

Reader's digest

OCTOBER 2017



Smart People Being (VERY) *Dumb*

Scientists, Dads, Lawyers,
Politicians—and Of Course, Bosses!

An RD ORIGINAL ... 62

THEY DID
THE RIGHT
THING:
5 STORIES
OF BRAVERY

An RD ORIGINAL

GET THE AIRLINE
REFUND
YOU DESERVE

From RD.COM

WHEN GOLF
SAVED A LIFE

From THEWARHORSE.ORG

Hero in a Deadly Mudslide

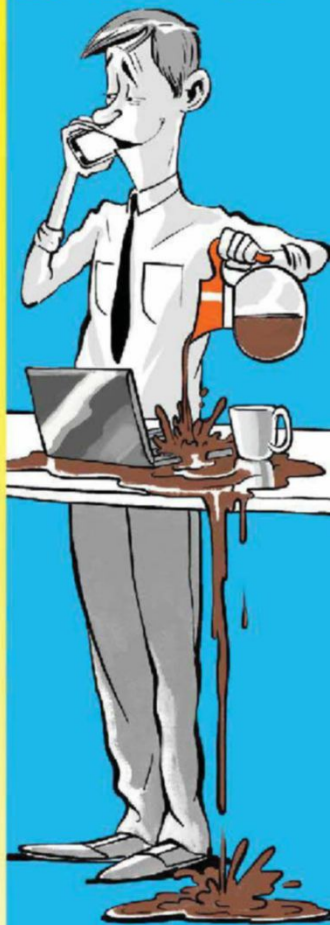
By ANITA BARTHOLOMEW ... 8

Autistic on the Job: My Son's Journey

By JUDITH NEWMAN ... 78

Witnessing a Real Exorcism

By WILLIAM FRIEDKIN from VANITY FAIR ... 118



Removable bookmark brought to you by

GEICO

How Great Insurance Is Made

*“With a pull of the crank
And a turn of the gears
Savings and service for 75 years
With many ways to save
Friendly agents, night and day
The right coverage is just the start
To how great insurance is made.”*

GEICO.

Auto • Home • Renters • Cycle • Boat



geico.com | 1-800-947-AUTO | Local Office

Some discounts, coverages, payment plans and features are not available in all states or all GEICO companies. Motorcycle and ATV coverages are underwritten by GEICO Indemnity Company. Homeowners, renters and condo coverages are written through non-affiliated insurance companies and are secured through the GEICO Insurance Agency, Inc. Boat and PWC coverages are underwritten by GEICO Marine Insurance Company. GEICO is a registered service mark of Government Employees Insurance Company, Washington, D.C. 20076; a Berkshire Hathaway Inc. subsidiary. GEICO Gecko image © 1999-2017. © 2017 GEICO



Contents

OCTOBER 2017

Cover Story

62 SMART PEOPLE DO THE DUMBEST THINGS!

Think you're the only one screwing up? Not a chance. Here's a tribute to the allegedly brainy folks who have blown it.

National Interest

78 OPENING DOORS FOR MY AUTISTIC SON

What will Gus be when he grows up? Who knows? But for now, he has found his calling.

JUDITH NEWMAN FROM THE BOOK *TO SIRI WITH LOVE*

Inspiration

88 THEY DID THE RIGHT THING

A single mom, a doctor, a football team ... They have one thing in common.

Who Knew?

98 IS THAT WHAT THEY SHOULD LOOK LIKE?

An artist uses police-sketch technology to build an amusing case against the way Hollywood casts literary icons.

Drama in Real Life

102 ANATOMY OF A PERFECT HAND TRANSPLANT

An illness cost a healthy man parts of all his limbs. But thanks to a cutting-edge surgery, he got a piece of himself back.

AMY WALLACE FROM *LOS ANGELES*

112

Classic

THE SECRET PAST OF A BOY'S BEST FRIEND

Years after his dog disappeared, the author learns the truth about his companion's fate.

GARY PAULSEN FROM THE BOOK *MY LIFE IN DOG YEARS*

118

Psychology

THIS EXORCIST IS REAL

Forty-three years after the classic horror film *The Exorcist*, its director witnesses his first exorcism.

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN FROM *VANITY FAIR*



4 Dear Readers 6 Letters



P. | 41

READER FAVORITES

- 25 100-Word True Stories
- 35 Points to Ponder
- 36 Photo of Lasting Interest
- 38 Life in These United States
- 54 All in a Day's Work
- 60 News from the World of Medicine
- 96 Laughter, the Best Medicine
- 117 That's Outrageous!
- 127 Laugh Lines
- 133 Word Power
- 136 Humor in Uniform
- 140 Quotable Quotes

Everyday Heroes

8 The Mudslide

A man rushes to find his family after a mountain's deadly collapse. But first he stops to save the lives of four strangers.

ANITA BARTHOLOMEW

VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

19 Paging Dr. Malaprop!

A medical transcriptionist encounters some comically stupid software.

MK WOLFE FROM *FUNNY TIMES*

Words of Lasting Interest

22 The Oldest Kid on The Job

What happens when you go from office neophyte to sage of the cubicles?

BOB BRODY FROM THE BOOK *PLAYING CATCH WITH STRANGERS*

Finish This Sentence

26 My Best Halloween Costume Ever Was ...

You Be the Judge

29 The Case of the Disputed Lottery Ticket

He said they'd agreed to split the winnings. But when they hit the jackpot, she just split.

VICKI GLEMOCKI

ART OF LIVING

41 Here, Kitty Kitty!

Lost your pet? Your Internet friends can help.

HAYLEY KRISCHER
FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

Travel

46 When the Airline Owes You Money

JULIANA LABIANCA

Life Well Lived

48 A Lifesaving Golf Date With His Dad

DAVID CHRISINGER
FROM THEWARHORSE.ORG

Money

52 Small Changes That Can Earn You Big Bucks

LAURA RICHARDS

Health

56 Ways to Trim Your Top Blood Pressure Number

ANDREA AU LEVITT AND
ALYSSA JUNG



P. | 48

P. | 25



WHO KNEW?

128 13 Things Garbage Collectors Want You To Know

MICHELLE CROUCH

130 Never Fear! There's History Behind These Superstitions

Ever wonder why some people avoid black cats and broken mirrors?

BRANDON SPEKTOR

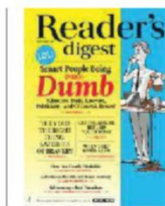


ILLUSTRATION
BY ZOHAR
LAZAR

Send letters to 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** To submit your 100-word true stories, visit rd.com/stories. If we publish one in a print edition of *Reader's Digest*, we'll pay you \$100. To submit humor items, visit rd.com/submit, or write to us at Jokes, 44 South Broadway, 7th Floor, White Plains, NY 10601. We'll pay you \$25 for any joke, gag, or funny quote and \$100 for any true funny story published in a print edition of *Reader's Digest* unless we specify otherwise in writing. Please include your full name and address in your entry. We regret that we cannot acknowledge or return unsolicited work. **Requests for permission** to reprint any material from *Reader's Digest* should be sent to permissions@tmbi.com. **Do Business** Subscriptions, renewals, gifts, address changes, payments, account information, and inquiries: Visit rd.com/help, e-mail us at customercare@rd.com, or write to us at Reader's Digest, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595.

Dear Readers

EDITOR
SPOTLIGHT:
Andy
Simmons

NOT EVERYONE CAN be an Einstein—not even Einstein.

The great scientist once reportedly climbed into a cab and promptly forgot his address. So the man

who developed the theory of relativity told the driver, “Take me to Einstein’s house.”

Now, “dumb” comes in many flavors. There’s the scatterbrained-Einstein brand of dumb. There’s $1 + 1 = 47$ dumb. There’s always-saying-the-wrong-thing-at-the-wrong-time dumb. There’s making-lousy-decisions dumb. Our article “Smart People Do the Dumbest Things!” has a little bit of each and more. I have to admit that as I worked on it, I got some not-so-guilty pleasure seeing the best and brightest at their dimmest. For one brief shining moment, I was an equal.

My particular brand of dumb is more in line with Einstein dumb, but without the Einstein smarts. For instance, one day I was walking around completely oblivious to the fact that my T-shirt was on backward—for about the 12th time that month. Making it actually humiliating for once was that my three-year-old daughter, Quinn, who up until recently had been spelling dog “c-a-t,” was the one to point out the mistake.

“Not again,” I said as I read the washing label below my chin.

That was when she plopped a chocolate-frosting-covered hand on my shoulder, staining my backward shirt brown, and, with the wisdom that came with all her thousand days on earth, told me, “It’s all right, Daddy. I sometimes put my shirt on backward too.”

I may not know how to put on a shirt, but suddenly, as the guy who helped raise this thoughtful prodigy, I felt like the smartest guy in the world. **R**



Quinn's reaction after seeing the condition of her father's shirt

Andy Simmons, senior features and humor editor
Write to us at letters@rd.com.



“Finally, bladder leak underwear with a little ooh-la-la.”

NEW

The secret? Hidden inside is a unique, super absorbent core that quickly turns liquid to gel. It's maximum bladder protection, made beautiful.

Always Discreet Boutique Underwear.



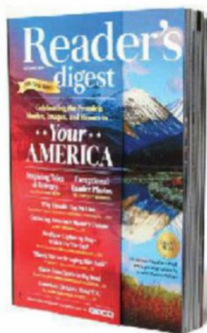
Letters

COMMENTS ON THE JULY/AUGUST ISSUE

Home of the Brave

I just read “The Tough Guy” by Ed Gavagan. I haven’t laughed this hard at an article in years! And the drawing [by C. F. Payne] of Ed and his drill sergeant dad was priceless.

LIANE DAY,
Braselton, Georgia



The Beach Is for The Birds

P. J. O'Rourke's description of the beach is perfect. Love my mountains, fresh air, and no sand in the food!

MARY LOU SPROWLE,
Pagosa Springs, Colorado

Snap Dynamite Fireworks Photos

Fireworks are meant to dazzle.

But while dolts like me ooh and aah, the enlightened ones are fretting over a fuzzy shot on a three-inch screen. Fireworks were made to come and go. Sit back and enjoy them. A firefly in a jar isn't the same as one on the wing.

LARRY NOVAK, *Augusta, Kansas*

I could not believe all the trauma Mary-Claire King endured that April Fools' week. Thank goodness she pressed on, because her discovery of the BRCA1 gene (which has been linked to breast cancer) saved my life. I just had two preventive surgeries after discovering I have the gene. Thank you, Mary-Claire, for saving so many!

ANNETTE SNODGRASS,
Monongahela, Pennsylvania

This issue has the most beautiful cover I've ever seen, and I have been a subscriber for a long time. Anyone would be proud to have it on their coffee table.

