It wasn't like the McDonald's employee took the coffee and threw it on her."

Her family, understandably, was appalled. "I am just astounded at how many people are aware of this case and how many people have a distorted view of the case," said daughter Judy Allen. "I'll say, 'What if I told you she wasn't driving?' and they'll say, 'Oh, no, she was driving.'"

"I've heard people say she was asking for \$30 million or something equally ridiculous," said Liebeck's daughter-in-law, Barbara. "Basically, Stella told McDonald's, 'I want you to

cover what Medicare doesn't cover, and I want you to get a better lid on that coffee because I don't want this to happen to another person.' That was what she was asking for."

That message was lost in all the chatter. "Once everybody decides what is true about something and the media has been sort of an echo chamber for it, then how do you deal with the fact that they might be wrong?" said Llewellyn. "That Stella Liebeck needed to defend her reputation is the saddest piece of this whole story to me."

"I was not in it for the money," Liebeck said at the time. "I was in it because I want them to bring the temperature down so that other people wouldn't go through the same thing I did."

Stella Liebeck never regained the strength and energy she had before she was burned. She passed away in 2004, at the age of 91. McDonald's now serves its coffee at a temperature that is 10 degrees lower. **R**

 Watch a preview of the documentary *Hot Coffee* at rd.com/march.



RIDDLE ME THIS...

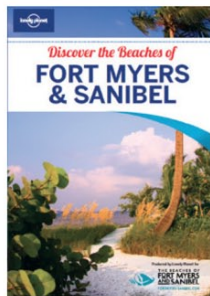
Q: I am the beginning of the end and the end of time and space.
I am essential to creation, and I surround every place.

Who am I?

A: The letter e.

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Sixty dogs
changed one
man's life as
much as he
changed
theirs



The Prisoner's *Gift*

BY MELISSA FAY GREENE



*Eddie Hill,
photographed with
Zeus, a papillon, in the
Warren Correctional
Institution on
December 16, 2013*

HILL
218-647

H E WAS A GENTLE MAN but didn't see it that way—he felt like a pushover. He was intelligent but hung out with a defiant crowd in high school (“the cool troublemaker types,” he says now), struggled to complete his Army service, and at 24 lived in Columbus, Ohio, without a place of his own or a steady job. When Eddie Hill, a slight young man with pale, worried eyes, looked in the mirror, he didn't glimpse promise. He saw “pretty damn worthless.” He lacked the courage to protect his own goodness.

In May 1989, he agreed to do a favor for his ex-brother-in-law, Donald “Duke” Palmer. Duke, also 24, was a 220-pound, six-foot-one-inch Army vet. He'd towered over Eddie when they'd met at 15 at Martins Ferry High School and later testified that he had felt “protective toward the little guy” (though Eddie had felt browbeaten). Duke married Eddie's older sister, Cammie, in 1983, their senior year in high school. They had two kids, then divorced—after which Eddie lost track of Duke until they crossed paths that spring.

Duke had become a swaggering drunk, a cocaine addict, and a drug dealer. He struggled with depression, had attempted suicide, and had been institutionalized twice. Eddie was at a low point, too, with a crushing depression. Most nights, he crashed at Cammie's and watched her kids while she worked. Eddie knew it was a lousy idea, but he slid back into drinking and getting stoned with Duke Palmer.

Then Duke asked Eddie to drive him to Martins Ferry so he could help his wheelchair-bound sister,

Angel, pick up her disability check. On Sunday, May 7, the two young men loaded up Eddie's Dodge Charger with hard-rock cassettes and whiskey for the two-hour drive east on I-20. Duke stashed a .22-caliber pistol and ammo in Eddie's glove compartment. “I thought the gun was silly,” Eddie says now. “I thought he was trying to add to his coke-dealer image or something.” They spent the night in Martins Ferry, at Angel's house. On Monday, after taking Angel to pay her rent, they bought a fifth of 100-proof Southern Comfort. Sharing the bottle, with Eddie behind the wheel, they went joyriding across the rural county, heading for the house of a guy Duke hated. Duke fired his handgun out the window at trees and fence posts. “Two dumb punks up to no good,” Eddie says now.

They careened past cornfields and pastures, squealed around a blind curve, and drove into the back of an idling white pickup truck.

Shocked, Eddie hurried to apologize. The driver, cursing, strode toward Eddie, as Duke, who was falling-down

drunk, staggered toward them. "Eddie kept telling the guy he was sorry," Duke later testified, "but [the man] ... went to grab ahold of Eddie."

Coming at the stranger from behind, Duke brought his right hand down to land a blow on his head. Suddenly, according to Duke, "the weapon went off." He'd meant only to punch the man, he later said, but had forgotten that he held a handgun. "I remember hearing the shot, but I don't remember pulling the trigger."

In the woods, hearing more shots, Eddie had a moment of heart-stopping panic and wild indecision: Should he keep running or return to Duke?

More scared of Duke than of anything else, Eddie trudged back to the road and saw the second victim. Shaking uncontrollably, he obeyed Duke's orders: Take both men's wallets, load the first man's body into the bed of his white pickup, drive it a few miles and abandon it, run to stash the wallets in a field, drive his own car with Duke



More scared of Duke than anything, Eddie trudged back to the road and saw the second victim.

Shot in the head, the stranger cried out and then dropped. Eddie shrieked too. For a second, Duke thought he'd shot Eddie.

Eddie may have yelled in horror, "You killed him! You killed him!" (that's Eddie's story), but Duke would testify that he thought Eddie had yelled, "Kill him! Kill him!" Duke stood over the wounded man and shot him point-blank in the head while Eddie took off running for the woods.

A blue pickup truck pulled over, and another man, on his way home to get his son for baseball practice, approached what appeared to be a collision, to offer help. Duke felled him with a bullet to the head, then stood over him and shot again, killing him.

in it to Angel's, grab their stuff, and speed back to Columbus. Eddie cried all the way home.

Back in Columbus, Duke told his ex-wife, "I'm going to prison for the rest of my life, and I'm going to hell."

Eight days later, Duke and Eddie were arrested and tried separately. Duke was convicted and sentenced to death. Eddie pleaded not guilty. While no one suggested that he had pulled the trigger, evidence was abundant that he'd helped in every aspect of the cover-up. The jury found him guilty of two counts of aggravated murder and two counts of aggravated robbery. Because Eddie wasn't the gunman, his sentence was 71 years to life in prison rather than the death penalty.

There are angles from which this campus of red-brick buildings, green lawns, and curving walkways looks like a community college. In an all-purpose room, a class gathers, with students—all men—dragging molded-plastic chairs into a circle. From a few just out of their teens to powerful men in their late 60s, all wear identical long-sleeved blue denim shirts tucked into belted dark-blue cotton trousers. No one laughs loudly or clowns, no one drops a backpack beside his chair. They don't mistake this place for a college.

beside them—here come golden retrievers, black Labrador retrievers, German shepherds, mixed breeds, and a few dainty, high-stepping papillons. The men stand quietly and speak in low tones, but the pups are thrilled to be here. They slip-slide and collide on the polished linoleum and enthusiastically poke around one another. The inmates can't help but exchange glances of amusement.

A service-dog training academy in nearby Xenia, Ohio—4 Paws for Ability—places the dogs here for two months of basic obedience work as part



***Some of the dogs obediently flop to the floor,
but others skitter off for more playtime.***

Around the perimeter of these 45 nearly treeless acres in Lebanon, Ohio, stands a skyscraping steel fence topped by razor wire and surveilled 24 hours a day by armed guards. The Warren Correctional Institution (WCI) is a Level 3 facility in which 1,426 men requiring medium, close, or maximum security are incarcerated. These men have committed property offenses, aggravated robbery, or murder; but no one in class this morning has been convicted of domestic violence or sex crimes because, as a group, those inmates are known to be a greater danger to animals.

As the prisoners enter, dogs gallop

of the 500 hours of training each will receive. Every dog will become, at the least, a well-behaved family companion. The high achievers will be trained as service dogs for children with spina bifida, Down syndrome, autism, diabetes, fetal alcohol syndrome, cerebral palsy, seizure disorder, post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), or brain damage. One of these shaggy goldens will learn to bark to awaken parents in the middle of the night if their child is having a life-threatening seizure. A shepherd mix will track and locate a mute little boy given to wandering off barefoot in midwinter. A black Lab will become a socially isolated child's first-

ever friend in the years when having a friend means everything.

Three months before this class, on September 20, 2012, after 22 years on death row, 47-year-old Donald "Duke" Palmer was executed by lethal injection. "I have lived with the knowledge that I've taken the lives of two men," he said in a death row interview. "I made widows of their wives and left their families to struggle without them ... I know that my life should be forfeited." Before dying, he tried to undo one last bit of damage. In a declaration to the Ohio State Parole Board, he wrote: "There is ... another victim in this case—Eddie Hill, my so-called codefendant ... He is not in any way guilty of any kind of homicide. It was all my doing ... Please do not let me die with the guilt of Eddie Hill's murder convictions."

The parole board was unmoved.

Eddie Hill, who has served 22 years so far, is among the men attending this morning's class.

