

# Reader's digest

AUGUST 2014

## TERROR AT THE BEACH

ATTACKED BY A SHARK .....	80
BURIED BY A SAND DUNE .....	86
CAUGHT IN A RIPTIDE .....	89

### THE LION WHISPERER

From **RD CANADA**

112

### ON THE ROAD ... WITH MOTHER

From **THE NEW YORK TIMES**

13

### THE \$99,000 OUTHOUSE & OTHER FOLLIES YOUR TAXES PAID FOR

An **RD ORIGINAL** ... 102

### MRS. CLARENCE TO THE RESCUE

From **QUEST FOR KINDNESS** ... 94

LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES .....	16
LAUGHTER, THE BEST MEDICINE .....	92
HUMOR IN UNIFORM .....	151

Removable bookmark brought to you by **GEICO**



What's green  
and never goes  
out of style?

The money you could save with GEICO.  
See how easy it is to save today.

**GEICO**<sup>®</sup>

[geico.com](http://geico.com) | 1-800-947-AUTO (2886) | Local Office



Some discounts, coverages, payment plans and features are not available in all states or all GEICO companies. GEICO is a registered service mark of Government Employees Insurance Company, Washington, D.C. 20076; a Berkshire Hathaway Inc. subsidiary. GEICO Gecko image © 1999-2014. © 2014 GEICO.

# Contents

AUGUST 2014

## Cover Story

- 80 TERROR AT THE BEACH**  
A shark attack, dune collapse, and powerful riptide darken sunny days. LISA FITTERMAN AND DEREK BURNETT


## My Most Unforgettable Character

- 94 MRS. CLARENCE TO THE RESCUE**  
A fifth-grade teacher helps a desperate family.  
HEATHER LEAH HUDDLESTON FROM QUEST FOR KINDNESS

## National Interest

- 102 THE \$99,000 OUTHOUSE**  
And nine other taxpayer-funded follies. ANDY SIMMONS

## Human Interest

- 108 SWEEPING THE NATION**   
Retirees Lee and Morty Kaufman gained unexpected fame with a TV commercial for Swiffer.  
STEVEN KURUTZ FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

## Nature

- 112 THE LION WHISPERER**  
Playing with big cats is deadly serious business. Is Kevin Richardson inspired, crazy, or both?  
RICHARD POPLAK FROM READER'S DIGEST CANADA

## Nostalgia

- 120 IN PRAISE OF THE CAREFREE CHILDHOOD**  
Boomer kids had the most powerful toy of all: their imagination. P. J. O'ROURKE FROM THE BABY BOOM

## What It's Like ...

- 124 TO BE A DEAF DJ**  
Robbie Wilde gets the dance floor going with tunes he can't hear. AS TOLD TO KENNETH MILLER

## First Person

- 128 THE WORD THAT KILLED OUR FRIENDSHIP**  
We were the best of buddies—until what I said broke our bond forever. ANDY SIMMONS



P. | **102**



STEPHEN FRINK/  
GETTY IMAGES

5 Editor's Note

6 Letters



P. | **18**

---

## READER FAVORITES

---

- 16 Life in These United States
- 23 Faces of America 
- 30 Points to Ponder
- 32 100-Word True Stories 
- 60 All in a Day's Work
- 72 News from the World of Medicine
- 92 Laughter, the Best Medicine
- 98 That's Outrageous!
- 126 Photo of Lasting Interest
- 132 Laugh Lines
- 144 See the World ... Differently
- 148 RD.com
- 149 Word Power
- 151 Humor in Uniform
- 152 Quotable Quotes

### Everyday Heroes

8 **Strength Beyond Her Years** MELODY WARNICK

11 **The Cook Who Caught a Kidnapper** ALYSSA JUNG

---

## VOICES & VIEWS

---

### Department of Wit

13 **Queens of the Road**  
Joyce Wadler travels with her mom—and passes along a warning.

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

### Words of Lasting Interest

18 **Make Your Own Darn Gift**  
Nick Offerman's case for giving without buying.

FROM *PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE*

### You Be the Judge

21 **The Case of the Fan in the Line of Fire**  
Can an unlucky onlooker struck by a wayward ball sue and win?

VICKI GLEMBOCKI

### Finish This Sentence

24 **The Two Most Beautiful Words Are ...**

### Great Minds

26 **Spiderwebs and Other Inspirations**  
To Janine Benyus, nature is the great inventor. ANDY SIMMONS

---

## ART OF LIVING

---

- 35 Learn to Take a Stand**  
MARK DIVINE  
FROM *THE WAY OF THE SEAL*
- Food**
- 42 Your Food Fears Get a Reality Check** DAVID SCHARDT  
FROM *NUTRITION ACTION HEALTHLETTER*
- Home**
- 51 Mix Your Own Cleaners**  
ALISON CAPORIMO
- 52 Why We Need Friends to Help Us Move** STACY DOWNS  
FROM *THE KANSAS CITY STAR*
- Technology**
- 54 Take Better Pictures with Your Smartphone**  
DAMON BERES
- 56 What Happens After Hackers Steal Credit Cards**  
LILY HAY NEWMAN FROM *SLATE*
- Family**
- 58 He Spoke My Language**  
JESSIE REN MARSHALL  
FROM *THE NEW YORK TIMES*
- Health**
- 62 When “Normal” Blood Sugar Isn’t** SUSAN INCE
- 66 The Outdoors Heals Your Heart** JOEL K. KAHN, MD
- 68 7 Factors That Trick Your Taste Buds** AMBER WILLIAMS  
FROM *POPULAR SCIENCE*
- 70 Surprising Things That Are Contagious** *THE DOCTORS*

---

## WHO KNEW?

---

- 134 13 Things the Beauty Industry Won’t Tell You**  
MICHELLE CROUCH
- 136 I’m a Telemarketer. Here’s How to Get Rid of Me**  
ERICA ELSON FROM *LIFEHACKER.COM*
- 138 Where’d That Number Come From?** DAN LEWIS
- 142 Why Shells Sound like the Ocean**  
MATT SONIAK FROM *MENTAL FLOSS*

P. | 35





Cats everywhere are having a hard time smelling their litter boxes thanks to Fresh Step® Triple Action



[freshstep.com](http://freshstep.com)



# Editor's Note

---

## The Kindness of Our Readers



**EVERY MORNING**, at 7:30 sharp, I read the most important e-mails of my day, the ones I receive from you. I've developed a name for some of them: lessons in kindness.

After we ran "Plane Crash in the Wilderness" (January 2014), a woman wrote to me. She noted that parents Donald and Rosemarie Evans had been unable to work due to their grievous injuries, and she wanted to donate \$500 to "brighten their spirits." How could she get a check to the family?


In "The Caring Janitor" (May 2014), we told of everyday hero Miguel Alvarez, who stayed and tended to 19 elderly patients who were abandoned after their nursing home was forced to close. Four readers asked us where they could send a check for Miguel, a father of two.

For our June issue, Alfred Geeson wrote a winning 100-word true story called "Sing to Me," in which he wondered who would sing "Danny Boy" at his funeral, since he has no living children. The response has been extraordinary. Here are just a few of the letters we've received:

■ "Dear Liz: Please connect me with Mr. Geeson and let him know that all he has to do is have someone contact me when the time comes, and I will gladly fly to Georgia and sing at his funeral." **ALLEN LANDERS**

■ "Dear Liz: I happen to be an Irish tenor in Chicago, and one of my specialties has been singing 'Danny Boy.' I would certainly sing for Mr. Geeson." **MARTIN MCCORMACK**

■ "Dear Liz: I don't think I'm the right person for such an honor, as I hope a singer with a lovely voice will volunteer. But if no one does, I want Mr. Geeson to know that I would sing." **SONYA WATTS**

Alfie did not see it coming, this outpouring of love from strangers. But I know you. I did. 

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



# Letters

READERS ON THE JUNE ISSUE



## A World Without Meds

Just two months ago, I was unable to get my pain meds due to a manufacturer shortage, and I had to use another drug that didn't work nearly as well. I wish this problem on no one.

CAROL FANNALY, *Denham Springs, Louisiana*

How can drug companies justify extremely high executive wages and million-dollar ad campaigns while not producing desperately needed medications? What a travesty!

PHILLIP W. MORGAN, *Astoria, Oregon*

## The Ones They Saved

As a survivor of Auschwitz-Birkenau, I am very grateful that every so often, you remind the world of the Holocaust. I did appreciate the picture of the tree at the entrance to Auschwitz ("What the Tree Saw," April 2013) and now this heartwarming story of the brave couple Gil and Eleanor Kraus. We had a large family in many parts of Europe. Young and old, all were killed. Too few people tried to help us; too few cared. Thank you for remembering us.

THEA ASCHKENASE, *Worcester, Massachusetts*

## Points to Ponder

Jonny Thakkar writes that "braces are our culture's version of foot-binding." Not only do I disagree, but I'm offended. Braces can be used for cosmetic reasons, but most orthodontists recommend them to properly align your teeth, providing many health benefits. In contrast, foot-binding makes feet grow in an unnatural way.

LINDA FISHEL, *White Lake, Michigan*

## 100-Word True Stories

If this issue contained nothing more than 100-word true stories, it would



still be worth the purchase price. I learned that my 90-year-old tear ducts work just fine.

**JIM BASORE**, *Denver, Colorado*

## “I Carried Him Down the Mountain”

Sure, I’m a sucker for animal stories, but it’s also important for people to understand that the pit bull disposition is not about the breed. I’ve met both pleasant and angry pit bulls. Every single one of them deserves at least a chance, and that does truly make Andi Davis a hero.

**NIKOLE WILES**, *Hastings, Florida*

## Looking Out for the Lonely

This article was so different from the average soapbox rhetoric in today’s media- and academia-driven world. How desperately we need people like Chase’s teacher, who define and understand the root of a problem. She should be commended for making a real, tangible difference.

**JOHN EASON**, *Villa Rica, Georgia*

I was moved to tears reading this story. I am sharing it with all my teacher friends—what an awesome way to try to save just one student.

**STACY CALVERT**, *Piedmont, Oklahoma*

## Faces of America

I was disappointed with the picture of “Kevin Deiter & Family.” There’s some unnamed woman standing next to him—do you think maybe she had a hand in birthing and raising 13 children? Maybe she deserves to be named also!

**TERRI FREEMAN**, *Flint, Michigan*

## Why Some Groups Succeed

These immigrants come to America with a vision and strive to achieve it. Those who know the true value of what we offer take every opportunity to achieve their dreams. How many doctors do you know who have a truly “American” last name?

**GREG HAJDUK**, *Valparaiso, Indiana*

## Gangsta Gardener

Ron Finley says, “If kids grow kale, kids eat kale.” As a child in the 1950s, I grew vegetables and still preferred candy bars. This wasn’t because of TV ads; it was because I had taste buds. And let’s face it—candy tastes better.

**FELICIA ACKERMAN**, *via e-mail*

**Hungry to read more?**  
We’ve collected your most-requested *RD* classics. Go to [rd.com/august](http://rd.com/august) to devour as many as you want, anytime.

**WE HEAR YOU!**

**Send letters** to [letters@rd.com](mailto:letters@rd.com) or Letters, Reader’s Digest, PO Box 6100, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1600. Include your full name, address, e-mail, and daytime phone number. We may edit letters and use them in all print and electronic media. **Contribute** Send us your 100-word true stories and funny jokes and quotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader’s Digest*, we’ll pay you \$100. To submit your 100-word stories, visit [rd.com/stories](http://rd.com/stories). To submit humor items, visit [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit), or write to us at Jokes, Box 6226, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1726. Please include your full name and address in your entry. **Do Business** Subscriptions, renewals, gifts, address changes, payments, account information, and inquiries: Visit [rd.com/help](http://rd.com/help), call 877-732-4438, or write to us at Reader’s Digest, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595.




# EVERYDAY HEROES



When her grandfather falls ill, a fearless little girl comes to the rescue

## Strength Beyond Her Years

BY MELODY WARNICK

 **CARA JUMPER LOVES** the giant saltwater pond on her grandparents' Swansea, South Carolina, property. When her grandfather Coy Jumper bought the land 15 years earlier, he stocked the pond with bass, bream, and catfish, hauled down a little rowboat for fishing, and built a dock from which the grandkids could dangle their legs in summer.

Even in winter, Coy would visit the 5.5-acre pond to feed the fish and check his beaver traps. One January afternoon, with the temperature in the 50s, he piled ten-year-old Cara and her sisters, Claire, six, and Emma,

five, into his Pontiac Sunfire and took them down to the pond. He and the girls—who lived with Coy and his wife, Esca, most of the time—tramped happily through the pines, checking traps. No luck—they were empty.

As the sun melted toward the horizon, the air took on a chill, and the group turned back to head home. But as Coy walked along the bank, he was suddenly unable to put one foot in front of the other. Behind him, Cara “noticed that something was wrong,” she recalls. Then she saw Coy teeter and fall backward into the pond’s deep water. ➔

*"I knew if I got  
scared, something  
would go wrong,"  
says Cara.*



When her grandfather didn't surface immediately, Cara jumped in. It was too deep to touch the bottom. With one hand, Cara grabbed the bank. With the other, she reached for her grandfather, making contact in the dark water.

Coy was limp. He had suffered a stroke the year before. Now Cara wondered if he'd had one again. Just 80 pounds to her grandfather's 230, she grabbed his head and pulled his face out of the water. That roused him, but he was still dead weight, hopelessly heavy as Cara tugged him toward the bank. "I can't get him out," Cara cried to her sisters, who watched from the bank.

She managed to maneuver Coy toward the three-foot bank and pulled him up onto solid ground.

The winter sun had almost disappeared, and they were all shivering. The little girls were scared and crying. Cara knew she'd have to get Coy to the car, a quarter mile away. She helped him to his feet. The left side of his body lagged, but by propping his weight on Cara and pushing with his right side, Coy slowly moved forward. "It took a long time," Cara says, to make their way back.

Sixty feet from the car, Coy fell. From there, he crawled, dragging himself under a gate, to the car. His granddaughters helped him into the passenger's side, and Cara got into the driver's seat.

"I used to sit on my dad's lap and drive," she says now. Coy, too, she says, had let the fifth grader drive through the fields around the house. Still, she felt nervous, but she pushed on the gas and steered them the three miles home. "I was trying to get there fast, but I didn't want to get us hurt," Cara says. When she pulled the Sunfire into the carport, her grandmother was there to meet them.

She had arrived home from work just a few minutes before. "I had just been thinking I'd better go to the pond and check on them," she says.

"Poppa's had a stroke," Cara told her as she walked Coy into the house. From the downward tug of Coy's mouth, Esca had already guessed what had happened.

Coy spent six days in the hospital recovering from a stroke. Since the accident, he has stopped going to the pond alone. Says Esca, "If Cara hadn't helped, she might not have a grandpa anymore." **R**

**NOMINATE A HERO!** In 100 words or fewer, tell us about someone who has impressed you with a brave deed, kind act, or humanitarian effort in 2014. The story could be published in a future issue. E-mail the details and your name, location, and phone number to [heroes@rd.com](mailto:heroes@rd.com).

# The Cook Who Caught a Kidnapper

BY ALYSSA JUNG

ONE FEBRUARY afternoon, Jesus Delgado was on break behind T2 Tacos, where he works as a line cook, when he heard a commotion. He ran to the front of the Los Angeles taco stand and saw a man and a woman arguing. She was screaming for help and had two young boys at her side. All of a sudden, the man punched her in the mouth, grabbed the smaller boy, and ran down the street.

"I followed my instincts and chased him," Jesus, 35, told the *Argonaut* newspaper. The older boy ran in the other direction to get help. A group of teenagers who had witnessed the assault assisted the woman and called 911. She told them that she was the boys' nanny.

Within a few blocks, Jesus caught up to the man, Andron Gazarov, 33. They grappled, and Jesus wrestled the young boy from Gazarov's arms. Then Gazarov flung himself onto the sidewalk. "He was yelling at me that the kid didn't belong to me. I was



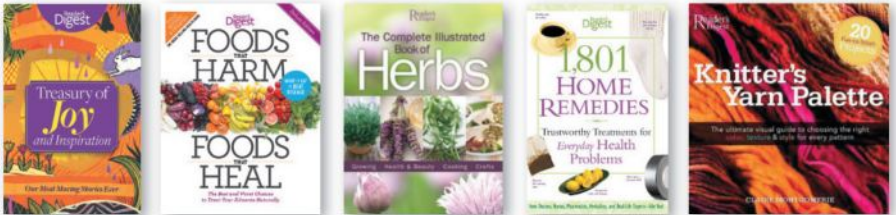
*"Everybody is saying thank you," said Jesus. "It's incredible."*

telling him the kid didn't belong to him," Jesus told the *Argonaut*.

Minutes later, Los Angeles police officers arrived and arrested Gazarov, who was charged with kidnapping, attempted kidnapping, and assault. He faces up to 12 years in prison, if convicted. The kids, Brendan O'Brien, six, and Grady O'Brien, four, were unharmed.

The next night, the boys' father, Tom O'Brien, went to the taco stand to thank Jesus for his actions. He also started an online fund to help Jesus pay the medical expenses for his special-needs daughter. As of May, more than \$27,500 had been raised. **R**

# Your One-Stop Shop for Advice You Can Trust



Folks have trusted *Reader's Digest* for generations. From Home Hints to Health Advice, Gardening Tips, Crafts & Hobbies, Fun Facts and more, all our best reads are on sale for the month of July. Save **20% OFF** your entire order.

**Reader's**  
digest  
rdstore.com

---

See our full selection online today at **rdstore.com**  
Use coupon code **RSTORE20** for your 20% savings!

# VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

## Queens Of the Road

BY JOYCE WADLER  
FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*



JOYCE WADLER  
is a *New York City*  
humorist and  
a columnist  
for the *New York Times*.  
Her mother  
loves her work.

I WENT ON A ROAD TRIP with my mother in Northern California a few years back. If you were heading down the mountain on Route 101, you probably remember us. Cars were lined up behind us for at least three miles. Once in a while, a driver would become so unhinged driving 35 miles per hour for 40 miles that he would hit the gas hard in a no-pass zone, risking death in a ravine—an option, after being on the road for four days with my mother, I was wistfully considering myself.

My mother wasn't doing anything as heavy-handed as saying, "You're going too fast." She just read the road signs out loud for a few hours, as if they were something she had just happened to see. "Forty-five miles an hour." "Thirty miles an hour." I think she figured this was subtle, and for her it was.

I have been thinking of writing a book, *How to Travel with Your Mother*, but it would be a very short book. That is because my first tip is: Don't. Unless maybe you are disposing of her ashes. And even then there's a good chance you ➤➤

will hear her voice in your head:

“You packed the box with my ashes without double wrapping it in plastic and putting it in a baggie? Look at this box: It’s cardboard, it’s nothing. What if I spill all over this suitcase? Because I can’t help noticing that every one of your things has

to be dry-cleaned. I don’t own a thing that has to be dry-cleaned; if the label says *dry clean*, I do not buy it. By the way, how are you planning to do this? If there’s a wind, make sure it’s not blowing at you, and when you open the box, make sure you don’t pour it over your head. Don’t

say, ‘Everybody knows that,’ because everybody does not know. I hope you didn’t invite your father’s cousin Marvin. I can’t stand that man.”

You might think from this that I do not get along with my mother. In fact, I consider my mother, who is 86 and in excellent health, to be very entertaining. She is up for everything and fears nothing, and we can talk for hours on our favorite subject: what everybody else in the family is doing wrong with his or her life.

As travel mates, however, we have problems, not just because my mother lives in Florida and has come to consider anything over 40 miles an hour speeding, but because of

what things cost. My mother, who is one of those brilliant crackpot investors you read about sometimes in magazines, does not have money problems. She travels extensively with tours, some very expensive, but she pays a flat rate for everything. Therefore, her idea of motel rates

dates to when she and my father drove from the Catskills to Florida—the late 1940s, I would estimate, from the price.

On our road trip in California, for instance, she was appalled that the historic mountain hotel with potted palms in the lobby charged \$140 for a room and

carried on until I found a motel for \$67 a night in the nearby village. It was the sort of place, in its better days, where a meth dealer would have stayed after his parents threw him out of the basement, but once he’d made a few sales, he would have moved on to something better.

The rooms had air-conditioning units hanging off the sides of windows as if they had tried to escape and gotten hung up on the sills, and the mold was sprinkled with carpet.

“Looks good to me,” my mother says, stepping in.

“Tell you what, Ma,” I say. “How about we go back to that nice old hotel, and you let me pay for it?”



***No matter where  
we go to eat,  
unless it is Good  
Old Mickey D.’s,  
the prices are  
too high.***



"Well, if you want to throw your money away, fine," Ma says.

And we go back to the hotel and go to dinner and glare at each other amid the potted palms. Because here is another problem with traveling with my mother: No matter where we go to eat, unless it is IHOP or what she calls Good Old Mickey D's, the prices are too high. I attribute this to the influence of Florida and the Early Bird Special. Or it may be because my mother and I have different price baselines. Hers is free.

Naturally, in Northern California, where the cult of food worship first took root in this country, Ma and I were in trouble. There was a menu posted in a window in a town in the Napa Valley—St. Helena, I believe. I don't remember the specifics, but I can remember my longing to this day.

"Look at this!" Ma said to me and the people passing by and more or less everyone deciding where to go for lunch in the Napa Valley. "Sixteen dollars for a salad! A person would have to be crazy!"

We found a coffee shop with a good grilled cheese sandwich, which, with drink, cost about \$8. As Ma says, there is nothing, when your feet are killing you, like a good grilled cheese sandwich, the old cheese/foot connection, similar to the high fat/low heart attack French Paradox, of which doctors are familiar.

But I got even. I'd booked us a table

at the Culinary Institute of America—where every other word on the menu is *slow-cooked* or *artisan* and the entrées run about \$30—instructed the waitress to give my mother the menu without the prices, and stuffed her like a goose.

"I hate to think what this is costing you," Ma says, halfway through a four-course menu.

"Admit that it's better than IHOP," I say.

"It's fancy," Ma says. "For me, it doesn't have to be this fancy."

"Just one little word, that's what I'm going for here, Ma," I say. "*Good, good, good, good.*"

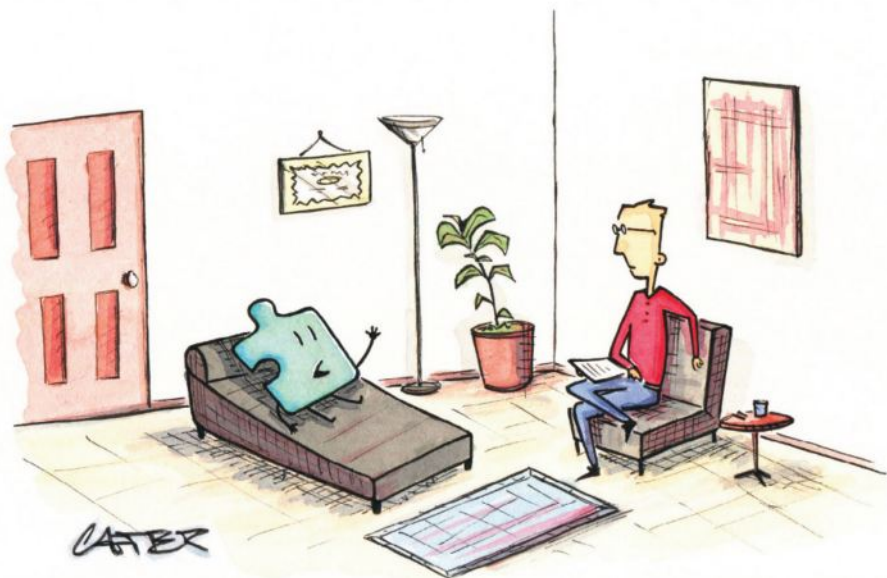
"It's rich," Ma says. "At my age, I can't eat rich."

I have other tips, which I pass along in the interest of those of you contemplating mother-daughter road trips: If you are driving close to mealtime, do not allow pit stops, so your mother has no choice but to rush to the restaurant restroom without stopping to see a menu. If you are in vineyard country, pop into wineries as often as possible because they usually have free samples, which will both delight your mother and put her to sleep.

And, of course, you can always sign up for one of those flat-fee group tours. Ma and I will be going on one in two weeks, to Cuba. I have no idea what the meals will cost, and neither does my mother. And somebody else will be driving. **R**

# Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



*“Did you ever feel like you’re part of something greater than yourself?”*

**AT THE SUPERMARKET** checkout, the cashier was having trouble finding the price for my cucumber.

“Maybe the list is alphabetical,” I offered.

So he started searching from the bottom of the list: “Q ... Q ... Q ...”

**CHARITY MCTARSNEY, Deltona, Florida**

**TODAY, MY 808** area code phone number has yet again been mistaken

for a 1-800 number. I’ve been getting phone calls at three in the morning from people on the East Coast trying to return their shoes. Even worse, they end up wanting to speak to my supervisor because I “don’t sound professional enough.”

From [fmylife.com](http://fmylife.com)

**I NEVER FEEL** more privileged than when I get angry about a web-site design. **Comedian KELLY OXFORD**

**SCENE: SUNDAY MASS.** I turned to greet an older woman.

**Woman:** My! You have the most beautiful skin.

**Me:** Oh, thank you.

**Woman:** If I were younger, I'd hate you.

From [notalwaysfriendly.com](http://notalwaysfriendly.com)

**"WHAT'S A HIPSTER?"** asked my four-year-old cousin.

"Someone who will wear something just to look different," I said. "They'll often buy clothes in thrift shops and wear thick glasses."

"Is Grandma a hipster?" he asked.

EYESHA SADIQ, Woodland, California

**FILE THESE NEWSPAPER** headlines under: We Don't Even Want to Know.

■ Firefighters Use Jaws of Life to Free High School Girl from Locker

■ FDA Approves Third Silicone-Gel Breast Implant

■ Missing Woman Unwittingly Joins Search Party Looking for Herself

■ Woman's "Stomach Bug" Actually Baby

Sources: *Ottawa Citizen* (Canada), [ctpost.com](http://ctpost.com), Associated Press, *Toronto Sun*

**I DISCOVERED** that I'd spent an hour walking around a mall with a shoe store's "Feel the Comfort" sticker stuck to my body. More humiliating? It was attached to my left breast.

DEBBIE SKOLNIK, Scarsdale, New York

The \$100 you'll get if we run your anecdote can buy a lot of comfy shoes. Go to page 7 or [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit) for details.

## MAMMA MIA!

Jimmy Fallon invited his audience to share funny texts from their mothers.

Here goes:

I once got a text from my mom where "You're amazing" autocorrected to "You're adopted."

@STEFENCOLALILLO

On Valentine's Day last year, my mom texted me, "Enjoy your VD." Not the best time to abbreviate, Mom.

@HOLLYLOUHARRIS

My mom once texted me "can you come over, I want you to take a selfie of me."

@STEFANILEGS



A gentleman craftsman builds the case  
for giving without buying

# Make Your Own Darn Gift

BY NICK OFFERMAN FROM *PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE*



NICK OFFERMAN is a woodworker and an actor best known for playing Ron Swanson on NBC's *Parks and Recreation*.

THE VAST MAJORITY of our nation's people can buy pretty much anything they need. Not anything they want, necessarily, but anything they need to achieve a satisfactory degree of creature comfort: clothing, water, shoes, shelter, food. Beer, throwing stars, charcoal, Doritos, iPhone apps. The staples.