JAMES SIMPSON POLLOCK,
Johnson City, Tennessee

Everyday Heroes

What a beautiful gesture by the Patriot Guard Riders to make sure S.Sgt. Jonathan Turner returned to his family by transporting his ashes home on their “pony express of iron horses.” I've recently acquired my motorcycle license, and I will be joining the local chapter of the PGR. Proud daughter of a veteran!

HEIDE BAUSKE, *Davenport, Iowa*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW COHEN

Take Me Out to the Blackberry Patch

Thank you, Ernie Johnson, for writing such a beautiful article on noticing the unnoticed moments in life. Reading your piece was a “blackberry moment” for me.

TZVI DAVID KLESTZICK, *Richmond, Virginia*

Lost in Big Bend

Cathy Frye and her husband are lucky to be alive. Even though they considered themselves to be “experienced,” they evidently didn’t know about the ten essentials (actually more than ten) it is recommended that hikers carry with them on hikes. You could have done your readers a huge favor by listing them.

MARILYN YOUNG, *Pasco, Washington*

FROM THE EDITORS: *Better late than never! The ten essential items, according to the American Hiking Society, are: appropriate footwear, map and compass/GPS, water, food, rain gear, safety items (matches, light, whistle), first aid kit, knife or multipurpose tool, sunscreen and sunglasses, plus a backpack to carry it all.*

As American as Apple Pie?

What could be more American than something that is a blend of ingredients from all over the globe?

J. D. R., *via e-mail*



MORE ON “YOU SAY TOMATO ...”

We received dozens of letters from readers who had something to say about our collection of regionalisms—especially those who don’t say pop, soda, or Coke.

Years ago, my parents and I visited Brookline, Massachusetts. I ordered a soda, and the man looked at me like I was from Mars. I discovered the drink I wanted was called “tonic,” which I thought was some sort of medicinal cure-all.

MYRA HELMER, *Fairbanks, Alaska*

I grew up in Wisconsin and enjoyed potlucks—meals in which everyone contributes a dish. Then I moved to Indiana, where they’re called pitch-ins. Maybe they’re called something else in other regions of the country?

CONNIE MCGINTY, *Columbus, Indiana*

GOT A (VERY BRIEF!) TALE TO TELL?

Everybody has a story, but it takes a surprising amount of skill to tell it in 100 words or fewer.

That’s why we pay \$100 for the personal anecdotes we publish in 100-Word True Stories. Up to the challenge? Send us your true tale (and read others for inspiration) at rd.com/100-word-stories.

SEND US
YOUR
STORY!



While racing to rescue his family (seen here), Kris Langton, upper left, helped save four strangers.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEO RITTENMYER

EVERYDAY HEROES



When a mountain collapsed on a small Washington town, he was told to stay away. Luckily, he refused.

The Mudslide

BY ANITA BARTHOLOMEW

WINTER AND SPRING are always soggy in northwest Washington State. But this time the clouds outdid themselves, soaking the town of Oso with twice the usual rainfall.

So when the sun at last shone on Saturday, March 22, 2014, LoAnna and Kris Langton's three older kids ran outside to play with friends. Inside, LoAnna, 30, nursed their youngest, four-month-old Kristian, while her mom and great-aunt sat on the couch. Suddenly LoAnna heard a sound—like the roar of a jet. The lights began to flicker. She rushed outside in time to see a half-mile-wide tsunami of churning mud, sand, and debris ➤➤

thundering down the hill toward them, knocking over hundreds of towering conifers like so many toothpicks.

LoAnna gathered everyone into the bedroom farthest from the falling hillside, where they huddled and waited, perhaps to die.

Kris, a 31-year-old carpenter, and his father-in-law were hauling trash to the dump when they got a hysterical call from LoAnna. The mountain had fallen, she cried. Houses had been swept away. He got the gist: landslide. The men sped back toward Highway 530 and home.

But traffic on 530 had come to a halt. The highway and everything on both sides of it were covered with a thick stew of sand, clay, snapped trees, and chunks of what used to be homes. A roof sat in the middle of what had been the road.

Kris jumped out of the truck and ran along the highway. Officers shouted for him to stop. "If you want to stop me, you'll have to tase me," Kris hollered as he kept going. Almost immediately, the mud came up to his knees.

After shimmying across a fallen tree and stepping over logs and pieces of drywall, he heard a woman scream for help. As he followed the sound through mud that was now waist-high, air bubbles popped in the muck. The river was rising under the mud. Soon he had to belly crawl over the shattered remnants of

houses to reach the source of the cries, about 100 yards from the road.

At first, all he could see was an arm reaching up through the debris. He pulled away some smaller branches and a sofa cushion, and there she was, a dark-haired young woman buried under pieces of walls, furniture, and trees. Her head was bloody and gashed. One eye socket was damaged. A huge laceration stretched across one arm. And she was holding a baby boy. The baby wasn't looking good, and the mother said she couldn't feel her own legs. Kris kept her talking while he pulled away the wood, metal, and furniture springs trapping mother and child.

At last, he was able to free the baby. By this time, other citizens had made it to the site. Pulling off his sweatshirt, Kris turned it inside out and wrapped the baby inside. He handed him to one of the men, Kody Wesson, and went back to digging out the mother.

Wesson passed the baby to another man, who passed him to another, and so on until he reached a paramedic. The child had stopped breathing, but a few quick CPR compressions brought a hearty cry. A helicopter whisked the baby away.

With others now taking the lead on freeing the woman, Kris moved on. He was still a mile from home.

Wading again through a landscape turned upside down, Kris saw two houses that had collided up ahead. One was now just half a house, ➤

HARD TO RESIST. EASY TO PREPARE.

Enjoy exceptional taste
by simply adding water.



ALL TRADEMARKS ARE OWNED BY SOCIÉTÉ DES
PRODUITS NESTLÉ S.A., VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.



\$49⁹⁹/mo.

plus taxes

190 Channels
2-Year TV Price
Guarantee

Call today and get the best offer for you!



INCLUDES

190 of Your
Favorite Channels



Plus More!

INCLUDES

HBO Included for 1 Year

After 12 months, you will be billed \$15/mo. unless you call to cancel.



FREE Premium Channels
for 3 Months



Offer subject to change based on premium channel availability.
After 3 months, you will be billed \$40/mo. unless you call to cancel.

Requires credit qualification, 2-year commitment with early termination fee and eAutoPay. Hopper upgrade fee may apply. Restrictions apply.

Introducing DISH and Amazon Alexa.

Easily control TV with your voice.

Requires internet-connected Hopper® or Wally™ and Amazon Echo, Echo Dot, or Amazon Tap.

**LIMITED
TIME
OFFER**

Call Now!

1-888-852-0182

or visit your local Authorized Retailer

Offer for new and qualifying former customers only.

Important Terms and Conditions: Qualification: Advertisized price requires credit qualification and eAutoPay. Upfront activation and/or receiver upgrade fees may apply based on credit qualification. Offer ends 10/18/17. 2-year commitment: Early termination fee of \$20/mo. remaining applied if you cancel early. Echo Dot: Requires credit qualification and new DISH activation with Hopper with Sling or Hopper 3. Not available in Puerto Rico or USVI. Included in 2-year price guarantee at \$49.99 advertised price: America's Top 120 programming package, local channels, HD service fees, and equipment for 1TV. Available with 2-year price guarantee for additional cost: Programming package upgrades (\$59.99 for AT120+, \$69.99 for AT200, \$79.99 for AT250), monthly fees for additional receivers (\$5-\$7 per additional TV, receivers with additional functionality may be \$10-\$15) and monthly DVR service fees (\$10-\$15). NOT included in 2-year price guarantee or advertised price (and subject to change): Taxes & surcharges, add-on programming (including premium channels), DISH Protect, and transactional fees. Premium Channels: Subject to credit qualification. HBO: After 12 mos., you will be billed \$15/mo. unless you call to cancel. 3 Mos. Free: After 3 mos., you will be billed \$40/mo. for Cinemax, Showtime, Starz, and DISH Movie Pack unless you call to cancel. Other: All packages, programming, features, and functionality and all prices and fees not included in price guarantee are subject to change without notice. After 6 mos., you will be billed \$8.99/mo. for DISH Protect unless you call to cancel. After 2 years, then-current everyday prices for all services apply. For business customers, additional monthly fees may apply. Free standard professional installation only.

© 2017 DISH Network L.L.C. All rights reserved. HBO®, Cinemax® and related channels and service marks are the property of Home Box Office, Inc. SHOWTIME is a registered trademark of Showtime Networks Inc., a CBS Company. STARZ and related channels and service marks are property of Starz Entertainment, LLC. Amazon, Alexa, Echo, Echo Dot, Amazon Tap, and all related logos are trademarks of Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates.

DR20868_5.187x7.25



In less than two minutes, 1.6 square miles around Oso were consumed by mud up to 18 feet deep.

lying on its side. He heard a moan coming from the ruins. Stepping toward the house, he sank into clay up to his shoulder blades. His arms and legs immobilized, he was sure this was the end. But he managed to slowly wriggle his way out of the mud and continued toward the wrecked structure. He found an older man in the rubble, buried in house debris and tree limbs. He was at least twice Kris's weight, and he'd probably been in the shower; he had not a stitch on him and was solidly wedged. He'd have to wait for more help.

Meanwhile, Kris heard another man moaning from the remnants of the second house. Following the sound to its source, Kris pulled away a microwave, shattered walls, and spare tires, but the man was buried too deeply for Kris to see him.