The training director of 4 Paws, Jeremy Dulebohn, 38, arrives with an entourage of assistants, new dogs, and a familiar, not-quite-ready-for-prime-time dog named Lugnut—a golden retriever returning for brush-up work. The inmates quickly find their seats and call over their pups. "Down," they tell them; some of the dogs obediently flop to the floor, but others skitter off for a few more minutes of playtime. Gradually, the mayhem subsides. The

men are anxious to do well and to stay in this program. For some, the relationships they build with these dogs are the most affectionate, gentle, and reciprocal they've ever known.

In the past dozen years, hundreds of prison-based animal programs (PAP) have been established throughout the United States. Most involve dogs, but others involve cats, chickens, cows, horses, pigs, and injured wildlife.

Karen Shirk, founding director of 4 Paws, says, "I've seen convicted felons cry when it's time to give us back their dogs. But when they've done well, we bring them another."

When Eddie Hill entered prison in March 1990, his eager-to-please manner toward other inmates served him poorly, not unlike his obedience to Duke. Eddie's parents visited monthly, so he had cash, snacks, and modest possessions, but he shared them to a fault. If another prisoner asked him for something, he gave it away and was threatened with violence when he had nothing more to give. "The first thing I had to learn was how to say no," he says.

Once again, Eddie found himself attracted to troublemakers. After guards yanked him out of a fight, he was sentenced to "the hole"—solitary confinement—for 17 days. Moved to a new housing block, he realized he "needed to hang out with people who were trying to better themselves."

Eventually, Eddie joined the prison's

music association and an in-house branch of the Jaycees. He read books constantly. And he corresponded with a young woman he'd known in high school (in time they would marry). But day-to-day prison life was cold and lonely. In 2002, when a local animal shelter brought in dogs for training, Eddie signed up. He was given custody of Timber, a German shepherd mix who had suffered severe neglect. Timber would be with Eddie day and night, sleeping in his cell.

"Someone had put a collar on Timber and never widened it as he

about Timber was that there's somebody in there. All I had to do was look, and he was right there, with his own feelings, fears, and hopes. I felt that he needed me and wanted to connect."

Eddie and his cell mate tended to Timber's wounded neck, cleaning and disinfecting it daily. "He loved it, as it healed, when we would massage lotion into it. He was just in heaven."

As Eddie moved into empathic attunement with the dog, elements of training fell into place naturally, like respecting the dog's needs and remaining calm, kind, attentive, and



"I've seen convicted felons cry when it's time to give us back their dogs."

grew from puppyhood—his skin and fur had grown over it and had to be cut away; his neck was a mess," says Eddie, awed that he'd been entrusted to heal him. "Timber was afraid of everyone and everything. He'd never known kindness." On their first day together, Eddie led the dog to a quiet place on the grass outside. "I just kept petting him, looking at him, and telling him over and over, 'It's all going to be better now, boy. You're safe now.'

"I attended classes and devoured every book I could find about dogs," he says, "but a lot of what I did was trial and error mixed with common sense. The first thing that struck me

patient. "It doesn't matter what you're going through personally—you have to keep your cool," Eddie says.

The day Timber dared to sniff and be sniffed by other dogs, and then to romp on the grass, was a red-letter day. "It was a joy to see his doggy personality emerge!" Eddie says. "In about 70 days, Timber had become a pretty self-assured, clever fellow who could play and do tricks and who was incredibly attached to me."

Timber's rehabilitation, however, meant he was eligible for adoption. The dog was led away, clueless that he was leaving Eddie for the last time.

A few weeks later, in a small

miracle of kindness, Timber's new owner wrote to WCI to thank "Timber's trainers. Timber is the most wonderful dog! Thank you for showing him how to be a gentleman! ... I think the training he received from you has made all the difference in the world."

Eddie stood in a prison foyer reading the letter, crying openly. He didn't care who saw him.

Eddie Hill is now 48. He has auburn hair, a chunky nose, and a shy, self-deprecating manner. He deflects praise by shutting his eyes and throwing his head back in demurring laughter. And he's had lots of praise to deal with: He is the most gifted dog trainer that Shirk and Dulebohn have ever seen. "We'd hire him tomorrow," Shirk says. "Our policy is not to hire felons, but for Eddie we keep writing to the parole board and the governor. He is something special."

Eddie has moved on to doing advanced service training, like teaching dogs to turn on lights and open doors. Prison wardens and guards privately consult with him about their own pets. And if a dog proves problematic after placement—like Lugnūt, an autism assistance dog who was playing a bit too boisterously—he's brought

back to Eddie for remedial work.

Including Timber and Lugnūt, about 60 dogs have been placed with Eddie, from big rangy mutts to papillons, tenderly bred puppies to wild-eyed rescues. Among them: Brutus, a golden retriever trained to assist a physically disabled child; Dante, a papillon who's a service dog for a boy with pervasive developmental delays; Keeper, a black Labrador placed with a child with bipolar disorder; Kita, a German shepherd trained to detect seizures in a young boy; Embry, a German retriever who helps a child in a wheelchair; Minnie Pearl, a papillon who's a hearing-ear dog for a college student; and Jiminy, a black Labrador placed with a family in which the mother has amyotrophic lateral sclerosis and the child is on the autism spectrum.

Eddie has kept a detailed journal of his dogs. "Timber, and every dog since then, has given me back everything I've put into them tenfold," he says. "I wish I'd known about this before I ended up in here. If I ever get out, it's sure what I want to do, but I'm not up for parole until 2049."

In 2049, Eddie will be 83. **R**

Melissa Fay Greene's forthcoming book, *Wonder Dog*, is about 4 Paws for Ability.

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SOCIAL MEDIA MESSIAH?

A Vatican cardinal said Jesus was the original tweeter. I don't know how popular he was. He only had 12 followers. **CONAN O'BRIEN**

AA is still the giant among alcohol recovery programs. But, turned off by its outmoded methods, many women are seeking alternatives. Here are some of their stories.

SOBERING UP

BY GABRIELLE GLASER

In 2008, I went through a stressful cross-country move with my three children as my husband started a new job. At night, I found myself sipping an uncharacteristic third glass of wine to cope with the sorrow of leaving Oregon for the Northeast. I cut back on my drinking before it became a problem, but my experience made me realize how much alcohol had become intertwined with being a woman today.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEVI BROWN



I saw it in my new suburb with women who held high-pressure jobs, then downed a bottle of wine at dinner. I met moms who poured Baileys into travel mugs to swig after driving their kids to school. I saw it on TV: women hoisting oversized glasses of vino on *Real Housewives*, *Cougartown*, or *Scandal*. On Facebook, I found groups like Moms Who Drink and Swear and Moms Who Need Wine. I was so struck by the major—but unspoken—role played by alcohol that I spent three years researching the topic and wrote a book, the recent *Her Best-Kept Secret*.

My observations were borne out by 2011 figures from the Centers for Disease Control that showed binge drinking—consuming four or more drinks on an occasion—was common among women in the United States: One in eight women regularly binge-drinks. And as their alcohol consumption has increased, so have the negative effects. More women now are getting picked up for drunk driving, and more college-aged women wind up in ERs because they're dangerously intoxicated.

Epidemiologists say that for many women excessive drinking begins in college, as they match their behavior to men's, and continues as they get older. Women today have the means to drink—and the stress that can push them to overdo it. Alcohol may seem like a handy antidote to work deadlines, kids' demands, and the challenges of aging parents. Add to this the fact that twice as many

**"I LIKE TO DRINK,"
SAYS JANE. "I LIKE
THE BUZZ." BUT SHE
SOON SWITCHED
FROM WINE TO VODKA
BY THE PINT.**



women as men are diagnosed with anxiety disorders, which they often medicate with alcohol, and it's a combustible mix. Biology plays a role too. The intoxicating effects of alcohol are higher for women because women's bodies contain more fat (which can't absorb alcohol, causing it to enter the bloodstream) and less water (which dilutes alcohol). Women also produce less of the enzyme dehydrogenase, which helps process alcohol, and that means women get drunk faster.

In a study in the early 1980s, one in ten women said yes to the question "Are you concerned about your drinking?" By 2002, it was one in five. In the past decade, record numbers of middle-aged women have sought treatment for alcohol abuse. Others have gone to recovery groups. For many of them, that's been Alcoholics Anonymous (AA).

AA is by far the biggest, best-known program for alcoholism in the United States. (As of 2013, its membership counts nearly 1.3 million Americans, of which one third are female.) But its model has been the same since the 1930s, when it was founded by two men based on their personal experience with problem drinking. Alcoholism, in AA's literature, is defined as "a progressive illness that can never be cured," and the organization's goal for its members is "recovery," which means total lifelong abstinence and adherence to the 12 steps as laid out in

its Big Book. In the first of AA's 12 steps, members must admit their powerlessness over alcohol; in the next step, they must state their belief that help rests in a "power greater than ourselves."

AA has helped countless people, providing them with structure and community. Put off by its rigidity, though, some women have sought out newer groups that don't consider alcohol abuse an incurable illness but rather an unhealthy behavior that can be changed. Like AA, the groups are free and offer meetings run by peers, but they differ in key ways: People can participate online, the techniques that the groups use are based on behavioral psychology and neuroscience, and they emphasize personal responsibility.

Many women find AA's attitudes out of step with the times. Telling them that they have no power over alcohol, for instance, does not go down easily. Women recover more quickly from alcohol abuse when they're able to take control of their situation, not relinquish it, says Minneapolis psychiatrist Mark Willenbring, MD, a former director of treatment research at the National Institutes on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism. "Assertiveness training and empowerment are healing to them." Here are stories of women who rejected the AA orthodoxy for a better solution to their drinking problems.