Once upon a time for me, a Michael Pollan book would have been the prize of my year, were I to find it waiting under my Christmas tree or unwrap it upon my birthday. Now I can preorder from Amazon before the ink is even dry on the pages there in the book machine. I also used to thrill at receiving necessary items as presents, like simple socks or work gloves. Nowadays I have too many gloves. I purchase leather gloves online that appear to be a good deal or just because I like their look. Their nice cut. Well-shaped fingers. Add to Shopping Cart. Click to Complete Order. Here they come.

Prosperity is a good thing, right? Having too many gloves is a state of affairs preferable to working one's hands raw, yes? Absolutely. But for me, "too many gloves" is symptomatic of a larger deficit that I don't feel good about. Because I find that the greater ease with which such bounty is purchased, the less significance it has when given. This is why I try harder at gifts.

My first line of offense is simply understanding the impact of a little time spent. Even writing out a thoughtful or funny



card goes a lot further than a “cute top” purchased from that popular garment-shopping website.

Need help? Go to your printer. There’s paper in there. Fold one sheet in half and draw a heart on the front. Open it up and write *I love you* on the inside. Sign your name. You will get kissed—big time.

You want the bonus round? Fill the card with a poem or a joke or a few verses of your own. Not only is it apparent that you took the time to select your words and commit them to paper, but now you force the reader to pause in his or her rhythm and consider what you were trying to accomplish with them. That transaction between the two of you is the gift.

Once you’ve mastered the card, take it up a notch to handmade gifts. Don’t have the budget to take up woodworking or chandlery? Step up to some tasty papier-mâché. You make just enough of a mess to know you’ve achieved something. Making gifts is also a great way to perpetuate a hobby in a productive way, and a solid hobby can keep you out of your significant other’s hair. What do you know? That’s another gift!

No matter how you decide to spend a little more time on your gesture of giving, the point is just quite simply that you do. You don’t have to give a person a papier-mâché canoe to get a reaction. But you won’t be sorry if you do. **R**

READER'S DIGEST PRESENTS

HOLLYWOOD 360

Classic shows and memories of a lifetime

"Hi-Yo Silver,  
AWAAYYY!"

And many more Classic TV Favorites!



Digitally restored for enhanced viewing experience

**SPECIAL OFFER!**  
Exclusively for the readers of  
**Reader's Digest**

Any boxed set, at the lowest price available, now only

**\$29<sup>99</sup>\***

Buy two or more box sets and get 10 Classic Radio Shows on 5 CDs **FREE!** (a \$19.99 value)

Now you can own the best classic TV episodes of all-time in these incredible 50-episode collections! Each collection includes 50 TV episodes (25 hrs of shows) on 6 long-playing DVDs in a collector-quality boxed set.

**Choose from 4 different Box Sets:**

✓ **50 Classic TV's All-Time Favorites**

Dick Van Dyke, Dragnet, The Lone Ranger and more

✓ **50 Classic TV's Comedy Favorites**

Beverly Hillbillies, Burns & Allen, Jack Benny and more

✓ **50 Classic TV's Mystery/Detective**

Sherlock Holmes, Gang Busters, Decoy and more

✓ **50 Classic TV's Western Favorites**

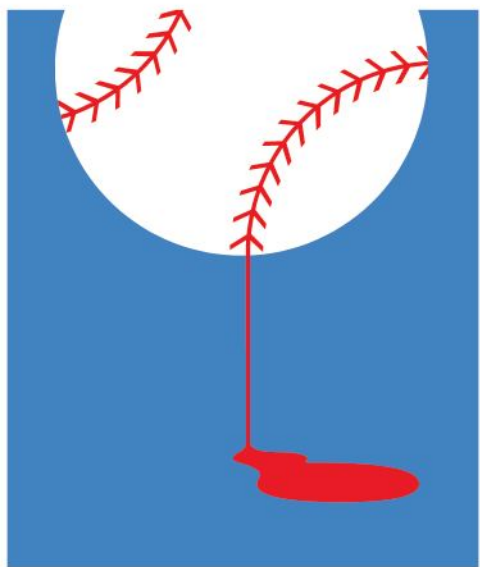
Bonanza, The Rifleman, Roy Rogers and more

**ORDER TODAY** - Talk to a Live operator 24/7 Toll Free **1-888-357-0333**

\* + \$5.99 shipping and handling on any size order.

View full episode listings and order at: [www.50TVClassics.com](http://www.50TVClassics.com)

Reader's Digest is a registered trademark of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc.



An unlucky onlooker is hit in the face by a wayward baseball. Can she sue and win?

## The Case Of the Fan In the Line Of Fire

BY VICKI GLEBOCKI

BY THE TIME Tracy DeBrigida arrived at the field, her 13-year-old son's baseball game had already started. There were no bleachers and not a lot of open places to sit, so she laid out her blanket against a fence behind the first base line. The fields near Palmer Elementary School in Easton, Pennsylvania, were packed on this July 2009 morning. At least six games were already under way in the first round of a Little League tournament organized by the Lehigh Valley Stealth baseball team.

Just as Tracy arrived, the teams began warming up for the second inning, and she chatted with her

husband, John, both then 39, who was first base coach. Suddenly, John heard a ball slam against something. He figured it had hit the fence—until he turned around and saw Tracy doubled over with blood covering her face. The shortstop had thrown wide to the first baseman, and the ball had struck Tracy on her right cheek. The impact broke her cheekbone, nose, and orbital bone, and it cracked her jaw.

Her recovery took months and included surgery to have titanium plates implanted in her cheek and behind her eye. Because Tracy is a stay-at-home mom, John



had to take off from work at his construction company to help care for their three children. Although the tournament's insurance paid Tracy's medical expenses, John says, "I couldn't even put a value on all those nights she spent crying and me losing so much income.

"I could never catch up," he added. "I had to give up my company."

Two years after the accident, on June 20, 2011, the DeBrigidas filed a suit against the Lehigh Valley Stealth baseball team, claiming in part that the organizers had failed to "cordon off a spectator area so that the spectators would not be in the 'line of fire'" and had failed to

"secure appropriate equipment that would block errant throws from striking spectators."

Lehigh Valley Stealth's attorneys responded with a motion to dismiss the case on summary judgment, arguing that their clients were not liable under the "no duty rule," which "provides that a defendant owes no duty of care to warn, protect, or insure against risks which are 'common, frequent, and expected' and 'inherent' in an activity."

*Were tournament organizers negligent for not adequately protecting spectators during the baseball game? You be the judge.*



## THE VERDICT

On March 6, 2013, a Lehigh Valley judge threw out the case. "Foul balls, wild throws, and the odd bounce are all part of the game," the judge ruled. The DeBrigidas appealed to the Pennsylvania Superior Court, arguing that unlike at professional games, where a disclaimer is commonly displayed on the back of the ticket, their son's tournament sold no tickets; therefore, there was no disclaimer. Moreover, in a deposition, the Stealth team's president admitted that they never considered the safety of spectators on the first base side of the field. The judge wasn't swayed: "We decline to hold that [the defendants] owed a duty to ensure the spectator area was situated a specified distance away from the field or to erect a protective screen." On December 31, 2013, the case was dismissed again. More than four years after the incident, John DeBrigida says that at games, "sometimes my wife is so afraid she's going to get hit that she sits in the car." **R**

**Agree? Disagree? Sound off at [rd.com/judge](http://rd.com/judge).**





# FACES OF AMERICA

BY GLENN GLASSER

## Ross Flynn

SAXAPAHAW,  
NORTH CAROLINA

“My parents were a lawyer and a teacher. One of my brothers is a lawyer and a teacher, and the other is a lawyer married to a teacher! And then there’s me—the butcher ... I thought we had enough lawyers in the family.”

# The two most

...Disney *and*  
vacation.

HALI BAHNS

Springfield, OR

...serendipity  
*and* bacon.

TRISAUNIA LUKACH

Layton, UT

...luminescent  
*and* harmony.

SARAH MARGARET

...cancer  
free.

BETHINA SAMPSON

...children *and*  
grandchildren.

CYNTHIA HELZER

Glendora, CA

...you're  
hired.

JULIE HERMS

...cold  
beer.

JOE FLORES

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

# beautiful words are...

...flourish *and*  
passion.

JOSH SMITH

...fiftieth  
anniversary.

JEFF NELSON

St. Cloud, MN

Plymouth, MA

Sandy Hook, CT

Sylvania, OH

Greensburg, PA

Kansas City, KS

Seymour, IN

Maria  
Stein, OH

...peace  
*and* love.

ANDREA SANTELLA

...precipice *and*  
befuddlement.

DAN GARMAN

...inalienable  
rights.

MIKE PACEK

Cypress, TX

...you're  
forgiven.

SALLY POND

...opening  
night.

SHERRY COHEN  
MARKOWITZ


Longwood, FL

Tamarac, FL

To Janine Benyus, nature is the great inventor

# Spiderwebs and Other Inspirations

BY ANDY SIMMONS

 **BIOLOGIST** Janine Benyus likes to tell stories about using nature to solve our problems. For instance, a company called Arnold Glas was concerned about all the birds killed when they fly into windows. The company's scientists asked, How has nature solved this kind of problem? The answer, Benyus says, is spiders. "Spiders build webs for bugs," she explains. "But birds obviously would destroy the webs, so spiders weave in strands of silk that reflect UV light. Birds can see it, but bugs and humans can't." So the company includes UV-reflective material in its Ornilux glass. "Now it sells bird-safe windows," says Benyus.

With that, she illustrates the big idea behind "biomimicry" (the term she coined in 1997): that humans can borrow the best ideas from the natural world. Her consulting firm, Biomimicry 3.8, works with major

corporations, like Nike, GE, and Boeing, as they look to the earth to create smarter products and services.

*You've said, "If something can't be found in nature, there's probably a good reason for its absence."*

*Can you explain this?*

Ninety-nine percent of all species that existed on earth are extinct. The 1 percent here are the ones that work best. Think of our planet as a research-and-development lab in which the best ideas have moved forward, and the ones that used too much energy or materials or were toxic were dropped. What you wind up with are organisms that are efficient.

*Do those organisms include humans?*

No. Humans have been around for only 200,000 years, as opposed to the 3.8 billion years that life has existed



on earth. I see us as toddlers with matches. We're experimental; we try a lot of things because we can. But at this point, we have to ask ourselves as a species: Do we want to be here 1,000 generations from now? If so, we need to choose things that are good for life. I think we can invent things that don't have negative consequences. Other people are more

pessimistic than I am; I'm optimistic by choice because I believe that pessimism doesn't do a whole heck of a lot of good. I work with large companies, and they're all trying to figure out how to do what they do and make profits without penalties and harmful consequences.

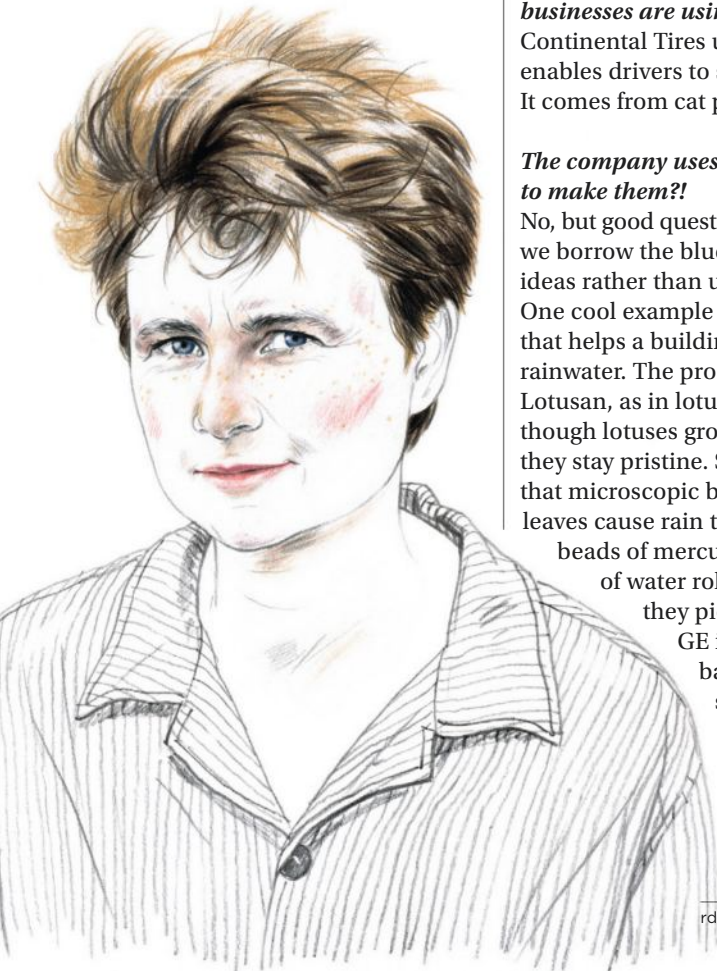
***What's an example of how businesses are using biomimicry?***

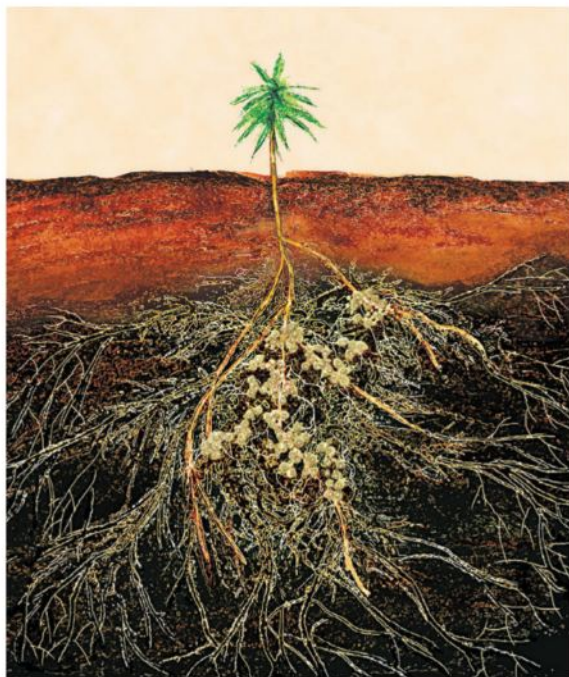
Continental Tires uses a tread that enables drivers to stop on a dime. It comes from cat paws.

***The company uses actual cat paws to make them?!***

No, but good question. In biomimicry, we borrow the blueprints and ideas rather than use nature itself. One cool example is a new paint that helps a building clean itself with rainwater. The product is called Lotusan, as in lotus leaves. Even though lotuses grow in the mud, they stay pristine. Scientists found that microscopic bumps on the leaves cause rain to form balls like beads of mercury. As these balls of water roll off the leaves, they pick up the dirt.

GE is making bottles based on the leaves so that if you have ketchup or mustard in them, you can pour out every single drop.





**If caterpillars eat one tree's leaves, other trees are warned, thanks to mycorrhizal fungus.**

interconnected network—the Wood Wide Web, it's been called—and trees and plants can share nutrients, sugars, and water with others a half acre away.

***How would an ordinary person use biomimicry?***

I'll give you an example. I wanted to plant willow trees around my pond in Montana, and I wondered, How far

back from the water's edge should they go? I went online for the answer, and then I realized, I'm surrounded by ponds. Why don't I look at where the willows are doing well and see where I should plant mine?

***I would've Googled it too.***

But isn't that crazy? The thing with biomimicry is to think functionally. When I built my house, I looked at how the ground squirrels on my property ventilated their dens. They build these long underground chambers. There's a mound with an entrance on one end and a taller

***What one plant or animal do you consider the star, the one that we can learn from the most?***

Mycorrhizal fungus. It's everywhere, and without it, we couldn't exist. If you look at the roots of plants and trees, you'll often see this white cobwebby stuff. This fungus works in partnership with plants and trees. It can't get sunlight, since it's underground, but trees can, and they use the sun to produce sugars, which they send down to the fungi. Trees can't get phosphorous, but the fungi can, so they give it to the trees. In forests, this fungus creates an

mound with an entrance at the other end. The wind zips through the taller mound, creating a vacuum that pulls air through the chambers, ventilating them. I told our architect I wanted to do this, and he put a cupola with windows at the top of the house. When I open the doors, the breezes go through the cupola and suck the air through the house, ventilating it.

***What's your holy grail?***

I'd like us to become a species that not only fits in but contributes. Forests clean the water for cities, but whom do cities clean the water for? Nobody. No species gets to live here for long without figuring out how to create conditions conducive to the life of the whole ecosystem. And it's doable. The Bank of America building in New York has a filtration system that leaves the air cleaner than when it enters. Cities could build permeable sidewalks so rain-water would seep into the pavement

and into the soil, cleaning it. It's about mimicking the wild land next door. The cool thing about nature's technologies is that they don't come from outer space. They're here because they work well on earth.



***Humans have been around for only 200,000 years. I see us as toddlers with matches.***

***Is there one ability you'd personally like to borrow from the natural world?***

I'd love to run off the mountains, spread my wings, and fly. And you know what else I wish I could do? Swim deep underwater without a tank and just take air out of the water like

a fish. I'd love that: to fly in the air and to fly in the water!

***What would you say to a skeptic who asks, "What's so great about nature anyway?"***

We *are* nature, but we're really young. Our biological elders are wise. I tip my hat to anything that has lived on earth for the long haul and succeeded. **R**



**RIDDLE ME THIS**

**QUESTION:** I have two heads yet one thin neck. Every so often, you come to check: just how far I've gone and how long till I'm done. The more still I stand, the faster I run. What am I?

**ANSWER:** An hourglass.



# Points to Ponder

---

**THE SOLUTION TO THE** gender divide in housework generally is just that simple: Don't bother. Leave the stairs untidy. Don't fix the garden gate ... Never make the bed. A clean house is the sign of a wasted life, truly.

**STEPHEN MARCHE,**  
*novelist, in the New York Times*

**WOMEN'S MAGAZINES** aren't really about what women want at all but about *what men want of women* and therefore what women *should* want. According to these magazines, women are expected to be strong yet soft, intelligent, but not more so than the man, wild yet domestic.

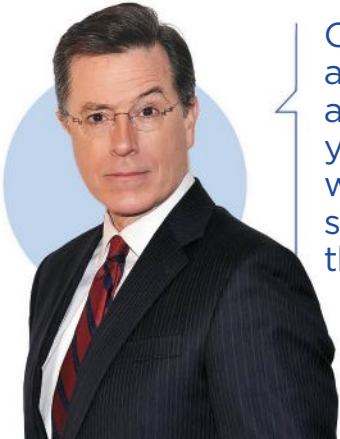
**KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR,**  
*retired NBA player, in Esquire*

**WE HAVE BECOME** a nation of promiscuous punctuators ... When a single point denotes basic human warmth, more points are needed to convey enthusiasm (!!), even more to convey excitement (!!!), and more still to convey giddiness (Prime Rib Saturday!!!!).

**MEGAN GARBER,**  
*columnist, in the Atlantic*

**HISTORIES OF ABOLITION,** the civil rights movement, even environmentalism, don't begin with people who are powerful, realistic, or even normal. They begin with people who don't know better and who find the world they are born into intolerable.

**JEDEDIAH PURDY,**  
*law professor, in the Daily Beast*



Coming home, pouring yourself a glass of wine, and sitting there and having a conversation with your kid about how their day was: It's not dramatic, it doesn't seem exciting, but it's probably the nicest part [of parenting].

**STEPHEN COLBERT,**  
*political satirist, on buzzfeed.com*





Save your shoes. Save them all ... Like music, they can take you back to certain moments, certain people, certain memories.

**DIANE KEATON,**

*actress*, from her book *Let's Just Say It Wasn't Pretty*

**UNDER AN ENDLESS RAIN** of cosmic dust, the air is full of pollen, micro-diamonds, and jewels from other planets ... People go about their lives surrounded by the unseeable.

**LOUIE SCHWARTZBERG,**

*documentary filmmaker*, in a talk on [ted.com](http://ted.com)

**NOTHING HAS EVER** given us as much pleasure as our pocket money when we were 12 or our first wage at the end of that first exhausting week ... Now we're ten times richer, but we're not ten times happier.

**A. A. GILL,**

*columnist*, in *Vanity Fair*

**THE QUESTION THAT** consumers should always ask is: Is the value of what I'm revealing worth the services I'm receiving in return?

**EVAN SELINGER,**

*philosopher*, in *New Scientist*

**I'M SORRY TO REPORT** that I've gotten feedback from actual politicians that [my show *Veep* is] exceptionally realistic. I guess they're responding to the very human, fairly raw, somewhat wicked, and very incompetent face we put on the world of politics.

**JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS,**


*actress*, in *Fast Company*

I didn't think much about the future when I was a child ... But to the extent that I did imagine a future, it held an ever-widening range for my explorations—more hills and valleys, shorelines and dunes.

**BARBARA EHRENREICH,**

*author*, from her book *Living with a Wild God*



 **Think up! Get our daily Points to Ponder e-mail at [rd.com/ptp](http://rd.com/ptp).**

# Your True Stories

IN 100 WORDS

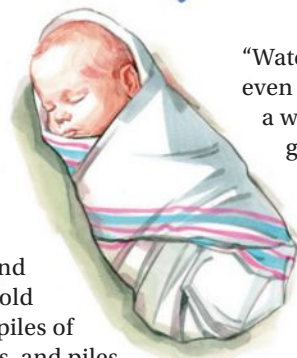
## I SAY HELLO

There she was. Beautiful, gentle, funny, and kind. Hands shaking, voice cracking, I say hello. Now we are married, with a house, a dog, and an amazing two-year-old son. Piles of laundry, piles of diapers, piles of dishes, and piles of laughter are all around us. Do we really want another? Yes, we do. My wife, tired and uncomfortable from this second pregnancy, says it's time. Hand in hand, we make it to the hospital. A little while later, I see her. There she was. Beautiful, gentle, a miracle. Hands shaking, voice cracking, tears streaming, I say hello.

PATRICK WRIGHT, *Powder Springs, Georgia*

## RACCOON STEW

“We’re having raccoon stew. I scraped it off the road.” He’d laugh. As a little girl, I’d run screaming from him. As the years passed, roadkill jokes became paramount. I began to join in. We would gross each other out, a game that yielded two winners, me and my grandfather. As illness slowly began to take him from me, we’d say,



“Watch out for those raccoons,” even when his voice became a whisper. My beloved grandfather passed away on January 17, 2011. We had never said “I love you.” We always let the raccoons do the talking.

TRESA MATULEWICZ,  
*Altamont, New York*

## “HER CHEEKS ARE PINK!”

At 23, I had a new six-inch scar across my abdomen, and it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I had endured two years of end-stage kidney failure. My journey began with disbelief, shifted into determination, and culminated with my younger sister, my hero, saving my life. After the successful kidney transplant, a nurse wheeled her hospital bed into my room. My pale complexion had already changed, and my sister’s first words were “Her cheeks are pink!” Her kidney was working behind my beautiful new scar ... and still is, 11 years later. Thank you, Shannon!

ALISON LIVINGSTON, *Saline, Michigan*

Send us your true story of 100 words or fewer—it might be worth \$100. Go to [rd.com/stories](http://rd.com/stories) for details.

**A "LITERARY GEM" OF A BOOK BY M. C. DYE**

# Assumptions Can Mislead

## *Failures in Health Care and Elsewhere*

This book was awarded Trafford Publishing's Gold Seal of Literary Excellence because of a fine review from the US Review of Books. The review notes that this is "a great book for nurses, doctors, and other health care professionals." Through engaging, stunning, and riveting true stories, the author shows how unrecognized, incorrect assumptions can cause mistakes, misunderstandings, and tragic outcomes in our lives. The stories show our need to be respected and understood, the assumptions we make and how we can recognize incorrect assumptions before we make them.

## Assumptions Can Mislead

### *Failures in Health Care and Elsewhere*

\* \* \*



**M. C. DYE**

From the first sentence of the first chapter to the last sentence of the last chapter, these stories illustrate how incorrect assumptions can affect all of us. All of the stories are true, some comic, some tragic. M.C. Dye is a consummate storyteller who uses the stories to show how we can avoid making incorrect assumptions in our everyday lives.

\* \* \*

Paperback 246 pages \$16.95  
ISBN 978-1-4669-8769-2

\* \* \*

Available from:  
Your Local Bookstores  
Trafford Publishing  
**1-888-232-4444**  
[www.trafford.com](http://www.trafford.com)

Amazon  
Barnes & Noble

\* \* \*

Signed copies of book available exclusively from:  
The Country Bookseller  
**(603) 569-6030**  
[www.thecountrybookseller.com](http://www.thecountrybookseller.com)

 **Trafford**  
PUBLISHING

BUNDLE YOUR HOME AND AUTO TOGETHER  
AND YOU COULD SAVE A BUNDLE.  
I THINK THAT'S A HAIKU.



IF YOU ASK ME, **SAVING MONEY**  
SHOULD BE AS EASY AS **BUNDLING**

Insure your home and auto together and you could be saving in no time. You can even get a quote for both at once. Doesn't get much simpler than that! Bundling to help you save more. Now that's Progressive.

1.800.PROGRESSIVE | PROGRESSIVE.COM

Auto insurance is provided by Progressive Casualty Ins. Co. & affiliates and prices vary based on how you buy. Home insurance is placed through Progressive Specialty Insurance Agency, Inc. with select insurers, which are not affiliated with Progressive, are solely responsible for servicing and claims, and pay the agency commission for policies sold. Prices, coverages, privacy policies, and commission rates vary among these insurers, which include Homesite Group Inc., IDS Property Casualty Co., ASI Lloyds, and their affiliates.

# ART *of* LIVING

A retired Navy SEAL reflects on the fateful talk that transformed his life. Now he helps others ...

## Learn to Take a Stand

BY MARK DIVINE

FROM THE BOOK *THE WAY OF THE SEAL*

IT WAS SEPTEMBER 1990. I stood in front of 300 visitors, staff, and students at the Naval Special Warfare Center for graduation, on the verge of becoming a bona fide rootin'-tootin', parachutin', deep-diving, demo-jiving, running, gunning Navy SEAL frogman.

Only months earlier, I'd been in New York City, the perfect overachieving guy living the prototypical American dream.

After college, I had blithely entered the corporate world of accounting and consulting, where I'd racked up credentials and ➤➤



set my sights on a moneyed future. But after some years, I found myself unhappy with the daily grind, feeling more at peace during intense workouts at the dojo or running through the early-morning streets.

## Moment of Reckoning

During one of my runs, I noticed a poster for the SEALs outside a Navy recruitment office. Be Someone Special, its alluring message read. I felt drawn to the idea of serving others, excited when I imagined challenging myself on a team full of those who shared similar values. My decision was anything but clear, however, until I worked with my final client, Kane.

The Long Island family-run paper company produced packaging used by defense contractors to ship large aerospace components. In 1988, these big contractors were exposed as having possibly bribed government officials, and smaller subcontractors such as Kane had gotten swept up in the investigation. The IRS hired my firm to dig up and analyze reams of data to audit Kane.

“These guys are gonna kill this business and Dad in the process,” I heard Joe Kane say through the office walls one afternoon. The founder’s son was talking on the phone to his family, who were all desperately trying to keep the company afloat as Kane Sr. fought a sudden cancer brought on, the family believed, by the extreme

stress of the audit. Sure enough, a month later, Mr. Kane passed away.

I felt as if I’d personally killed the guy. We could’ve completed our work in three months, but our bosses kept sending us to the company and billing the hours because they had the IRS behind them. The way we were bleeding this company horrified me. We hadn’t found anything incriminating. I decided then to commit to serve in the Navy as a SEAL officer. I resigned immediately.