Hearing helicopter rotors above, Kris climbed up on the roof, met a member of the search-and-rescue team, and led him to the wedged-in

man. Then he headed back to work on freeing the second man. He uncovered a thigh, a foot. He kept digging until he could turn the man over. "His face was covered with dishrags soaked with blood," says Kris. "The backs of his hands were

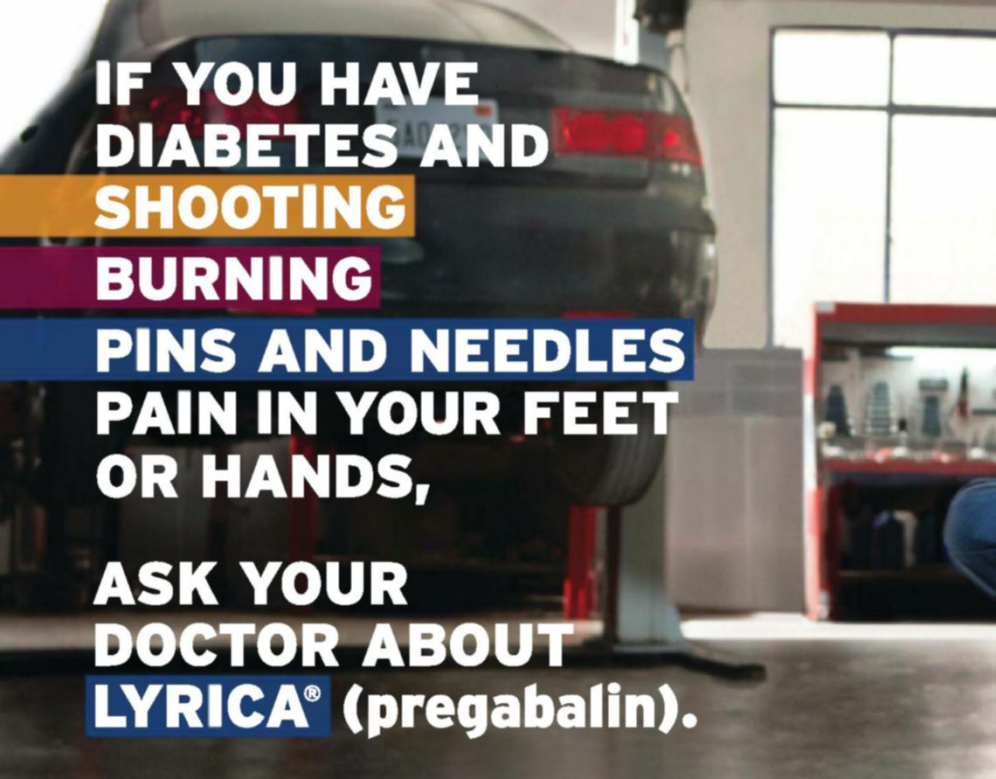
peeled back." Once the rest of the helicopter crew arrived, it was time for Kris to find his family.

Hours later, Kris finally reached home. It was flooded, but the mud had stopped just shy of the house. His truck was gone, as were LoAnna and the others. He checked cars and houses nearby for survivors, then walked back toward Highway 530 through rising water and hitched a ride to the search-and-rescue team's ad hoc command center.

Not long after he arrived, the carpenter saw his truck coming down the road. LoAnna pulled over, leaped out, and ran to him. He folded her into his arms and hugged her close. Softly, he spoke. "Let's go home, LoAnna. I've seen too much. Take me home."

Over the next several weeks, 43 bodies were recovered. Just nine survivors were pulled from the mud, all of them on that day. Kris was recognized by the Red Cross for his heroics.

R



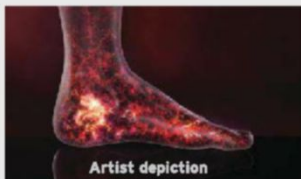
**IF YOU HAVE
DIABETES AND
SHOOTING
BURNING
PINS AND NEEDLES
PAIN IN YOUR FEET
OR HANDS,
ASK YOUR
DOCTOR ABOUT
LYRICA® (pregabalin).**

Prescription LYRICA is not for everyone. Tell your doctor right away about any serious allergic reaction that causes swelling of the face, mouth, lips, gums, tongue, throat, or neck or any trouble breathing, rash, hives or blisters. LYRICA may cause suicidal thoughts or actions in a very small number of people. Patients, family members or caregivers should call the doctor right away if they notice suicidal thoughts or actions, thoughts of self harm, or any unusual changes in mood or behavior. These changes may include new or worsening depression, anxiety, restlessness, trouble sleeping, panic attacks, anger, irritability, agitation, aggression, dangerous impulses or violence, or extreme increases in activity or talking. If you have suicidal thoughts or actions, do not stop LYRICA without first talking to your doctor. LYRICA may cause swelling of your hands, legs and feet. Some of the most common side effects of LYRICA are dizziness and sleepiness. Do not drive or work with machines until you know how LYRICA affects you. Other common side effects are blurry vision, weight gain, trouble concentrating, dry mouth, and feeling "high." Also, tell your doctor right away about muscle pain along with feeling sick and feverish, or any changes in your eyesight including blurry vision or any skin sores if you have diabetes. You may have a higher chance of swelling, hives or gaining weight if you are also



**FOR SOME PATIENTS,
LYRICA CAN PROVIDE
SIGNIFICANT RELIEF
FROM DIABETIC
NERVE PAIN.***

*Individual results may vary.



Artist depiction

Diabetes damages nerves, which may cause pain.



Artist depiction

LYRICA is FDA-approved to treat diabetic nerve pain.

Important Safety Information (continued) taking certain diabetes or high blood pressure medicines. Do not drink alcohol while taking LYRICA. You may have more dizziness and sleepiness if you take LYRICA with alcohol, narcotic pain medicines, or medicines for anxiety. If you have had a drug or alcohol problem, you may be more likely to misuse LYRICA. Tell your doctor if you are planning to father a child, if you are pregnant, or plan to become pregnant. Breastfeeding is not recommended while taking LYRICA. Talk with your doctor before you stop taking LYRICA or any other prescription medication.

Please see Important Risk Information for LYRICA on the following page.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA.

Visit www.FDA.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Ask your doctor about LYRICA and visit LYRICA.com
or call 1-888-9-LYRICA (1-888-959-7422).



IT'S SPECIFIC TREATMENT FOR DIABETIC NERVE PAIN

IMPORTANT FACTS



(LEER-I-kah)
(pregabalin)

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION ABOUT LYRICA

LYRICA may cause serious, even life threatening, allergic reactions.

Stop taking LYRICA and call your doctor right away if you have any signs of a serious allergic reaction:

- Swelling of your face, mouth, lips, gums, tongue, throat or neck
- Have any trouble breathing
- Rash, hives (raised bumps) or blisters

Like other antiepileptic drugs, LYRICA may cause suicidal thoughts or actions in a very small number of people, about 1 in 500.

Call your doctor right away if you have any symptoms, especially if they are new, worse or worry you, including:

- suicidal thoughts or actions
- new or worse depression
- new or worse anxiety
- feeling agitated or restless
- panic attacks
- trouble sleeping
- new or worse irritability
- acting aggressive, being angry, or violent
- acting on dangerous impulses
- an extreme increase in activity and talking
- other unusual changes in behavior or mood

If you have suicidal thoughts or actions, do not stop LYRICA without first talking to your doctor.

LYRICA may cause swelling of your hands, legs and feet.

This swelling can be a serious problem with people with heart problems.

LYRICA may cause dizziness or sleepiness.

Do not drive a car, work with machines, or do other dangerous things until you know how LYRICA affects you. Ask your doctor when it is okay to do these things.

ABOUT LYRICA

LYRICA is a prescription medicine used in adults 18 years and older to treat:

- Pain from damaged nerves that happens with diabetes or that follows healing of shingles, or spinal cord injury
- Partial seizures when taken together with other seizure medicines
- Fibromyalgia (pain all over your body)

Who should NOT take LYRICA:

- Anyone who is allergic to anything in LYRICA

BEFORE STARTING LYRICA

Tell your doctor about all your medical conditions, including if you:

- Have had depression, mood problems or suicidal thoughts or behavior
- Have or had kidney problems or dialysis
- Have heart problems, including heart failure
- Have a bleeding problem or a low blood platelet count
- Have abused prescription medicines, street drugs or alcohol in the past
- Have ever had swelling of your face, mouth, tongue, lips, gums, neck, or throat (angioedema)
- Plan to father a child. It is not known if problems seen in animal studies can happen in humans.
- Are pregnant, plan to become pregnant. It is not known if LYRICA will harm your unborn baby. You and your doctor will decide whether you should take LYRICA.
- Are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. LYRICA passes into your breast milk. It is not known if LYRICA can harm your baby. Breastfeeding is not recommended while taking LYRICA.

Tell your doctor about all your medicines. Include over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. LYRICA and other medicines may affect each other causing side effects. Especially tell your doctor if you take:

eventually get close enough to reach out and snatch the hook out of his head. I truly did not want to hurt him, but that was foolish, of course; you could not hurt Ramrod with hammer or hand grenade.

As it turned out, the point of the hook, not even to the barb, had snagged in the bony base of one horn, and the crankbait jangled atop his head. He was not wounded; he was just mad. He quit running about the time I ran out of line, and my little brother, who had a sort of telepathic bond with this creature, calmly walked over and pulled the hook free while the goat stood there like a pet. Then he and the goat both gave me a dirty look, as if hooking him were something I woke up that morning intending to do.

I went back to the pond, frazzled, and—I am not kidding—immediately hooked a water oak, a blackberry bush, and a low-slung power line. I shuffled off with a rubber worm dangling high above me; it was Cherokee Electric's problem now. I was done fishing that day and seriously considered being done for good. I walked to the house defeated but not ashamed, at least as far as Ramrod was concerned. That goat never liked me anyhow.

Great anglers, the kind who tie their own flies and read the tides and have fished the deep blue for leviathans, will most likely shake their

sun-bronzed heads in pity and sad wonder over this. But the bad fishermen out there—you know who you are—will merely nod in understanding and sympathy and, I hope, some degree of solidarity. The only reason they have not caught a goat is that, so far, one has not made their acquaintance or wandered into the proximity of their backswing.

But perhaps the worst thing about it is that the best fisherman I know, my brother Sam, did not even think that, in the long, sad epic of my fishing life, this episode was remarkable at all. He did not even tell it to anyone, not in the decade since. To him, it was just the kind of thing a poor fisherman like me was likely to do, was somehow fated or destined to do, assuming of course that he did not first fall out of a boat and drown.

"What is it, truly," I asked, "that I do wrong?"

He was too kind to give voice to it.

He just spread his hands, palms up, as if to say: *Everything*.

Sadly, as a fisherman, I am just missing something, something that is both mechanical and mystical and, I am sorry to say, apparently permanent. Still, fishing is the one thing I will get out of bed for in early morning ... well, that and biscuits and gravy.

And, honestly, I'd rather be a bad fisherman than no fisherman at all.

R

FINISH THIS SENTENCE

I have a really

Rescued a woman

in a wheelchair who was stuck
on the railroad tracks.

SANDRA GOULD

Offers free instrument lessons

for children whose families
cannot afford them.

TRACY GRECO

Heard a loud
buzzing and realized
the electrical wires
by our house were
shorting out. He

grabbed a ladder,

ran, and ripped the
wires loose before
they could set
the house on fire.

GEORGE SNAVELY

Bakersfield, CA

Las Vegas, NV

Bought breakfast

for my daughter, my friend,
and me at a local diner for
absolutely no reason. What a
nice surprise from a teenager!

KAREN FROST

Sent a donation

in my dog's name to
the local SPCA after
she passed away.