DONNA DIERKER, a neuroscientist in St. Louis, began drinking more in 2001 after having her first child. "If I had a

bad day, alcohol was my reward after my son was in bed on Fridays or Saturdays," she says. By the summer of 2002, that reward was a six-pack of beer followed by wine. While she tried scaling back on her own, she says, "drinking less turned out to be hard to do."

Donna, now 51, got as far as reading AA's 12 steps, but she was stopped by its demands: She didn't think alcohol made her life unmanageable, she didn't feel helpless against it, and she didn't want to adhere to a lifetime of abstinence. "If you told me I could never drink again, that would be the only thing I thought about," she says.

Donna read an article about Moderation Management (MM), a secular group founded in 1993 that, like AA, offers a program that starts with an alcohol-free period. But unlike AA, MM limits the ban to a month and doesn't require that its members submit to a Higher Power to reach sobriety. Instead, it focuses on self-monitoring so that people can live better lives (which can include moderate amounts of alcohol). Its steps consist of commonsense exercises such as "write down your life priorities" and "take a look at how much, how often, and under what circumstances you drink."

"MM taught me to pay attention to how each drink tasted and how I felt after it," says the mother of two. Since 2008, she alternates one month of abstinence with two months of moderate drinking (which MM defines for women as up to three

drinks a day and no more than nine a week). "It works for me," she says. "Drinking has become a treat again."

"**I LIKE TO DRINK,**" says Jane, 54, who asked that her last name be withheld to protect her privacy. "I like the buzz." Losing her job in 2008 led the Virginia businesswoman to seek comfort in alcohol. "I didn't realize how much my identity was wrapped up in work. When I didn't have it, I was lost," she says. She liked to have a glass or two of wine at night to unwind, but over a year and a half, she switched from wine to vodka, polishing off up to a pint in a sitting.

Her turning point came when, she says, "I felt terrible all the time." She was familiar with AA—some of her relatives were members—but its religious bent and insistence on powerlessness left her cold. "I saw my drinking as a choice," she says. She went online to research alternatives and discovered HAMS (Harm Reduction, Abstinence, and Moderation Support), founded in 2007. The program's orientation is more pragmatic and encouraging than MM's. HAMS "recognizes recreational intoxication as a reality and seeks to reduce the harm associated with it," according to its website, and it "does not force people to change in ways that they do not choose themselves." Members name an objective—safer drinking, reduced drinking, or quitting—and craft a plan to get there.

“I USED WINE AS MY ANXIETY REDUCER,” SAYS ASHLEY, WHO IMBIBED OVER A BOTTLE A NIGHT. BUT IN AA, SHE OBJECTED TO SUBMITTING HER WILL TO GOD.



Participating via chat rooms, Jane abstained from alcohol for the required 30-day period. It was a challenge, she says. “I had to learn to enjoy being in my own skin again.” She read books, cooked, and played her guitar.

After she reintroduced alcohol into her life, she followed the HAMS suggestions and took notes when she drank. When she reviewed the notes the next day, she saw that she felt good after the first and second drinks but worse after the third and fourth. And although alcohol brought pleasure, Jane realized it kept her from activities that truly made her happy: playing the guitar and reading. “I still have the occasional night when I go over my two-drink limit,” she says, “but it’s rare. I like having access to my brain.”

Fifteen years ago, Ashley Phillips, a 59-year-old women’s health educator and life coach in San Diego, hit a personal low—she was juggling two jobs, she and her husband had decided to divorce, and she was worried about being a single mom (the couple have one daughter). “I used wine as my anxiety reducer,” she says, imbibing more than a bottle a night. Her family held an intervention, and Ashley spent a month in rehab. She attended AA for two years as part of her outpatient treatment. But as someone who had devoted her career to supporting women, she was unsettled by its

insistence that she submit her will to God (five of its 12 steps refer to God).

She looked for other options and read about SMART Recovery (Self-Management And Recovery Training), which was created in 1994 by mental-health professionals as a science-based recovery group that “teaches increasing self-reliance.” SMART has four strategies: building and maintaining motivation; coping with urges; managing thoughts, feelings, and behaviors; and living a balanced life. It urges people to use logic to examine their drinking. When an online facilitator gave her a cost-benefit analysis contrasting her drinking with her ideals, Ashley realized that her consumption didn’t make sense: “Seeing it in black-and-white, I could make healthy choices going forward.” (Since 2010, she’s been a SMART facilitator and counsels members.) “Now I can deal with stress and frustration without drinking,” she says.

There are many other AA alternatives. Rational Recovery helps alcohol abusers recognize their “addictive voice”; SOS (Secular Organizations for Sobriety) is a network of autonomous, science-based recovery groups.

Some women are modifying their drinking with pharmaceutical aid. Naltrexone, approved by the FDA in 1994 for addiction, blocks the release of endorphins, which create the “high” of drinking. (Naltrexone isn’t

the same as disulfiram, or Antabuse, which makes people vomit when they consume alcohol but is not as effective, because people stop taking it when they want to drink.) Researchers theorize that when alcohol no longer produces feelings of well-being in a person, as with those who take naltrexone, she “unlearns” the habit of drinking. Since using the drug under a physician’s supervision in 2009, Los Angeles actress Claudia Christian, 48, reports she’s never had more than two drinks in a night. “I have a glass of wine, and the taste is enough to satisfy me,” she says.

Still, the vast majority of problem drinkers—male or female—never get assistance. So in some ways, it’s a positive sign that more women are seeking help today. Of course, women who’ve achieved success with AA or other 12-step approaches should continue. But those for whom it doesn’t work shouldn’t blame themselves for failing. When it comes to treating alcohol abuse, our society needs to acknowledge what so many studies have found: One size could not possibly fit all. “We have many tools now to help,” says Scott Stern, a New York City psychotherapist who works with clients who have drinking problems. “It’s tragic more women don’t know [about them].” **R**

ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY ALYSSA JUNG

Gabrielle Glaser is a journalist who has written about women and health for the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times*.

That's Outrageous!

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

A SOUTH AFRICAN MAN was sailing from East London, South Africa, to Madagascar when his yacht ran aground and was severely damaged. He scooped up his beloved nine-year-old Jack Russell terrier and swam ashore to safety. Only when he was assured that his dog would be all right did he swim back to the yacht to save his other traveling companion—his wife.

Source: news24.com

AT THE CONCLUSION of the divorce proceedings, a Serbian judge ordered a man to share all his property equally with his soon to be ex-wife, including his dearly loved farm equipment. Following the judgment to the letter, the man purchased a grinder and cut all his tools and machinery in half.

Source: Reuters

AFTER LEARNING that her husband was cheating on her, a British woman decided to end the relationship. She let her husband know by



convincing the owner of their favorite pub to temporarily change its name to “Paul I Am Divorcing You.”

Source: mirror.co.uk

A MICHIGAN MAN clearly has not sorted out his anger toward his ex-wife. He bought the house next to hers and erected a giant statue of a clenched fist with one finger extended so that it faced her home. Which finger? Here’s a hint: It’s not the thumb, index finger, ring finger, or pinkie.

Source: dailymail.co.uk

A HUSBAND IN KENYA told his wife that he needed to travel to his home village to visit family, but he instead rented a hotel room with his mistress. That evening, he stepped out into the hallway to call his wife. At that moment, the door to the neighboring room opened, and his wife walked out to answer his call. No, it wasn’t a trap—inside her room was the man she’d been having an affair with.

Source: standardmedia.co.ke

PHOTO

OF
LASTING INTEREST

Photograph by Tim Hetherington

Chosen by Sebastian Junger, author of *The Perfect Storm*, journalist, and codirector with Hetherington of the Oscar-nominated film *Restrepo*

"Tim took this photograph in 2008 at a remote American outpost in Afghanistan called Restrepo. The first time I saw him taking photos of sleeping soldiers, I asked him what he was doing, and he said, 'Don't you get it? This is how their mothers see them.' War is fought by vulnerable boys who are desperately trying to be tough, grown men. This image shows that truth much more powerfully than any combat photo ever could."

Hetherington was killed in 2011 while on assignment in Libya. He was 40.



When I was a kid, astronomer Carl Sagan meant the sun, the moon, and the stars to me

Mr. Universe



SETH
MACFARLANE
*is the creator
of Family Guy.
He executive-
produced the
upcoming
docu-series
Cosmos: A
Space-Time
Odyssey with
Ann Druyan,
Carl Sagan's
widow and
collaborator.*

BY SETH MACFARLANE

AS A CHILD OF THE 1970s AND '80s, I considered television characters some of my best friends and mentors. Miss Piggy taught me karate. The Fonz taught me the cool way to repair a jukebox. Mork taught me that space aliens are a lot like us, only constantly riffing. Later on, I was lucky enough to have the opportunity to create a few TV characters of my own. But with all due respect to Miss Piggy, the Fonz, and Mork (and with somewhat less due respect to Stewie Griffin and Stan Smith), the most unforgettable character ever to appear on my television screen was an actual human, in every virtuous sense of that word.