A year later, I was graduating from training. One hundred and eighty candidates had started six months earlier. Of the 19 who graduated, I finished at the top. I beamed as Captain Huth, commanding officer of BUD/S (Basic Underwater Demolition/SEAL) training, pinned the coveted Trident—the gold insignia worn by a Navy SEAL—on my uniform.

I went on to have a career as a Navy SEAL and an entrepreneur who has started six successful multimillion-dollar ventures. With more than 20 years of experience, I’ve been fortunate to observe true leadership in the military, in business, and in life.

I’ve noticed that leadership is not a skill. It’s character. Successful, happy, and fulfilled people embody core values such as honor, courage, and commitment to personal excellence. Real leaders command from the heart. They’ve developed an ethical code that makes them both a good

teammate and a good leader. When things go wrong, they look within and seek to be better people. Authentic leadership starts with knowing your stand—your purpose in life, against which you will measure all decisions.

## Face-to-Face with My Commander

Toward the end of my SEAL training, the six-foot-four-inch über-fit SEAL commander called me into his office. I found myself on the receiving end of the famous SEAL “thousand-mile stare” for ten full minutes. Suddenly his voice broke the silence.

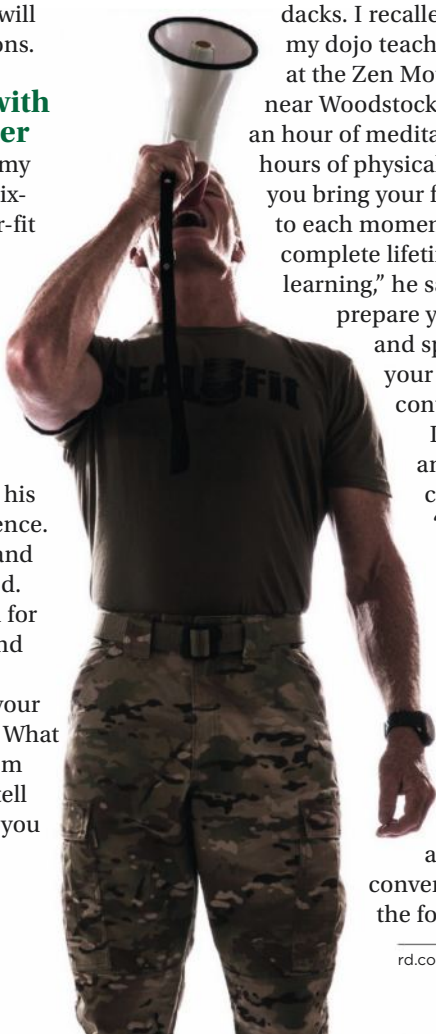
“What do you stand for, Mark?” he asked.

“Ah, well, I stand for justice, integrity, and leadership,” I said.

“I didn’t ask for your vanilla values, son! What are your rock-bottom beliefs? Don’t just tell me what you think you should believe in.”

I reflected more deeply. A stand, I

*Happy, fulfilled people embody core values such as honor and courage.*



suspected, was your character speaking. I thought about my upbringing, all the sports I’d played, my education, the long treks I’d taken with my father in the Adirondacks. I recalled a lecture by my dojo teacher one weekend at the Zen Mountain Monastery near Woodstock, New York, after an hour of meditation and two hours of physical training. “When you bring your full attention to each moment, a day is a complete lifetime of living and learning,” he said. “You must prepare your mind, body, and spirit. In this way, your destiny is in your control.”

I found my voice and said to the commander, “Destiny favors the prepared in mind, body, and spirit.”

“OK!” he said, his stern expression warming up a bit. “Now we’re getting somewhere.”

Later I thought about this fateful conversation and wrote the following stand:

- Destiny will favor me if I am prepared in mind, body, and spirit.
- I must work harder than expected and be more patient than others.
- Leadership is a privilege, not a right.
- As a warrior, I will be the last to pick up the sword but will fight to protect myself, my family, and my country.
- I will find happiness through seeking truth, wisdom, and love and not by chasing thrills, wealth, titles, or fame.
- I will seek to improve myself, my team, and the world every day.

Most of us don't take the time to think deeply about our personal ethos. I didn't, until forced to by the good commander. However, once I was able to articulate it, the stand became a powerful guiding force. When faced with difficult decisions, I would fall back on my stand. If a potential choice placed me outside it, I wouldn't do it.

## A Powerful Foundation

I now coach people from all walks of life to help them reach their full potential. These exercises can help you be a more thoughtful and empowered version of yourself.

### ■ 1: WRITE YOUR STAND

Sit in a comfortable place with a journal. Close your eyes and breathe

with deep abdominal breaths for five minutes. Contemplate these questions: What would I do if ...

- I knew I had only one year to live?
- A natural disaster struck my town?
- A friend asked me to help him move, but I really wanted to go see a movie that night?



*Most of us don't think deeply about our personal ethos. But it's a powerful force.*

- I found out a favorite brand was exploiting workers or using environmentally destructive practices?
- I won the lottery?
- An opportunity for an inside deal came my way with no chance of anyone finding out?
- My team was bashing a teammate behind his back in my presence?

Think about what your answers say about your character. If your friend asks you to help him move, and you answer, “Sorry, but I have plans,” that could indicate you are operating out of selfish needs rather than holding a team focus. As you work through the questions, you'll learn about your deeper self and identify areas where you may want to improve. Your stand should suggest those character traits you want to embody, even if you aren't 100 percent there right now.

### ■ 2: DEFINE YOUR VALUES

Values answer the question, What do I want more—or less—of in my life?



# NATROL®

A Healthy Family™

#1 Selling 5-HTP\*  
Clinically shown to have  
better and faster absorption†



## Rise & Shine with All Day Mood Support!



Natrol® 5-HTP is extracted from the seeds of the African *Griffonia simplicifolia* – a natural source of one of the body's most important mood stabilizers. Use Natrol®, makers of the #1 selling 5-HTP, for a more positive outlook, calm relaxation and greater appetite control.†

Visit [Natrol.com](http://Natrol.com) to learn more.

**CVS/pharmacy**

**GNC**  
LIVE WELL

**RITE**  
**AID**  
PHARMACY

**amazon.com**

Selection varies by store.

With us, it's personal.

\*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. These products are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

†Based in part on data reported by Information Resources, Inc. through its InfoScan Reviews service of Total U.S. Multi-Outlet unit sales of Melatonin sales for data ending 3/23/14.

‡Natrol 5-HTP 100mg Fast Dissolve tablets were found to be significantly superior to 5-HTP regular tablets in the rate and extent of absorption in a small-scale randomized, crossover study.

©2014 Natrol, Inc.

Clarifying them helps you stand your ground every day. Leadership, teamwork, family, and faith are a given. Focus on intimate traits that will make you a better, stronger person. To guide you, here are mine:

#### I WANT TO BE MORE:

- Healthy and positive
- Loving and passionate
- Wise and authentic
- Grateful and truthful
- Playful and fun
- Learning and growing
- Bold and decisive
- Contributive to others

#### I WANT TO BE LESS:

- Negative and judgmental
- Attached and cluttered
- Selfish

I move toward “healthy and positive” whenever I eat well, hydrate, think of my health, meditate, or train. Such small steps make it easy for me to turn values into a habit, thus forging new character traits.

#### ■ 3: DISCOVER YOUR PASSION

Clarifying what you’re passionate about lets you put energy toward more of it. Your passions answer the question, Who am I at my deepest level? Ask yourself:

- What books, movies, art, or music gets me pumped?
- Who inspires me, and why?
- What characteristics do I have

that make me feel great about myself?

- What activities would I do if I had more time and no barriers?
- What is meaningful about them?
- What benefit to others do these activities or characteristics provide?
- Could I make the world even a tiny bit better by focusing more on these?
- What would it take to get me to step into the arena of just one of these activities?

If you find your answers skewing negatively—for example, if you see no benefit to others in your activities or don’t see yourself effecting change in the world in even a small way—you’ve stumbled upon an opportunity for deep reflection.

#### ■ 4: UNCOVER YOUR PURPOSE

This final step is often the most difficult for my trainees. Armed with your self-awareness from other exercises, contemplate all the life paths that look, feel, or sound as if they’re in line with your passion, values, and stand. Write a few sentences or paragraphs defining your purpose in life. Refine it as new insights roll in. I check in with my purpose daily. **R**



Think like a SEAL! Mark Divine offers more than 30 mental exercises to become your best self in *The Way of the SEAL* (Reader’s Digest, \$21.99); available wherever books are sold.

# CONNECTIONS:

Your link to values and insights each month

## The First Laundry Detergent Powerful Enough to be Called OxiClean™!

New OxiClean™ Laundry Detergent harnesses three powerful, color-safe stain fighters to help lift out tough, dried-on stains. Try it today for a deep clean inside and out!

[OxiClean.com](http://OxiClean.com)



## Tiny New Affordable Digital Hearing Aid

MDHearingAid® AIR is doctor designed and FDA registered. Experience topline natural clarity like expensive devices for 90% less.

**1.800.873.0541** One Year  
**FREE** Batteries with code **AD64**

[MDHearingAid/AIR.com](http://MDHearingAid/AIR.com)

MDHearingAid® 

## Live the Traveler's Life

Enjoy the freedom of guided travel with Collette. Save up to **\$400** per person by mentioning Reader's Digest or the offer code **ESP0-AX1-918**.

Visit:

[GoCollette.com/Readersdigest](http://GoCollette.com/Readersdigest)  
or call **877-951-8687**

  
guided by travel

## Are Your Joints Ready for Action?

Osteo Bi-Flex® supplies your body with the nutrition it needs to help nurture and defend your joints, so you are always ready for action\*.

[OsteoBiflex.com](http://OsteoBiflex.com)



Individual results may vary.

\*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. These products are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

5-LOXIN® ADVANCED is a trademark of PL Thomas - Laila Nutra, LLC. U.S. Patent #8,551,496 and patents pending. ©2013 Rexall Sundown, Inc. Δ Refers to level of key ingredients in each individual tablet.

## Reclaim Your Freedom and Independence - 30-Day RISK-FREE TRIAL

The INOGEN ONE portable oxygen concentrator is designed to provide unparalleled freedom for oxygen therapy users. It's small, lightweight, clinically proven for stationary and portable use, and can go virtually anywhere.

[inogen.com/rd](http://inogen.com/rd)



## Finally, a Solution for Dry, Cracked Heels

Callex Ointment exfoliates, softens and moisturizes dry heels in just one step with natural exfoliating enzymes. No more scraping! In footcare at Walgreens and Rite Aid. Online at [Walmart.com](http://Walmart.com). Money-back guaranteed.



go to [readersdigest.com](http://readersdigest.com) for more!

# Your Food Fears Get A Reality Check

Which ones should you worry about?

BY DAVID SCHARDT

FROM NUTRITION ACTION HEALTHLETTER

## Unwashed Bagged Greens Aren't Safe

### DON'T WORRY

U.S. companies recalled bagged salad greens at least eight times in 2012, usually because of contamination from listeria bacteria (luckily, there were no reported illnesses).

But washing bagged greens that say *washed* on the label doesn't help ... and may hurt. "Once disease-causing bacteria become attached to leafy greens, it's difficult to remove them by rinsing with water," says Food and Drug Administration produce-safety expert Michelle Smith.

"The greater likelihood is that you'll make a safe product unsafe because of cross-contamination with bacteria from your fingers, cutting boards, countertops, or the sink," adds Smith. Do watch out for spoilage, though—produce is more susceptible to pathogens when its surface starts breaking down.



PROP STYLIST: SARA FOLDENAUER FOR KATE RYAN

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** Don't rewash bagged, prewashed greens. As for spoilage, "I would look carefully at the leaves at the top of the bag as I pull them out," says Smith. "If they are starting to spoil, I would discard the entire bag. If the bulk of the lettuce appears sound and there are a few spoiled leaves at the bottom of the bag, I might use what's at the top and discard the slimy leaves and any leaves they may have touched."

## Arsenic in Rice May Cause Cancer

### WORRY A LITTLE

We Americans ingest an average of 25 pounds of rice a year—and a portion of that comes from drinking beer. Yes, rice is a staple in our diet. But is it a safe one? *Consumer Reports* recently found "troubling" levels of inorganic arsenic, a known human carcinogen, in almost every rice-containing food it tested. This poisonous element is in a wide range of foods—including fruits, vegetables, and grains. But rice takes up arsenic from soil and water more readily than other grains do.

Health-conscious consumers rely on brown rice, which has even more arsenic. In the *Consumer Reports* tests, a quarter cup of uncooked white rice had from roughly 1 to 7 micrograms of inorganic arsenic, while brown rice had from 4 to 10 micrograms. Why the difference?

Brown rice tends to have more arsenic because the metal concentrates in the outer layers, which are burnished off in white rice.

What about rice cakes? They contained from 2 to 8 micrograms per serving, while hot and ready-to-eat rice cereals had 2 to 7 micrograms. These levels are at least five times higher than those found in other cereals, such as oatmeal.

Studies show that people exposed to large amounts of arsenic for many years are more likely to die of cancer. In Bangladesh, people who drank tap water that contained 50 to 149 micrograms of arsenic per liter for 20 to 30 years, for example, were 44 percent more likely to die of cancer than those who drank water with less arsenic.

Americans are exposed to much lower levels. (The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency limits the total amount of arsenic in drinking water to 10 micrograms per liter.) But our total risk is unclear. There isn't enough data to set a limit on inorganic arsenic in food, says the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences.

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** Until more studies are done, curb your consumption of arsenic. The less you ingest, the better. *Consumer Reports* recommends that adults eat no more than 1½ to 2 cups of cooked (brown or white) rice a week. And here's a way to lessen risk: Rinse your rice,

cook it in six parts water to one part rice until it reaches eating texture, and then pour off the extra water. This can remove about half the arsenic.

## Farmed Salmon Can Be Contaminated

### WORRY

"We found that farmed salmon contained seven to ten times higher levels of PCBs, dioxins, and pesticides than wild salmon did," said David Carpenter of the State University of New York at Albany about ten years ago, after he and his colleagues analyzed 700 farmed and wild salmon samples that had been bought in 2002. Farmed salmon absorb PCBs and other industrial chemicals from the fish meal and fish oil they're fed.

Are the salmon cleaner now? No one has tested enough fish to know. "I'm not aware of other studies that have systematically analyzed farmed salmon for contaminants since our work," says Carpenter, who is now director of his university's Institute for Health and the Environment.

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** Until more studies are done, err on the side of

caution, and don't eat farmed salmon more than once a month. Buy wild salmon (even the canned kind) whenever possible.

## Meat Glue Is Dangerous

### WORRY A LITTLE

If you've attended a wedding reception or conference where every piece of beef looked exactly the same, you've probably ingested one of two enzymes that some call meat glue.

Transglutaminase, which is produced by bacteria, and beef fibrin, which is extracted from cow's blood, can seamlessly bind pieces of meat to make a bunch of small bits look like steak.

The enzymes themselves are harmless. What's dicey is the fate of any disease-causing bacteria that might be on the outside of meat that ends up "glued" on the inside.

Normally, bacteria on the surface of steaks and roasts are killed when the meat is seared, roasted, or grilled. "But using meat glue can move that surface inside, where it might not be cooked thoroughly enough to kill bacteria," says Sarah Klein, an attorney and food-safety



advocate at the Center for Science in the Public Interest.

You're most likely to find transglutaminase and beef fibrin in food served at events like conferences and weddings. You probably won't run into them at the supermarket.

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** Meat glue may raise food-poisoning risk. Klein's advice: "If you're eating at a wedding, conference, or other function, it's safest to order your beef medium or well-done."

## Nonstick Cookware Fumes Are Toxic

### DON'T WORRY

You may have heard that your nonstick cookware heats up a hazard to your health. The villain: PFOA, a compound that the Environmental Protection Agency is studying as a suspected human carcinogen. Some companies use PFOA to help their nonstick coatings spread evenly over the cookware. Most of the substance is burned off before the cookware leaves the factory.

With funding from Consumers Union, Kurunthachalam Kannan of the New York State Department of Health and his coworkers found that new nonstick cookware heated to a range of 356°F to 444°F did emit PFOA, both into the air and into water being heated in the cookware. But the amounts were "very little," varied

dramatically from brand to brand, and declined with each use of some brands. (The study didn't name any of the brands tested.)

"The highest level was around 100 times lower than what published animal studies suggest are levels of concern," concluded [consumerreports.org](http://consumerreports.org).

Some people also worry that nonstick coatings, when heated, can break down and release toxic particles and fumes. That occurs only when the cookware is heated to more than 500°F.

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** There's no need to throw out your nonstick cookware. Just keep the burner within the manufacturer's limits.

## Raw Bean Sprouts Can Make You Sick

### WORRY

Data suggest that among produce, undercooked sprouts are a common cause of foodborne illness. "There have been at least 35 outbreaks from contaminated sprouts since the mid-1990s," says Smith. The primary culprits: salmonella and *E. coli*. The only way to kill any bacteria that may be present is to thoroughly cook the sprouts, say, by stir-frying or boiling.

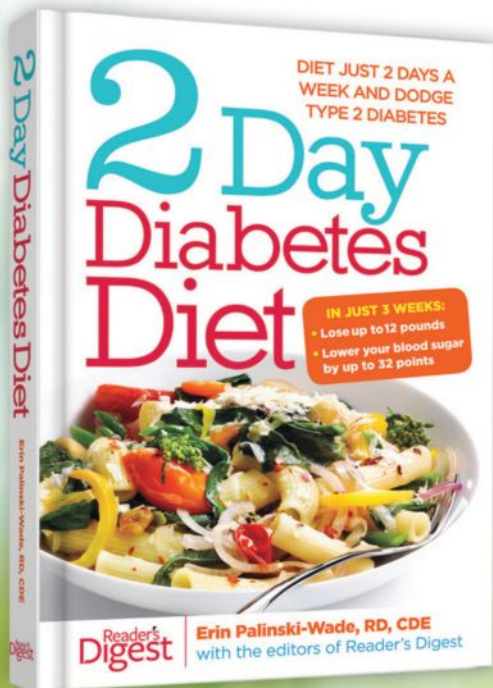
**THE BOTTOM LINE:** If you eat sprouts, make sure they're thoroughly cooked, not tossed in right before eating.



ADVERTISEMENT

# Diet just **2** days a week to **FIGHT DIABETES** & **LOSE WEIGHT!**

**MELT STUBBORN FAT** in one-third the time with  
this new meal plan from *Reader's Digest*.



- ✓ **Manage Blood Sugar**
- ✓ **Drop Extra Pounds**
- ✓ **Enjoy Delicious Meals**

Whether you're *prediabetic, at-risk,* or *living with type 2,* find out why **dieting just two days a week** can work **BETTER** than a full-time diet.

Try it **FREE** for 14 Days  
Go to **2DayDiabetes.com**

Available wherever books are sold



# Mix Your Own Cleaners

BY ALISON CAPORIMO

■ **GLASS CLEANER** Combine 2 tablespoons of lemon juice, 1 tablespoon of white vinegar, and 1 cup of hot water in a spray bottle. Shake and then start spritzing.

■ **DISHWASHER DETERGENT** Mix 1 cup of borax, 1 cup of baking soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of kosher salt, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of unsweetened lemonade-flavored Kool-Aid (for a dose of citric acid) in an airtight container, and shake. Add 1 tablespoon per load to get dishes shiny.

■ **SPRAY MOP SOLUTION** Pour 4 cups of hot water, 1 cup of lemon juice, 3 cups of vinegar, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of liquid dish soap into a bucket. Mix thoroughly, then pour the liquid into the spray mop's container.

■ **FOAMING HAND WASH** The secret is in the pump—not the soap—so never throw out an empty foam dispenser. Refill it with 1 tablespoon of liquid soap or dishwashing liquid and top it off with water.

■ **STAIN REMOVER** Add to a spray bottle 1 part hydrogen peroxide, 1 part baking soda, and 2 parts water. Apply to stains before washing.

■ **DRAIN DECLOGGER** Pour 1 cup of baking soda, 1 cup of salt, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of vinegar into the drain. Let sit for 5 minutes; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of lemon juice. After 15 minutes, pour 2 cups of boiling water down the drain to flush. **R**

Sources: DIY Network, BuzzFeed, wellnessmama.com, thekrazycouponlady.com, sweetpeasandpumpkins.com, thedabblist.com, imperfecthomemaking.com, abhomeinteriors.com



# Why We Need Friends To Help Us Move

BY STACY DOWNS FROM THE KANSAS CITY STAR

**C**YDNEY MILLSTEIN knew moving would be stressful. But she didn't foresee the emotional land mines buried in the belongings she had to sift through, like the possessions of her husband, John Gutowski, a photographer who had died about three years prior, after surgery for brain cancer. Millstein reread his journals and numerous sympathy cards. She cried a lot. It felt too hard to press on.

"I was grieving all over again," she says.

Emotional roadblocks can blindside people as they're moving, says Harriet Barrish, a Leawood, Kansas-based psychologist. "There's a lot of emphasis on losses when you move," Barrish says. "As much as we don't think we get attached to things, we do."

To get through the tough transition, enlist friends to help you decide which

items to get rid of. Millstein's friends helped move her from the house she and her husband had shared to the new one built just for her.

They also helped her sort through all the stuff. "Everything seemed like it became precious," she says. She saved the truly important things: her husband's artwork, the last letter she wrote to him in the hospital. She gave away or sold other mementos—and her friends stayed close.

"They would call me and bolster my mood and bring me food," she says. "I felt like a boxer whose friends took me to the side of the ring and said, 'You can do it. You're almost done.'"

To make the process of letting go of items easier, put them in storage if you're not ready to deal with them, recommends Barrish. And unpack quickly. Getting settled can do wonders for the psyche. **R**



# No risk, big reward.

Stay connected with nearly invisible hearing aids.



**Only \$799–\$999 each\***

## Each state-of-the-art hearing aid:

- Has a 70-day money-back guarantee and 1-year manufacturer's warranty
- Is an FDA-registered medical device, not a generic sound amplifier
- Is custom-programmed to your specific hearing needs, providing enhanced sound quality
- Is available in small, discreet and comfortable styles

"I can hear life more completely than I have in the last 50 years. I had not known how much I was missing until I could hear again."

- Paul A.

## Get your custom-programmed hearing aids:

 In person

 By phone

 Online



\*People with UnitedHealthcare® insurance may have even lower pricing.

**hi** HealthInnovations™  
a UnitedHealth Group company


**Go online or call to learn more.**

**[hiHealthInnovations.com](https://www.hihealthinnovations.com)**

**1-888-547-1506**

# Take Better Pictures With Your Smartphone

BY DAMON BERES

 SMARTPHONES HAVE great cameras built in, yet their design can leave something to be desired. For example, if a camera moves mid-shot, of course the picture is going to be blurry. So why is it customary to take smartphone pictures by tapping a button on the screen, thereby sending a small quake through your device?

The good news is that there are plenty of easy ways to get around frustrating quirks and take great photographs with your smartphone. Here are some winning ideas to help you nail that shot.

## Use a Superior App

Your phone comes with a basic camera app, which generally provides a no-frills point-and-shoot experience with limited ability to edit photos. You can do better. Look for options that allow you to eliminate camera shakiness and to substantially edit a picture's appearance to get the color and sharpness you want. Those who


use iOS can get all of this with Camera+, while Android owners can opt for Camera Zoom FX.

## Try a Clip-on Lens

Sure, you can zoom in with your phone's built-in camera, but the reality is, your phone's equipment is only cropping the image: It lacks the parts to zero in properly, and so zoomed pictures turn out grainy. For a true zoom, you'll want to buy a snap-on lens for your phone. They run the gamut from \$15 to more than \$100, so make sure to read product reviews to find the right one for your phone.

## Filter, Filter, Filter

Instagram is so popular, in part, because of its addictive filters that let you put a different spin on photos—vintage, comic booky, you name it. But there's no need to lock yourself into the social-networking service: Other apps offer plenty of customizable filters. Try VSCO Cam, available



The snap-on  
Gizmon ICA case  
jazzes up the  
iPhone's camera  
(\$30 and up).

for most iOS and Android devices. Not only does it offer a bevy of built-in options, but it also allows you to purchase others (such as specific packs for, say, “Portraits,” “Faded and Moody,” or “Bright + Warm”) for a small fee.

## Give Your Phone a Moment

It's important to let your phone adjust to the lighting conditions. When you first pull up your camera app, don't snap immediately—the picture could come out a bit

discolored or otherwise weird-looking. Instead, give the camera a second to adjust, and then ...

## Tap to Focus

It's obvious but easily forgotten. Anytime you're taking a picture on your smartphone, don't forget to tap your finger on the area you want to have pop in the picture. Doing so ensures that you're capturing Grandma with her piña colada and not the seagull tearing at bread a few feet back.





# What Happens After Hackers Steal Credit Cards

BY LILY HAY NEWMAN FROM SLATE

LAST YEAR'S LARGE-SCALE hacks at Target and Neiman Marcus are a reminder that our credit cards are increasingly vulnerable. In these cases, hackers found a way to install malware on point-of-sale devices and then sat back as the credit and debit card numbers streamed in.

But who are those hackers, and what happens to the numbers? Here's a breakdown of what comes next, in four easy steps.

## ■ THEY BUILD A CRIMINAL NETWORK

The basic idea is that people use stolen credit cards to buy stuff. But if the same person stole the card numbers and bought the stuff, he would easily be caught. Instead, baddies create rings: There are the people who buy and sell card numbers in online markets, sometimes called carding forums or card malls. There are the people who actually make fake cards. There are recruiters who find people

to make purchases with the fake cards. And then there are the folks who actually go to stores with the counterfeit cards and try to make purchases. That's a lot of people!

### ■ THEY CREATE A WORKFLOW

The logistics must be worked out carefully. To print the cards, the counterfeiters need equipment, which costs about \$100. The people who buy and sell card numbers must figure out how the numbers are constructed: High-quality numbers that don't yet look suspicious to financial institutions fetch a better price (\$135 each, compared with \$20 for a block of lousy numbers). The recruiters have to have contacts in the right places (a lot of cyber fraud originates in Eastern Europe, for example). Finally, the buyers need to feel confident looking a cashier in the eye. They must be trained in what can go wrong and how to react.

### ■ THEY BUY STUFF

Once everyone is in place, it's time to shop. Criminals often use their stolen card numbers to buy items that can easily be flipped on websites like eBay. Luxury items, popular smartphones, and other goods with high resale value

are appealing. The bosses running these operations want to get as much money out of the items as possible so they can pay for the equipment and "employees" involved in the operation and then pocket the rest.

### ■ THEY KEEP A LOW PROFILE

The FBI and other law-enforcement groups in the United States and abroad often work undercover, posing as potential card-number buyers in forums or as people offering to use numbers to buy goods.

Sometimes low-level buyers get caught if they use a fake card in a store. For example, fake cards often carry the stolen number on their magnetic strip but have a dummy number on the card itself. To try to detect these fakes, a cashier may enter the last four digits of the number on the card and flag the purchase if they don't match the last four digits being charged. Typically, cops don't identify the kingpin—just these criminals farther down the totem pole.

It doesn't seem like credit card hacks are going to stop anytime soon, so if you get that fateful call from your bank, you'll know that your card is going down this rabbit hole—and you'll need a whole new number. **R**

SLATE (JANUARY 14, 2014), COPYRIGHT © 2014 BY THE SLATE GROUP, LLC., SLATE.COM.




## WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT SWITZERLAND?

Not sure, but the flag is a big plus.

# He Spoke My Language

BY JESSIE REN MARSHALL FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

 I AM TRAINED to be a critic. The summer after graduation, I had a temporary job teaching. I lectured my writing students on the power of words: “Beware the thoughtless adjective, the vague pronoun.”

I drew X’s over entire paragraphs. I pointed at their pages and said, “Imagine you’re the editor who pulled this from the slush pile. Is there a glaring typo in the first paragraph? Bam! Rejected.”

The students, a motley collection of high school juniors, stared back at me blankly. They enjoyed writing and saw no need for histrionics.

One week, I rescheduled my classes to attend a friend’s wedding in Hawaii. After a three-hour bus ride, I had tangled hair but no brush, so I ran my fingers through the worst of the knots and walked up the hill to the ceremony.

The groom’s brother, James, was single and attractive and didn’t care that my hair was a mess. We spun around on the grassy lawn, and afterward he held my hand on a bench overlooking the bay and told me I was beautiful.

We stayed up all night, talking and kissing. In the morning, James began his journey to the Big Island, though he would soon be returning home to North Carolina. I caught a flight to New York. Just a wedding-night fling, I thought.

Then the postcards arrived.

“I can’t stop thinking about you, Aloha!” James wrote, but the handwriting was scrawled, and the spelling was terrible. He cares, I thought, but not enough to proofread.

To an aspiring writer, proofreading is the hallmark of caring. I cannot write an e-mail without subjecting my words to tedious revision. The day before my 30th birthday, I received an e-mail from James. I opened it to see a photo he had taken of a flower bouquet on a black lava beach. He had written “Love and beauty, To: Jessy From. James”

The picture was lovely. The text, however, had irregular punctuation. Not to mention he had misspelled my name.

Despite these mistakes, I wrote him back immediately. The man had



sent me flowers! I told him the next day was my birthday. He responded “Happy birthday! Hauoli maka hiki hAu.”

I’m no expert on the Hawaiian language, but I’m pretty sure they don’t insert random capitalization into the middle of words. Still, he had sent pictures of himself, and I was reassured by his friendly face.

His next e-mail disarmed me: “Aloha, Jessie I cried on plane, I had to leavy seat. I love Hawaii.”

OK, so *leavy* isn’t a word, but he had gotten my name right. And he wanted to see me again.

“As you must feel from my letters,” he wrote, “I adore u bc of your smiles while we danced, your songs, voice, body, and beauty. Let’s meet in between southport and Brooklyn, someplace, there must be a sweet place?”

So romantic, right? If only I could get over that syntax.

I read a few of the messages to my friends and asked them to tell me the truth: Was my new suitor sincere?

Give it a try, they said.

Still, I couldn’t silence my inner critic. How could a man I hardly knew be so into me? Men in New York could spout a few good

pickup lines, but only James could write a messed-up sentence that got my heart pounding: “To nite I can not sleep so I will play songs for Jessie, about Jessie, my inspiration.”

I had to see him.

I flew to North Carolina. For three days, we shucked oysters, played the guitar, and surfed. When I got a nosebleed, he held me in his arms and raised me above the waves.

A few months later, James and I moved to Hawaii. We were married on the Big Island in 2008.

I have a job teaching English at a local school, where I argue for the importance of proofreading and revision. But whenever I get a text from James, my heart starts to pound, and it’s hard to remember the rules. **R**

THE NEW YORK TIMES (FEBRUARY 16, 2014), COPYRIGHT © 2014 BY THE NEW YORK TIMES CO., NYTIMES.COM.



ALL IN

# A Day's Work



*"I just gave her 100 Candy Crush lives, so she won't be seeing anybody for a while."*

**I BRAGGED** to my boss that I didn't need painkillers after a major surgery. His response: "This time, your evil superpowers came in handy."

PATRICIA SPEILBURG, Port Huron, Michigan

**I'M PRETTY SURE** the dinosaurs died out when they stopped gathering food and started having meetings to discuss gathering food.

From [meetingboy.com](http://meetingboy.com)

**"SO WHAT'S THAT** brush for?" the new hire asked.

"It's used to clean toilet bowls in the lobby," said the first manager.

"Actually, it's for scrubbing deep fryers," said the second manager.

"Well, I've been cleaning toilets with it," said the first manager.

"Um, I'm putting in for a new brush," said the second manager.

From [notalwaysworking.com](http://notalwaysworking.com)

**THE ONLY QUALIFICATION** for working at an airline is making a confused face at a monitor.

Comedian **JULIUS SHARPE**

**WE WERE READING** *The Wisdom of King Solomon* in my Sunday school class. An illustration showed King Solomon ordering a child to be cut in half, as one woman sobbed and another watched uncaringly.

Pointing to the heartless woman, a young boy said, “I hope she ends up with the part that has the butt on it.”

**EVELYN WIELAND**, Bay City, Michigan

**WORKING FOR** a news organization is a tough job, as these world-weary tweets suggest:

■ News reporter: “The computer erased all the apostrophes in my story. Apparently I’m too possessive.”

■ Copy editor, as group of Cub Scouts gets a tour: “There it is, ‘Scared Straight: Newsroom Edition.’”

■ Producer: “Free food in the newsroom is like oxygen masks on an airplane. You get yours first, then you inform others.”

Source: [overheardinthenewsroom.com](http://overheardinthenewsroom.com)

**THE LATE COMEDIAN** Mitch Hedberg said that he would write jokes by sitting around his hotel room thinking of things that cracked him up. “Then I go get a pen, and I write it down,” he said. “Or, if the pen’s too far away, I convince myself that what I thought of ain’t funny.”



## MOVE OVER, EDISON!

Ever come up with an idea that will make you a fortune, only to discover that some jerk’s beaten you to it? Stinks, right? Here are examples from reddit.

■ I was wearing sunglasses, but the sun was still too bright. It gave me an idea for a portable rooflike device over one’s head that could be propped up on the shoulders. Better yet, it could be worn *on* the head and extended forward to keep the sun out of one’s eyes! Then it hit me: I’d just invented the hat. **MRBUH**

■ I was playing disc golf when I threw the disc into some underbrush. I told my friend, “We should make a device that could find the disc, grab it, and bring it back to you.” And that’s how I invented the dog. **MONKEYBUTLERS**

■ I was paddling a canoe when I came up with this: a machine that rows for you! My buddy said, “They already have those. They’re called motors.” **DANK-DA-TANKI**

Source: [reddit.com](http://reddit.com)

**Here’s an idea! Send us your funny work story and get paid if we run it. For details, go to page 7 or [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit).**

# When “Normal” Blood Sugar Isn’t

BY SUSAN INCE

☞ MOST PEOPLE DON'T worry about diabetes until a doctor tells them their blood sugar is too high. But even if you get a “normal” blood sugar reading at your next exam, you might not be totally in the clear. According to cutting-edge research, blood sugar levels on the high end of the normal range may still raise your risk of illness, leading some doctors to take such results more seriously—particularly if patients have other diabetes risk factors, such as obesity or family history.

The somewhat arbitrary cutoff between normal blood sugar levels and higher ones associated with diabetes may give a false sense of security to millions of people, notes brain researcher Nicolas Cherbuin of Australian National University. His research published in 2013 found that middle-aged people with high-normal fasting blood sugar



readings (see chart below) had worse scores on memory tests and more shrinkage in a brain region important to memory than those with lower blood sugar. Higher glucose levels may damage blood vessels and hinder the flow of nutrients to the brain.

Other research suggests high-normal blood sugar may increase your heart disease risk by raising inflammation and making blood vessels stiffer. A 2012 Israeli study found that people with a fasting blood sugar between 90 and 99 mg/dl were 40 percent more likely to suffer heart disease than those with a level under 80 mg/dl.

Cancer is another concern. When researchers tracked Italian women for 13 years, those with high-normal fasting blood sugar were 52 percent more likely to develop breast cancer than those with a fasting glucose level below 80. One reason may be that the insulin the body pumps out

to deal with blood sugar also speeds cell growth.

All adults should be aware of their blood sugar status and make lifestyle changes when their numbers sneak into the 90s, says preventive cardiologist Joel K. Kahn, MD, who treats many patients who have diabetes or are on the road to developing the disease.

“An ideal healthy fasting blood sugar is less than 85,” he says. “Every few points higher than that is associated with more problems, so the best approach is to take action early.”

The American Diabetes Association recommends blood sugar screening every three years starting at age 45, but you may need earlier or more frequent tests if you are from a high-risk ethnic group (African American, Native American, Pacific Islander, or Hispanic), if you are overweight, if you had gestational diabetes during pregnancy, or if you have close family members with



## THE NUMBERS YOU AND YOUR DOC SHOULD KNOW\*

- **DIABETES** Blood sugar level of 126 mg/dl or higher
- **PREDIABETES** Blood sugar level between 100 and 125 mg/dl
- **HIGH-NORMAL BLOOD SUGAR** Roughly 90 to 99 mg/dl (a new category being studied for health risks)
- **NORMAL BLOOD SUGAR** Currently defined as 70 to 99 mg/dl

\*All levels are based on a fasting blood glucose test, which involves an overnight fast.

diabetes, says Gail Nunlee-Bland, MD, director of the Diabetes Treatment Center at Howard University Hospital in Washington, DC.

Experts urge greater vigilance because important research shows that increased activity and a better diet can reverse the path to diabetes. A game-changing, 27-center study, the Diabetes Prevention Program found that people with prediabetes can reduce their risk of developing diabetes by 58 percent and sometimes even return blood sugar to normal levels if they exercise at least 150 minutes a week and lose a modest amount of weight, if needed (about 20 percent of those with prediabetes are slim).

The research found that lifestyle changes had even greater power than a diabetes medication, says Jill Crandall, MD, director of the Diabetes

Clinical Trials Unit at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City. And the benefits can endure, according to results published in April from a similar study in China: After 23 years, those who participated in a long-term diet and/or exercise program were less likely to have developed diabetes or to have died from any cause.

If your blood sugar number is creeping up, these science-backed diet, exercise, and wellness tweaks can help you return it to a healthier level.

## Eat Well

### ■ ENJOY MEDITERRANEAN MEALS

According to studies involving 140,000 people, the odds of developing diabetes are 21 percent lower for those who follow a Mediterranean diet—building meals around plant-based foods, including fruits and



vegetables, beans, nuts, whole grains, and olive oil. Fish and chicken are eaten regularly but not red meat, butter, or sweets. Phytonutrients and fiber in the plant foods help with blood sugar control, and the olive oil might reduce inflammation.

### ■ GO BLUE

Eating more anthocyanins—the nutrients that give grapes and berries their bright red and blue colors—was linked to better blood sugar control in a new British study. One portion a day of grapes or berries can have the same impact on blood sugar as a one-point reduction in your body mass index, says researcher Aedin Cassidy of Norwich Medical School.

### ■ DON'T SKIP BREAKFAST

If you frequently miss a morning meal, you'll be more likely to develop type 2 diabetes. Eating breakfast may help stabilize blood sugar throughout the day. Prepare a healthy blend of protein, complex carbs, and fat—yogurt mixed with fruit and nuts, for example. Starting the day with lots of simple carbs (such as a bagel and OJ) is just as bad for your blood sugar as skipping the meal, according to experiments at the University of Minnesota.

## Move Smart

### ■ SWEAT AND STRENGTHEN

Women who did both cardio (at least two and a half hours) and strength

training (at least one hour) every week had the lowest diabetes risk—about one third less than that of non-exercisers. After an exercise session, your muscles take up more glucose from the bloodstream. As you become more fit over time, cells become more sensitive to insulin.

### ■ STEP AWAY FROM THE DESK (AND THE TV)


Walk around for two minutes after every 20 you spend sitting down. A new study from England indicates that regular walking breaks lessen spikes in your blood sugar levels after you eat.

## Talk to Your Doc

### ■ CALCULATE YOUR RISK

Complete a risk test at [diabetes.org](http://diabetes.org), and take the results to your next doctor's appointment, suggests Robert Ratner, MD, chief scientific and medical officer of the American Diabetes Association. A higher score may spur earlier or more frequent blood sugar checks.

### ■ EXAMINE YOUR MEDICINE CABINET

Drugs for common conditions—such as steroids to control asthma, statins to improve cholesterol levels, and diuretics to lower blood pressure—may raise blood sugar. Ask your doctor whether other medications can treat your condition without such side effects. 

Holistic Heart Doc

# The Outdoors Heals Your Heart



BY JOEL K. KAHN, MD



JOEL K. KAHN, MD, is a clinical professor of medicine at Wayne State University and the director of cardiac wellness at Michigan Healthcare Professionals.

WHENEVER I HEAR a recording of John Denver singing “Sunshine on My Shoulders,” I find myself smiling, drawn to a love of the sun and outdoors I’ve had for decades as a Michigan native. My backyard is piled with kayaks, canoes, and long boards. Walking barefoot to the lake, playing shirtless in the sunlight, and breathing fresh air feel good. As a preventive cardiologist, I can tell you they are also very good for your heart.

## Stroll in the Sun

Studies have found higher rates of high blood pressure among people with the lowest sun exposure. One reason may be due to nitric oxide, a gas whose production is stimulated when your skin is exposed to the sun’s rays. Nitric oxide makes arteries resist contraction, plaque, and blood clotting, reducing both heart attack and stroke risks. Vitamin D, which sunlight helps your body produce, is also linked to better heart health. Walk outdoors for 15 to 30 minutes daily.

PROP STYLIST: SARAH CAVE. ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY



## Try Forest Bathing

In Japan, visiting parks for healing has become a popular practice called *shinrin-yoku* (“forest bathing”).

Research on 280 volunteers found that people had lower levels of the stress hormone cortisol, a reduced heart rate, and lower blood pressure when they walked through a wooded area than when they spent time in an urban one.

## Walk Barefoot (When You Can)

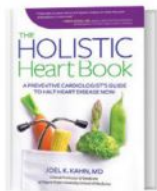
One of the consequences of modern society is that rarely is our body in direct contact with the ground. The earth has an electrical current, and direct contact with it may be a stabilizing force for good health, possibly by exposing us to electrons, which can act as powerful antioxidants. Although “earthing,” or “grounding,” is considered alternative by mainstream medicine, preliminary research shows that the practice seems to favorably

affect thyroid function, blood sugar metabolism, and blood thickening, all of which affect heart disease risk. Pad around barefoot whenever possible. Let your backyard grass tickle your feet, and dig your toes into sandy beaches.

## Trade the Gym for a Park

Exercising outdoors may be more beneficial than working out indoors. A 2011 British review of 11 studies found that people who exercised outside generally reported more revitalization and energy and less anger, tension, and depression—all traits linked to heart attack—than those who worked out indoors. **R**

***The Holistic Heart Book* (Reader's Digest, \$24.96) shares Dr. Kahn's 75 integrative prescriptions for a healthy heart; available at [holisticheart.com](http://holisticheart.com).**



## SNEAKY STRESSOR TO AVOID: AIR POLLUTION

Unfortunately, many people live in areas where air pollution—which can harm your heart—is prevalent. In a recent Swedish study, higher ozone levels in the air were associated with a small increased risk of cardiac arrest. Use [airnow.gov](http://airnow.gov) to check local air-quality conditions. The site's rating system advises when high-risk people, such as those with asthma or heart disease, should avoid prolonged exposure to the outdoors. It's also smart to seek areas away from traffic and other sources of air pollution.

# 7 Factors That Trick Your Taste Buds

BY AMBER WILLIAMS FROM *POPULAR SCIENCE*



- 1 UTENSILS**  
Spoons made from copper or zinc enhance a food's apparent saltiness.
- 2 LANGUAGE**  
People praise food that has a descriptive name more than the same food with a lackluster one. For example: Herb-Crusted Citrus-Laced Fillet of Tilapia versus Seafood Fillet.
- 3 TEMPERATURE**  
Often a warm beer tastes more bitter than a cool one, and ham tastes saltier when it's cold. This "thermal taste" occurs because taste buds have tiny channels that interpret flavors differently at various temperatures.
- 4 COLOR**  
Forty-eight percent of participants in a French study rated soda in a blue glass as more thirst-quenching than soda in glasses of

other colors, likely because they associated blue with cold.

- 5 ENVIRONMENT**  
British researchers asked people to describe the qualities of the same Scotch whiskey in three rooms themed as grassy, sweet, and woody. (For example, the first room smelled of grass and played recordings of bleating sheep.) Respondents largely came back with "grassy," "sweet," and "woody," respectively.
- 6 EXPECTATIONS**  
After sampling, French wine experts favored wine poured from a high-priced bottle over the same wine poured from a bottle marked as cheap.
- 7 MEMORY**  
Recalling a positive memory about vegetables can make the ones on your plate more enjoyable (you'll take a bigger portion too). **R**

**NOW WITH  
FIBER**



## Stay Strong, Stay Active with BOOST®

BOOST® nutritional drinks come in a variety of delicious flavors, and provide great nutrition for you and the ones you love. BOOST® complete nutritional drink contains essential nutrients including calcium & vitamin D to support strong bones and protein to help maintain muscle.

All trademarks are owned by Société des Produits Nestlé S.A., Vevey, Switzerland. © 2014 Nestlé.



**Find BOOST® in the Nutrition Aisle.**

# Surprising Things That Are Contagious

BY THE PHYSICIANS OF *THE DOCTORS*

**GERMS AREN'T** THE only things you have to worry about “catching.” Emotions are also infectious, according to research on social contagions: moods and behaviors that spread from person to person. We like to think we’re in control of our well-being, but this research shows that traits and choices of our friends—and even our friends’ friends—have a powerful effect on ours. Here are some unexpected infections and our advice on how to inoculate yourself.

## ■ STRESS

The brain is hard-wired to detect stress in other people, such as increases in breathing rate. This triggers a cascade of our own stress

Cohost  
Travis  
Stork, MD

hormones, Heidi Hanna, executive coach and author of *Stressaholic*, told us. And you don’t need to be in the same room to catch someone else’s stress, which is transmittable via e-mail, texts, and social media. (Curt responses could signal someone is under a tight deadline, for example.) When you feel stressed, take breaks and get enough sleep—that’s not self-ish. It benefits everyone around you.

## ■ RESTAURANT ORDERS

Diners are happier when they order entrées that are similar nutritionally to those of their companions, found University of Illinois research. If you’re watching your waistline, place your

Cohost  
Rachael  
Ross, MD

order first so you're not tempted by your pals' cravings.

### ■ NEGATIVE THINKING

Freshmen who were randomly paired with roommates highly prone to brooding were likely to "catch" their negative-thinking style after only three months, found a University of Notre Dame study. Recognize that other people may influence how you respond to life's challenges.

### ■ HAPPINESS

On the other hand, positive feelings also rub off, according to a seminal study of almost 5,000 people by researchers at Harvard and the University of California, San Diego. When you feel happy, a friend who

lives within one mile is 25 percent more likely to feel happy, and neighbors are 34 percent more likely to feel happy. The same data found that an extra \$5,000 increased happiness by about 2 percent, a much lower impact than what's gained by having a joyful friend of a friend (a second-degree connection), which can boost your own good feelings by 10 percent.

### ■ QUITTING SMOKING

The same research team found that when one person quit smoking, close friends and family members became 36 percent less likely to smoke. The ripple effect: Even very casual acquaintances of the initial quitter became 20 percent less likely to light up. **R**



## 6 BODY QUIRKS YOU CAN "CATCH"

Yawning, laughing, itching, coughing, vomiting, and crying are all socially contagious. Yawning is so infectious, says psychologist Robert R. Provine, author of *Curious Behavior*, that we yawn when we see, hear, or even read about someone else doing it. "We are often herd animals, not in full conscious control of our behavior," adds Provine. Scientists theorize that sharing these quirks conferred an evolutionary advantage: Laughter is a form of bonding; scratching an itch, a safety precaution. (Your brain may think, Hey, their fleas could jump ship and infest me.) Yawning could be how cavemen ancestors synchronized their sleep-wake schedules.

**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.



# World of Medicine

## A Better Blood Pressure Measure

Your doctor likely checks your blood pressure in one arm, but a Framingham Heart Study suggests that taking readings in both arms may help better identify patients at higher risk of heart disease. When researchers analyzed data on nearly 3,400 patients over 13 years, they found that about 10 percent of participants showed higher systolic readings (the upper number) in one arm. Those with arm-to-arm discrepancies of ten points or more were 38 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other coronary event. Such imbalances may indicate plaque in major arteries.

## Milk Does Your Knees Good

Low-fat or fat-free milk may help slow the progression of arthritis in the knee, found a Brigham and Women's Hospital study. Researchers asked 1,260 women with

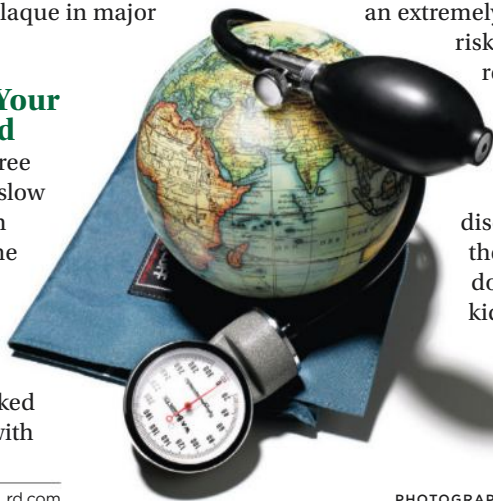
arthritis in at least one knee about their food intake and assessed the women's knee health for up to four years. The more milk the women drank (from less than one glass a week to seven or more), the more slowly their arthritis progressed. Cheese intake seemed to worsen the disease, possibly because its saturated fat may trigger inflammation.

## Kidney Donation: A Very Safe Choice

Reassuring news for the 6,000 Americans who donate one of their kidneys every year—and the many thousands more who may consider the selfless act: A new *JAMA* study has found an extremely low estimated

risk that a donor's remaining kidney will fail over the course of his lifetime.

Researchers discovered that the overall risk of donors developing kidney failure is more than three times lower than that of the general



population. Also, kidney donors and non-donors who were just as healthy at the time of donation have equally low mortality rates from any cause. Researchers attribute the findings to the rigorous physical and psychosocial testing that potential donors undergo to make sure they can thrive with one kidney.

### **Beware the Angry Heart**

Anger can lead to real heartbreak. A person's risk of having a heart attack increased nearly fivefold within two hours of having an angry outburst, according to a new Harvard University review of more than 6,000 people who experienced a cardiovascular event. The risk of stroke increased by more than threefold. Anger ups heart rate and blood pressure and makes blood vessels stiffen, straining the cardiovascular system.

### **A Video Game That Improves Vision**

UltimEyes—a video game created by scientists at the University of California, Riverside—may improve vision and hone certain split-second decision making by training your brain to respond to visual stimuli. Developers tested the technology on college baseball players: Users clicked on fuzzy blobs as soon as they appeared. Team members, who played for 25-minute sessions four days a week for eight weeks, improved their distance vision by an average of 31 percent. They

were less likely to strike out and got more runs than players who hadn't gotten the training. Experts are testing the game in elderly patients, police officers, and radiologists. To try it yourself, download the app at [ultimeyesvision.com](http://ultimeyesvision.com) for \$5.99.

### **The “Weekday Diet”**

Dropping pounds may still allow for some indulgences over the weekend, according to new research from Cornell University and Finnish researchers. Participants, who ranged from normal weight to obese, checked the scale daily for up to 11 months. Scientists found that those who slimmed down during that period compensated for any weight gained over the weekend by following a stricter weekday routine, resulting in dropped pounds by week's end. Those who gained weight didn't stay on track during the week.

### **A Shot to Cool Hot Flashes**

For women who want to avoid easing menopausal hot flashes with hormone therapy, a nerve-blocking shot may provide relief. In a recent small Northwestern University study, women who received the shot experienced a 52 percent reduction in the frequency of moderate to very severe hot flashes; they continued to report improvement after four months. The stronger the women's hot flashes were, the more the shot helped to soothe them. **R**

Three chilling real-life dramas

# **TERROR** — AT THE — **BEACH**

## **1. SHARK ATTACK!**

BY LISA FITTERMAN

The clear blue water of the Pacific Ocean looks so inviting. Sitting by the campfire, Denis Udovenko strums his guitar impatiently. He wants to go for an early-evening swim, but his wife, Polina, is fussing with pots and pans at their beach campsite in tiny Telyakovsky Bay on Russia's far east coast.





**I** **IT IS MID-AUGUST 2011,** and after two gray days, the sun has finally come out. The peninsula that hides the bay looms large and distant. Their home in Vladivostok, 143 miles away, seems like another world.

"I'm going swimming by myself," Denis, a computer programmer, finally announces, setting the guitar aside. Tall, dark, and serious, he has dimples that surprise because he smiles so rarely. He flexes his fingers, strong and calloused from plucking guitar strings, and gets up.

Polina, a 25-year-old accountant with long dark hair and a gentle manner, protests. "Please, wait for me," she says. "I want to go, too, and I can't see without my glasses!"

Denis, also 25, agrees. He knows that she's nervous about brushing against spiny sea urchins or cutting herself on the sharp rocks in the water. So they set out, one behind the other, swimming toward the tip of a narrow spit about 200 yards from shore that locals call the Island of the Yearning Heart. He leads with a strong breaststroke, frog-kicking and arcing his arms through the water.

At the island, they dive, splash, and finally lie in the setting sun to dry off. They stay about 30 minutes, until just before 7 p.m., when it starts to get chilly. For the swim back to camp,

Denis again starts out first, straining to see ahead of him in the deep, murky water.

All of a sudden, a shadow about ten feet long rushes toward him. He turns to the figure, then feels something sink its teeth into his right hand.

"Swim fast to shore, Polina! Go!" he cries. "Shark!"

"What are you talking about?" she asks in disbelief. There are no sharks here.

Then she sees her husband of eight months disappear underwater.

It takes Denis several seconds to realize that the shark is pulling him to the bottom. Below the surface, the water is much colder, and the current is strong. There is a rushing noise in his ears.

Don't take in water, he tells himself fiercely. Get to the surface. Breathe.

The shark's sharp teeth are clamped down on his right wrist, and the fish shakes its head back and forth, trying to bite through sinew, muscle, and bone.

Without her glasses, Polina can barely make out what's happening. She swims toward Denis's thrashing. And then something with a smooth back and large fin pushes her away. She can make out a shape: the head of her husband coming to the surface once, twice, three times.

"Help!" she screams. "Shark!"

And she starts to swim for her life—and for her husband's. She's not



*The Udovenkos pictured  
on Sakhalin Island, where  
they now live*

sure if she's swimming toward him or away. All she knows is that she has to get help. "Denis is not going to be your meal. Not today," she says fiercely. Only she is speaking to empty water.

Suddenly, the shark drags Denis back up to the surface. He gulps air before being dragged down again. And again: up and down, back and forth. It's a deadly underwater waltz, with the shark leading the way. Denis fixes on the shark's eyes as it continues to tear at his nearly severed right

hand. And then it is gone, along with his wedding ring.

So this is what my death looks like, he tells himself. In a strange way, he feels relieved. People always wonder how they will die, and now he knows.

Then comes a wave of white-hot anger. I don't want to die. Not today. Not for a long time.

Punch the shark in the nose.

There it is—an insistent whisper in the back of his mind. He doesn't know where it came from. Maybe he read it once in a book.