LESLIE BAKER

nice neighbor who ...

Posted a sign

outside the corner store that said "Welcome Home, Jason" after my son came home from the hospital.

BRIGHID LAMBERT

Holden, ME

Braintree, MA

Verndale, MN

Donated a kidney

to a man she didn't know. She overheard the man's wife mention it in her Bible study group.

LINDSAY BRANDENBURG

Lodi, OH

Gives money

to a sick child yearly. It's actually the entire police squad, and they turn on the lights and sirens when they drop off the donation.

KEVIN MCHUGH

Wentzville, MO

Kill Devil Hills, NC

Brought a 50-pound watermelon

from Arkansas and invited all the kids on the block over to enjoy!

LISA EVANS

Dallas, TX

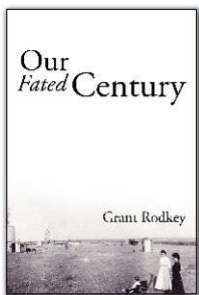
Monroe, LA

Fixed up an old car

and donated it to a stranger in need every Christmas for many years with a card that read "Merry Christmas, From Santa." (My dad really believed in secret acts of kindness.)

TABITHA FILER

Go to [facebook.com/readersdigest](https://www.facebook.com/readersdigest) or join our Inner Circle Community at [tmbinnercircle.com](https://www.tmbinnercircle.com) for the chance to finish the next sentence.



Our Fated Century

Grant Rodkey

www.xlibris.com

978-1-5434-1795-1 Hardback | \$29.99

978-1-5434-1794-4 Paperback | \$19.99

978-1-5434-1796-8 E-book | \$3.99

Our Fated Century shares a kaleidoscopic scan of events and attitudes that have affected us from 1917 to 2017. With analytical and comprehensive approach, the book offers a challenge to generations of today to open their minds and hearts and unleash their curiosity and scientific ideas that will lead to ongoing research, further study and scientific investigations.



Sacred Kingdom

K.C. Smith

www.xlibris.com.au

978-1-5035-0987-0 Hardback | \$59.99

978-1-5035-0988-7 Paperback | \$39.99

978-1-5035-0989-4 E-book | \$3.99

Sacred Kingdom compiles recollections of K.C. Smith's passage through hell where he faced a challenge advancing with a major mental disease and a release that enabled him to purge his mind from the burdens of the past.



Free to Fly

Life is a journey it can take you anywhere you choose to go

Jean Bisbey

www.authorhouse.co.uk

978-1-5246-6659-0 Hardback | \$27.45

978-1-5246-6657-6 Paperback | \$15.18

978-1-5246-6658-3 E-book | \$0.99

A successful and balanced approach to human connection and spirituality. A thought-provoking exploration of the deep philosophical questions that all people face, as well as a commentary on the universality of an omnipresent God. - Clarion Book Review



The Shine of Life

The Remarkable True Adventures of a Top London Lawyer

Philip Altman

www.xlibrispublishing.co.uk

978-1-5245-9783-2 Hardback | \$39.92

978-1-5245-9782-5 Paperback | \$23.28

978-1-5245-9781-8 E-book | \$4.99

The Shine of Life follows the remarkable true adventures of Philip Altman, a top London lawyer on his journey from wartime childhood to being chosen for the Prime Minister's legal work.



The Body on the Lido Deck

A Toni Day Mystery

Jane Bennett Munro

www.iuniverse.com

978-1-4917-9550-7 Paperback | \$20.99

978-1-4917-9551-4 E-book | \$3.99

Pathologist Toni Day is on a Caribbean cruise. Unable to sleep, she heads to the Lido Deck to read, whereupon a horribly mangled body falls from the roof onto the deck next to her. Toni investigates the murder.



A woman finds rare 1933 coins in her family's safe-deposit box. Can the government confiscate them?

The Case of the Double Eagle Gold Coins

BY VICKI GLEBOCKI

WHEN JOAN LANGBORD found ten gold coins in a family safe-deposit box in 2003, she knew she'd unburied a treasure. Langbord, then 75, had worked in her late father's Philadelphia jewelry store her entire life, and she was fairly sure that the coins were 1933 double eagles. Designed by American sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens with Lady Liberty on one side and a bald eagle on the other, the 1933 double eagle is one of America's rarest and most beautiful coins.

Although 445,500 double eagles were minted in 1933, each one valued at \$20, they were never issued. Instead, 500 coins were held by the U.S. Mint's cashier, and the rest were sealed away in the agency's basement

vault. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had pulled all gold coins from circulation because people were hoarding gold during the Depression, depleting the Federal Reserve's stash. The Mint ultimately sent two of the 1933 double eagles to the Smithsonian; the rest were melted into bars and stored in the just-built Fort Knox in Kentucky.

Or so the Mint thought. In the 1940s, reports of private collectors trading 1933 double eagles shocked Mint officials and sparked a Secret Service investigation. The agents discovered that a cashier had smuggled an unknown number of the coins out of the Mint. The Feds traced ten of them to Philadelphia jeweler Israel Switt—Joan Langbord's father. ➤➤

Switt had sold those coins to private collectors, later testifying that he had no records of how he'd obtained them or from whom he'd bought them. He was never prosecuted for any crime.

The trail went cold until almost 60 years later, when an English coin dealer tried to sell a 1933 double eagle to a New York collector. The U.S. government immediately seized it. It turned out to be a stolen coin Switt had sold to a Philadelphia collector; it had later been sold by a Texas collector to Egypt's King Farouk, in 1944. Unaware then that the Secret Service was investigating the stolen coins, the Department of the Treasury mistakenly had allowed King Farouk to export the coin. Because of its own error, in 2002 the government agreed to sell that 1933 double eagle at auction and split the proceeds between the English coin dealer and the Mint. It sold for \$7.6 million.

It was two years later that Langbord took her 1933 double eagles to the Mint for authentication. Assuming that her father had owned the coins legally, she hoped to make a similar arrangement, which would have netted about \$40 million, according to Langbord's original claim. The Mint refused—and confiscated the coins, claiming that the double eagles “already are, and always have been, property belonging to the United States.”

In 2006, Langbord sued the Mint,

the Treasury, and various federal officials. She claimed there was a period in 1933, after the coins were minted but before Roosevelt pulled gold from the market, when her father could have legally purchased them. The government maintained that the coins were stolen.

Should the government return the coins to Joan Langbord? You be the judge.



THE VERDICT

No, but it took the courts nearly a decade to make that call. The case came down to one question: Were the coins stolen, or was it possible that they were accidentally but legally issued and then sold to Switt? The United States Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit ruled in August 2016 that the coins were the Mint's property, citing testimony showing that Mint records “track the movement of each 1933 double eagle. These records were remarkably detailed.” In other words, says Mint attorney Greg Weinman, “these coins didn't go out through the front door—they went out the back door.” Langbord appealed to the Supreme Court, but in April 2017, it declined to hear the case. **R**

Your True Stories

IN 100 WORDS

IN HER SHOES

I was having the time of my life teaching the incredible fifth-grade class I had that year. One day, a student raised her hand and asked if I realized I was wearing two different shoes. I looked down, and she was right. Laughter filled the room, and I blushed with embarrassment. Fortunately, the class was kind. In an act of creativity and compassion that I'll never forget, my students proceeded to trade shoes with one another to match my crazy situation.

TERESA KIEFER, *Genoa City, Wisconsin*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

I returned home to find my 98-year-old father suffering from severe bronchitis. His entire body was wearing out, but he felt little pain. We had never been the types to tell each other "I love you." One day, a close friend visited and said, "I love you," and I heard my father say, "I love you too." So when I left,



after 27 days in a row by his side, I mustered up an "I love you." In a weak voice, he said, "Eat well." I have taken care and enjoyed every meal since he passed.

WENDY KEPPLEY,
Lithia, Florida

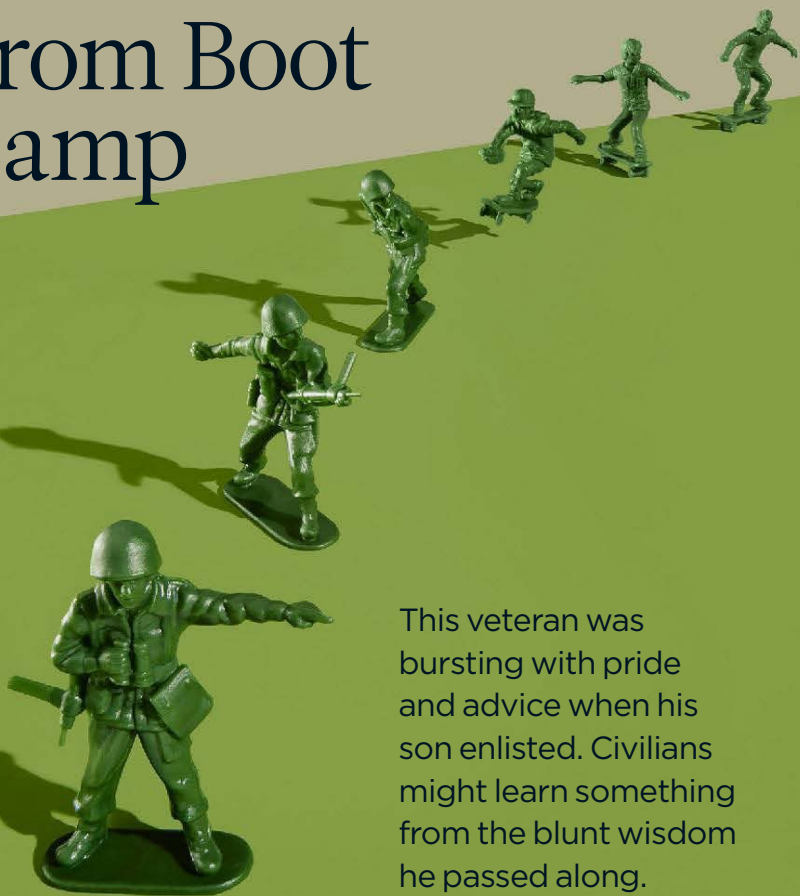
TRIPLE THANKS

Last Thanksgiving, my family and I decided to go around the table and say three things we were most grateful for. It was so touching to hear the responses. When my turn came, I heartfully stated, "My family, my family, my family." As everyone smiled with love and agreement, I noticed my seven-year-old granddaughter looking bewildered. Once we started eating, she came up to me and whispered in my ear, "Next time I'll help you come up with more things to say—or you can borrow one of mine."

CARALETTE BRAYMAN, *Ashtabula, Ohio*

To read more 100-word stories and to submit your own, go to rd.com/stories. If your story is selected for publication in the magazine, we'll pay you \$100.