Imagine sitting down each week to watch a television show that doesn't feature any Orange County housewives. A program that concerns both the infinite and the infinitesimal. An adventure that stretches outward to other galaxies billions of light-years away, and inward to a micro-universe of mysterious, exotic, subatomic matter of which we're all composed (including, I guess, the real Real Housewives of Orange County). It's about science. At one time, such a program existed. It was 1980, the show was *Cosmos*, and the human behind it was Carl Sagan.

Watching *Cosmos*, I saw a Brooklyn-born researcher pull

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (MACFARLANE)



back the curtain on a world of seemingly dense scientific concepts, which, with the flair of P. T. Barnum, he managed to present in ways that made them accessible to those of us lacking a degree in mathematics or physics. He was able to make a discussion of the most distant stellar objects suddenly become relevant to our small, day-to-day lives. And he did so with such obvious passion, enthusiasm, and love for the knowledge he imparted that even those who had little interest in science found it impossible not to want to go along for the ride.

It was the same for Carl's appearances on *The Tonight Show* with Johnny Carson (he was on the show 26 times, calling it "the biggest classroom in history"). He somehow always found a way to connect with mainstream audiences over decidedly unmainstream topics like molecular theory or the SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) project or evolution. Perhaps most important, he broke down the fear that often results from humbling scientific discoveries. With Carl, it wasn't "We evolved from microscopic organisms; that's scary and unsettling." Instead it was "We evolved from these incredible, fascinating, alienlike creatures. Isn't that amazing? Want to know more? Yeah, me too. Let's all

try to learn the answer to the mystery together."

Whether it was on *Cosmos*, with Carson, between the covers of his 20-plus books, or in the pages of his frequent magazine articles, Carl was always inviting us to think for ourselves and to comprehend the ways

in which science was expanding our reach as a species. Why is that important? Why not be content to just let the eggheads do all the thinking and leave us regular dumb folks to our regular dumb stuff?

Well, for one thing, Carl understood that a species with the power to destroy the planet is

one that simply can't afford to be all "herp-a-derp" about science. As Carl's student and protégé Bill Nye (the Science Guy) notes, having a technologically advanced military at the disposal of a scientifically illiterate society is a formula for disaster. There's no armed force more terrifying than the National Army of Derpistan.

What's more, Carl Sagan genuinely just wanted to share, with as many of us as possible, his infectious wonder at the expanse of our universe and his appreciation for the rarity and preciousness of life on our planet (and maybe—who knows—other planets). A broader such appreciation, he believed, could only lead to a greater,

“
***He advocated
 for the rights
 of imaginary
 Martian germs!
 How amazing
 is that?***”

more aggressive commitment to protect and cherish that life, in all of its fleeting forms. For example, Carl once said that if there is life on Mars, we should leave it alone. “Mars then belongs to the Martians,” he said, “even if the Martians are only microbes.” How amazing is that? The man advocated for the rights of imaginary Martian germs! He cared more for theoretical space bugs than I personally care for just about any of my actual coworkers. It’s a realization that leaves me awed and also makes me feel like I should apologize to my coworkers.

We lost Carl Sagan in 1996 at age 62. I regret that I never got to meet him or tell him what his work meant to me, and that I never got to show him my

Carl Sagan impression (I throw a lot of “billions and billions” in there, and I fluff up my eyebrows ... it’s actually pretty spot-on). But I regret the loss of Carl Sagan much more for our broader culture and for the absence of the only public, mass media-friendly figure we had who could charismatically personify skepticism, rational inquiry, and wonder—the three mismatched roommates who live together in the crowded apartment we call the scientific method. Sagan’s dedication to that scientific triumvirate hasn’t been matched on popular television at any time since, with the possible exception of *So You Think You Can Dance*. You can tell just from the title that that’s kind of a skeptical show. **R**



WHERE YOUR FAVORITE PHRASES COME FROM

- The phrase **“Put up your dukes”** likely comes from Frederick, Duke of York, a military commander who, when not shooting enemies, enjoyed boxing with his friends.
- **“My name is mud”** probably comes from disgraced Dr. Samuel Mudd, who treated the broken leg that fugitive John Wilkes Booth sustained during his assassination of Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865.
- To **“fudge the numbers”** may come from “one Captain Fudge, who upon his return from a voyage ... always brought home to his owners a good cargo of lies,” according to a 1700 letter. His name soon became synonymous with shifty bookkeeping.

FROM *LORD SANDWICH AND THE PANTS MAN: AN EPONYMS AND TOPONYMS COMPANION*

BY EAMON EVANS (HARDIE GRANT BOOKS)

NATIONAL INTEREST



Waffle



Closing Time at the **House**

**AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISMANTLING OF
AN EXTRAORDINARY ORDINARY PLACE**

BY JESSICA CONTRERA FROM THE *INDIANA DAILY STUDENT*

TAP, TAP, TAP.

**BUD POWELL'S ALUMINUM CANE
LED THE WAY AS HE CIRCLED THE
FLOOR OF BLOOMINGTON'S WAFFLE
HOUSE. HIS WAFFLE HOUSE. ON
THE LAST MORNING, BEFORE THE WAFFLE
IRONS WENT COLD AND THE
PICTURES CAME DOWN, BEFORE
THE LOCK REFUSED TO LOCK, BEFORE
THE CLAW CRASHED THROUGH
THE ROOF, THE OLD MAN PACED.**

That Wednesday in September, the owner didn't know what to do with himself. The smell of frying oil, the same greasy perfume that had greeted customers for 46 years, wafted into his nose as he wandered past the vinyl booths. He sat down, then stood up again. Bud—everyone called him Bud—checked on the dwindling supply of breakfast sausage, peered into the nearly empty freezers, tried to explain to his regulars why it had to be this way. “It’s time,” he said over and over.

At 79, Bud was tired. Except for Christmas, the restaurant was always open, day and night. Now a developer wanted to replace it with another apartment building for college kids. The offer was too good to pass up.

“Where are we gonna eat?” the old-timers kept asking. “I don’t know,” Bud said. “Where am I gonna eat?”

This had been his place for 16,767 mornings. The weariness showed in his eyes, behind the wire-rimmed glasses, and in the hunch of his shoulders. After the Waffle House was torn down, he knew that he wouldn’t see most of his customers again.

Tap, tap, tap. Bud plodded past the grill, where the last of the eggs sizzled. The ever-dependable waitresses whizzed by, balancing plates, like today was no different. Most of the students had stopped visiting years ago. The smoking ban had forced out the puff-ers. Many of the regulars had died or were living in nursing homes.

Once Bud decided to close, it all

slipped away even faster. Some of his staff had taken other jobs. The gum balls emptied out of the shiny red machine. No one bothered to mark the whiteboard with the daily special. Today, they would close at precisely 3 p.m. Bud checked his watch, ignoring the broken wall clock, its hands frozen for more years than he could remember, stuck in time.

The Waffle House was the second-oldest restaurant in Bloomington, Indiana, established after only Nick's English Hut. Bud and his wife, Myra, opened the restaurant, one of the first Waffle House franchises in the state (not to be confused with the Waffle House chain popular in the southeastern United States), on October 10, 1967. During the following year, the Indiana University football team played in its first and only Rose Bowl, Richard Nixon was elected president of the United States, and Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated.

It was the kind of place you could come to alone and still end up talking to a dozen people. Students stumbled in between late-night bar stops, and senior citizens rolled their walkers in before doctor appointments. Cops hung out there so often that the place was never robbed. The legends showed up from

time to time—Bobby Knight, Woody Hayes—but it was the regulars who received special treatment. Everybody knew everybody.

You could bring your girlfriend, your kids, your mother-in-law. You'd scoot into a scuffed booth, turn your well-worn mug right side up, and look over the laminated menu, but you already knew what they were serving.

At all hours, you could order waffles. Or strip steak. Or corn dogs. But it didn't really matter, because going to the Waffle House wasn't about the food. It was about walking into a place where the fastest-moving thing would be the coffee pouring into your cup.

No matter what was going on in the world outside, no matter how your life was changing, the Waffle House would be there—the smell, the fake plants, the ceiling cracks—always open, always the same.

A week before the last day, the food

was already running out. Dick Leyda, MD, slid into a booth for a sandwich and soup, a meal he ordered a few times a week. He kept it simple. "Chicken salad sandwich, please," he told Mary, who had been working there for 24 years.

"We're out of that, dear," Mary said.

"Ham salad?"

"That too."

“

***You could
order waffles.
Or strip steak.
Or corn dogs.
It didn't matter,
because going
to the Waffle
House wasn't
about the food.***

Dr. Leyda settled for egg salad. He was one of the few people at the restaurant who wasn't called by his first name. But mostly he'd been called *dear* or *honey* anyway.

A few years before, he had rarely been seen at the Waffle House, or anywhere else, without his wife, Carole. When Carole started needing a walker to get around, they'd still go to the restaurant. She'd order French toast and bacon from Hootie, one of their favorite waitresses. Always French toast and bacon.

At home, Carole wasn't so predictable. Without Dr. Leyda really noticing, his wife had begun filling up their kids' old rooms with newly bought items: shoes still in their boxes, beautiful shirts and dresses from Talbots in the closet, never worn. Carole had never been a big shopper and was certainly not a hoarder. "Dad," said their daughter, "I think Mom is having problems."