Punch the shark? Am I crazy?

But he has nothing to lose. Besides, the shark's snout is right in front of him. He balls his left hand into a fist, hauls back, and lets loose. He feels the impact, bone against the shark's nose cartilage.

The shark seems to be angrier and attacks again, this time sinking its teeth into his left wrist. The deadly waltz starts again. Denis is thrashed back and forth until suddenly, the shark lets him go. His left hand is now gone, and his left hip throbs from the six-inch-wide chunk the shark took when Denis tried to get away.

Now Denis just floats in the water, waiting for the shark to come back.

**K**IRILL ZENKOV AND Sergey Torokhov, who are staying at a busier campsite the next beach over, are leaving the bay after loading firewood into Kirill's boat. As Kirill carefully guides the 13-foot-long rubber dinghy through the rocky shoals along the shore, they hear a cry.

"Shh, cut the engine," Sergey, a 33-year-old economist, tells his friend.

Kirill, 35, a sugar salesman, lets the boat idle. They can make out only

the word *help*, high and panicked.

"She's drowning," Kirill says, starting the boat again and going full-speed ahead. But when they get near, they're surprised: She is still swimming.

Swimming and screaming at the same time. The boat pulls up beside her, and Sergey pulls her into the boat.

She's weeping.

"Save him!" Polina gasps, pointing. "Shark!"

Startled, the two men turn to the left and notice that the sea has turned red around them. Then Sergey sees a shark's fin racing through the water and the head of a man moving with it.

There is no thinking, just instinct powered by adrenaline. The man is just a yard away! Turn the boat!

Kirill pulls up beside Denis.

Sergey says, "Give me your hands."

"I don't have any," Denis replies, holding up his stumps.

Sergey reaches into the water, hoists Denis, bleeding and naked, by his armpits and settles him in Polina's lap, instructing her to hold up the stumps to stem the flow of blood. She does what she's told, even though she can't stand the sight of blood. She rocks her husband and murmurs, "It will be OK. I love you. It will be OK."

Denis is white from loss of blood,

◆

*Denis is white from loss of blood, but he refuses to close his eyes. He's scared he might never open them again.*

but he refuses to close his eyes. He's scared he might never open them again.

As he guns the engine, Kirill sees the shark's huge shadow moving beneath the boat. There's no time to think about being tipped over. It takes seven minutes to get around the peninsula and back to the bay. When they lift Denis out of the boat, people on the beach fall silent. Even now, Denis is shy about his nakedness and asks them to cover him up. Someone brings a towel. Others rifle through first aid kits, looking for antiseptic ointment, hydrogen peroxide, and bandages. Kirill calls the police and an ambulance.

"We need a helicopter. There's been a shark attack," he begins.

But the man at the other end of the line is dismissive. "You're drunk. There are no sharks in that area," he says.

Kirill just hangs up. He doesn't have time to argue. Both his parents are doctors, and he knows Denis must get to a hospital immediately.

The two men tie off Denis's arms as best they can with tent rope, cover the backseat of Sergey's Land Cruiser with canvas, and set off for the hospital, about 40 miles away. Polina sits in the back, too, talking with Denis to keep him conscious.

It's a bumpy race against death, much of it on a single-lane, unpaved road. Sergey shaves the driving time in half, making the first village

in 40 minutes. By then, Kirill, who has a mobile phone pasted to each ear, knows they are looking for an ambulance that has been sent from Slavyanka. They meet up with it and follow it to the hospital.

**T**HE NEXT AFTERNOON, Polina takes a deep breath before walking into the hospital room to see her husband for the first time since she left him the night before as he was being rushed into surgery. He looks so tiny in his bed, surrounded by machines, she thinks.

What remains of his arms is hidden under swaths of bandages. Then he smiles, showing his dimples.

"I'm so happy nothing happened to you," he says.

She wants to hold him tight. "The danger has passed," she whispers. "Everything is going to be OK."

Funded by well-wishers, Denis travels to South Korea and Germany for skin grafts to his hip and physiotherapy to adapt to his new prosthetic hands. He and Polina, both now 27, move to Sakhalin Island, off the eastern coast of Russia, where he went to school, and he starts work again as a programmer. He has taken up playing the drums, trying to find a rhythm to a life that nearly wasn't. Sometimes he misses a beat. But he is grateful that he has the chance to try again. **R**

## 2. *THE BOY UNDER A SAND DUNE*

BY DEREK BURNETT

**T**HE TWO LITTLE BOYS follow their fathers up the sand dune, scrambling under and through a little cable fence that marks the path. Minutes ago, they were down on the beach enjoying a July afternoon on Lake Michigan. But this is the Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore, the two families are on vacation together, and the big draw is the massive, barren sand dunes that the waves and winds have deposited on the Great Lake's eastern shore. Beckoning most strongly is the steep, impressive, 126-foot Mount Baldy, just a stone's throw from the beach. Greg Woessner and his six-year-old son, Nathan, have decided on an impromptu ramble with Keith Karrow and his little boy Colin, age seven, family friends. Leaving siblings and spouses on the beach, they frolic their way toward the summit. Then, a little more than halfway up, Nathan vanishes.

Colin hollers ahead to the fathers. "Nathan fell!"

The men whirl around. Nathan is gone. A moment of befuddlement, mixed with a rising panic. "He fell in this hole," Colin says.

There is, in fact, a hole, as smooth as a bore but not even 18 inches across. Greg kneels and calls out to his son, and Nathan answers from somewhere down in that dark: "I'm scared!"

They can't see him. They dangle their arms down into the hole and feel only emptiness. What is this? What has just happened? Greg stands and looks around, for a rope, a stick, anything to reach his son. There is nothing but sand. So he kneels again and starts digging with his bare hands. Keith joins in, a frantic pawing at the loose sand. "We're going to get you out," Greg says. And then the hole collapses in on itself, the sugar sand rushing to smooth and fill the temporary interruption of the dune's perfect contour. It is as if the hole and the boy had never been.

Nathan's mother, Faith Woessner, can't quite understand what Colin has run across the beach to tell her, but it's clear that Nathan is in danger, so she sprints the couple of hundred yards up the side of Mount Baldy until she can see Keith kneeling and digging at the sand and Greg walking downhill toward her with a stricken look. "Nathan has fallen," he says. "We can't find him. He's under the sand." She runs to the depression they've been working at and starts gouging at the sand. The three of them dig furiously, excruciatingly aware of the seconds ticking away. "Lord, please give him an air pocket," Faith prays. "Please help my little boy to breathe. Please help us find him."

*The Michigan City rescue team as they dig for Nathan, top; Nathan, celebrating his sixth birthday.*

But seconds turn to minutes, and the digging is the stuff of nightmares: Each time they gain some depth, sand rushes down from uphill, undoing the better part of their efforts. Still they dig. Keith's wife, Rachel, has called 911, and as the minutes drag by, first responders appear on the hillside—police, firefighters, EMTs, none of them carrying a shovel. They, too, kneel and dig. Faith is still praying; the hole keeps filling back in. Radios crackle: tools, backup, excavators. An hour has gone by.

More firefighters show up, with shovels. The site now crawls with some 40 people, all desperate to move sand, but even with the tools, at the end of another hour, they have achieved only five feet of depth, with no sign of Nathan. No one will state the obvious, but everyone knows that you do not survive burial in sand for two hours: They are looking for a body. But streaked with sweat and sand, Faith stands beside the hole, the same prayer on her lips:

“Give him an air pocket. Let him breathe. Hold him in your arms. Help us find him.”

An excavator appears at the bottom of the dune. They watch its tires wallow, see the driver struggle to coax the machine uphill, and, with a desperate feeling, watch it turn back and disappear down the beach. They dig. Faith goes on praying. Another machine appears, a tracked backhoe, and its driver performs utter gymnastics using its arms to pull itself up the slope. But when it arrives, Faith is terrified. “They’ll cut him in half,” she tells Greg.



A firefighter is using a rod to probe the sand before the backhoe operator carefully scrapes away two inches at a time. Two larger machines labor up the hill and start pulling the sand aside. News helicopters hang in the sky; out over the lake, the sun reddens and dips. Greg and Faith are ushered down off the hill and taken to the police station, where they sit in their swimwear numbly answering questions about the loss of their boy.

**T**HE MAN WORKING the probe hits an object a few inches down and they paw at the sand, certain they've found Nathan, but as they dig, he seems to sink away. More probing; more excavator work. Again, they believe they've found something. This time, sure enough, a firefighter scoops away a layer of sand to reveal the top of the little boy's blond head. He is positioned upright in the dune and has been underground for about four hours; an excavator operator estimates the depth at 23 feet. Gingerly they uncover the body as far down as the armpits, and the firefighter lifts it out, fighting back a swell of grief, overwhelmed by the resemblance to his own little boy. He wipes the sand from the lifeless face and passes the child up and out of the hole. No heartbeat. No breath. Ice cold. His colleagues drape a tarp over their heads so the news cameras won't record the grisly scene of Nathan's little

body being carried down the hillside. The sun finishes its setting in a spectacular display over the lake.

At the police station, an officer tells Greg and Faith that their son has been found but won't tell them if he's alive or dead. The two rush to the hospital and sit in a waiting area until an EMT enters. They don't hear most of what he says, because they are stopped short by the first two words: *He's alive*. The rest of it they'll piece together later: how, on the way down the beach in the bed of a lifeguard truck, the seemingly lifeless boy who had been buried under 20 feet of sand suddenly began to bleed from a small cut on his face, evidence of a beating heart; how there must have been an air pocket; how the cold sand at that depth must have so cooled his body as to reduce demand for oxygen. Still later, they will learn that the hole was likely the vestigial impression of a rotted-out tree, long since consumed by the ever-moving dune.

And Nathan's recovery proves no less miraculous than his survival. Doctors suction sand from his mouth, his trachea, his lungs; he regains consciousness, begins to speak. Within two weeks, he is home playing with his siblings. The brain damage half-expected by the professionals never appears, although Nathan remembers nothing about his ordeal. The impossibility of it is vexing, but not to the aptly named Faith, who has her own explanation: "God did this for us. He really does answer prayers. This is God's miracle." **R**



### 3. **CAUGHT IN A RIPTIDE**

BY DEREK BURNETT

**I**T'S A WELL-CONCEIVED first date for lifelong surfer Chase Newsom and scuba dive master Cynthia Hatfield: The two Southern Californians will spend an afternoon honing Cynthia's novice surfing skills on the waters of Orange County's Aliso Beach. Unfortunately, their Saturday afternoon date comes on the heels of the worst Pacific storm to hit the area in years, and by the time they put on their wet suits, the water is too rough. The surfing lesson is out of the question.

The two agree to splash around in the shallow water just a few feet from shore instead. But within seconds, they realize their mistake. An eight-foot wave comes in with startling

force. Chase, the surfer, lets the water push him toward shore, where he stands and collects himself. But when Cynthia, the diver, negotiates the wave by ducking under it, she is shocked by the strength of its pull away from shore, diagonal from the beach. She gets her bearings and starts to wade toward land, when a second wave hits.

Cynthia tries ducking again, but this wave slams even harder. She knows she can hold her breath for about a minute, and as she feels the seconds ticking away, she begins to wonder if she'll surface before her time is up. She does, and she finds her footing and calls to Chase, who is alarmingly far away now. She's been pulled both down the beach and out to sea. "I think I want to get out," she yells. She looks around just in time to see a third wave towering over her. There's no time to duck this one, and it sends

*A powerful storm roils waters along the Southern California coast on March 2, 2014.*



her spinning underwater, where once again she tests the limits of her breath. When at last she begins to see sunlight through her clenched eyelids and bobs to the surface for air, she has been pulled a quarter mile from shore.

The waves are enormous. They're not breaking, though, and she can stroke without getting pounded. But the water temperature is in the 50s. She can't stay out here forever.

**S**WIMMING TO SHORE is out of the question. For one thing, although she's strong, she doesn't know if she'll survive another encounter with the surf break. And the current has pulled her down shore from Aliso Beach; to her eye, she'll come ashore in the next cove, which is studded with rocks and reefs. She knows that getting slammed by a wave into a barnacle-covered reef would cut her to shreds, maybe even crack her skull. With no good options, Cynthia marks time, paddling seaward to avoid the suck of the waves that keep trying to draw her toward the surf line.

Chase is astounded by how quickly Cynthia has been pulled away. An Orange County Lifeguards truck rolls onto the beach, and he runs over to where the rescuer is pulling on his wet suit and fins. "My friend is out there," Chase says.

"OK," the lifeguard replies. "I'm going out there."

"Do you want me to paddle out and

get her?" Chase asks, but the lifeguard doesn't respond. Chase shrugs and runs back to the beach, determined to try. To his surprise, someone else is already swimming through the surf toward Cynthia.

Chase flings himself onto his surfboard and begins paddling furiously. He makes it past the break before the waves begin crashing again. He doesn't know what he'll do once he gets to Cynthia besides help her stay afloat and commiserate.

The swimmer beats Chase to Cynthia and introduces himself as Brennan, a former local lifeguard. "Are you OK?" he asks.

"I'm fine," Cynthia answers. "I'm so sorry you had to come out here. I was sucked out really quickly."

After a few minutes, Chase paddles up and shares his surfboard with her. The trio is quickly joined by the local lifeguard Chase had spoken to on the beach and two Laguna Beach guards, who were responding to a 911 call a bystander had made. The Laguna Beach rescuers, Matt Grace and Casey Parlette, determine that the best option is to ride the current while they wait for a rescue boat. It is no casual treading of water; they need to be close enough that they can make a break for shore if necessary, but not so close that the waves suck them back into the surf. They fall into an endless pattern of paddling hard out to sea, getting pulled in by the nearly 15-foot waves, and paddling hard seaward again. For an hour, they rise and

fall together in the cold water, counting the waves, timing the breakers. The sets are too close together for them to risk an attempt to the shore.

"I'll go back," the Orange County lifeguard finally says. "I'll brief them on the situation."

The group watches him depart. Cynthia, who is connected to both Laguna Beach guards by a rescue tube with a tether, can see that an ambulance has arrived on the scene, and EMTs are unloading stretchers. Please let there be a boat, she thinks.

Suddenly, a wave that looks the size of an apartment complex mounts. The Laguna Beach guards yell, "Swim!" Matt, who is farthest from shore, fins hard, managing to make the crest, but now he is on the back side of the wave, while Cynthia and Casey—still tethered to Matt—are on the front. Casey disconnects himself from the rig, seizes Cynthia, and pushes her into the tube as Matt spread-eagles his body to create enough drag to keep Cynthia from being carried off. There is a mad yank on the tether, and then Casey and Cynthia burst through to the back of the wave, gasping.

"Keep swimming!" Matt yells, and

Cynthia sees another stupendous wave. The timing of this one is worse; Cynthia knows that the rescue tube will catch its full force. Casey slips the tube over her head and wraps his arms around her, and they kick hard to slice into the wave. It feels like half a minute of frenzied kicking before they break through.

"Don't stop swimming," Casey says.

A few more seconds of effort and they're clear of the break, but now they notice another lifeguard battling his way out through the surf to reach them. When he arrives, he tells the group what they already know: They should not try to swim in—a boat is on its way. They've been in the water for nearly two hours.

Finally, a boat arrives, and the Orange County Harbor Patrol plucks the swimmers from the water and carries them to its basin at Dana Point Harbor. The group is cold and exhausted, but no one is seriously injured.

Cynthia regrets that she put herself in the situation, but she is grateful for the lifeguards' bravery and professionalism. "I knew if I did what you said, I'd be fine," she tells them as the boat motors into the harbor. "I knew I was in good hands." **R**



## THE NEW GOLDEN RULE

Before telling a story, ask yourself, Is this more entertaining than anything this person could be doing on his phone?

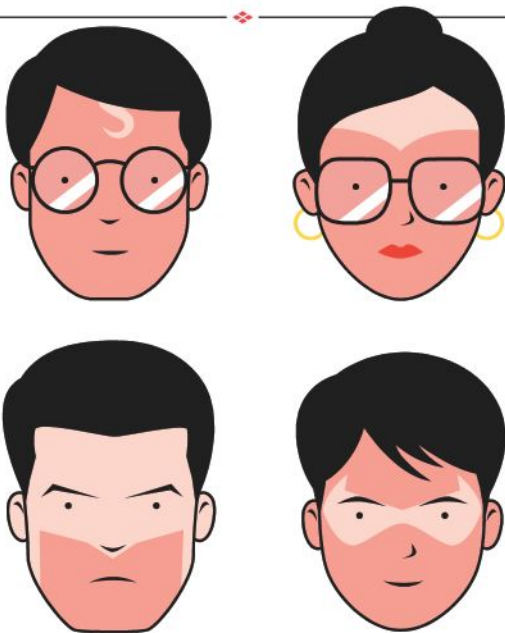
@DAMIENFAHEY



# Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

---



## SUPERHERO TAN LINES

---

**THE PARODY** Twitter account @boredElonMusk figured that if Musk could cofound PayPal and also develop the Tesla electric automobile, he might invent these next:

- A TV that gets louder to compensate for when you are chewing.
- An indoor trash bin that keeps getting taller until someone finally decides to take the garbage out.

■ Eye-tracking software that will not allow you to share a link on Twitter or Facebook until you've read 70 percent of the article.

**A MAN VACATIONS** on a tropical island, and the first thing he hears is drums. He goes to the beach and hears the drums; he eats lunch, he hears the drums; he tries to sleep,

he can't—drums. Finally he storms over to the manager. "I've had it! Can't you stop those drums?" he begs.

"No!" says the manager. "It's very bad if the drums stop."

"Why?"

"When the drums stop, the bass solo begins."

### I INVENTED A NEW WORD: *plagiarism.*

Submitted by **M. R.**, via Internet

**I'M THINKING** of opening a firing range where all the targets are shaped like computers with screens full of pop-up ads.

Comedian **DAN BURT**

**MY WIFE** told me that I twist everything she says to my advantage. I take that as a compliment.

Submitted by **D. T.**, via Internet

**WHEN THEY'RE NOT** trying to pick up your phone calls, National Security Agency employees are trying to pick up *you*. Beware their go-to lines:

■ "Did you fall from heaven? Because there's no tracking data on how you arrived at this location." @NORMWILNER

■ "I'd tap that." @SANASAEED

■ "I know exactly where you have been all my life."

@ADONISH\_P

From #NSAPickUpLines

**"OHhh, BLESS YOU ...** Bless you ... Riiiiight. Because you're *special* air."

—A burp to a sneeze

Comedian **ANDREW HIBBARD**

### A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER AT CAMP

BY ANDY SIMMONS

Dear Quinn,

How are you? I am fine. The city is nice. There are lots of fun things to do. I like to play Chase the Bus and Fawn Over the Boss. Yesterday in arts and crafts, I spilled coffee all over my desk at work. It looks awesome!!! I like all my officemates except Lauren. She cries anytime one of her deals doesn't go through.

This weekend, we had Color War. Mommy wanted to paint the dining room blue, and I wanted to paint it red. I think you will like our blue dining room. Then I went on a hike. I trekked through the living room, over the dog, and into the kitchen. I saw a bag of pretzels and a cold beer, and I captured them. I like hiking.

Mommy is good. Last night, we sat around the fire telling scary stories. I told her one about how our furnace broke and we have to pay \$4,000 to replace it. Mommy told me her brother was moving in with us. Mommy is soooo good at telling scary stories! Please write me soon!!!!!!!

Love, love, love, love, love,  
Daddy

Send your kid to a swanky camp with the money you'll get if we run your gag. Go to page 7 or [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit) for details.

In my family's desperate hour, my fifth-grade teacher knew just what to do

# Mrs. Clarence To the Rescue

BY HEATHER LEAH HUDDLESTON FROM QUEST FOR KINDNESS



HEATHER LEAH HUDDLESTON is a freelance writer and editor who lives in Baltimore.

**I'M NOT A RELIGIOUS PERSON**, by any stretch of the word. I am, however, incredibly spiritual, and if I had to label my beliefs, I would say that kindness is my religion. I have experienced and witnessed many acts of kindness throughout my life; many have affected me so deeply that they've helped shape who I am. This is one.

I was three weeks away from turning 11 as I sat at the desk watching the hands on the clock measure the same second over and over, and that's how I felt—frozen in time. Normally, I would read the book opened on my desk, answer the questions the teacher had, but not on that day. Both Mrs. Clarence, my teacher, and I were waiting for the office attendant to walk through the trailer door of my fifth-grade English class and summon us. My eyes bounced from book to door to stuck clock to teacher. Each second that failed to tick by, I felt more nauseated.

When the door finally opened, I jumped in both my skin and my seat. Mrs. Clarence asked the attendant to watch the class as she pulled a small box from under her desk; the box contained a few of my personal items—a Cabbage Patch doll, an Alf stuffed animal, Dokken and Queensrÿche cassettes—and my

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (HUDDLESTON)



brother's Metallica and Iron Maiden vinyl records. A stockpile of stuff, these were the only items we would be bringing with us as we escaped Texas and my mother's abusive boyfriend. A difficult feat, as my mother couldn't leave the house without him chaperoning her every move. I was never sure why no one ever called the cops, even after I confided in Mrs. Clarence about the sexual and physical abuse that was going on in our house, the drugs and alcohol. Maybe she thought my mother would be

locked away, and then where would my brother and I be? So instead, my teacher and my mother became coconspirators in planning our escape.

Mrs. Clarence let me bring stuff from the house—only the essentials we couldn't live without—and our cover was show-and-tell, even though that didn't exist in the fifth grade. But what did the abusive boyfriend know? The only problem was getting my mother to the school ... alone. Mrs. Clarence called our house, posing as the principal, and said my brother had been in a fight, and she wanted an immediate conference with my mom, alone. After the call, all we had to do was wait for her to show up; those were the longest seconds of my life.

When Mrs. Clarence and I walked

to the car—the abusive boyfriend's mother's powder blue Oldsmobile—my body shook from fear, sorrow, and possibility. Mrs. Clarence wanted to walk me out so she could meet my mother face-to-face and shake her

hand. She pulled \$20 out of her pocket—the only money she had—and handed it to my mother.

“I only wish it could be more,” she said as she hugged us and said goodbye.

I watched her body shrink and melt out of sight before I looked forward in the car.

“  
***Mrs. Clarence  
 whispered  
 through her  
 tears,  
 “Of course I  
 remember you.”***”

**FOUR YEARS LATER**, when I was 14, I was cleaning out the closet my mother and I shared in my grandfather's house. Tucked among the clothes, pushed to the back of the top shelf, was a shoe box. My curiosity piqued, I opened it to find old school pictures of friends from Texas, notes and letters written in young girls' hands, and a folded piece of paper, its edges ripped and frayed—written on it in a woman's hand, the name *Mrs. Clarence* and a phone number.

I didn't hesitate; I didn't ask permission to call long-distance; I simply dialed. As the phone rang, my heart pounded in my chest, my throat constricted. A little voice answered, and somehow my throat relaxed enough so I could speak. I asked for



Mrs. Clarence. Without asking who I was, the little girl dropped the phone and called for her mother.

"Hello?"

My voice froze for a second, and then it all rushed out.

"Mrs. Clarence, I'm not sure if you'll remember me, but this is Heather White."

Silence, except for the sound of screaming kids in the background.

"Hello?" I said.

She whispered through tears, "Of course I remember you."

I swallowed hard so I could speak again. "I just wanted to let you know that I'm OK."

She said she'd prayed for this call to come. After I thanked her for all she'd done for me, my brother, and my mother, she asked about my everyday life. We talked, we cried, we caught up, and then we said goodbye.

Her number safely inside, I put the shoe box back where I'd found it. I don't remember if it was a few days, weeks, or months later, but I looked back in the shoe box to get the number so I could call her again, but it was gone. I searched frantically all over the room, but the little frayed, worn piece of paper had disappeared, almost as if I were just supposed to call her once to answer her prayer.

Mrs. Clarence's kindness saved my life, and I believe that's the power kindness has. Whether it's translated into a small act (offering a smile to a stranger, opening a door, or picking up something that was dropped) or a large one (conspiring to save the lives of children), kindness is a force that can influence and change lives. In fact, random acts of kindness have the power to change the world. **R**

COPYRIGHT © 2010 BY HEATHER LEAH HUDDLESTON. QUEST FOR KINDNESS (MAY 20, 2010), ALICIABESSETTE.COM.



## THERE'S A NAME FOR THAT ...

Knowing that a bunch of birds is called a flock is easy. Here are some unexpected names for animal groups:

- A battery of barracudas
- A congregation of alligators
- A coalition of cheetahs
- A congress of eels
- A memory of elephants
- A troubling of goldfish
- A cackle of hyenas

*From A Compendium of Collective Nouns by Woop Studios (Chronicle Books)*

# That's Outrageous!

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

**PROSECUTOR:** How fast was the car coming toward you?

**WITNESS:** I am not a thermometer, so I can't tell you the speed limit.

**ATTORNEY:** What did the doctor tell you was the condition of the body when he performed the autopsy?

**WITNESS:** He described it as dead.

**PROSECUTOR:** Do you see the defendant in court today?

**WITNESS:** Yes, I do.

**PROSECUTOR:** How is he dressed?

**WITNESS:** He looks pretty sharp.

**PROSECUTOR**

(addressing the court):

The People have evidence that the life of the witness is in jeopardy, and it is reasonable to apprehend he will not be able to attend the trial if he is not alive at that time.

**ATTORNEY:** Can you explain what "state-dependent memory" refers to?

**WITNESS:** Yes. If a law student is drinking while studying for the exam, he would do well to bring

beer into the examination, because he'll be better able to re-create whatever it is he studied if he's in a similar state of intoxication.

**COURT:** That's a novel thought.

**WITNESS:** You see why I'm no longer teaching at the law school.

**COUNSEL** (to man in hallway): Are you a witness, victim, or defendant?

**MAN:** I'm the guy who did it.

**Q:** Were you involved in a romantic relationship with her?

**A:** I ain't involved in no romantic relationship with her. I'm married to her.

**COUNSEL** (to witness): Are you telling the truth?

**PROSECUTOR:** Objection; irrelevant.

**THE DEFENDANT SAID** that prior to the offense, he'd hoped to become a physician. But he believes that with a felony conviction, he will be precluded from achieving that goal. So he is now considering becoming a lawyer.





I hoped it wouldn't come back  
I hoped it wouldn't grow  
I know it's time to act



Talk to your dermatologist or other healthcare provider. It's not too late to give your **advanced basal cell carcinoma** some serious attention.

#### GET AN ERIVEDGE INFORMATION PACKET.

Call (855) 7-ERIVEDGE (or 855-737-4833) or visit [LearnAboutErivedge.com](http://LearnAboutErivedge.com).



Please see the accompanying Medication Guide on the following pages for additional Important Safety Information.

If you don't have prescription coverage or can't afford your medicine, we may be able to help. Visit [genentech-access.com/erivedge/patients](http://genentech-access.com/erivedge/patients) or call (888) 249-4918 to learn more. Capsule shown not actual size.

**Genentech**

A Member of the Roche Group

© 2014 Genentech USA, Inc.  
HELD0002551100

All rights reserved.  
Printed in USA.

## Indication

Erivedge® (vismodegib) capsule is a prescription medicine used to treat adults with a type of skin cancer, called basal cell carcinoma, that has spread to other parts of the body or that has come back after surgery or that your healthcare provider decides cannot be treated with surgery or radiation.