Life Lessons From Boot Camp



This veteran was bursting with pride and advice when his son enlisted. Civilians might learn something from the blunt wisdom he passed along.

BY J. MARK JACKSON

🌀 A DECADE AGO, when my son raised his hand and vowed to “support and defend the Constitution” while being sworn in to the U.S. armed forces, I felt a collision of emotions: burning pride, aching loss, jubilation, consuming worry—and the passing of years. How had we gone from pacifiers to camouflage uniforms so quickly?

A big part of my pride came from the fact that I had served a generation before my son, so his enlisting felt like the beginning of a family tradition. In fact, he was born at Ireland Army Community Hospital in Fort Knox, Kentucky, in 1987.

As my son prepared to follow in my boot steps, I was eager to pass along advice on how to succeed. I began to craft a list of suggestions, as any dad would when his child was venturing into the world.

But the more I wrote, the more I realized that this wasn't a guide to surviving boot camp. It was a guide for life. Substitute *department manager* for *drill sergeant*, and the advice rings just as true for the civilian world as it does for the military.

My son survived boot camp and is thriving today as a NASA engineer. Perhaps these words of hard-learned wisdom contributed to his success in some way; I certainly like to think so. If this advice worked for him, it just might work for all of us as well.



J. MARK JACKSON is a former Army officer originally from London, Ohio, now living in St. Augustine, Florida.

1. Never argue with drill sergeants.

If you have a differing opinion, ask whether you can give yours. They'll tell you whether there's any room for discussion. If not, salute and move out smartly. Don't roll your eyes or let your attitude show, either. The drill sergeants will pick up on it and eat your lunch.

2. Give 110 percent effort, all the time. Everyone and anyone can give 100 percent. More effort means more stripes.

3. If things go wrong, reflect on the lesson taught, then move on.

In the words of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, “Lick 'em tomorrow.”

4. Stand straight, but don't lock your knees in long formations. You'll pass out if you do. (Civilian application: Sit up straight in staff meetings so you'll doze off less easily, but also remember to be flexible.)

5. Smile even when it sucks. The drill sergeants will think you are crazy but tough. They like that.

6. Never criticize the president (who is in your chain of command) or your boss. And never talk

politics. Nobody cares what you think. Save your viewpoints for close friends only.

7. Appearance is key to success. Press uniforms, shine shoes, and keep your hair neat and short. Look better than the average, and you'll be treated better than the average. Bosses will take notice.

8. When you are tired and frustrated, keep telling yourself, "I can do anything for six weeks."

9. Always volunteer. They're going to pick you eventually. You may as well seem motivated and helpful. Then, if there is something you truly do not want to do, you can choose not to volunteer. They probably won't pick you, since you are always volunteering on your own.

10. Your opportunities are limited only by your desire to work and your imagination. Once you come through this crucible, you can guide your own life course.

11. You are smart but no better than anyone else until you prove yourself. Conversely, no one is better than you, so take a back seat to no one. You will be as good as you choose to be.

12. Fear of failure can weigh you down like an anchor. It will prevent you from ever going places. Don't fear failure, but know that getting where you're going will take work.

13. You are part of a team, not just an individual. Look out for your buddies, and help the weaker links. It is no longer about "me." It's about "us."

14. Never do controlled substances. Never! They are illegal, and they are bad for your health. Also, you don't know when you will be administered

a urinalysis, and if you flunk, you are finished. *Less than honorable discharge!*

15. Everybody is scared, nervous, and homesick. Everyone will try to act tough, but they're as scared as you.

16. Write home once in a while. Darn it, I raised you; I'm interested in how you are doing.

17. If you go to a war zone (or are put on a difficult assignment), do your duty. Don't be foolish, but be brave. Don't let others take risks for you. You'll respect yourself more in the years to come. Being a coward is like a grass stain on the knees of your pants: It leaves a mark forever. Leave no regrets.

18. This opportunity is a springboard to your life's future success. If you treat it like a job, it will never be more than that. If you treat it like a quest, an adventure, it will be. Squeeze the experience for all it's worth. You'll never be 18 years old again. You'll never have opportunities like these again.

“
Smile even when it sucks. The drill sergeants will think you're crazy but tough. They like that.



More Time Living, Less Time Worrying.

Put Your Mind at Ease with the Right Care for Your Loved Ones.

We care for your loved ones with the same commitment and compassion you do. You can rest assured that you're doing the right thing when you choose The Right Care.



Companionship
& Homemaking



Physical Assistance
& Personal Care



Everyday Health
Reminders

Download our “Adult Caregiving Guide”
and to find a Right at Home near you, visit
www.rightathome.net/rd
or call 888.594.9089



The Right Care, Right at Home®

PHOTO
OF LASTING
INTEREST



A Delta airplane is shown in flight, surrounded by a dense, chaotic flock of birds. The birds are silhouetted against a light sky, creating a sense of movement and potential danger. The Delta logo and name are visible on the side of the aircraft.

Feathered Flight Attendants

We've been sharing the sky with its native aviators since the Wright brothers took off in 1903. Mostly, we come in peace: Roaring engines keep the majority of birds at bay, and pilots do their best to avoid wildlife. When bird strikes do happen—there are about 11,000 in the United States each year—they rarely imperil the plane. (If you're curious, the FAA keeps track of every strike at wildlife.faa.gov.) Astonishingly, even this Delta flight touched down without incident at Reagan National Airport in Washington, DC. Fortunately, the birds were safe that day too.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW CABALLERO-REYNOLDS



Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



"The good potato chips? Are we having company?"

I ADMIT IT: I'd had too much to drink one night. How much? I-lost-my-glass-eye too much. I called all the places I'd haunted, including a Denny's. "Hello," I said to the woman who answered. "I ate dinner there last night, and I've lost my glass eye. By any chance, did anyone find it?"

After a pause, she asked, "What color was it?"

JEANNETTE STINNETT, Grants, New Mexico

WHEN MY WIFE said that she was going to purchase a lottery ticket for the upcoming \$200 million drawing, I sarcastically responded, "Yeah, let me know when you win."

With a side glance, she replied, "Oh, I'll leave you a note."

BRUCE LINDNER, Waseca, Minnesota

I WAS SINGING ALONG with the radio as it played the Beatles song

“Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds.” As I sang the lyric “the girl with kaleidoscope eyes,” my husband interrupted.

“Is *that* what he’s singing?” he asked. “All these years, I thought it was ‘the girl with colitis goes by.’”

LYNETTE HARRELL, *Dolores, Colorado*

ENTREPRENEUR and adventurer Richard Branson, the founder of Virgin Atlantic Airways, offered this advice to fellow thrill seekers: “If you’re embarking around the world in a hot-air balloon, don’t forget the toilet paper. Once, we had to wait for incoming faxes.”

From *1,000 Unforgettable Senior Moments: Of Which We Could Remember Only 254* by Tom Friedman (Workman Publishing)

LICE WAS detected on a student at my grandson Ryan’s school, and the teacher told the girls in Ryan’s first-grade class to wear their hair in a bun to discourage the lice. Needing clarification, Ryan asked, “A hot dog bun or a hamburger bun?”

PAULINE KETTLEBOROUGH,
Churubusco, Indiana

DURING A POKER GAME at a Florida dog track, a player mentioned that he’d read that the track was the oldest in America. “Do you think that’s still the case?” he asked.

The dealer replied flatly, “No. They built an older one last year.”

CARLOS DUEFFER, *Tampa, Florida*



THE CRAZY THINGS PEOPLE SAID WHILE ASLEEP

■ Just last week, my eight-year-old daughter rolled over in my bed, where she’d fallen asleep, and said, “Mmm ... I want pizza.” (Pause) “And a beer.” I nearly fell out of bed laughing.

■ My wife told me last month that while I was sleeping, I said, “Set the burrito trap.”

■ My mom told me I’d once said, “Don’t go to that party, R2. They have spaghetti. It’ll mess up your circuits.”

■ My dad was coming out of surgery. He sat up, pointed at my mom, and said, “After I get rid of her, I am going to clown school.” He then lay down and went back to sleep.

■ I said to my fiancé in my sleep, “I love you because you have such long antennae.”

■ I once told my ex I had to push the plants deeper into the plant pots, while simultaneously pushing her out of bed with both hands.

Source: reddit.com

Got a funny story about friends or family? It could be worth \$\$\$\$. For details, see page 3 or go to rd.com/submit.

THE ROAD TO YOUR
HAPPY PLACE IS PAVED WITH
RAISINS AND FLAKES.
AND PAVEMENT.




ART *of* LIVING

Eating the wrong foods at the wrong times can hurt how you function. Here's how to fuel up for a successful day.

Pick the Right Food for Every Task



BY SHARON FEIEREISEN

 **PEOPLE ARE NOT CARS**, as you've probably noticed. We run on an enormous variety of fuels, and some are better suited to certain jobs than others. Load up on the right stuff, and you can turbocharge your creativity, memory, energy, and more. We presented nutrition experts with a variety of situations and asked what they'd eat to best prepare for each challenge.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING

WHAT TO HAVE: Tea with a little milk

WHY: "Green, black, and oolong tea contain the amino acid L-theanine, which passes the blood-brain barrier to bring on mental calmness and ease anxiety while creating alertness, making it the perfect tonic before an important meeting," say Tammy Lakatos Shames and Lyssie Lakatos, registered dietitian nutritionists and authors of *The Nutrition Twins' Veggie Cure*. "Additionally, the little boost of caffeine in the tea will give a mental edge without being enough to cause anxiety. The calcium in the milk will help to relax the muscles as well."

BOUNCING BACK FROM A LATE NIGHT

WHAT TO HAVE: For breakfast, 16 ounces of water plus coffee or green tea, a hard-boiled or scrambled egg, a piece of fruit, and half a cup of oatmeal. For lunch, chicken breast, steamed broccoli, and black bean and quinoa salad. For dinner, salmon, steamed veggies, and brown rice.

WHY: "Dehydration makes fatigue even worse, so starting your day with water will counteract that," say Shames and Lakatos. "You want

to fuel with a mix of complex carbs, protein, and fiber—an egg, fruit, and oatmeal make the perfect combo." The fiber-packed oatmeal may help you stay alert throughout the day, they say, citing a study showing that people who ate high-fiber cereal in the morning felt 10 percent less fatigued, possibly because the fiber keeps blood sugar and energy levels on an even keel for a longer time.

RAKING LEAVES

WHAT TO HAVE: Sprouted grain bread with coconut oil and avocado

WHY: The carbohydrates in the bread will give you energy, explains Keri Glassman, RD, MS, founder of nutritiouslife.com. The avocado and oil pack a lot of fat, which will help you stay satisfied longer. (So none of those "I just need a snack break" excuses!)