Carole received a diagnosis of Alzheimer's. Gradually, she forgot how to walk. When the couple went to the Waffle House, Dr. Leyda brought a caregiver to help his wife inside. Dr. Leyda read the menu out loud. Carole ordered French toast and bacon. Two years ago, Carole moved into Garden Villa, a senior center.

She and her husband still ate together each morning, usually ice pops or chocolate bars. Dr. Leyda sang—"Amazing Grace," "God Bless America," and "A Bicycle Built for Two"—as Carole, who used to sing with him, mouthed the words. He always kissed her goodbye, and she always kissed him back, except for when she wasn't ready for him to leave. When Dr. Leyda drove away, he headed straight to the Waffle House.

"How's Carole doing this week?" Mary always asked, coffeepot in hand. "Oh, good, good," he said. "She lights up when I come into the room."

Sometimes Dr. Leyda ate with Bud, sometimes with an insurance salesman, from whom he never bought insurance. Often he ate alone, but with so many waitresses who knew him, it wasn't really like being alone at all.

On the restaurant's final morning,

Dr. Leyda kissed Carole goodbye at Garden Villa. He was pretty sure she understood he was going to their old place.

"Well, this is gonna be the last time," he said. She smiled. He arrived at the restaurant and ordered eggs, toast, and ham. Bud continued his circling, waiting for his watch to read 3 p.m. The freezer was empty now, except for one lonely



***For years,
Bud had sat in
these booths,
looking out
the window,
watching the
world change
in ways he
couldn't have
imagined.***

cardboard box on the bottom shelf.

John, the dishwasher, loaded each dish carefully into the industrial washing machine.

"Those are clean, John," Bud said.

"I know, I know," John mumbled. "Just doing it one more time, just to be sure."

Bud's son Eric came through the kitchen door.

"Are you ready to take the photos down?" Bud asked him.

"No, let's just wait."

A customer had brought a white sheet cake, decorated with letters made with yellow icing that read "Waffle House, 1967-2013." Bud snagged a piece, found a booth, and leaned his cane on the burgundy tabletop. For years, he had sat in these booths, looking out the window and watching the world change in ways he never could have imagined. The A&W drive-in across the street, the bus station one lot over, the pizza shop next door—one by one, all of them had been knocked down to make way for more apartments for college students.

Within a year, a new five-story

apartment building would rise right where he was sitting now. Bud glanced down at his watch again. Finally, 3 p.m. had arrived. This is it, he thought. He helped himself to a heaping spoonful of cake. And a few more.

"Bud, the door won't lock." He looked up. Larry, the day manager, stood at the booth. After taping up handwritten We Are Closed signs, he had just spent five minutes fumbling at the door. The place hadn't been closed since Christmas, and now the key wouldn't turn. "The north door," Larry said again. "It won't lock." Bud almost smiled.

The next morning, Dr. Leyda and Carole started the day with mini Hershey's bars on the patio of Garden Villa. They watched the residents move slowly in and out of the rehab center doors. Some of the residents waved to Carole. Dr. Leyda kissed her goodbye and pondered where to go next. Panera? Or Cheddar's? McAlister's? Maybe Bob Evans. He liked Bob Evans. Not the food. But Hootie, his favorite old Waffle House waitress, worked there now. **R**

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COMING IN THE APRIL ISSUE

THE GOLDEN AGE OF DUMB

Our greatest collection of silly mistakes by criminals, politicians, bosses, and more.

How We Pray

A look at what inspires our most private act and how it's practiced.

PLUS

- The Town of Ordinary Millionaires
- Buried in Mud!



O rphaned

*Terry Jo
Duperrault on
November 16,
1961, moments
before her rescue*

A young girl alone on a raft. A mysterious yacht accident. A missing family. The strange and tragic tale of Terry Jo Duperrault.

on the Ocean

BY RICHARD LOGAN AND TERE DUPERRAULT FASSBENDER
FROM *ALONE: ORPHANED ON THE OCEAN*

ARTHUR DUPERRAULT had long dreamed of taking his family sailing on the azure seas of the tropics. Looking out on the chilly blue waters of Lake Michigan, the optometrist from Green Bay, Wisconsin, recalled the warmer waters to the far south that he had sailed during World War II. He spoke often of wanting to live for a year on a sailboat, cruising around the world from island to island.

BY 1961, Duperrault had become successful enough to fulfill that dream, at least in part. That year, instead of facing a hard Wisconsin winter, he, his wife, Jean, son, Brian, 14, and daughters Terry Jo, 11, and René, seven, would head to the Bahamas.

They planned to spend a week trying out life at sea on a chartered yacht and to extend the sabbatical if all went well. They arrived in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where they had rented the *Bluebelle*, a two-masted sailboat, and hired Julian Harvey, a former Air Force fighter pilot and an experienced sailor, to captain the ship. Harvey's wife, Dene, would be joining the group on the cruise.

On the morning of Wednesday, November 8, 1961, the Duperraults went aboard the *Bluebelle* to begin their eagerly awaited voyage. The ship's 115-horsepower Chrysler engine rumbled softly as Captain Harvey steered the boat away from the dock, wisps of exhaust sputtering from the stern.

As her sails filled, the *Bluebelle* appeared to fly as she sailed gracefully from the dark waters of the harbor into the green of the open sea and finally the deep blue of the Gulf Stream, the mighty river in the sea that passes

between Florida and the Bahamas.

Above the horizon ahead, the 700 islands of the Bahamas archipelago basked in the 100,000 square miles of sun-washed seas, holding the promise of fulfillment of Duperrault's dream of family adventure.

Over the next four days, Harvey piloted the *Bluebelle* east, toward the tiny island chain of Bimini, then farther east to Sandy Point, a village on the southwestern tip of Great Abaco Island. The group spent the week snorkeling and collecting shells on the white and pink beaches.

Early Sunday, Duperrault and the Harveys stopped by the office of Sandy Point village commissioner Roderick W. Pinder to fill out forms for leaving the Bahamas and returning to the United States. "This has been a once-in-a-lifetime vacation," Duperrault told Pinder. "We'll be back before Christmas." That night, Dene prepared a dinner of chicken cacciatore and salad. It was to be the last meal ever served on the *Bluebelle*.

AROUND 9 P.M., Terry Jo headed below deck to her sleeping quarters in a small cabin at the back of the boat. Ordinarily, René slept there, too, but on this night, her younger sister remained with her parents and brother on deck in the cockpit. In the middle of the night, Terry Jo was startled awake by her brother yelling, "Help, Daddy! Help!" She also heard brief running and



TERE DUPERRAULT
FASSBENDER, 63, and her
husband, Ron, live near
Lake Michigan.



"I was drawn to water after the tragedy," said Tere. "It makes me feel closer to my lost family." The Bluebelle (left); Brian, Jean, René, and Arthur Duperrault (from left).

stamping noises. Then silence. She lay in her bed shivering, disoriented and terrified. After about five minutes, Terry Jo crept out of her cabin. She saw her mother and brother lying crumpled in a pool of blood in the main cabin, which functioned as a kitchen and dining room during the day and was converted into a bedroom at night. She knew instantly they were dead.

Slowly, Terry Jo climbed the stairs and stuck her head out of the hatch. She saw more blood pooled on the starboard side of the cockpit, and possibly a knife. She climbed on deck and turned toward the front of the boat. Suddenly Captain Harvey lunged at her and shoved her down the stairs. "Get back down there!" he growled.

Heart pounding, Terry Jo averted her eyes from her mother's and brother's bodies, returned to her sleeping quarters, and crawled back onto her bunk. Then she heard sloshing. Soon, oily-smelling water seeped into her cabin and covered the floor. Terry Jo realized the ship was filling with water, but she was afraid to move.

Suddenly she saw the captain's dark form silhouetted in the cabin's doorway. He had something in his hands, possibly her brother's rifle, and stood looking down at her. The only sounds in the room were of his heavy breathing, the thundering of her heart in her ears, and the slap of the rising water against the bulkheads.

Then the captain turned and walked out of the cabin, and she

heard him climb the stairs back to the upper deck.

With water lapping over the top of her mattress, Terry Jo knew she had to abandon the cabin. Wading through waist-deep water to the stairs, she climbed to the top again. From the light of a bulb atop the boat's main mast, Terry Jo saw that the ship's dinghy and rubber life raft were floating beside the boat on the port side.

"Is the ship sinking?" she called out.

"Yes!" Harvey shouted, coming up from behind her. He pushed the line to the dinghy into her hands. "Hold

As she climbed onto the float, one of its lines snagged on the sinking ship. For a breathless moment, Terry Jo and the float were pulled underwater as the *Bluebelle* went down. Then the line came free, and the float with Terry Jo on it popped back up to the surface. She huddled low on the float, afraid that the captain might be lying in wait for her in the dark waters.

She had no water, no food, and, in her thin white blouse and pink pants, nothing to protect her from the chill of the night. The moon had set, and heavy clouds denied her even the light

Terry Jo's white blouse and blond hair

this!" he shouted. Numb from shock, Terry Jo let the line slip through her fingers.

The dinghy slowly drifted away from the sinking *Bluebelle*. Harvey jumped overboard to catch it. Terry Jo watched him swim after the dinghy as he disappeared into the night.