## Important Safety Information

**What is the most important information I should know about Erivedge?**

- Erivedge can cause your baby to die before it is born (be stillborn) or cause your baby to have severe birth defects
- For females who can become pregnant, talk with your healthcare provider about the risks of Erivedge to your unborn child. Your healthcare provider should do a pregnancy test within 7 days before you start taking Erivedge to find out if you are pregnant. Avoid pregnancy by using highly effective birth control before starting Erivedge, and continue during treatment and for 7 months after your last dose. Tell your healthcare provider right away if you have unprotected sex or think that your birth control has failed
- For males, always use a condom with a spermicide during sex with female partners while you are taking Erivedge and for 2 months after your last dose, even if you have had a vasectomy
- Tell your healthcare provider right away if you or your female partner could be pregnant or thinks she is pregnant while you are taking Erivedge

### Exposure to Erivedge during pregnancy:

Pregnant women are encouraged to participate in a program that collects information about exposure and the effects on the mother and her unborn child by calling the Genentech Adverse Event Line at (888) 835-2555.

### What should I tell my healthcare provider before taking Erivedge?

- If you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant
- If you are breast-feeding or plan to breast-feed

### What should I avoid while taking Erivedge?

Do not give blood or blood products during treatment with Erivedge and for 7 months after your last dose.

### What are the possible side effects of Erivedge?

The most common side effects of Erivedge are:

- Muscle spasms
- Hair loss
- Change in how things taste or loss of taste
- Weight loss
- Tiredness
- Nausea
- Diarrhea
- Decreased appetite
- Constipation
- Vomiting
- Joint aches

These are not all of the possible side effects of Erivedge. For more information, ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist.

Because everyone is different, it is not possible to predict what side effects any one person will have or how severe they may be. Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away.

You may report side effects to the FDA at (800) FDA-1088 or [www.fda.gov/medwatch](http://www.fda.gov/medwatch). You may also report side effects to Genentech at (888) 835-2555.

Please see the full Prescribing Information, including **serious side effects**, at [Erivedge.com](http://Erivedge.com).

## MEDICATION GUIDE

### ERIVEDGE® (EH-rih-vej) (vismodegib) capsule

Read this Medication Guide before you start taking ERIVEDGE and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This Medication Guide does not take the place of talking with your healthcare provider about your medical condition or your treatment.

#### **What is the most important information I should know about ERIVEDGE?**

#### **ERIVEDGE can cause your baby to die before it is born (be stillborn) or cause your baby to have severe birth defects.**

For females who can become pregnant:

- You should talk with your healthcare provider about the risks of ERIVEDGE to your unborn child.
- Your healthcare provider should do a pregnancy test within 7 days before you start taking ERIVEDGE to find out if you are pregnant.
- In order to avoid pregnancy, you should start using highly effective birth control before you start ERIVEDGE, and continue to use highly effective birth control during treatment, and for 7 months after your last dose of ERIVEDGE. Talk with your healthcare provider about what birth control method is right for you during this time.
- Talk to your healthcare provider right away if you have unprotected sex or if you think that your birth control has failed.
- Tell your healthcare provider right away if you become pregnant or think that you may be pregnant.

For males:

- You should always use a condom with a spermicide, even if you have had a vasectomy, during sex with female partners while you are taking ERIVEDGE and for 2 months after your last dose to protect your female partner from being exposed to ERIVEDGE.

- Tell your healthcare provider right away if your partner becomes pregnant or thinks she is pregnant while you are taking ERIVEDGE.

#### **Exposure to ERIVEDGE during pregnancy:**

If you think that you or your female partner may have been exposed to ERIVEDGE during pregnancy, talk to your healthcare provider right away. Pregnant women are encouraged to participate in a program that collects information about exposure to ERIVEDGE during pregnancy, and the effects on the mother and her unborn child. This program is called the ERIVEDGE pregnancy pharmacovigilance program. You may participate in this program by calling the Genentech Adverse Event Line at 1-888-835-2555.

#### **What is ERIVEDGE?**

ERIVEDGE is a prescription medicine used to treat adults with a type of skin cancer, called basal cell carcinoma, that has spread to other parts of the body or that has come back after surgery or that your healthcare provider decides cannot be treated with surgery or radiation.

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

#### **What should I tell my healthcare provider before taking ERIVEDGE?**

#### **Before taking ERIVEDGE, tell your healthcare provider if you:**

- **are pregnant or plan to become pregnant.** See “**What is the most important information I should know about ERIVEDGE?**”
- **are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed.** It is not known if ERIVEDGE passes into your breast milk. You and your healthcare provider should decide if you will take ERIVEDGE or breastfeed. You should not do both.

**Tell your healthcare provider about all the medicines you take**, including prescription and non-prescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements.

Know the medicines you take. Keep a list of them to show your healthcare provider and pharmacist when you get a new medicine.

### **How should I take ERIVEDGE?**

- Take ERIVEDGE exactly as your healthcare provider tells you.
- You can take ERIVEDGE with or without food.
- Swallow ERIVEDGE capsules whole. Do not open or crush the capsules.
- Take ERIVEDGE one time each day.
- If you miss a dose, skip the missed dose. Just take your next scheduled dose.

### **What should I avoid while taking ERIVEDGE?**

- Do not donate blood or blood products while you are taking ERIVEDGE and for 7 months after your last dose.

### **What are the possible side effects of ERIVEDGE?**

#### **ERIVEDGE can cause serious side effects, including:**

- See **“What is the most important information I should know about ERIVEDGE?”**

The most common side effects of ERIVEDGE are:

- muscle spasms
- hair loss
- change in how things taste or loss of taste
- weight loss
- tiredness
- nausea
- diarrhea
- decreased appetite
- constipation
- vomiting
- joint aches

Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away.

These are not all the possible side effects of ERIVEDGE. For more information, ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist.

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

You may also report side effects to Genentech, Inc. at 1-888-835-2555.

### **How should I store ERIVEDGE?**

- Store ERIVEDGE at room temperature between 68°F to 77°F (20°C to 25°C).

### **Keep ERIVEDGE and all medicines out of the reach of children.**

#### **General information about ERIVEDGE**

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

This Medication Guide summarizes the most important information about ERIVEDGE. If you would like more information, ask your healthcare provider. You can ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist for the FDA-approved information about ERIVEDGE that is written for healthcare professionals. For more information, call 1-855-737-4833 or visit [www.erivedge.com](http://www.erivedge.com)

#### **What are the ingredients in ERIVEDGE?**

Active ingredient: vismodegib; Inactive ingredients: microcrystalline cellulose, lactose monohydrate, sodium lauryl sulfate, povidone, sodium starch glycolate, talc, magnesium stearate (non bovine). The capsule shell contains gelatin, titanium dioxide, red iron oxide, and black iron oxide. The black printing ink contains shellac and black iron oxide.

This Medication Guide has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

MG Issued: 01/2012

Manufactured by:

Patheon, Inc.

Mississauga, Canada

Distributed by:

**Genentech USA, Inc.**

A Member of the Roche Group

1 DNA Way

South San Francisco, CA 940804990

ERIVEDGE is a

registered trademark

of Genentech, Inc.

©2014 Genentech, Inc.

**Genentech**  
A Member of the Roche Group

HE0002551100

# The \$99,000 Outhouse ( And 9 Other Taxpayer- Funded Follies )

BY ANDY SIMMONS



**“WHEN IT COMES TO** spending your money, Washington tends to see no waste, speak no waste, and cut no waste,” wrote Senator Tom Coburn (R-OK) in the most recent *Wastebook*, his annual compendium of government profligacy.

From bloated military projects to over-the-top congressional earmarks, government waste comes in all shapes and sizes. So how much is there? That depends on what you call waste. Besides, as Richard W. Miller, a



professor of ethics and public life at Cornell University, points out, “a complete inquiry would take so much time and energy and lead to so much disruption and so many mistakes that it would end up being ... a waste.” Which doesn’t mean there isn’t plenty of fiscal fat to be trimmed. It just means it won’t be easy. And since one congressperson’s pork is another’s bacon, once a program is enacted, it’s nearly impossible to kill. Still, we’ve found ten good places to start.

## Luxury Loo

If you're nostalgic for the days of the \$9,600 wrench, the \$7,400 coffeepot, and the \$640 toilet seat, good news: We've got a \$99,000 outhouse for you! Tara, it ain't—it's a single toilet with no internal plumbing. This rustic restroom, which will sit at a trailhead in Alaska's Denali National Park, costs some \$10,000, but because the Interior Department contracted with a local business that ordered it from an Oregon manufacturer, shipping and other costs added \$89,000 to the fee. Entrepreneurs, take note: Evidently in Alaska, a good freestanding toilet is hard to find.

## Billionaire Bus Stops

They used to be simple structures at which passengers were loaded and unloaded, and they provided enough cover to keep people only slightly damp during storms. Then came the Super Stop. Opened in 2013 in Arlington, Virginia, and sized to fit 15 passengers, it boasted a winged steel-frame roof, heating elements embedded in the floor, etched-glass walls, Wi-Fi, and digital display boards—all for \$1 million. You're probably thinking that Arlington could teleport passengers from point A to point B for that kind of cash. Officials call the expense "an investment in infrastructure to support renewal." Be that as it may, the shelter has one not-so-minor flaw: It doesn't shelter very well. "If it's pouring rain, I'm

going to get wet; if it's cold, the wind is going to be blowing on me," a county board member told the *Washington Post*. Still, the county, which has received \$8 million in federal funding for the shelters, plans to build more.

## A Taxing Problem

It's one thing to forget to use spell-check; it's another thing to buy \$239 million worth of software—and then forget to use \$11.6 million of it. But that's exactly what the IRS managed to do, said a treasury inspector general in a report in February. "Software license management at the IRS is not being adequately performed," the report concluded. Now, if only there were a government department that could audit the IRS.

## Bush League

Remember sequestration, that fun time last year when billions of dollars were automatically pruned from the federal budget? Well, speaking of pruning, one piece of spending that wasn't cut was a \$704,000, five-year contract on gardening and landscaping for the home of the American ambassador to NATO in Belgium.

## Fast and Infuriating

In the past five years, the National Guard has spent \$136 million sponsoring NASCAR driver Dale Earnhardt Jr., and so far, the investment has resulted in 24,800 recruiting prospects. Not too shabby, except that "of that group, only



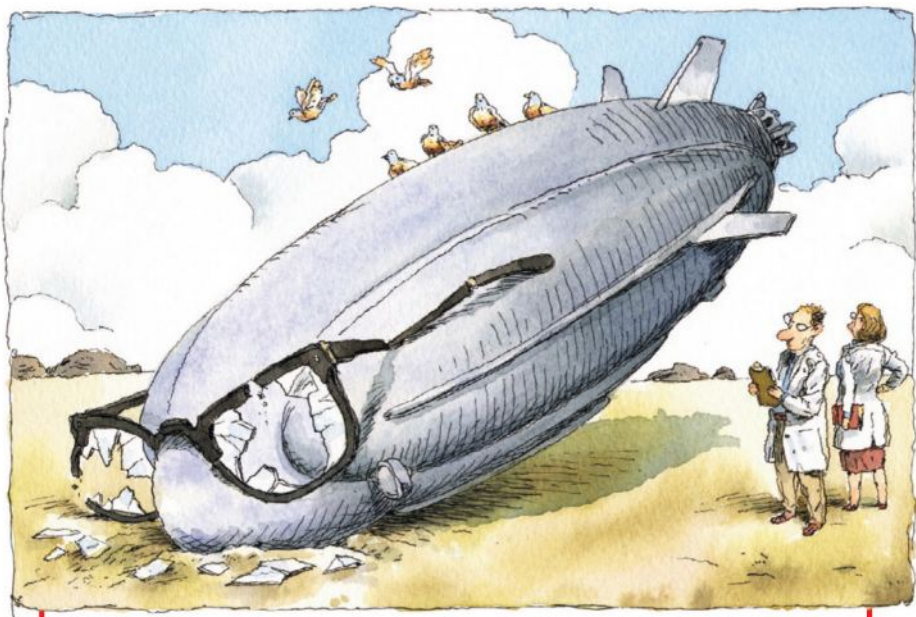


## The Office That Time Forgot

Luddites, rejoice! It turns out that some federal work is still done the old-fashioned way: by hand. In a former mine some 230 feet below the surface in Boyers, Pennsylvania, 600 employees of the Office of Personnel Management—which processes benefits for federal retirees—have forgone automation in favor of bureaucracy that is best described as artisanal. As the *Washington Post* points out, documents are mailed from governmental offices, received in Boyers, typed into a computer, printed out on paper, reviewed and marked up by various examiners, and, finally, retyped into the computer. Thanks to this Bob Cratchit-era clerking approach, each claim takes around 61 days to fulfill—the same amount of time it took back in 1977. And here's one more piece of fuel for the ire: Since the Reagan administration, the executive branch has already spent more than \$100 million to digitize the department.

20 met the Guard's qualifications for entry into the service," reported *USA Today*, "and not one of them joined." The problem is demographics, according to Missouri senator Claire McCaskill: The National Guard seeks

18-to-24-year-olds, but "the average age of a race-car fan is between 35 and 54 years old," she said. A lack of viable recruits is the reason why the Marines, Army, Coast Guard, and Navy have all ended their NASCAR sponsorships.



## The Blimp That Bombed

Hear that hissing sound? That's the air being let out of the Long Endurance Multi-Intelligence Vehicle (LEMV). The Army spent \$297 million to build this hybrid airship, which was intended to provide unmanned, continuous surveillance over Afghanistan. But the Army deemed the "unblinking eye in the sky" such a lemon that it sold it back to the manufacturer for \$301,000. Why the fire-sale price? The completed LEMV was six tons above its target weight, making it one droopy eye.

## Class Dismissed

Here's a tip: If you're spending taxpayer dollars, don't draw attention to yourself with a glaring typo. That happened with the Senate Office of Education and Training, or, as it referred to itself on the cover of its recent catalog: the *Senate Office of Education and Traiing*. But it was what was inside the catalog

that raised eyebrows: a list of courses and webinars available to Senate staffers through the Senate Employee Assistance Program. Classes included "Benefits of a Good Night's Sleep," "Small Talk: Breaking the Ice in Social Situations," and "Assert Yourself: Speak Up with Tact Rather than Suffer in Silence." The total cost of the instruction

was estimated at \$1.9 million. There was one class, however, that should be made mandatory for every member of Congress: "Forgiveness," which explains the "consequences of holding a grudge."

## Pop Culture Pork

Since 2010, the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) has ponied up \$914,000 for the Popular Romance Project, an ongoing study of romance literature and art. Topics explored:

- Are heroes like Edward (from *Twilight*) romantic or controlling?
- The romance of British Secret Service Agent James Bond, 007
- An examination of Carly Rae Jepsen's song "Call Me Maybe"

The project will celebrate Valentine's Day, 2015, by releasing the documentary *Love Between the Covers*. Super-

hero comics have their own federally funded film. The NEH and National Endowment for the Arts have spent \$825,000 on a documentary marking the 75th anniversary of Superman's debut. What else do vampire Edward and the dashing Kryptonian have in common? Both represent two American industries that are raking in millions of dollars and don't need government support, says Senator Tom Coburn in his *Wastebook*.

## Did We Really Need to Study That?

The National Institutes of Health spent \$325,525 on a University of California, Berkeley, project that proved what any husband would have told the government for free: The happiest marriages are ones in which the wives calm down quickly during fights. **R**



## WORDPLAY

If you can't make this month's National Scrabble Championship in Buffalo, New York, hold on to these spellbinding jokes for your next family throw-down:

Scrabble: It's all fun and games until someone loses an "I."

TRONES

I saw a guy spill Scrabble letters on the road. I asked him, "What's the word on the street?"

DISGRUNTLED\_GOAT

My dog ate all the Scrabble tiles once.  
He keeps leaving little messages around the house.

ZHYL

Source: reddit.com

Retirees Lee and Morty Kaufman gained unexpected fame with a TV commercial for a special mop. Introducing the Swiffer couple.

# Sweeping the Nation

BY STEVEN KURUTZ FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

**“I was retired for 30 years, until at the age of 90, I got involved in this commercial bit,” Morty Kaufman said.**

Morty is referring to the popular TV spots for Swiffer, the maker of household-cleaning products, which he stars in with his wife, Lee. In a series of unscripted 30-second ads, the couple discuss their blissful 45-year union and their division of household labor (Mrs. Kaufman does the cleaning; Mr. Kaufman, the napping) and marvel at the Swiffer supplies that have been left on their doorstep.

In one spot, Mr. Kaufman addresses the camera, saying, “There’s only two of us. How much dirt can we manufacture?” He and Mrs. Kaufman answer in unison—“Very little” and “More than you think”—in a perfect encapsulation of a cleaning divide that has no doubt existed since before the invention of the broom.

*The happy couple  
at the threshold  
of the home  
Morty bought six  
decades ago*



After the commercials began airing a year ago, the Kaufmans became Lee and Morty, TV personalities. They have appeared on the *Today* show and the *Ellen DeGeneres Show* and were recently honored by the Senior Pops Orchestra of Long Island.

In January, they greeted a reporter on the set where the commercials were filmed: their tidy ranch house on suburban Long Island.

"I bought it 62 years ago," Morty said from his favorite leather recliner in the living room. "It was new. I paid \$15,000 for the house and another \$1,000 for the garage."

The commercials were filmed over two days last winter. "Two days of work," Morty said, shaking his head.

For her part, Lee found it strange to be recognized when she and her husband would go to Woodro Koshler Deli and other local spots. "I didn't understand why people would be looking at me. I really didn't," she said. "I looked down. I thought my pants fell off."

The ads' success lies less with the magic of the Swiffer WetJet than with the Kaufmans, who project an appealing picture of marriage and old age. Morty, 92, and Lee, 91, are still in their home, and they appear loving and physically spry on camera (to demonstrate her chandelier-dusting method, Mrs. Kaufman scales a dining chair).

"Well, on the TV we look viable," said Morty, who has twice battled cancer. "They're not going to show me hobbling around."

Morty drives two days a week to Nassau Community College, where he helps supervise a seniors' learning program. And Lee is active in the alumni association of Hunter College, her alma mater. "Make no mistake: We are goers and doers," she said. "We are not stay-at-homes."

Though the couple come across as lifelong companions, they married in their 40s, after their previous spouses died and left them with children. He had four; she was raising a son and daughter and was the reading teacher for Morty's youngest son, Scott. They met at a school parent-teacher conference, Morty said.

"The second time I went, I said, 'I didn't come to discuss Scotty. Would you care to go out with me?'" he recalled. "From there it blossomed. We fit like gloves."

Lee smiled at hearing the lines again. "It's exactly how he said. He remembers every word."

These days, they are asked as often about their relationship as they are about the Swiffer ads.

Lee noted they were both the youngest children in large families. "That teaches you how to get along," she said.

Asked for his take on lasting romance, Morty said, "We're in love with each other. That's essential. You have to be compassionate, caring." Then he turned to his wife and, almost embarrassed, said, "We're revealing an awful lot about ourselves." She cheered. "It's an evaluation of our lives."



*Their once-busy home is now calm and right-sized for the nonagenarian couple.*

When the two married, she moved into his ranch house and set about sprucing up the place and making room for their blended family. The living room, with its burnt-orange shag carpet and artwork from their world travels, has the decades-long constancy one associates with grandparents' homes. The only nod to this century is Morty's new recliner: He wore the old one out.

Much of their time is spent in his-and-hers dens. Morty's is wood-paneled and crowded with a large collection of VHS tapes, while Lee's has jazzy wallpaper and family

photos on the walls. It's noticeably tidier too.

He handles the laundry, as Mrs. Kaufman finds the washing machine confusing, with its many buttons. For the deep cleaning, what she calls the "soap-and-water work," the couple hire a cleaning person, who comes every two weeks. Theirs is now a Swiffer household, of course.

Are there plans to appear in more commercials in the future?

"Well, we're waiting," Morty said.

Lee said she would be happy either way. "What an experience to come to you at this age." **R**

THE NEW YORK TIMES (JANUARY 22, 2014), COPYRIGHT © 2014 BY THE NEW YORK TIMES CO., NYTIMES.COM.



# The Lion Whisperer

Playing with big cats is  
deadly serious business.  
Is Kevin Richardson inspired,  
crazy, or a little of both?

BY RICHARD POPLAK FROM *READER'S DIGEST CANADA*



*Richardson ignores  
the rules and trusts  
his intuition about  
the animals.*



# W

hen Kevin Richardson steps through the gate and onto a stretch of pristine South African grassland, time appears to ripple. The disturbance causes a momentary abatement in the roar of the cicadas; the only sound is the crunch of dry grass under his boots.

Then the air shivers, and half a metric ton of flesh and muscle bursts from the veld: an adult lion and lioness, their movements so fluid, they seem poured from the bush. Before Richardson can prepare himself, the cats paw his head and bring him down.

“Bobcat! Gabby!” he coos. “Come here, my babies!”

The lions flop on top of him like kittens at play. Over the past 17 years, millions have watched similar encounters on news segments and nature-channel shows: Richardson, whose fans call him the Lion Whisperer, “attacked” by several of the planet’s most fearsome predators. Just as viewers brace themselves for a bloodbath, a love-in ensues. No number of YouTube clips, however, can rival a live performance. The animals smell like dust and death. They are not tame; they are untamable. Somehow, because of a skill or intuition he cannot name, 39-year-old Richardson appeals to the softer elements of their nature.

We have seen the likes of this before, and we know how it ends. Crocodile Hunter, Grizzly Man, Siegfried and Roy—all killed or injured by animals they claimed kinship with. Richardson, who has known these lions since

they were babies, insists he’s different, but he is aware of the risks. “If I told you there are no issues associated with what I do, I’d be either a liar or mentally unstable,” he says as Bobcat nuzzles his neck.

No animal behaviorist has ever endorsed Richardson’s activities—the theory is that lions are too unpredictable to be trusted, no matter how docile they appear. “Those lions will kill him,” says Mosa Masupe, a ranger in Botswana’s Mashatu Game Reserve.

In 2001, a lion named Tsavo busted Richardson’s nose with a blow from its paw. Richardson’s arms and legs are mapped with scars. Even a gentle love bite could nick his jugular, leaving him to bleed out in the grass, alone.

Still, Richardson’s wife, Mandy, 33, with whom he has two small children, says, “I’m not really worried, because it’s all I know; it’s what he’s done since I met him.” For years, she worked as his public relations point person.



*Richardson hopes that hunters will be prevented from bringing lion trophies into the United States.*

“He’s so passionate about his work that it’s contagious,” she says.

In the grassland with me, Richardson says, “Have you seen any untoward movements from these lions? There’s no reason for me to hit them or subdue them. They’re lovable, social cats, man.”

Perhaps. But does *lovable* apply to wild creatures whose consciousness we cannot fathom? Or is it a case, as South African writer J. M. Coetzee once put it, of there being “no limit to the extent to which we can think ourselves into the being of another”?

**R**ichardson describes himself as a self-taught zoologist, but he is more than that—he stands between the wild predators and those who threaten their survival. In the wild, lions are menaced three ways. First, the

relentless spread of agricultural land has taken 75 percent of their habitat, depleting their prey base and leading to genetic isolation and inbreeding. Second, farmers kill hundreds of lions a year in retaliation for attacks on livestock. Third, the lions are poached by local hunters, who can make the equivalent of their annual incomes—about \$6,000—by shooting a single animal and selling the meat and bones on the black market. (Lion bones are an acceptable substitute in Asian tiger bone wine, said to boost virility. A case of the potion, a status symbol for an exploding Chinese middle class, can fetch as much as \$25,000 at auction.)

As a result, wild lion populations are being decimated. In 1950, more than 200,000 roamed Africa’s vast savannas. The most recent estimates put the figure at 35,000. The International

Union for Conservation of Nature classifies the species as “vulnerable.” Stuart Pimm, a conservation biologist at Duke University in North Carolina who has spent his career studying present-day extinctions, calls it a full-fledged crisis. “What sort of planet do we want to hand to our children and grandchildren?” he asks.

As bad as things are for wild lions,

an estimated 46,000 captive animals, feeding an industry the South African government considers “a sustainable utilization of natural resources.” According to one report, 5,892 dead lions (trophies) were exported between 2001 and 2011. In his popular YouTube videos, Richardson hopes to showcase these “natural resources” as warm-blooded creatures to an international



### *Tourists will pay up to \$58,000 to gun down a captive lion in a practice called canned hunting.*

Richardson says, life is worse for the 5,000-plus in captivity in South Africa. (With the country’s wild lion population averaging just 3,000, the majority of South Africa’s lions are in cages.) Most captive lions begin their “careers” as cubs on breeding farms, enjoying the attention of countless visitors. When the animals are six months old, tourists will pay as much as \$800 for an experience called “walking with,” in which a handler and his guests stroll through a patch of veld with a lion.

But 12 months later, no longer adorable, lions become fodder for a lucrative practice known as canned hunting—the animals are kept in a confined area to make them easier to shoot. Tourists will pay up to \$58,000 to gun down a full-grown male and up to \$10,000 for a female. In 2007 alone, 16,394 foreign hunters arrived to kill

audience. He’s not just playing—he’s trying to publicize the animals’ plight.

**A**lthough Richardson’s ruggedness suggests he was born in the bush, he hails from the lower-middle-class Johannesburg suburb of Orange Grove, where citrus orchards long ago gave way to homes with postage-stamp-size lawns. When Richardson was three or four, his dad helped him rear a baby bird that had fallen out of its nest. Dazzled by the experience, Richardson began to nurse other birds, until, by the age of seven, he’d acquired his first moniker: the Bird Boy of Orange Grove. Weavers, pigeons, mourning doves—broken birds by the dozen were brought by neighbors to the family’s home.

When Richardson was in his early teens, his father died. He acted out, drank heavily, stole cars, and even

rolled his sister's vehicle in a crash. He lost interest in his birds and one day set the flock free. While he had once hoped to study veterinary science, he was lucky to make it into university at all and even luckier to escape with two years of zoology and a bachelor's degree in physiology and anatomy. He eventually landed a job at a Johannesburg facility called Lion Park, where he fell in love with two lion cubs named Tau and Napoleon.

He can't really explain why, on his first visit, he stepped inside their pen. Youthful machismo may have played a part—this was a guy who had ridden superbikes and flown planes. Richardson suspects his ongoing grief for his father was also a factor; he was trying to master his fear of death. Regardless, the impulse was foolhardy. "At six months, a lion cub is big," he explains. "Check out his claws, his teeth—the thing can make a mess of you."

No sane, unarmed wrangler will stay in an enclosure with a lion older than six months. Richardson ignored that policy and spent as much time with the brood as possible, bonding as the lions grew into ornery adolescents and strapping adults. He discovered, as everyone else at the park soon did, that he had a sixth sense about them. He could ask them to stroll alongside him, to roll on their backs to accept a tummy rub. He used no coercion—no sticks, no pepper spray. Lions, he learned, are hugely social, and if he was welcomed into the

pride, he wasn't just safe—he was loved.

And so a brand was born. At 22, Richardson became a star wrangler at Lion Park, a glorified zoo for guests eager to taste the bush in a contained setting. But he realized that by emphasizing Tau and Napoleon's cuteness, he was contributing to a trend that meant more cubs doing "cub duty" in competing parks and later being killed in canned hunts. "You could say I was part of the problem," says Richardson.

If he was to do right by the animals he loved, he needed to both stoke his celebrity and eliminate the need for it to exist. He began thinking about acquiring a facility large enough to let his captive lions roam free.