A DAY OF ERRANDS

WHAT TO HAVE: Steel-cut oatmeal, egg whites, fruit, and nuts

WHY: Starting a long day with a good breakfast is key. "Try steel-cut oatmeal for long-acting, low-glycemic carbs and some egg whites or a protein shake for protein," suggests David Greuner, MD, a cardiovascular

surgeon and director of NYC Surgical Associates. "Adding fruit in the morning will also give you sustained energy for the day." Endovascular surgeon at NYC Surgical Associates Christopher Hollingsworth, MD, adds that having multiple small meals (versus three large meals) is also a good strategy. "A large meal can really slow you down and make you feel fatigued. Take along a bag of almonds and snack frequently for quick hits of energy."

HOLIDAY DINNER WITH THE FAMILY

WHAT TO HAVE: Pistachios

WHY: Some people wait all year for an excuse to overeat. (And if that's you, check out our science-based guide to gorging on p. 128.) But if you want to curb the urge to overdo it at big family meals, snack beforehand on pistachios, which have protein and fiber, the winning combination for staving off hunger. "When you get to the meal, the edge will be taken off, so you won't feel the need to dive into every dish that comes your way," say Shames and Lakatos. And the satisfying crunch of the nuts can ease the stress you feel when Grandma asks for the umpteenth time why you aren't married yet.

No need to fret about overdoing it on the pistachios themselves. The leftover shells provide a visual cue of how much you've eaten, which, according to research, can help

you to curb your intake—an idea known in nutrition circles as the Pistachio Principle.

A BIG TEST

WHAT TO HAVE: Flaxseeds

WHY: Flaxseeds are great for increasing focus and memory. Dr. Greuner suggests adding them to oatmeal, smoothies, and protein shakes. "Flaxseeds are high in fiber and omega-3s, which help improve concentration by keeping your blood sugar levels stable. Be sure to grind your flaxseeds in a blender, coffee grinder, or food processor to make the fiber more easily digested and more effective at reducing blood sugar levels," he says. As a bonus, flaxseeds may also help prevent cancer, but more research needs to be done on humans.

THE ANNUAL OFFICE PARTY

WHAT TO HAVE: Veggies with hummus, bean dip, or black bean and corn salsa

WHY: "The carbohydrates in pulses—chickpeas, dried peas, beans, and lentils—quickly ramp up your body's feel-good chemical, serotonin, a neurotransmitter that combats pain, decreases appetite, and produces calmness—perfect for before mingling!" say Shames and Lakatos. "The fiber and protein in the pulses promote gradual digestion, leading to both long-lasting energy and an ongoing mood boost." **R**

IS YOUR BLADDER ALWAYS DISRUPTING YOUR DAY?

Ask your doctor about Myrbetriq® (mirabegron), the first and only overactive bladder (OAB) treatment in its class. Myrbetriq treats OAB symptoms of urgency, frequency, and leakage in adults.

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



You may be able to get your first prescription at no cost with Momentum.* Visit Myrbetriq.com.

USE OF MYRBETRIQ (meer-BEH-trick)

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

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

Myrbetriq is not for everyone. Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any ingredients in Myrbetriq. Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.

Please see additional Important Safety Information on next page.

*Subject to eligibility. Restrictions may apply.



Myrbetriq® is a registered trademark of Astellas Pharma Inc.
All other trademarks or registered trademarks are the property of their respective owners.
©2016 Astellas Pharma US, Inc. All rights reserved. 057-1297-PM





IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION (continued)

Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream.

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

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

Before taking Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems. The most common side effects of Myrbetriq include increased blood pressure, common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis), urinary tract infection, constipation, diarrhea, dizziness, and headache.

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

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

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



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

Brief Summary based on FDA-approved patient labeling

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

What is Myrbetriq (meer-BEH-trick)?

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

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

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

Who should not use Myrbetriq?

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

What is overactive bladder?

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

What should I tell my doctor before taking Myrbetriq?

Before you take Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you:

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

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

Tell your doctor if you take:

- thioridazine (Mellaril™ or Mellaril-ST™)
- flecainide (Tambocor®)
- propafenone (Rythmol®)
- digoxin (Lanoxin®)

How should I take Myrbetriq?

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

What are the possible side effects of Myrbetriq?

Myrbetriq may cause serious side effects including:

- **increased blood pressure.** Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.

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

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

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

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

These are not all the possible side effects of Myrbetriq.

For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

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

How should I store Myrbetriq?

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

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

General information about the safe and effective use of Myrbetriq

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

Where can I go for more information?

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

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

What are the ingredients in Myrbetriq?

Active ingredient: mirabegron

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

Rx Only

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

Marketed and Distributed by:

Astellas Pharma US, Inc.
Northbrook, Illinois 60062

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

Myrbetriq[®] is a registered trademark of Astellas Pharma Inc. All other trademarks or registered trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

©2016 Astellas Pharma US, Inc.

Revised: August 2016

16A006-MIR-BRFS

057-1474-PM

*The author
and his wife,
hiking in
Scotland*



After his wife suffered a devastating asthma attack, a grateful man wrote an open letter to her medical team

Thank You for Caring So Much

BY PETER DEMARCO FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

AS I BEGIN to tell my friends and family about the seven days you treated my wife, Laura Levis, in what turned out to be the last days of her young life, they stop me at about the 15th name that I recall. The list includes the doctors, nurses, respiratory specialists, social workers, and even cleaning staff members who cared for her.

“How do you remember any of their names?” they ask.

“How could I not?” I respond.

Every single one of you treated Laura with such professionalism and kindness and dignity as she lay unconscious. When she needed shots, you apologized that it was going to hurt a little, whether or not she could hear. When you listened to her heart

COURTESY PETER DEMARCO

and lungs through your stethoscopes and her gown began to slip, you pulled it up to respectfully cover her. You spread a blanket not only when her body temperature needed regulating but also when the room was just a little cold and you thought she'd sleep more comfortably that way.

You cared so greatly for her parents, helping them climb into the room's awkward recliner, fetching them fresh water almost by the hour, and answering every one of their medical questions with incredible patience. My father-in-law, a doctor himself, as you learned, felt he was involved in her care. I can't tell you how important that was to him.

Then there was how you treated me. How would I have found the strength to make it through that week without you?

How many times did you walk into the room to find me sobbing, my head down and resting on her hand, and quietly go about your task, as if willing yourselves invisible? How many times did you help me set up the recliner as close as possible to her bedside, crawling into the mess of wires and tubes in order to swing her forward just a few feet?

How many times did you check on me to see whether I needed

anything, from food to drink, from fresh clothes to a hot shower, or to see whether I needed a better explanation of a medical procedure or just someone to talk to?

How many times did you hug me and console me when I fell to pieces, or ask about Laura's life and

the person she was, taking the time to look at her photos or read the things I'd written about her? How many times did you deliver bad news with compassionate words and sadness in your eyes?

When I needed to use a computer for an emergency e-mail, you made it happen. When I

smuggled in a very special visitor, our tuxedo cat, Cola, for one final lick of Laura's face, you "didn't see a thing."

And one special evening, you gave me full control to usher into the ICU more than 50 people in Laura's life, from friends to coworkers to college alums to family members. It was an outpouring of love that included guitar playing and opera singing and dancing and new revelations to me about just how deeply my wife touched people. It was the last great night of our marriage together, for both of us, and it wouldn't have happened without your support.

There is another moment—actually, a single hour—that I will never forget.

“
***When I
smuggled in
a special visitor,
our cat, Cola,
you “didn’t see
a thing.”***
”

On the final day, as we waited for Laura's organ-donor surgery, all I wanted was to be alone with her. But family and friends kept coming to say their goodbyes, and the clock ticked away. By about 4 p.m., finally, everyone had gone, and I was emotionally and physically exhausted, in need of a nap. So I asked her nurses, Donna and Jen, if they could help me set up the recliner, which was so uncomfortable but all I had, next to Laura again. They had a better idea.

They asked me to leave the room for a moment, and when I returned, they had shifted Laura to the right side of her bed, leaving just enough room for me to crawl in with her one last time. I asked if they could give us one hour without a single interruption, and they nodded, closing the curtains and the doors and shutting off the lights.

I nestled my body against hers. She

looked so beautiful, and I told her so, stroking her hair and face. Pulling her gown down slightly, I kissed her breasts and laid my head on her chest, feeling it rise and fall with each breath, her heartbeat in my ear. It was our last tender moment as a husband and a wife, and it was more natural

and pure and comforting than anything I'd ever felt. And then I fell asleep.

I will remember that last hour together for the rest of my life. It was a gift beyond gifts, and I have Donna and Jen to thank for it.

Really, I have all of you to thank for it.

With my eternal

gratitude and love,
Peter DeMarco



Laura Levis was a patient in the intensive care unit at CHA Cambridge Hospital in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was 34 years old.

R

ADAPTED FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES (OCTOBER 6, 2016), COPYRIGHT © 2016 BY NEW YORK TIMES, CO., NYTIMES.COM.



ALL GONE TO CROCK-POT

Making dinner in a slow cooker involves two of my favorite things: food and panicking that I've left an appliance on for seven hours.

 @LIZHACKETT

Notice: Medical Alert

Dear Reader,

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

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

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

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

The first 100 callers to order will receive:

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

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

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

Sincerely,



Geoff Gross
President



Medical
Guardian
Medical Alert Systems
MedicalAlertNow.com



Experts debunk some common misconceptions
about this potentially lifesaving vaccine

No More Flu Shot Excuses!

BY JENN SINRICH

FALLACY NO. 1: YOU CAN SKIP IT BECAUSE YOU GOT ONE LAST YEAR

“New flu viruses appear each year,” says Caroline Sullivan, a nurse practitioner and an assistant professor of nursing at Columbia University. “Studies have shown that the body’s immunity to influenza declines over time, either through natural infection or vaccination.”

FALLACY NO. 2: YOU’RE TOO OLD TO GET THE VACCINE

Vaccination is especially important for people 65 years and older because they are at high risk for complications from flu. Ask your doctor about two vaccines specifically designed for this age-group. The “high dose vaccine” contains four times the amount of antigen as the regular flu shot does

and resulted in 24 percent fewer influenza infections in one clinical trial. The “adjuvanted flu vaccine” creates a stronger immune response; an observational study showed that it was 63 percent more effective than regular-dose unadjuvanted flu shots.