She remembered the cork life float that was kept lashed to the top right side of the main cabin, which was now just barely above-water. She scrambled to the small, oblong float and quickly untied it. Just as the float came free, the boat deck sank beneath her feet into the ocean. Half crawling, half swimming, she pushed the float into the open water.

of the stars. She could hear the moan of the wind but see nothing. Waves broke without warning, the salt water stinging her eyes and lips. A sudden shower drenched her, and she began to shiver uncontrollably. Soon one thought began to occupy her mind: Where is my father?

THE NEXT MORNING, a Monday, the sun drove the chill from Terry Jo's slender body, but she soon realized it would bring a greater danger. As the day progressed, the temperature quickly rose to 85 degrees, and the sun began to scorch her. The flimsy float was beginning to disintegrate, exposing her legs and feet to the sharp

teeth of parrot fish. With each passing hour, her tongue became drier and her throat more parched. Even so, she had no appetite and wasn't thirsty.

On Tuesday, a small red plane circled overhead. She watched it and waved at it for a long time with her blouse. At one point, it dived in her direction. She waved frantically, her heart pounding with hope. The plane passed directly over her, close enough that she could see the details of its underside but at an angle that made it impossible for the pilots to see her.

The chances were slim that some-

eyes. Terry Jo felt oddly comforted by the whooshing sounds the creatures made as they came to the surface to breathe. She said a little prayer of thanks to God for sending them. They remained close-by for hours.

As the piercing sun broke through the clouds in the late afternoon, Terry Jo splashed some water over her scorched, tightened skin. The cool forests of Wisconsin and the cold waters of Green Bay seemed so far away. The sun dropped and finally sank below the horizon.

Tuesday night brought back the

made her look like just another whitecap.

one in a passing ship or plane would spot Terry Jo. Her white float and blouse and blond hair made her look like just another whitecap among multitudes tumbling over the blue surface of the sea. She was floating in the Northwest Providence Channel, which soon would drift north with the Gulf Stream and then east, carrying her across the wide Atlantic to the British Isles.

Early that afternoon, Terry Jo saw ghostly shapes about 30 yards from her float, just beneath the water's surface. Her heart caught in her throat. The shapes came closer, and she could see they were porpoises. They stared up at her with large, dark

awful unknown in the darkness, but it also brought blessed relief to her body. As the float rose and fell on the waves that cold third night, she dreamed that she was in the cockpit of an airliner coming in for a landing. She saw the long, straight, converging lines of iridescent landing lights standing out with surreal brilliance against a fathomless, flowing blackness.

In the dream, she saw her father, seated peacefully with a glass of red wine. Although she had never tasted wine, it looked refreshing, just what she needed to quench her thirst. And she heard his voice call out to her, "Come on, Terry Jo! We're leaving!"

WEDNESDAY DAWNED bright and clear, and it grew hot very quickly. The glare of the sun caused her dry eyes severe pain. All her muscles ached. Her skin burned through her blouse and pants. Her lips were rough and swollen. For most of the time, Terry Jo had to balance rigidly on the edges of the unsteady float because much of its rope webbing had broken away. She hallucinated more now, imagining a tiny desert island complete with a solitary palm tree. She tried paddling toward it, but it disappeared. Finally, she fell unconscious.

When the cruel sun rose on Thursday, she did not feel its burning rays. She was in a deep sleep close to the threshold of death. Walls of water came at her one after another. Her raft was lifted to the tops of steep cliffs, then lowered into dark valleys.

Only the faintest spark of life now flickered. Midmorning on her fourth day alone on the raft, however, she emerged from her stupor and opened her eyes. A huge shadow loomed before her like a great beast. Its rumble was so deep that she could feel its pounding rhythm in her chest. As she watched, it seemed to metamorphose from an unworldly vessel floating above the sea into a great whale and then into a solid black wall suspended in the air above her. When she looked up to the top of that great wall, she saw heads and waving arms. She could faintly hear voices shouting. Finally, she felt herself suspended in



Terry Jo spent 11 days in a Miami hospital but had no permanent injuries.

space. Strong arms lifted her up slowly as she slid back into oblivion.

WHEN JULIAN HARVEY was hired as skipper of the *Bluebelle*, not a lot was known about his earlier life. The 44-year-old was a retired Air Force lieutenant colonel married to Mary Dene Jordan, an aspiring writer and a former TWA flight attendant.

The day after the *Bluebelle* went down, the lookout on a Puerto Rico-bound oil tanker spotted a small wooden dinghy floating in the middle of the broad and deep Northwest Providence Channel. When the captain pulled the tanker closer, a man in the dinghy yelled, "My name is Julian Harvey. I am master of the *Bluebelle*."

In the days that followed, Harvey told the Coast Guard in Miami that he was the sole survivor of a grave accident. In the middle of the previous night, he reported, a sudden squall damaged the sailboat. His wife, Dene, and the Duperraults were injured when the masts and rigging collapsed. Gas lines in the engine room ruptured, and the ship caught fire as it slowly sank. Harvey said he had managed to launch the dinghy and raft and dive overboard, but tangled rigging trapped everyone else on board.

A few days later, installed at the Sandman Hotel, Harvey heard that Terry Jo had survived. The next day, a maid at the hotel saw blood on the sheets in Harvey's room. When she couldn't open the bathroom door, her manager called the police. They forced the door open and found Harvey's bloody, lifeless body on the floor, a suicide.

AFTER BEING PULLED from the ocean by an officer of the Greek freighter *Captain Theo*, Terry Jo was taken by

helicopter to a Miami hospital. A week after her rescue, officials questioned Terry Jo in her hospital bed. Her story, as recounted here, disproved Harvey's account of the events. Her father, mother, brother, and younger sister, along with Dene Harvey, had been slaughtered aboard the *Blue-belle*, at the hands of Julian Harvey. The police suspect that Harvey killed his wife to collect money from her life insurance, and one theory suggests that Duperrault caught Harvey in the act, prompting the other murders.

Terry Jo returned to Green Bay to live with her father's sister and three cousins. When she was 12, she changed her name to Tere. Nearly 50 years later, in 2010, Tere finally revealed the details of the night her family was killed and her days spent drifting in open water in *Alone: Orphaned on the Ocean*. "I always believed I was saved for a reason," Tere told CBS News. "If one person heals from a life tragedy [after reading my story], my journey will have been worth it." **R**

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REVISED ACRONYMS FOR A CHANGING WORLD

- **ROFLMAO**: Ready? Okay. First, Let's Make Artisanal Oatcakes
- **STFU**: Scanning Twitter for Unfollowers
- **PEBKAC**: Perusing Etsy Because Knitting's a Chore

CHRIS MILLER, FROM MCSWEENEYS.NET

WHO ? KNEW

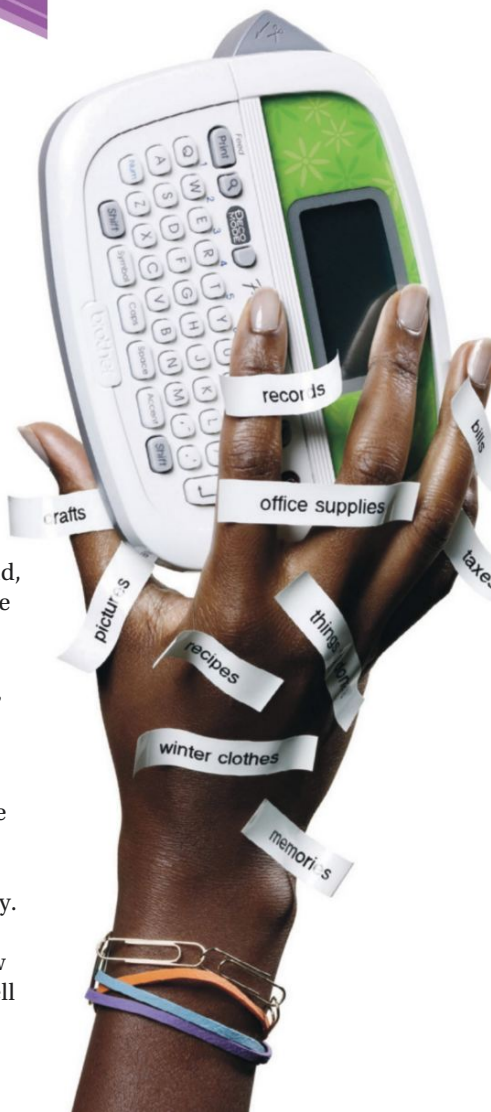
13 Things A Personal Organizer Won't Tell You

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

1 When you're organizing, you should sort everything into five piles: move to another room, donate, give to a specific person, throw away, and, finally, the "marinating" pile. Pack up the marinating items, and label the box with a date that's six months to a year later. If you never open the box before that date, you can safely discard those items.

2 Avoid lids on laundry baskets, bins, and other containers. They just make it harder to put things away.

3 Sure, you could sell that item on eBay. But are you interested in finishing your organizing project or starting a new career hocking used stuff? Unless you sell



online all the time or need the money, I recommend just giving things away so you can move on.

4 Watch out for flat surfaces, which can quickly become drop zones for clutter. When my clients have a dining table that is always getting covered with junk, I'll have them clear it off, put a flower arrangement in the middle, and set it with place settings. That usually prevents them from parking stuff there.

5 Your kids will be so grateful if you label and organize your photos now and if you stick a note on keepsakes explaining their significance. We settle a lot of estates, and it's frustrating to the next generation when they don't understand why something was left to them.