**T**oday, Richardson pilots a four-by-four through the dirt tracks of Welgedacht Game Reserve, about 30 miles north of the South African capital of Pretoria. A year ago, with the help of donors, the Kevin Richardson Wildlife Sanctuary was established on a privately owned plot comprising almost 3,000 acres of rolling grassland. Thirteen electrified enclosures, each about two acres in size, shelter 26 lions, most of which previously lived at Lion Park.

Richardson parks his four-by-four and makes for one of the enclosures. Two lionesses, Meg and Amy, lope up, and he's on the ground in seconds. He has known the sisters for 11 years. After he left Lion Park, he was scared they were headed to a hunting shop, so he purchased them.

He has also redoubled his efforts to curtail the canned hunt by joining conservation groups in lobbying the South African government, raising awareness through fund-raising and social media, leading seminars, and working with wildlife NGOs.

The last thing he wants, however, is to end up with more lions in his sanctuary, a big reason his females are on contraception. His aim is for the captive population to plummet; he supports a nationwide moratorium on breeding. Richardson leans back against a now-supine Meg, ruffling her ears. "If only tourists did the math and said, 'Hey, where do all these cubs end up?'" he says. "Would you come to pet a cub, knowing that, as an adult, he's going to get slaughtered?"

**A** week or so before Christmas, 2013, during one of the violent storms that announce the arrival of South Africa's rainy season, a lion called Thor was felled by a lightning strike. A white lion in Richardson's sanctuary, Thor was named for the Norse god of war and thunder. The lion had starred in many videos and documentaries, most notably the 2010 epic *White Lion*, which turned him into a matinee idol. The circum-

stances of his death seemed like a resounding tribute from above.

Richardson's relationship with Thor was not without its troubles. On a film set five years ago, feeling the pressure of all that money spooling through the camera, Richardson prompted Thor to attack an animatronic lion one time too many. With staggering speed, the 660-pound animal lunged and grabbed Richardson's forearm in his jaws, employing just enough pressure to make his intentions plain.

In the only way he was able, Thor informed Richardson that the line between friendship and exploitation had been crossed. Richardson was ashamed. It took three years for Thor to forgive him and invite the Lion Whisperer back into his social circle with a guttural grumble.

"When he died, I don't think I've ever cried more," Richardson says. The essential aspects of Thor's character—his solitariness, his independence, and his pride—underlie Richardson's desire to run Welgedacht as a game park without a captive lion population once his own brood dies off. "I want no lions in enclosures," he says. "If that happens, then I know we're doing something right." **R**



## DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE CLAUSTROPHOBIC ASTRONAUT?

He just needed a little space.

# Gout and Heart Study

If you suffer from chronic gout and heart disease

local doctors need your help studying  
an investigational medication.



This research study needs men at least 50, and postmenopausal women at least 55, who suffer chronic gout and have experienced a heart attack, hospitalized unstable angina, stroke or complications due to diabetes.

If you have chronic gout and a history of cardiovascular disease call or log on to our web site to learn more about this study. The information we learn from this study could help others in the future.



1-800-282-2027



[www.ResearchMyGout.com](http://www.ResearchMyGout.com)

## Rough, dry feet?



## Try Flexitol® Heel Balm

Clinically proven to  
soften and repair rough,  
dry, and cracked feet



**Flexitol**  
Heel Balm  
For Rough, Dry Feet



Visible Results  
in **3**  
Days

CLINICALLY PROVEN FORMULA  
DIABETIC FRIENDLY



# Flexitol®

1-866-478-3338 [www.flexitol.com](http://www.flexitol.com)

[usainfo@flexitol.com](mailto:usainfo@flexitol.com)





Boomer kids  
had the most  
powerful toy  
of all—their  
imagination

*In Praise of the Carefree*  
**Childhood**





Of course all childhoods are happy from a worry-burdened, regret-nagged, past-50, skinless-chicken-breast-for-dinner perspective. Or after three drinks. Then being a kid is a beautifully drawn scene suffused with bright primary colors and drenched in cheer, and I've gotten childhood mixed up with the illustrations in my old Dick and Jane reader.

But we in the baby boom were lucky. Children had once been put to work, if not in factories and farmyards then in the kitchens, cellars, and sculleries of their own homes.

We were expected to clear our plates.

Now children have been put to work again. Homework started coming home with my children in kindergarten. Weekend assignment: Learn to read. They work at private lessons in every sort of thing, while I drive them around in a confusion of picking up kung fu and delivering "Kumbaya." After the work they do at the lesson, they practice the work they'll do at the next lesson. Recreation is organized according to the time-management principles of workplace efficiency. Punch in, punch out. In the dread word *playdate*, none of the pleasures of playing or dating are evoked. The kids work hard at sports, as well they should. Sports are an important part of the job of getting into exclusive schools. And while they're working on the essays that accompany the applications to those exclusive

schools, the kids need to be well-rounded. So they are drafted into volunteering for community-service work. This begins at about age eight, when the children are dragged to the local old-age home to annoy the doddering elders with "Kumbaya" sing-alongs and demonstrations of kung fu technique. And it ends, if it ever does, with a postdoctoral unpaid internship at Save the Snakes.

How today's kids must yearn for the textile mills and milking stools of yore, where they were occasionally left alone and could play Tops with the spindles or have fun yanking the cow's tail.

For a few blissful years, between the time the *Enola Gay* landed and the time the helicopter parents took off, children were in control of childhood.

What we did with our plentiful aggregation of playmates, our copious free time, and our minimal oversight was what right-minded kids have always done with freedom and opportunity: We wasted it. We did—according to the adult conception of doing something—nothing. We



“

***We played Cowboys. This was the only time it was permissible for a boy over five to skip.***

played. Parcheesi, Chutes and Ladders, Clue, old maid, crazy eights, and 52 pickup were for rainy days, and if it looked like the rain was never going to stop, we'd get out Monopoly. Despairing of its page upon page of rules, we'd make our own. This is how both Wall Street investment strategy and Washington economic policy were invented by our generation.

When it was just boys, we played Robin Hood. Tomato stakes were quarterstaves. We played Knights of the Round Table with picket-fence-slat broadswords and garbage-can-lid shields. After the garbage-can lids were taken away from us, the fence slats became dueling foils—or if Mr. Biedermeyer had left his outboard motorboat in the driveway, pirate sabers.

We played Cowboys. This was the only time it was permissible for a boy over five to skip. Done with our hands held out in front of us, grasping the reins, it was called galloping. We played Indians, but our twig arrows and tree-branch-and-package-twine bows didn't amount to much. Indians turned out to be better at hurling beanpole lances at each other and scalping younger brothers, to the extent that the crew cuts of the period allowed for scalping.

We did not, however, play Cowboys and Indians. That this showed a nascent multicultural sensitivity is a nice thought. But, really, playing Cowboys and Indians would have required two kinds of role playing at once. Roping and branding buffalo? Fast-draw tomahawk duels? This would have been overcomplicated.

Fighting was our chief joy. We played

war across the front yards, war in the local park, war indoors with foxholes behind the davenport and snipers at the top of the stairs. We were usually the Marines, sometimes the Army, but never the Navy, because sailors drowned instead of being dramatically wounded and bleeding to death while bravely urging our platoon to leave us behind and take the hill.

After the wars, there was War, on the living room rug or along the upstairs hall or in Mom's herbaceous borders, with lead soldiers. We had hundreds of lead soldiers. We made them ourselves. Billy Stumpf's dad supplied the molds. My dad brought home tire weights from the dealership where he sold cars. Billy and I melted the lead in a ladle on an old hot plate in the basement workshop, surrounded by paint thinner and wood shavings. Parents put a great premium on children quietly amusing themselves.

Soldiers that came out of the mold missing a leg or a rifle were painted blue. These were the French.

Our enthusiasm for fighting extended to snowball fights, water-balloon fights, dirt fights where new

houses were being built, and fruit-and-nut fights when crab apples and buckeyes were in season.

But only by accident, or an occasional ice ball, did anyone get hurt. The fighting rarely degenerated into "a fight." We would wrestle angrily or try to give each other a kick in the shins at the most. Knock-downs and drag-outs were unusual among baby boom children.

This must have been our own doing. We rarely heard adults—male adults, anyway—voice sincere disapproval of boys slugging each other. "So hit him back," our dads would tell us.

I once threw a roundhouse right at Steve Penske. So unused to punching was I, and so unused to ducking punches was he, that I put my fist into the side of the house—and he banged his head on the drainpipe.

And when the Vietnam War arrived, only one of us, Bobby Stumpf, went. The rest of us had excuses. Billy Stumpf's spleen was ruptured from high school football. Steve Penske developed allergies. Johnny MacKay got migraines. Jerry Harris came down with asthma. We used our imagination. **R**

THE BABY BOOM, BY P. J. O'ROURKE, COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY P. J. O'ROURKE, IS PUBLISHED AT \$25 BY ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, AN IMPRINT OF GROVE/ATLANTIC, INC., GROVEATLANTIC.COM.

---

\*  
\* \*  
**WAN, SOLO**

I totally understand how batteries feel  
because I'm rarely ever included in things either.

@CEHUDSPETH

# To Be a Deaf DJ



**ROBBIE WILDE, 28, is also a record producer in New York City.**

**BY ROBBIE WILDE, AS TOLD TO KENNETH MILLER**

**I WAS BORN IN ENGLAND** with perfect hearing. In 1990, when I was five, my family moved to the United States. I started getting ear infections every three months or so. We didn't have health insurance at the time, and when I got a third infection, my parents couldn't pay for the treatment. I went deaf in my right ear and was left with 50 percent hearing in my left. Over time, my remaining hearing dropped to 20 percent, where it is today. My doctors predicted that I would be completely deaf by now, so I think I'm doing pretty well.

There was always music on in my house when I was little. I loved listening to Metallica, Led Zeppelin, Bob Marley, Michael Jackson. My dad was a DJ, so he played disco, folk, dance, rock, and music from other countries. For my 18th birthday, my dad asked me to deejay at the restaurant he owned. After doing that for a few weeks, I was hooked. I wanted to learn more.

I e-mailed DJ Shiftee, a well-known New York City DJ, when I was 25: "I know you like a challenge. How about teaching a deaf person to deejay?" He wrote back the next day: "Challenge accepted." He tutored me twice a week for two years, helping me develop correct technique. I practiced four hours a day. Now when I'm performing, muscle memory takes over.

When I started, I wouldn't tell the club managers that I was deaf. I would just show up, introduce myself, and start playing music. At the end of the night, someone would say, "Oh, here's the check." And I'd say, "What? Oh, I can't hear." They were always so surprised. Sometimes I would bring doctor's notes because they wouldn't believe me. It was reassurance that they were giving me gigs because I was good, not out of sympathy.

Eventually people started calling me "that deaf DJ," and the name stuck.

For a show, I set up one speaker facing my left side, my good ear, and crank it all the way up. The speakers that play the bass are on the floor

behind me so I can hear some of the lower frequencies and feel the beat in my feet. And I can feel the energy of the crowd. When you play a certain song and the crowd goes crazy, you feel that. The song comes to life.

I use software that turns the music into lines of color on a computer screen. Red is the bass, blue is snare, green is the vocals or melody. I'm visually hearing the music. What I love about deejaying is the creativity, what you can do with a machine, two turntables, and a mixer.




---

*The speakers that play  
the bass are on the  
floor behind me so I can feel  
the beat in my feet.*

---

The next time you go dancing, cover your ears, and you'll feel a little bit of how I do it. You'll start using your other senses. You'll start seeing that you're able to hear the music in a different way. Music is not all about hearing.

I play all sorts of get-togethers now, from college parties to corporate events. I also go to elementary schools for the deaf and talk to the students about motivation and believing in themselves. I'm big on talking to the parents. I tell them, "My advice to you is let [your kids] chase their dreams. I'm a deaf DJ, so why not?" 

# PHOTO

OF LASTING  
INTEREST



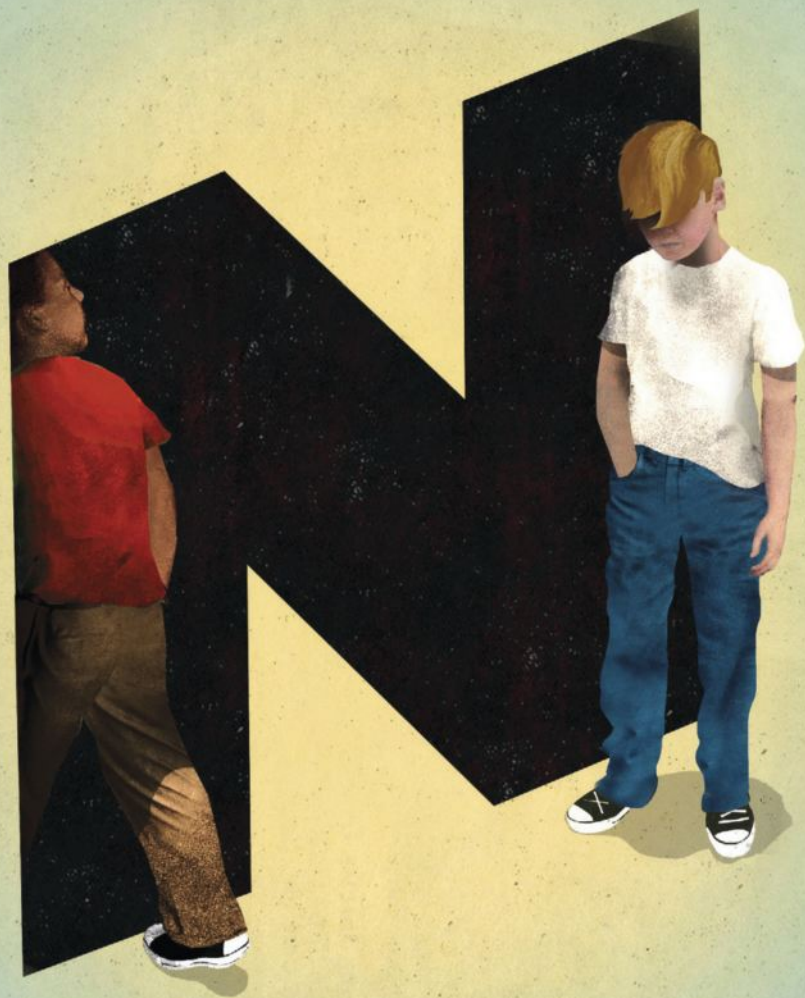
## Photograph by Robert Capa Chosen by Cynthia Young,

*curator for the International Center of Photography*

"This photograph strikes me every time I see it. Reminiscent of a Thomas Eakins painting, it is a newly discovered color image by famed photojournalist Robert Capa, shot with Kodachrome film in April 1943. It shows a boxing match on board a troopship of British Tommies traveling to Casablanca for deployment—the fight before the fight."

© ROBERT CAPA/COURTESY INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY/MAGNUM PHOTOS







The

We were the best of buddies—until what I said broke our bond forever

# Word

That Killed

Our Friendship

BY ANDY SIMMONS



ANDY SIMMONS is a features editor at Reader's Digest.

**I REMEMBER HIM** on his first day in sixth grade, standing alone in the corner of the classroom as we picked out our desks. He was the new kid and the only black face in a sea of white. More than that, he was an outsider, literally. He lived in pre-gentrified Harlem, whereas most of us lived on the tony West Side of Manhattan or the even tonier East Side. He had to have been petrified.

A few days later, and he had yet to connect with anyone. Our teacher asked me to talk to him, draw him out. At the time, I was wondering who would draw me out. But I dutifully got up from my desk, went over to where he was sitting, and said, "Hi." He replied, "Hi." And that was it for day one. The next day, "What's up?" "Not much." We added a word or two each day until full sentences were formed, and then a paragraph. Soon I was talking to him more than I was talking to anyone else.

We were 11 years old and did what all red-blooded American boys did at the time—we played hoops and watched Bugs Bunny. He'd come over to my home, where we'd turn somersaults on my parents' king-size bed, and he'd lie on the floor and let my dog play with his Afro.

At times, the real world would intrude. The occasional shop owner made comments about his being in their store, and one time, kids from another school chased us—well, him. We laughed as we left them in our dust.

We were locker mates. In our school, you couldn't get closer than that. Our friendship survived summer breaks, new friendships, petty arguments, even a full-blown fistfight over who knows what. (Actually, I know exactly what it was about! But I'm trying to convince myself that I've outgrown my pettiness.)

We didn't share secrets or dreams, because what secrets or dreams did we have? We had each other, and that was it. But we shared everything else, even a girlfriend (no, that's not what the fight was about). She and I had dated, but we broke up after I took her to the rerelease of the Marx Brothers movie *Horse Feathers*. She saw it as a venue to make out, and I saw it as a venue to watch the film. Miffed, she

suggested I date Harpo. My comment, "At least he wouldn't talk through the movie," sealed our fate.

There was a mutual attraction between them, so I made sure they met. My best bud with my best ex-girl? Fine by me. I remember seeing him at school one Monday when

we were in ninth grade. He was seething. They'd been at a movie theater making out during *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three* (she would never again make the mistake of taking a guy to a comedy). People stared, and some made comments. "Could it be because you two were making out during a

great crime drama?" I asked. He conceded it was possible, which tells you what a nice guy he was.

Later that year, we were leaving school. With nothing better to do, we resorted to ragging on each other. It's a particularly vicious sport that guys enjoy and women don't get. In this world, the more vile, the better, because what else could prove how tight you were? "I just called you something that would have made Adolf Hitler's mustache fall out, and we're still pals? Cool!" It was a game for friends. If we didn't care for each other, would we ever refer to each other as @#\$% or %^&\*? Why waste a well-turned @#\$\$%^&\*!!! on someone you couldn't

“  
***The look of  
 anguish on his  
 face told me  
 that not much  
 survives an  
 atomic blast.***”

care less about? And, of course, it was a game for gamblers. How far can you go before it's too far?

I weathered a withering storm of epithets, mama jokes, greasy-hair gags, and references to my penchant for hanging on to the basketball. When it was my turn, I whipped off a clever deconstruction of his game or lack thereof and a crushing swipe at his choice of clothing. He was laughing as hard as I was. But I wasn't finished. As we say in basketball, I had the hot hand, and I was taking the last shot, capping off our merriment with the most lethal weapon in my arsenal.

Oddly enough, I remember so much about that day except in what context the word was spoken. But I do know that I didn't simply say the N-word; I used it. As in "He used a dagger" or "He used a gun." Or, in this case, "He used an atomic bomb." The word didn't slip out. It was deployed. My purposes were not to mortally wound him—he was my best friend. On the contrary, it was tactical: How far could I go? How strong was this friendship? I'd heard kids in Harlem using it on each other; couldn't I?

Why I thought I needed to test the bounds I have no idea, but the look of anguish on his face told me that not much survives an atomic blast, including a friendship.

I prayed he would fire back with something stronger so we would laugh. What I wouldn't have given to laugh at anything at that moment. But

as I watched him melt, what I really wanted to do was run away. He beat me to it. He sprinted across the street and jumped on the uptown bus back home.

He wasn't my only friend to get angry with me. And he certainly wasn't the only one to question my judgment. But he was the only one to feel betrayed.

It was a few days before we spoke, and when we did, that day was never brought up. Superficially, all was as it had been, but we both knew it wasn't. We drifted apart during our sophomore and junior years. At our senior graduation party, we made a point of toasting each other and insisting we'd be friends forever. But I never saw him after high school. It may not have had anything to do with what I said, or it may have had everything. By that point, we weren't close enough for me to ask.

Thirty-some-odd years later, and I'm sitting in my living room reading in my local suburban New York newspaper about a near race riot during a high school basketball game. The words exchanged brought back a flood of memories, though theirs were spoken in anger, and mine, perversely, in affection.

Ignorance and teenagers often walk hand in hand. All I wonder is if these kids will ever feel as bad as I did for giving voice to a word so charged, we don't dare speak it aloud or write it out. It's a curse word, but the real curse is on the person who utters it. **R**

# Laugh Lines

CLICKS AND QUIPS

The only people who don't click Skip on ads before YouTube videos are people who died during that ad.

@DAMIENFAHEY

I used to find buying books from Amazon slow and inconvenient, until one day the receptionist suggested I use their website.

PETER SERAFINOWICZ

Give a man a fish, and he'll Instagram it; teach a man to fish, and he'll still Instagram it.

@HIPSTERMERMAID

Before LinkedIn, I didn't know any strangers.

@JOSHMALINA

I wish people were like Internet videos and you could tap them lightly to see a clock of how much longer they're going to be talking.

@JULIUSSHARPE

I bet cats have a secret website where they upload clips of cute humans trying to open DVD packaging and jump-start cars.

@ROLLDIGGITY



Chicago Doctor Invents

# Affordable Hearing Aid

## Outperforms Many Higher Priced Hearing Aids

**CHICAGO:** A local board-certified Ear, Nose, Throat (ENT) physician, Dr. S. Cherukuri, has just shaken up the hearing aid industry with the invention of a medical-grade, affordable hearing aid. **This revolutionary hearing aid is designed to help millions of people with hearing loss who cannot afford—or do not wish to pay—the much higher cost of traditional hearing aids.**

Dr. Cherukuri knew that untreated hearing loss could lead to depression, social isolation, anxiety, and symptoms consistent with Alzheimer's dementia. **He could not understand why the cost for hearing aids was so high when the prices on so many consumer electronics like TVs, DVD players, cell phones and digital cameras had fallen.**

- Designed By A Board-Certified ENT Doctor
- Doctor-Recommended, Audiologist-Tested
- Free Shipping Available
- FDA-Registered
- Save Up To 90%
- ★★★★★ Top rated hearing aid online—thousands of satisfied customers
- Batteries Included! Comes Ready To Use
- 100% Money Back Guarantee!



**For the Lowest Price Call Today**  
**1-800-873-0680**

Phone Lines Open 24 Hours EVERY DAY

**MDHearingAid® >>> PRO**

## Superb Performance From Affordable Hearing Aid

The high cost of hearing aids is a result of layers of middlemen and expensive unnecessary features. Dr. Cherukuri concluded that it would be possible to develop a medical grade hearing aid without sacrificing the quality of components. **The result is the MDHearingAid® PRO, well under \$200 each when buying a pair. Order on our 45 Day Risk Free Trial.**

## Tested By Leading Doctors And Audiologists

The MDHearingAid® PRO has been rigorously tested by leading ENT physicians and audiologists who have unanimously agreed that the **sound quality and output in many cases exceeds more expensive hearing aids.**

### DOCTORS AND PATIENTS AGREE:

**"BEST QUALITY SOUND"**

**"LOWEST AFFORDABLE PRICE"**

*"I have been wearing hearing aids for over 25 years... Their sound quality rivals that of my \$3,000 custom pair of Phonak Xtra digital ITE."* —Gerald Levy

*"I have a \$2,000 Resound Live hearing aid in my left ear and the MDHearingAid® PRO in the right ear. I am not able to notice a significant difference in sound quality between the two hearing aids."*

—Dr. May, ENT Physician

**Use Offer Code AE66 to get**  
**FREE Batteries for a Full Year!**  
**FREE Shipping Available**



45 DAY  
RISK FREE  
TRIAL



Proudly assembled in the USA  
from Domestic & Imported Components.



**www.MDHearingAid.com/AE66**

# WHO KNEW

## 13 Things The Beauty Industry Won't Tell You



BY MICHELLE CROUCH

**1** The main difference between designer cosmetics and their drugstore counterparts? Fancy packaging. In fact, some manufacturers make both high-end and drugstore products—using similar formulas!

**2** One of the governmental agencies responsible for the cosmetics industry is the FDA, but it doesn't review cosmetics before they go on the market, it can't recall a product if there's a problem, and it has banned

only about a dozen toxic chemicals from beauty products, compared with the more than 1,300 that are banned in the European Union.

**3** Your foundation has SPF? That's great—but you still need sunscreen. Experts say most people don't use enough makeup to fully protect their skin, and they end up missing important areas such as their ears, neck, and the back of their hands.

**4** Want to look younger? Choose antiaging moisturizers and serums with vitamin A derivatives such as retinol and retinaldehyde. The next most effective ingredient: L-ascorbic acid.

**5** For the appearance of fuller lips, dab a bit of petroleum jelly or shiny lip gloss on the middle of your lower lip. And avoid dark red and plum colors; they make lips look smaller.

**6** Sure, those spray sunscreens make application a cinch, but think about this: You may be inhaling toxic chemicals into your lungs and bloodstream. The FDA is studying the risks, but in the meantime, be sure to spray an aerosol into your hands first and then apply.

**7** Nearly one in five cosmetic products contains traces of formaldehyde, a known human carcinogen. While the jury is still out on whether exposure is harmful, you can avoid it altogether by skipping products that list DMDM hydantoin, imidazolidinyl urea, diazolidinyl urea, sodium hydroxymethylglycinate, or bronopol as an ingredient.

**8** Go gold for a more youthful look. A little bit of gold in your foundation will neutralize redness and counteract the gray pallor that accompanies aging on all skin tones.

**9** If your mascara is drying up and you're in a pinch, a couple of drops of saline solution can make it last a few more days.

**10** Never wash your face with just plain soap. Made from animal fat and salt compounds, it strips your skin of its natural oils and proteins. Use a non-soap cleanser instead.

**11** There is a magic potion that will stop 90 percent of your skin's aging, but, according to a Marist Institute for Public Opinion poll, only one in ten Americans uses it: sunscreen.

**12** To accentuate your eyes, choose a shadow color that complements your eye color. If you have blue or green eyes, wear a shade that has brown, copper, bronze, plum, or terra-cotta tones. Enhance brown eyes with blues, purples, and greens.

**13** To make your look last all night, always prep your eyelids with primer or concealer, and then set it with powder before you apply liquid or pencil liner and eye shadow. Your makeup will hold for hours. **R**

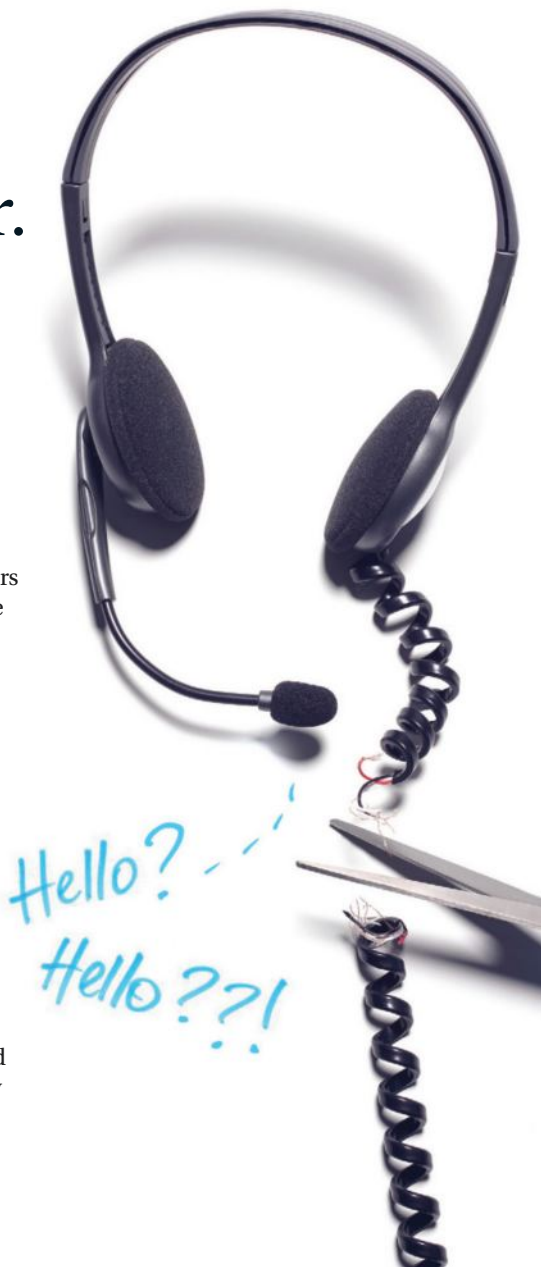
Sources: makeup artists Cristina Bartolucci at DuWop Cosmetics, Alejandro Falcon at Osmosis Skincare, and Rebecca Perkins at Rouge New York; dermatologists David Bank, MD, author of *Beautiful Skin: Every Woman's Guide to Looking Her Best at Any Age*, and Fayne L. Frey, MD, founder of fryface.com; Nneka Leiba, deputy director of research at the Environmental Working Group; and Andrea Q. Robinson, author of *Toss the Gloss: Beauty Tips, Tricks & Truths for Women 50+*.