FALLACY NO. 3: IT WILL GIVE YOU THE FULL-BLOWN FLU

According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, flu vaccines are made with inactivated (thus non-infectious) viruses or with no virus at all. Some people have a fever and aches following the shot as the body’s immune response kicks in, but they last only a day or two and are much less severe than actual flu symptoms.

FALLACY NO. 4: YOU ALREADY HAD THE FLU THIS YEAR, SO THE VACCINE IS USELESS

Are you sure it wasn’t some other virus? “Many other viruses can feel like the flu,” says Ali Mileski, RNC, senior staff nurse at a New York City hospital. And getting one flu strain doesn’t protect you from the others. The typical vaccine protects against the three or four strains predicted to hit the United States in the upcoming year.

FALLACY NO. 5: YOU SHOULDN’T WORK OUT THAT DAY

Exercising before or after you get jabbed may actually help your body churn out more flu-fighting antibodies. In a very small Iowa State University study, students who jogged or biked for 90 minutes after they got the flu shot had nearly twice as many antibodies as the students who didn’t exercise.

FALLACY NO. 6: IT’S TOO LATE IN THE YEAR TO WORRY NOW

Flu season starts as early as October and can continue into May, so if you find yourself unvaccinated in late January or February, a flu shot is still recommended.

FALLACY NO. 7: THE SHOT MUST HURT

A Target/Harris Interactive poll showed that 23 percent of adults don’t get the shot due to a fear of needles. But avoiding the misery of influenza is worth a pinprick, so do what you can to lessen the pain. “Tensing a muscle makes it hurt more, so try to relax the arm and focus on breathing,” says Amy Baxter, MD, founder and CEO of MMJ Labs. **R**

*
* *

GRIDDLE ME THIS

All-You-Can-Eat Pancakes should be called Four Pancakes.

@CURLYCOMEDY (ABBI CRUTCHFIELD)

NOTE: Ads were removed from this edition. Please continue to page 52.



NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

Zinc Can Cut Colds Short

Zinc isn't the cure for the common cold, but mounting evidence indicates it can be a big help. An analysis of three randomized controlled trials found that 70 percent of patients who had taken zinc acetate lozenges (80 to 92 mg per day) within 24 hours of noticing cold symptoms had recovered on the fifth day, compared with 27 percent of patients who had received a placebo. While that dosage is higher than the daily recommended amount, no serious side effects were observed. Be sure your zinc lozenge doesn't also contain citric acid, which can make it less effective.

Dairy Helps Fight Early Menopause

Calcium and vitamin D have long been known to work together to build strong bones. Now scientists have discovered that they may also play a role in preventing early menopause, which is associated with an increased risk of osteoporosis, heart disease, and other health issues. In a study of

116,430 premenopausal women, those who got the most calcium and vitamin D from food—especially dairy—had the lowest risk of early menopause. Supplements did not have any beneficial effect, perhaps because they lack the other vitamins, fats, and hormones (such as progesterone and estrogen) found in dairy.

Driving Can Lower Your IQ

In a recent study of approximately 500,000 people between ages 37 and 73, researchers found a noticeable drop-off in brainpower, as measured by intelligence and memory tests, among those who drove for more than two hours each day. The study also found that the more time participants spent watching television—which, like driving, fails to exercise either the body or the brain—the worse their test scores. If you must drive long distances to work, consider adding a mentally stimulating activity to your commute, such as listening to language lessons; learning a second language has been shown to keep your brain sharp. ➔



PROP STYLIST: ROBIN FINLAY



Get two Medicare Part D experts for the price of none

Walgreens has teamed up with eHealth to answer all your Medicare Part D questions. eHealth's team of licensed independent brokers will help you evaluate your options, find a plan with the lowest out-of-pocket cost for your specific prescriptions and estimate your monthly payment. They'll even help you enroll.*

Call today at 844-280-1944 for FREE advice.

Walgreens

at the corner of **happy & healthy**

*No commissions are paid by eHealth to Walgreens.



Ingestible Sensors That Monitor Vital Signs

Researchers from MIT and Brigham and Women's Hospital are developing a small ingestible battery that runs on the fluids in your stomach. The battery could power sensors that would stay in your gastrointestinal tract to monitor vital signs or deliver medications. The new power source would be safer than conventional batteries, which can self-discharge, undergoing chemical reactions that reduce their stored charge and decrease their shelf life. The new device worked continuously for an average of 6.1 days in pigs' GI tracts, as opposed to delivering only short bursts of power, as earlier versions did.

Antibiotics for Pink Eye May Prolong the Infection

In a University of Michigan study of more than 340,000 pink eye patients over a 14-year period, 58 percent filled a prescription for antibiotic eye drops, while 20 percent received an antibiotic-steroid combo. But many cases of pink eye are caused by viral infections or allergies that antibiotics won't help, the study's authors noted, and antibiotic-steroid combos can prolong or exacerbate certain types of viral infections, including pink eye. So why do doctors keep prescribing them? It can be difficult to differentiate between bacterial, viral, and allergic conjunctivitis. Plus, patients are often unaware of the harmful effects

of antibiotics, mistakenly believing they are necessary. In fact, some mild cases of pink eye could resolve within 7 to 14 days without medication.

Facebook Users Live Longer

A 2016 study found that the average Facebook user is about 12 percent less likely to die in a given year than someone who doesn't use the site—and that people who accepted the most friend requests lived the longest. This doesn't mean you should say sayonara to all your non-virtual friends. According to the study, interacting on Facebook seems to be healthy only when it is used to maintain real-life relationships: The online activities that correlate with reduced mortality (such as posting photos) also indicate an offline social life.

Celiac Disease Could Be Caused by a Virus

Reoviruses commonly infect people, although they usually don't cause symptoms. But researchers have found that certain types of reovirus infections trigger an immune response that may lead to celiac disease. The study also revealed that celiac patients produced much higher levels of antibodies against the reovirus compared with people without the disease. More research needs to be done, but in the future, a vaccine against reoviruses may be able to prevent children from developing celiac disease and other autoimmune disorders. **R**

No contracts
No cancellation fees

jitterbug[®]
smart

Finally, a simple smartphone.



The all-new Jitterbug[®] Smart is the simple smartphone with our biggest screen ever, now with our exclusive health and safety apps.

EASY A new, bigger 5.5-inch screen makes it even easier to stay connected. Everything you want to do, from texting and taking pictures, to emailing and browsing the Internet, is organized in a single list on one screen with large, legible letters. Plus, new Voice Typing makes writing emails and texts effortless.

SMART Turn your Jitterbug Smart into a personal safety device with GreatCall's award-winning health and safety apps, like 5Star[®]. In any uncertain or unsafe situation, simply press the button and a highly-trained Agent will get you the help you need, 24/7.

AFFORDABLE GreatCall[®] provides a variety of data plans starting as low as \$2⁴⁹ per month. Compared to other cell phone companies, you could save over \$300 per year, making the Jitterbug Smart phone plans the most affordable on the market.

Plans with
data as low as
\$17⁴⁸
month*

Powered by the nation's largest and most
dependable wireless network.



NO CONTRACTS
No cancellation fees

Buy now and get a **FREE**
Car Charger, a \$25 value!

To order or learn more, call
1-866-325-4616
greatcall.com/ReadersDigest

No contracts
to sign, ever

Keep your current
phone number

Award-winning, U.S.-based
customer service and tech support

No hidden
monthly fees

Available at:



sears



*Monthly fees do not include government taxes or assessment surcharges and are subject to change. Plans and services may require purchase of a GreatCall device and a one-time setup fee of \$35. \$300 savings calculation based on market leaders' lowest available monthly published fees. Coverage is not available everywhere. 5Star or 9-1-1 calls can only be made when cellular service is available. 5Star Service will be able to track an approximate location when your device is turned on and connected to the network, but we cannot guarantee an exact location. Jitterbug, GreatCall and 5Star are registered trademarks of GreatCall, Inc. Copyright ©2017 GreatCall, Inc.

ALL IN

A Day's Work



OVERHEARD IN THE OFFICE

Supervisor to team leader:

So our people aren't astute enough to understand these comments on the document?

Leader: What does *astute* mean?

SUSAN JESTER, *Huntsville, Alabama*

PRN IS A MEDICAL abbreviation of the Latin *pro re nata*, meaning

“when necessary.” Apparently, some nurses never learned their abbreviations. One day, a senior nurse walked into a patient’s room to find a suppository shoved up his nose. When she confronted the younger nurse responsible, the latter admitted that she thought *PRN* stood for “per right nostril.”

Source: scrubsmag.com

TWO YEARS AFTER my heart attack, I was teaching my college course when I suddenly felt some discomfort in my chest. I paused the class to pop my medication and quickly felt better. “Now, if I ever do have a heart attack,” I told my students, “I will give extra credit to whoever gives me CPR.”

One of them shouted out, “How much?”

SHARON HARVEY, *Bloomington, Minnesota*

I LOVE WHEN I leave work early to surprise my wife at home and she greets me with those three very special words: “Were you fired?” [@THEBOYDP](#)

TECH SUPPORT: Is the light on your modem blinking?

Customer: No.

Tech: So it’s solid, then?

Customer: Yes. It’s solid, then it’s off, then it’s solid again, then it’s off again ...

Source: [notalwaysright.com](#)



LEGAL EAGLES

Court transcripts that will leave you shouting “Guilty!”

■ **Lawyer:** Now, isn’t it true that on the fifth of November last year, you rode naked through the streets on top of a garbage truck, letting off fireworks and singing “I did it my way” loudly?
Witness: What was the date again?

■ **Defendant:** Judge, I want another public defender because this man is incontinent.

■ **Judge:** Is there anything else you would like to say before I pass sentence?
Defendant: Yes. Kirk to *Enterprise*: Beam me up.

■ **Defendant:** (*Representing himself*) You sell drugs out of your house, don’t you?
Witness: No.
Defendant: I know that’s a lie. I’ve bought [drugs] there myself.

■ **Lawyer:** I take it that before this accident happened, you lived with your brother-in-law and sister.
Witness: Yes.
Lawyer: You got to know him quite well?
Witness: Yes.
Lawyer: And you saw him interact with your sister, and I believe they had one child?
Witness: I didn’t see the actual interaction, but they did have one child.

Source: [nylawblog.typepad.com](#)

Anything funny happen to you at work lately? It could be worth \$\$\$.
For details, see page 3 or go to [rd.com/submit](#).

Taste
of Home

LIVE!

HAPPIEST

holiday tour

Food, Fun & Festive Flavors

We're hitting the road again! Come see us live this fall to learn how to reinvent classic recipes, make your holiday cooking effortlessly gorgeous, and get the inside scoop on our Test Kitchen's hottest holiday how-to's.