6 Anything that needs to go somewhere should be in your car, not in your house. Keep your coupons there in a clear folder so you have them if you need them. Get an errand basket to hold items that need to be returned. Use crates to store kids' toys and emergency supplies.

7 Parents feel so guilty about throwing away their children's artwork. My solution? A Li'l Davinci art cabinet. It's a beautiful frame that you can hang up, but you can also store up to 50 pieces of art inside it.

8 Please, get rid of that storage unit. You could buy all the stuff that's in there for the price of the annual rental fee—and that doesn't include the cost of the moving truck.

9 One client asked me to help carry a bunch of cardboard storage boxes into her newly renovated house. As I opened the first one, out came hundreds of cockroaches. That's why you should never use cardboard. You name the pest; I assure you it loves cardboard.

10 I swear I'm not a neat freak. Being organized doesn't mean everything is in its place; it means everything *has* a place. If you can get your house ready for a surprise guest in 30 minutes, then you're organized.

11 Don't call and say you need help adding storage for all your stuff. That's just backward. Your goal should be to remove the clutter, not create more storage space.

12 My favorite tip for a roomier kitchen is to adjust cabinet shelves; it can create a lot more space.

13 My biggest motivator for being organized: I have more time to have fun and be spontaneous. **R**

Sources: Professional organizers Kate Brown, owner of Impact Organizing in Sarasota, Florida; Laurie Martin, owner of Simplicity in Charlotte, North Carolina; Julie Isaacs, founder of The Uncluttered Home in Scotch Plains, New Jersey; Melissa Picheny, owner of declutter + design in New York City; and Maria Gracia, author of *Finally Organized*, *Finally Free* and owner of getorganizednow.com.

Quick: How Does This Picture Make You Feel?

“TOO OFTEN, when people walk into a museum, they secretly think, I can’t see the point of this,” says bestselling author Alain de Botton. In his new book, *Art as Therapy*, de Botton aims to take the “snob factor” out of art and shows that great works can give anyone a new perspective on life. Here’s what he says three famous pieces have to tell us:



The Ordinary Is Extraordinary

WOMAN IN BLUE READING A LETTER

Johannes Vermeer, c. 1663

“Vermeer celebrates everyday life: Here, a woman who seems nice stands by the window and reads a letter. It wasn’t simple to paint that picture, but the message is quite simple: Ordinary life is OK. We’re so surrounded by images of glamour that we’re constantly made to feel that our own lives are not as important. Vermeer shows that ordinary life and people are beautiful and interesting.”



There's Hope in Beauty

THE WATER-LILY POND Claude Monet, 1899

"This Monet (and variations of it) is one of the most popular works in the world. Sometimes the art elite get offended that people prefer pretty paintings. They say, 'What about war, what about crisis ...?' I see it a different way. Pretty images give us hope and an ability to get on with life. Sometimes a work of beauty can give you encouragement to get through the next five minutes."



A Moment's Peace

ASPENS, DAWN, AUTUMN, DOLORES RIVER CANYON, COLORADO

Ansel Adams, 1937

“Art can also make us feel less alone with the melancholy stuff of life. This Ansel Adams image has a sad message, which is that seasons wax and wane, and we’re all fated to go the way of the leaves. What do we do with that sadness? Adams’s photograph creates a space where our melancholy and anxious feelings can be held, almost like a loved one hugging you. And that gives us a moment of peace, calm, and restoration.”

R

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RIDDLE ME THIS...

QUESTION: Yellow I look, and massive I weigh. In the morning
I come to brighten Mom’s day. What am I?

ANSWER: A school bus.

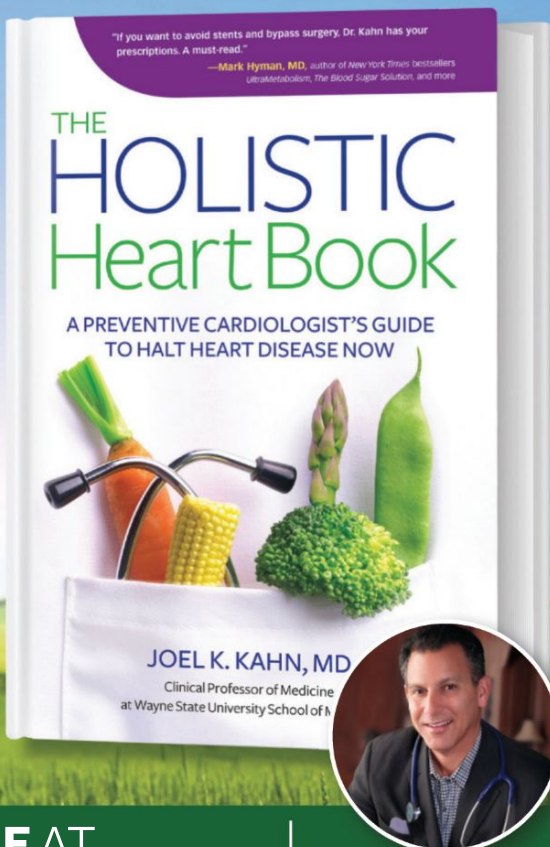
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Joel K. Kahn, MD

Clinical Professor of Medicine
at Wayne State University
School of Medicine

Some authors kick and scream when a director bulks up a book's plot for the silver screen. But sometimes it works out.

3 Movies That Beat The Book

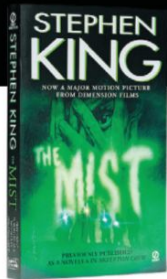
BY RYAN MENEZES
FROM CRACKED.COM



1 The Mist
Stephen King's 1980 novella was one of his more upbeat tales: Monsters attack; a man and his son flee to save themselves. So leave it to Hollywood to destroy the one happy ending the guy gives us. How? In the 2007 film based on writer Frank Darabont's screenplay, the father and son die. King said that he would have incorporated the movie's changes into his plotline if only he had thought of them first. Early in the development process, studio execs initially rejected Darabont's script, preferring the original story's Pollyanna ending. But King

disagreed with them, explaining that horror fans actually like to be frightened and deeply disturbed. He was right.

2 Fight Club
The movie based on Chuck Palahniuk's novel cleaves pretty closely to the source for most of its run time but goes off the rails toward the end. In the book, the protagonist's demolition plan fails, and the narrator shoots himself, ending up



Residents of Bridgton, Maine, face unnatural events after a storm (above).

in an asylum. But in the movie? We close on the sight of the now mentally sound Tyler Durden and his love interest, Marla, holding hands. It's the kind of cliché, upbeat Hollywood tweak you'd expect a twisted novelist like Palahniuk to despise, but he loved it! He lauded the way the movie streamlined the book's scattered plot into something coherent and that the film had captured the book's true message: "The story is about a man reaching the point where he can commit to a woman." Apparently, he was trying to write a sweet romantic comedy the whole time.

3 Interview with the Vampire

Anne Rice adapted her 1976 book into a screenplay, sold the rights, and began her battle with Hollywood. She was furious to learn that Tom Cruise had won the role of

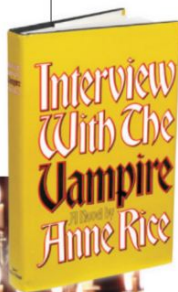


Jealousy comes to a head as Jared Leto and Edward Norton go fist to fist.

Lestat for the 1994 film. Rice began openly bad-mouthing the movie before she'd even seen it. She refused to look at clips, even when one of the producers sent her a copy of the film on tape. When she finally got around to watching it, she exploded with joy, writing an 8,000-word open letter to her fans

that described the film as "perfect," "impeccable," and "extraordinary." She predicted that Cruise's Lestat would "be remembered the way Olivier's Hamlet is remembered." Rice adored the adaptation so much that she personally paid to place a two-page ad singing the film's praises in several magazines. **R**

Tom Cruise, as Lestat, faces hardships after changing an innocent man into a vampire.



Don't let the powdered wigs fool you. When the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, some of the primary patriots and ...

The Founding Fathers Were Kids!

BY ALISON CAPORIMO

Marquis de Lafayette, 19

During the American Revolution, Lafayette served as a major general in the Continental Army under George Washington.

James Monroe, 18

A lieutenant in Washington's army, Monroe would grow up to become the fifth U.S. president and the last Founding Father to serve as chief executive.

Aaron Burr, 20

An officer in the Continental Army, Burr eventually served as the memorable third vice president of the United States.



Twentysomething Alexander Hamilton (above) can be considered a Mark Zuckerberg of the 18th century.

Alexander Hamilton, 22

Appointed chief of staff to General Washington, Hamilton became one of the most influential promoters of the Constitution and the founder of the first American political party.