# I'm a Telemarketer. Here's How To Get Rid of Me

BY ERICA ELSON  
FROM LIFEHACKER.COM

🎧 EVEN SUCCESSFUL telemarketers have an estimated 96 percent chance of being turned down, says one company. What does that mean for you? With odds so low, out of sheer desperation, we will be relentless in trying to keep you on the phone.

Surprise number one: You can't just screen my calls using caller ID. If you don't pick up, I mark your lead (our lingo for *file*) as "no answer," and the system programs another call for a few days later. If my company does not have a large lead pool, you may get called as soon as 12 hours later. If you're dealing with this kind of aggressive campaign, it's actually better to answer than to let the phone keep ringing.





When you answer, I'll try to sell the product to you using the Three Noes rule: Don't let the customer go until she has said no three times during the phone call. After the first two noes, the client becomes more likely to spend money.

If you don't purchase the item, I will log everything you've said and suggest calling you back another time. These are logged as "callbacks"—tiny gold nuggets for telemarketers to follow up on. And thus, the cycle continues.

Now that you know how I work, here's how to make me go away for good:

## 1 Don't Immediately Hang Up

If you do, I'll mark your lead as "no answer"—the same status as if you had never picked up in the first place. Then I will call you back until I have a conversation with you. And if you hang up mid-conversation without an explanation, I will most likely call you back and claim that you got disconnected.

## 2 Don't Engage Me In Any Way

Interaction gives me the false hope that you may just need some convincing to buy my product. Do not ask any questions. Do not try to explain why you are not interested in the product. Do not show empathy, compassion, or any other human characteristic.

## 3 Stay Cool—Anger Won't Help You

Remember, the computer chose your lead—I didn't. If you scream at me because you've gotten called before, it's likely I'll just put you back into the lead pool to torture you. If you think I'm being rude, you can ask to speak to a manager. Despite what I might say, every business has a supervisor in the call room.

## 4 Say the Magic Words

The most efficient way to get me to stop calling you requires that you say one sentence: "Please put me on your do-not-call list." If I ask why, be polite—but firm—and repeat, "I want you to put me on your do-not-call list."

## 5 Seal My Fate

Sign up on the National Do Not Call Registry ([donotcall.gov](http://donotcall.gov)), which makes it illegal for companies to contact you more than once. **R**



# Where'd That Number Come From?

BY DAN LEWIS

## *Eleven and Twelve*

Why not *oneteen* and *twoteen*? The reason behind the shift in number naming is that *eleven* comes from the Germanic term *ainlif*, which translates to “one left,” or in this case, “one left over” after you count out ten of something. *Twelve* follows the same rule. It comes from *twalif*—“two left.” Why we switched from *lif* to *teen* (which itself means “ten more than”) for 13 through 19 is something that is sadly lost to antiquity.

## **2,000 Calories a Day**

This number wasn't plucked out of thin air—the FDA based this suggestion on science. The average person requires about 2,350 calories a day, according to a U.S. Department of Agriculture survey. But there's a big caveat: That word *average* could encourage plenty of people to overeat. Most women need fewer calories than men do, and some older women need as few as 1,600 a day. In establishing the final rule in 1993, the FDA noted

that “2,000 calories is easier to use in quick, mental calculations compared to other calorie levels such as 1,900 or 2,350 calories.” So it rounded down to 2,000, a good middle ground for our disparate calorie needs.

## **911 for Emergency Calls**

Early phone systems didn't employ phone numbers—the operator had to connect your call manually—and this precluded the real need for a universal emergency code. But when phone numbers became the norm, that changed, and in 1967, a presidential commission urged the creation of a nationwide solution. AT&T, which operated most of the telecoms at the time, chose 911 because it was available and very easy to remember and could be quickly dialed on rotary phones.

## **55 Miles Per Hour**

What is the reason behind this common speed limit? Gasoline consumption. In 1974, in response



to the worldwide oil crisis the year before, Congress and the Nixon administration signed into law the Emergency Highway Energy Conservation Act. Part of the act mandated that highways across the nation have a speed limit of 55 miles per hour in hopes that the lower speed limit would help reduce high levels of fuel consumption. The law was modified in 1987—allowing for some 65 mph zones—and then ultimately repealed in 1995. Despite the change, there is

still debate about whether a 55 mph speed limit is safer than a significantly higher one, especially given the steep advances in automotive technology over the years.

### Four-Digit PINs

ATMs were created in 1967 by a Scottish man named John Shepherd-Barron, who thought that getting cash should be as easy as getting a chocolate bar. But the difficulties lay in ensuring that you were who you said you were. To prevent problems, Shepherd-Barron developed a special type of paper check that acted as a precursor to the debit cards we have today. Each check would cause his cash machine to request

a personal identification number—or PIN—that only the account holder knew. Since Shepherd-Barron already had a six-digit ID number he had memorized, given to him by the army, he was going to make the machine require a six-digit PIN from everyone who used it. That likely would have been the standard, but he was overruled ... by his wife. She believed that six digits were too many to remember, and four became the standard.



## 26.2 Miles in a Marathon

There's more to the story than the message delivered by that legendary ancient Greek soldier from the site of a battlefield in Marathon, Greece, to Athens. The modern marathon was born as a flagship event in the first Olympic Games, in 1896, with a distance of approximately 25 miles, targeted to parallel the Marathon-to-Athens mileage. But race organizers for the 1908 Olympic Games in London wanted to add local flair to their course: The race began at scenic Windsor Castle and ended at iconic White City Stadium, with runners finishing only after jaunting around the track toward the royal viewing box. That distance was 26.22 miles, and for the 1924 Games, the organizing body standardized

the race length to compare racers over multiple Games. Unfortunately, there were two Games between those years that didn't use the 26.22-mile standard: In 1912, the race was 24.98 miles, and in 1920, the course was 26.56.

## 28 Days in February

One of the first Roman calendars (in early BC) did not measure the winter months; it had only 304 days and ten

months (March through December), with six months of 30 days and four of 31 days. According to legend, the second king of Rome tacked on an extra two months (January and February) plus 50 days. To make the new months longer (and possibly to honor a Roman superstitious dread of even numbers), he subtracted one day from the 30-day months, leaving 56 total to divide between January and February (or 28 days each). Superstition won the day again, when January was given an extra day for an uneven 29. February, with an even 28 days, was declared a month of "the infernal gods." And that's how it became the shortest month. **R**

Dan Lewis writes the popular daily trivia e-mail newsletter *Now I Know*.

# One solution for oxygen at home, away, and for travel

INTRODUCING THE INOGEN ONE  
It's oxygen therapy on your terms



**NO MORE TANKS TO REFILL.  
NO MORE DELIVERIES.  
NO MORE HASSLES WITH TRAVEL.**

The INOGEN ONE portable oxygen concentrator is designed to provide unparalleled freedom for oxygen therapy users. **It's small, lightweight, clinically proven for stationary and portable use,** during the day and at night, and can go virtually anywhere - even on most airlines. **Inogen accepts Medicare and many private insurances!**

Only 4.8 pounds!

Covered by  
Medicare

FAA Approved for  
Airline Travel



**inogen**

oxygen. anytime. anywhere.\*

Reclaim Your Freedom and Independence

Call Inogen Today For Your 30-Day RISK-FREE Trial\*

1-800-495-3092

\*Applies to purchases only

# Why Shells Sound like The Ocean

BY MATT SONIAK

FROM MENTAL FLOSS

**FIRST THINGS FIRST:** No matter how much it may sound like rolling waves, you're not hearing the ocean in a shell. You're picking up ambient noise that's being produced all around you, which you normally don't really acknowledge or pay attention to.

To amplify this ambient noise so you can hear it clearly, you need a resonator. Want to make one on the cheap? Form an O shape with your mouth and flick your finger against your cheek. You should hear a note. Make a smaller or larger O, and you'll get different notes. You're letting your mouth fulfill its potential as a Helmholtz resonator, in which sound is produced by air vibrating in a cavity with one opening.

The seashell you're listening to—the inside of which has many hard, curved surfaces great for reflecting sound—is also a resonator. Ambient noise is resonating inside the cavity of the shell, becoming amplified and clear enough to notice. Shells of differing sizes and shapes won't sound the same, because varying resonant chambers will amplify different frequencies.

The fact that all shells sound just a little bit like the ocean is coincidental. Holding any sort of Helmholtz resonator to your ear will produce a similar effect. Put an empty glass over your ear or even cup your hand around it, and the sound you hear will be just about the same, though it won't feel quite as special.



Money-back  
Guaranteed

# 2 Simple Steps to Sensational Feet.

And just for trying Nonyx and Callex you'll save \$9.00!



## CALLEX<sup>®</sup> Enzyme Enriched Ointment

Softens, Smoothes and Moisturizes Dry, Cracked Heels

Enzyme-rich Callex Ointment softens and exfoliates dry heels without scraping. Your feet will be baby-soft in just a few weeks.



Actual results from a clinical study

Safe, even for diabetics

## NONYX<sup>®</sup> NAIL GEL Exfoliant of Keratin Debris

Nonyx Nail Gel clears out discoloring keratin debris build-up for clear, healthy-looking toenails. Choice of doctors. Used by podiatrists.



Actual results from a clinical study

### MAIL IN REBATE

**SAVE \$4.00**  
on CALLEX<sup>®</sup> OINTMENT

To receive your mail-in refund, send your CLEARLY PRINTED NAME AND ADDRESS along with this coupon and the original proof of purchase (UPC bar code) from the Callex Ointment package, plus your original receipt to:

Refund Offer, Xenna Corp., 33 Witherspoon St., Suite 200, Princeton, NJ 08542  
In the FOOTCARE aisle.



Walgreens Walmart



Kinney<sup>®</sup> KERR DRUG

With us, it's personal.  
Select Stores

Conditions: Please allow up to 6 weeks for processing. This coupon must be used and neither it nor the required UPC symbols may be reproduced. No clubs or organizations are eligible. Limit one per name or address. Offer good only in USA and government installations. Void where prohibited or otherwise restricted. Fraudulent submission could result in federal prosecution under mail fraud statutes. Check void if not cashed within six (6) months of issue. No responsibility is assumed for late, damaged, illegible, misdirected or incomplete requests. For questions about this offer call 800-368-6003. © 2014 Xenna Corporation. OFFER EXPIRES: 12-31-14



RDN0814

### MAIL IN REBATE

**SAVE \$5.00**  
on Nonyx<sup>®</sup> Nail Gel

To receive your mail-in refund, send your CLEARLY PRINTED NAME AND ADDRESS along with this coupon and the original proof of purchase (UPC bar code) from the Nonyx Nail Gel package, plus your original receipt to:

Refund Offer, Xenna Corp., 33 Witherspoon St., Suite 200, Princeton, NJ 08542  
In the FOOTCARE aisle.



Walgreens Walmart

Kinney<sup>®</sup> DUANE reade SHOPKO  
KERR DRUG

With us, it's personal.  
Select Stores

Conditions: Please allow up to 6 weeks for processing. This coupon must be used and neither it nor the required UPC symbols may be reproduced. No clubs or organizations are eligible. Limit one per name or address. Offer good only in USA and government installations. Void where prohibited or otherwise restricted. Fraudulent submission could result in federal prosecution under mail fraud statutes. Check void if not cashed within six (6) months of issue. No responsibility is assumed for late, damaged, illegible, misdirected or incomplete requests. For questions about this offer call 800-368-6003. © 2014 Xenna Corporation. OFFER EXPIRES: 12-31-14



RDN0814

Made in USA

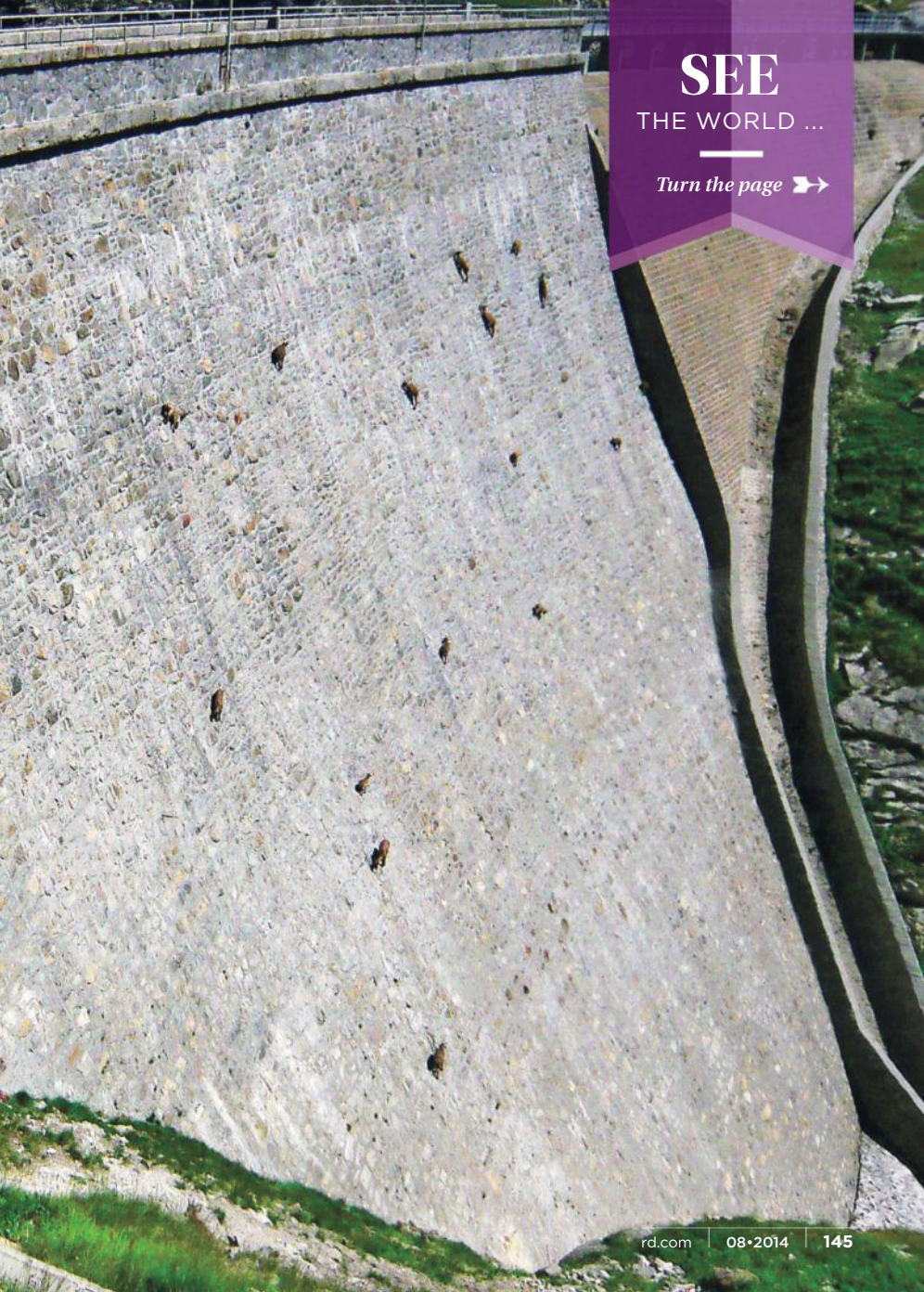
XENNA<sup>®</sup> Xenna Products are Money-Back Guaranteed

Tel 800-368-6003 www.xenna.com

NOT TESTED ON ANIMALS







# SEE

THE WORLD ...



Turn the page ➡➡

## ... DIFFERENTLY

Gravity is no match for these alpine ibex goats. They typically live in very steep, rocky terrain, so this 160-foot-high, near-vertical dam in Northern Italy doesn't faze them as they roam, licking the stones for salt.

PREVIOUS SPREAD AND THIS SPREAD: ADRIANO MIGLIORATI/CATERS





IN CASE YOU MISSED IT ON

# Rd.com

SAVING MONEY

## Garage Sale Savvy

Tips from the pros: If you're eyeing a big item, pounce at the end of the day, when sellers are motivated to drop the price to get that dining table off their lawn. Also, watch for office supplies (always handy) or ugly art that's well mounted—frames are pricey! For jewelry, snatch up pretty brooches, which are out of vogue right now, and upgrade these bargains into necklaces or holiday decorations.

f MOST POPULAR ON FACEBOOK

PHOTOS

## Dive In

Photographer Clark Little captures otherworldly waves from an unbelievable perspective, as in this shot from his book *Shorebreak*.



t MOST RETWEETS ON TWITTER

QUOTES

## Motivation From Winston Churchill

"You will never reach your destination if you stop and throw stones at every dog that barks."

EATING HEALTHY

## 4 Powerhouse Benefits of Avocado

Scoop into one of these ripe fruits and you'll be on your way to lowering your cholesterol, keeping your blood sugar steady, and reducing your risks of cancer and heart disease.

From *Foods That Harm, Foods That Heal*



EVERYDAY WELLNESS

## How Doctors Find the Best Care

They choose physicians who instruct others (called fellowship directors); if their ailment is serious, they'll visit a teaching hospital to find docs who are up on the latest research. And even pros ask hospital employees for recommendations, which "trump an Ivy League degree, prestigious titles, and charm," says Marty Makary, MD, author of *Unaccountable: What Hospitals Won't Tell You*.

READ UP AT [RD.COM/AUGUST](http://RD.COM/AUGUST)

FROM TOP: MICHAEL BODMANN/GETTY IMAGES; COURTESY CLARK LITTLE PHOTOGRAPHY; GETTY IMAGES


IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

# Word Power

*The confidence you project hugely affects how others perceive you. Test yourself on these words about proof, opinion, and even doubt. Then check the next page for answers.*

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

- 1. waffle** ('wah-ful) *v.*—A: flip-flop in opinion. B: press a point firmly. C: invent a wild story.
- 2. conjecture** (con-'jek-cher) *n.*—A: group agreement. B: guess. C: optimistic outlook.
- 3. equivocal** (ih-'kwi-veh-kel) *adj.*—A: open to interpretations. B: firmly settled. C: in the form of a question.
- 4. corroborate** (kuh-'rah-beh-rayt) *v.*—A: support with evidence. B: steal another's ideas. C: pretend to be sure.
- 5. allegation** (a-lih-'gay-shun) *n.*—A: proof. B: suspicion. C: claim.
- 6. precarious** (pri-'kar-ee-us) *adj.*—A: false. B: depending on uncertain circumstances. C: having foreknowledge.
- 7. expound** (ik-'spownd) *v.*—A: take back. B: carefully state. C: contradict.
- 8. intuition** (in-too-'ih-shun) *n.*—A: instinctive knowledge. B: formal teaching. C: logical paradox.
- 9. indubitably** (in-'doo-beh-teh-blee) *adv.*—A: certainly. B: doubtfully. C: deceitfully.
- 10. bona fide** ('boh-neh fiyd) *adj.*—A: with high hopes. B: genuine. C: in contention.
- 11. nebulous** ('neh-byeh-les) *adj.*—A: vague. B: all-knowing. C: making a breakthrough.
- 12. surmise** (sir-'miyz) *v.*—A: sum up. B: suppose on limited evidence. C: apply logic.
- 13. spurious** ('spyur-ee-us) *adj.*—A: sharply worded. B: false or deceitful. C: impossible to refute.
- 14. tentative** ('ten-teh-tiv) *adj.*—A: forceful. B: all-inclusive. C: hesitant.
- 15. apocryphal** (uh-'pah-kreh-ful) *adj.*—A: mathematical or scientific. B: not fully developed, as an idea. C: of doubtful authenticity.

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

## Answers

**1. waffle**—[A] flip-flop in opinion. Quit *waffling*: Goobers or Raisinets?!

**2. conjecture**—[B] guess. Whether this ladder can reach that roof's gutter is anyone's *conjecture*.

**3. equivocal**—[A] open to interpretations. The umpire gestured, but his meaning was *equivocal*.

**4. corroborate**—[A] support with evidence. "I can *corroborate* Amy's excuse," her mom said. "Here's what's left of her homework after Rufus got to it."

**5. allegation**—[C] claim. Please don't believe the wild *allegations* that Adrienne is making about me.

**6. precarious**—[B] depending on uncertain circumstances. Everyone's job is *precarious* in this poor economy.

**7. expound**—  
[B] carefully state. On the first day of school, Alex's teacher *expounded* on the basics of physics to a befuddled classroom.

**8. intuition**—  
[A] instinctive knowledge. A good private eye trusts her *intuition* on a case.

**9. indubitably**—[A] certainly. "These footprints, Watson," said Sherlock Holmes, "*indubitably* belong to the butler!"

**10. bona fide**—[B] genuine. Yet again, our AA baseball team is starting the season without a *bona fide* shortstop.

**11. nebulous**—[A] vague. The point of practicing seemed *nebulous* to Jill until the recital started.

**12. surmise**—[B] suppose on limited evidence. From your white mustache, I *surmise* that you've been drinking my milk.

**13. spurious**—[B] false or deceitful. Tom Sawyer played hooky using a *spurious* note from the doctor.

**14. tentative**—[C] hesitant. An infant's first steps are always

*tentative* and awkward.

**15. apocryphal**—  
[C] of doubtful authenticity. Jake gave an *apocryphal* story about having to tough it out at summer camp.

### DO YOU IMPLY OR INFER?

When you're the speaker and you suggest something indirectly, you **imply** it.

When you're the listener and you draw a conclusion from what someone else says, you **infer** it. Example: If you say, "Everyone needs a good diet," a friend might infer that you mean her. She might say, "What are you implying?"

### VOCABULARY RATINGS

**9 & below:** Dubious  
**10-12:** Self-assured  
**13-15:** Unwavering

# Humor in Uniform



*"I could tell you what this is for, but then I'd have to squirt you."*

**A MILITARY LAB** has developed a pizza that boasts a shelf life of three years without being frozen, and now the *Week* has asked its readers to name this durable dish. Here's what they came up with:

- Semper Pie
- The Lasting Supper
- In-dough-structible
- Pizza de Resistance
- DeFrigNo!
- Auld Lang Slice
- Eternal Piece
- Grandpapa John's Pizza

**THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT** on our trip was handing out plastic pilot wings to some kids. As I stepped forward, she jokingly offered me one, but I passed. Pointing to the Airborne wings on my Army uniform, I explained, "The last time someone gave me wings, I had to jump out of the airplane."

COL. DAVID JESSOP (RET.),  
Rineyville, Kentucky

**You can buy lots of pizza with the \$\$\$ you'll get if we run your funny story. See page 7 or [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit) for details.**

# Quotable Quotes



*My father always said,  
“Never trust anyone  
whose TV is bigger  
than their bookshelf.”*

EMILIA CLARKE, actress

People is more important than anything, even grammar.

DAN HARMON,  
TV writer

AIRPORTS SEE MORE SINCERE KISSES THAN WEDDING HALLS. THE WALLS OF HOSPITALS HAVE HEARD MORE PRAYERS THAN THE WALLS OF CHURCHES.

ANONYMOUS

**The man who forgets to be grateful has fallen asleep in life.**

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

You show people what you're willing to fight for when you fight your friends.

HILLARY CLINTON



True heroism ... is not the urge to surpass all others at whatever cost but the urge to serve others at whatever cost.

ARTHUR ASHE



**WORK BEGINS WHEN THE FEAR OF DOING NOTHING AT ALL FINALLY TRUMPS THE TERROR OF DOING IT BADLY.**

ALAIN DE BOTTON, author

*Reader's Digest* (ISSN 0034-0375) (USPS 865-820), (CPM Agreement# 40031457), Vol. 184, No. 1102, August 2014. © 2014. Published monthly (subject to change without notice) by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., 44 South Broadway, White Plains, New York 10601. Periodicals postage paid at White Plains, New York, and at additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to Reader's Digest, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595. Send undeliverable Canadian addresses to ca.postal.affairs@rd.com. All rights reserved. Unauthorized reproduction, in any manner, is prohibited. Reader's Digest, The Digest, and the Pegasus logo are registered trademarks of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Marca Registrada. Printed in U.S.A. You may cancel your subscription at any time and receive a refund for copies not previously addressed. Your subscription will expire with the issue identified above your name on the address label. **SUBSCRIBERS:** If the Post Office alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within one year. A special *Reader's Digest Large Print* with selected articles from *Reader's Digest* is published by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. For details, write: Reader's Digest Large Print, PO Box 6097, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1597. **CONSUMER INFORMATION:** Reader's Digest may share information about you with reputable companies in order for them to offer you products and services of interest to you. If you would rather we not share information, please write to Reader's Digest Customer Care, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595.



Go from a life  
of back pain  
*to a lifetime of living.*



*Natalie Gulbis*

Natalie Gulbis  
LPGA Player and Laser Spine Institute Patient

## FINALLY, AN ALTERNATIVE TO TRADITIONAL OPEN BACK SURGERY.

It's time for you or a loved one to stop suffering. Do what more than 40,000 people have done and get your life back.

### EXPERTS IN TREATING CONDITIONS SUCH AS:

Bulging/herniated disc  
Spinal stenosis  
Sciatica  
Other chronic  
conditions



### THE ADVANTAGES OF MINIMALLY INVASIVE SPINE SURGERY AT LASER SPINE INSTITUTE

- 97% patient recommendation rate
- No lengthy recovery\*
- Minimally invasive outpatient procedure
- Board-certified surgeons\*



All it takes is an incision  
less than 1-inch.

 **LASER SPINE INSTITUTE®**  
.COM

Call **1-866-607-0166** for a free MRI review.

\*Each patient is different. Results may vary.

+For more information visit [LaserSpineInstitute.com/surgeons](http://LaserSpineInstitute.com/surgeons). Medicaid currently not accepted.

SEE WHY **95%** OF REVIEWERS  
**RECOMMEND\***

**NEW!**

**OXI  
CLEAN™**  
**DISHWASHER  
DETERGENT**

"FANTASTIC PRODUCT!  
It cleans even the toughest  
stuck-on food stains, and  
prevents film and spots."

- Jenny



"I didn't even  
rinse the dishes...  
Everything came out  
sparkling clean!"

- Rachel



\*Source: OxiClean.com. Reviews and recommendations based on approximately 300 reviews submitted as of 5/23/14. Reviewers received free product sample of OxiClean® Extreme Power Crystals® Dishwasher Detergent.

OxiClean. Real Solutions for Everyday Messes.

Find us on Facebook.com/OxiClean



©2014 Church & Dwight Co., Inc.