James Madison, 25

Madison would prove to be instrumental in the drafting of the Constitution and the writing of the Bill of Rights. He ultimately became the fourth U.S. president. **R**


IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

Within the month of March, we greet the proverbial lion and lamb of weather. This timely quiz brings you other extremes and polar opposites. So go all out (but don't overexert yourself), then turn the page for the answers.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

- 1. nethermost** ('neth-er-mohst) *adj.*—
A: coldest. B: thinnest. C: lowest.
- 2. extravagant** (ik-'stra-vi-gent) *adj.*—A: all gone. B: irate. C: over the top.
- 3. acme** ('ak-mee) *n.*—A: verge. B: highest point. C: overflow.
- 4. culminate** ('kul-mih-nayt) *v.*—
A: fly into space. B: hit the bottom. C: reach a climax.
- 5. acute** (uh-'kyoot) *adj.*—A: intense, urgent. B: tiny, insignificant. C: pretty, appealing.
- 6. precipice** ('preh-sih-pis) *n.*—
A: very steep side of a cliff. B: earliest moment. C: towering spire.
- 7. superlative** (soo-'per-leh-tiv) *adj.*—
A: outstanding. B: excessive. C: final.
- 8. antithesis** (an-'ti-theh-sis) *n.*—
A: exact opposite. B: end of time. C: extremely negative reaction.
- 9. surfeit** ('sur-fet) *n.*—A: utter wreck. B: more than needed. C: intense heat.
- 10. exorbitant** (ig-'zor-bih-tent) *adj.*—A: on a shore's edge. B: at a mountain's summit. C: far exceeding what is fair or reasonable.
- 11. overweening** (oh-ver-'wee-ning) *adj.*—A: arrogant. B: too fond of food. C: severely strict.
- 12. optimal** ('ahp-tih-mul) *adj.*—
A: best. B: surplus. C: out of sight.
- 13. radical** ('ra-di-kul) *n.*—
A: supreme leader. B: extremist. C: middle-of-the-roader.
- 14. penultimate** (peh-'nul-teh-mit) *adj.*—A: next to last. B: most recent. C: cream of the crop.
- 15. maximal** ('mak-sih-mul) *adj.*—
A: greatest possible. B: conflicting. C: most important.
- 16. zealotry** ('ze-luh-tree) *n.*—
A: extreme greed. B: overdone fervor. C: excess of noise.

 To play an interactive version of Word Power on your iPad or Kindle Fire, download the Reader's Digest app.

Answers

- 1. nethermost**—[C] lowest. No one dares explore the *nethermost* dungeons of this castle.
- 2. extravagant**—[C] over the top. How can Monty afford to throw such *extravagant* parties?
- 3. acme**—[B] highest point. Going to the top of the Empire State Building was literally the *acme* of our trip.
- 4. culminate**—[C] reach a climax. Nearly every scene with the Stooges in a cafeteria *culminates* in a pie fight.
- 5. acute**—[A] intense, urgent. Joey has an *acute* hankering for chocolate.
- 6. precipice**—[A] very steep side of a cliff. As Alex peered over the *precipice*, he developed a sudden case of acrophobia.
- 7. superlative**—[A] outstanding. Despite Willie's *superlative* effort to catch the ball, it landed in the bleachers.
- 8. antithesis**—[A] exact opposite. Slovenly Oscar is the *antithesis* of a neatnik.
- 9. surfeit**—[B] more than needed. We have a *surfeit* of nachos but absolutely no salsa!
- 10. exorbitant**—[C] far exceeding

what is fair or reasonable. I nearly fainted from sticker shock when I saw the *exorbitant* price.

- 11. overweening**—[A] arrogant. I enjoy the art class, but not Professor Prigg's *overweening* attitude.
- 12. optimal**—[A] best. Now is not the *optimal* time to pester the boss about a raise. [Note: The synonym optimum is best used as a noun.]
- 13. radical**—[B] extremist. We knew Carey loved her pup, but we didn't realize what a *radical* she was until she tattooed its face on her arm.
- 14. penultimate**—[A] next to last. My *penultimate* finish in the marathon was my best showing ever.
- 15. maximal**—[A] greatest possible. "OK" is *maximal* praise from that old curmudgeon. [Like optimum, the synonym maximum is best used as a noun.]
- 16. zealotry**—[B] overdone

fervor. *Zealotry* gets TV attention, but it rarely brings compromise.

EARTHLY EXTREMES

At its farthest point from the sun, Earth reaches its **apogee**; when nearest the sun, Earth is at its **perigee**. In these examples, *gee* means "Earth." Meanwhile, in Greek, *apo* means "far from," and *peri* means "near to."

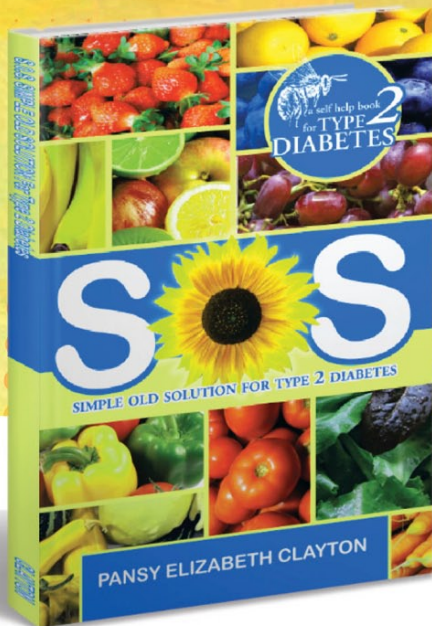
VOCABULARY RATINGS

10 & below:

In the middle

11-13: On the rise

14-16: At the apex



S.O.S. SIMPLE OLD SOLUTION FOR TYPE 2 DIABETES

Pansy Elizabeth Clayton

978-1-4836-3925-3 | Paperback | \$15.99

Prefer to contact the author directly?

Call 803-267-2204 or email pansyc@gmail.com

or check out her website <http://www.simpleoldsolution.webs.com>

As a diabetic, Pansy Elizabeth Clayton is well aware of the debilitating effects of diabetes, more importantly she knows that this disease can be controlled and overcome. For ten years, she researched ways of becoming healthy without having to rely on insulin shots or pills and this book is the result of that endeavor.

In *S.O.S. SIMPLE OLD SOLUTION For Type 2 Diabetes*, Clayton shares her journey through diabetes and how she was able to take control of her own life and health. It is an empowering guide that features solutions and tips that the author herself tried and tested.

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... DIFFERENTLY

Most people go to the beach to chill, but tourists who flock to Maho Beach on the Caribbean island of St. Maarten go for thrills. Low-flying planes heading for the adjacent airport can actually blow sunbathers into the water (at least that's what local government signs warn).



IN CASE YOU MISSED IT ON

Rd.com



EVERYDAY WELLNESS

50 Shades of Me

Probably silly, sure, but we found five free online quizzes that deliver surprisingly nuanced personality reads. Our favorite is Test Color, which reveals how creative and smart you are by the colors you like.

 MOST RETWEETS ON TWITTER

THE HUMAN BRAIN

How to Spend Less While Shopping

Leave the plastic at home, and try to bring new bills. Studies show people are more likely to part with wilted dollars than crisp cash. Also, wear high heels; focusing on your balance makes you more likely to buy midrange items.

WAYS TO SAVE

Is Mouthwash a Waste of Money?

According to some experts, it's less effective at fighting plaque than regular brushing, flossing, and pro cleanings. Swishing might kill germs in the short term, but alcohol can dry out your mouth, increasing bacteria growth.

 MOST POPULAR ON FACEBOOK

EXTRAORDINARY USES

Pasta like the Pros

Chef Ryan Hardy likes serving pasta with a carving fork: "It delivers a neat nest of noodles to the bowl. With a large spoon in your left hand and the fork in your right, scoop the noodles with the fork and spin them on the spoon until a nice bundle forms. Boom! First-class spaghetti."



BOOKS

The Best Thrillers to Read Right Now

Enjoy a good suspense novel? We pick 20 classic and modern takes, like Dave Eggers's high-tech page-turner *The Circle* and S. J. Watson's psychological sizzler *Before I Go to Sleep*.

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Humor in Uniform



“Scheduling mishap, Mr. Wickham. Your three o’clock and your fifteen hundred hours are both here.”

GREAT MILITARY MINDS THROUGH HISTORY ANSWER OUR QUESTIONS:

How stressful is it to oversee a war?

“I’m sleeping like a baby. Every two hours, I wake up, screaming.”

GEN. COLIN POWELL (Iraq War)

When the enemy attacked, you pulled back. Why?

“We are not retreating—we are advancing in another direction.”

MAJ. GEN. OLIVER P. SMITH
(Korean War)

You’re encircled. You’re low on ammo. What do you tell the troops?

“They’ve got us surrounded again, the poor @\$%^&\$!”*

GEN. CREIGHTON ABRAMS (WWII)

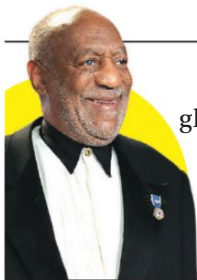
Any advice for novice officers?

“Never interrupt your enemy when he is making a mistake.”

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Send us your funniest military anecdote or news story—it might be worth \$100! Go to rd.com/submit for details.

Quotable Quotes



The past is a ghost, the future is a dream, and all we ever have is now.

BILL COSBY



I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY SAYS ABOUT ME, AS LONG AS IT ISN'T TRUE.

TRUMAN CAPOTE



I've questioned everything about myself, every step of the way. You have to have the same amount of fear and self-doubt as you do hope and blind optimism. **TAYLOR SWIFT**

When everything seems to be going against you, remember that the airplane takes off against the wind, not with it. **HENRY FORD**

What makes something special is not just what you have to gain but what you feel there is to lose. **ANDRE AGASSI**

You don't just luck into things as much as you'd like to think you do. You build step by step, whether it's friendships or opportunities.

BARBARA BUSH



If you're the smartest person in the room ... find a different room.

MICHAEL DELL

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