Tour dates, tickets & more at

TASTEOFHOME.COM/LIVE

LOCATIONS

- 9/5 Green Bay, WI
- 9/7 Minneapolis, MN
- 9/11 Milwaukee, WI
- 9/15 Wichita, KS
- 9/17 Dallas, TX
- 9/22 Houston, TX
- 9/25 Atlanta, GA
- 9/28 Birmingham, AL
- 10/1 Louisville, KY
- 10/3 Chicago, IL
- 10/5 Indianapolis, IN
- 10/9 Pittsburgh, PA
- 10/13 Buffalo, NY
- 10/16 Rochester, NY
- 10/19 Baltimore, MD
- 10/22 White Plains, NY
- 10/25 Columbus, OH
- 10/29 St. Louis, MO
- 11/5 Bentonville, AR
- 11/7 Tulsa, OK
- 11/12 Jacksonville, FL





THE Nicest Places IN America

SELECTING THE NICEST PLACE IN America is an awfully big job. That's why we enlisted a large selection committee—the millions of readers of this magazine and our website, rd.com. You took the lead for every stage of this contest, from submitting hundreds of nominations to voting on the top ten finalists to selecting the winner revealed on the next page. Our only real instruction was to single out locales in your life where kindness and respect thrive, and you responded with moving examples of people who put their neighbors ahead of themselves. They may be from different walks of life and different parts of the country, but these folks all believe the same thing: The Golden Rule—"Do to others as you would have them do to you"—rules.



GALLATIN, TN



And the Winner Is ...

**IN GOOD TIMES AND BAD, WHATEVER
THEIR CREED, COLOR, OR CALLING,
THE PEOPLE OF GALLATIN, TENNESSEE,
ALWAYS HAVE EACH OTHER'S BACKS**

BY JEREMY GREENFIELD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GLENN GLASSER

When tensions spiked, Mayor Paige Brown, Pastor Derrick Jackson, and Chief Don Bandy (from left) kept the peace.



I T'S EASY TO BE BRAVE WHEN THERE IS NO DANGER. IT'S EASY TO BE KIND WHEN THERE IS NO HARDSHIP. IT'S NOT MOMENTS OF TRANQUILITY THAT DEFINE US. IT'S THE CHALLENGING TIMES—AND HOW WE REACT TO THEM—

that prove to the world and to ourselves who we are.

On April 6, 2016, James Spray, a white police officer in Gallatin, Tennessee, responded to a call about an eviction going bad. When he got out of the car in front of a home on Chaffin Court, he encountered Laronda Sweatt, an African American woman. She was angry, threatening—and wielding an ax. He drew his gun as he backed up, shouting at her to drop her weapon. She continued to march toward him. He retreated some more, until he bumped into a squad car that had pulled up behind him. With no place left to go and Sweatt still advancing, he shot twice, striking her once and killing her.

It all happened in 11 seconds.

In the days that followed, residents feared that Sweatt's death might serve as the catalyst to a larger conflict, like what had erupted in Ferguson, Missouri, after a racially charged police shooting there 20 months earlier.

“We wanted to know everything from A to Z: What happened, why it happened, could it have been avoided, did the officer act improperly, and, if so, what would the consequence be?” says Pastor Derrick Jackson, who leads the First Baptist Church of Gallatin, an African American congregation founded more than 150 years ago by an ex-slave. “And we weren't going to accept what occurred without investigating it ourselves.”

Sumner County district attorney general L. Ray Whitley opened an investigation immediately. Video from Officer Spray's body camera seemed to show that the events had unfolded as Spray had described, with the shooting a last-resort act of self-defense. Whitley wanted to schedule a press conference to explain his findings. But police chief Don Bandy said no.

A native of Gallatin, Bandy felt he understood the emotions roiling Pastor Jackson and the rest of the

**Fred Bailey
(seated) feels
the love from
Children Are
People students.**



town. There had been some acrimony between the police and the public in the past, but since becoming chief in 2011, Bandy had worked hard to build trust with all the town's residents. Being open at a time of major stress was essential.

"I called the DA and said I wanted to release the [body cam] video," Bandy recalls. "He said he wanted

to do a press conference, and I said, 'This town can't wait for that.'"

Bandy called Mayor Paige Brown, Pastor Jackson, and other leaders in the African American community to view the harrowing video with him at police headquarters. Then he explained he was going to release the potentially incendiary footage to the public. Within hours, he did.

The response of Gallatin's residents was almost shocking. With Baltimore; Cleveland; North Charleston; Sanford, Florida; and countless other trouble spots laying the groundwork for racially fraught outbursts, Gallatin—a town where the local high schools were segregated until 1971—turned the other cheek. Instead of riots and

protests, residents held a prayer vigil in the city hall parking lot. About 90 people, including 20 police officers and 9 pastors—five white and four black—gathered to talk and to pray.

“Over the last few days, we’ve seen some tragic events unfold that simply devastated us,” said Tiffany Ham-

mock, one of the handful of residents who spoke at the vigil. “As I look into this crowd tonight, I am reminded that we are all called to be builders of our community. We have to start with respect. We all may be different, but we all feel the same—that we need to unite to make our communities safe and productive.”

Don Bandy spoke as well.

“We’re trying,” he said humbly. “Are we perfect? No, we’re not. But God has his hand on us, and we’ve got God-fearing people here.”

Thanks to people such as Tiffany Hammock and Don Bandy, Gallatin avoided joining a tragic club, though it has become a founding member of another group. It is

Newcomers and natives worked together to revitalize the town square.



the first winner of the *Reader's Digest* Nicest Place in America Contest.

Gallatin's thoughtful reaction to the shooting isn't the only reason the town is our winner—it has so much more going for it than just the way it rises above adversity.

The people of Gallatin instinctively seem to put their community ahead of themselves. They welcome strangers when many towns have slammed their doors. They commit to charity work in impressive ways:

It's hard to overstate the symbolism of the building that houses many of the local nonprofit groups. It's called the Shalom Zone.

That spirit of community is what connects all ten of our Nicest Place finalists. They express it differently, from the people in Rock Hall, Maryland, banding together to rescue the dog of a trucker killed in a highway accident to the unusual way that the residents of Providence, Rhode Island, signal their support for children undergoing treatment in a local hospital. A few of our finalists aren't towns at all. The Doaks' family home in Waterford, Ohio, has turned an annual ritual—making apple butter—into the kind of open-door hospitality that serves as a model for any good neighbor. In Wisconsin, an online bulletin board created for buying and selling gently used goods

has evolved into an organization offering emotional and financial support to its virtual community.

What makes all these places special is that they came to us organically at rd.com/nicest, in stories told by

**“WE ALL MAY BE DIFFERENT,
BUT WE ALL FEEL THE SAME—
THAT WE NEED TO UNITE TO
MAKE OUR COMMUNITIES
SAFE AND PRODUCTIVE.”**

individuals who understood that we were looking for communities where people believe in—and rely on—one another.

What elevated Gallatin to the top of our list was the remarkable distance the small city of more than 35,000 has traveled. It was one of the last places in the South to integrate. “Back in the day when I was coming up, it was a ‘know your place’ kinda thing,” says Fred Bailey, 64. The child of sharecroppers (and one of 15 siblings), Bailey was born blind. In a town where black children rarely received the resources they needed, his disability went undiagnosed until he was in third grade. Still, Bailey graduated from college, got a job at General Electric, and is now the founder of Children Are People, an organization that offers free tutoring and counseling

to underprivileged children in the Gallatin area. Bailey clearly deserves some of the credit for the new Gallatin, but he's the first to share the praise.

"Now you've got people moving in here from New York, California, everywhere, and they exemplify Martin Luther King's attitude: Judge someone by their character," he says. "Gallatin is about that now."

This former farm community is booming. Houses are springing up where horses and bluegrass once ran free. Investors have moved in to develop Gallatin's downtown—Umbra, a hip coffee shop in the town square, is one of the latest arrivals. And all that new energy has helped reorient the town. Today, Gallatin is diverse: about 78 percent white, 15 percent African American, and the rest a mix of Latino, Romanian—and Sudanese. Back in the 1990s, as the world was only beginning to pay attention to the ravages of the civil wars in Sudan, refugees were looking for American towns that would accept them as students. Because some of the Sudanese were older than 18 and spoke little or no English, many places said no. Gallatin and the surrounding



Sumner County areas said yes.

"I'm so blessed," says Tut Rut, who escaped from Sudan in 1987 and came to the United States in 1995. Tall and

thin with a friendly, round face and an eager smile, he runs the Southern Sudanese Youth Connection, which helps more than 1,000 refugees in the area find housing and education opportunities—in

**"I'M SO BLESSED," SAYS TUT
RUT, WHO MIGRATED FROM
SUDAN IN 1995. "I FEEL LIKE
THIS IS HOME NOW."**

The choir of the First Baptist Church, which was formed more than 150 years ago.



short, spreading the gospel of Gallatin as he has come to know it. “We feel like this is our home now,” he says with a broad smile.

Rut’s office is decorated with a poster of Martin Luther King Jr. and a small sign that says Peace, and his organization is one of more than 135 nonprofits that partner with Gallatin’s Shalom Zone. The Shalom Zone is a worldwide organization that seeks to promote economic

development across a wide variety of cultural organizations in nearly 200 locations. The branch in Gallatin is the largest of them all and, in some ways, the most unusual. There’s the low-slung brick building itself—purchased from the county ten years ago for \$1—that had previously been the segregated high school for black students. And then there are the tenants. Most of them do traditional community work, such as Head

Start, a preschool learning program for low-income children. One group you wouldn't expect to find there: the Gallatin Police. The department uses its office there to train new recruits on everything from how to install car seats to how to fire a Taser. But the most important work done at the police department's Shalom Zone office probably happens right in the

hallway. That's where a uniformed officer sits at a podium, waving to passersby. This is community outreach at its most ordinary and effective.

It's all part of Bandy's strategy to familiarize the police to the people they serve. "He's a product of the community, and that makes a difference," says Onnesia Head, a teacher at the local middle school.

Gabby Howell (in front of the bus), Amy Howell (seated, below), and Jessi Smith (seated, on the bus) with the Operation Christmas Bus crew



"His kids go to school with my kids."

Bandy, who was named chief in 2011, has been known to show up all over town. He works out every morning at the local civic center—he's far less imposing in gym shorts than in his uniform—and tries to hit coffee klatches and organized local events alike. He was even recently asked to preach at one of the African American churches.

"When you make yourself friendly, you have a better chance of making a friend," Bandy says. "You have to go across the aisle and say, 'I want you to be part of us, and I want to be a part of what you're doing.'"

It's obviously working. When Velma Brinkley, a local activist and historian, invited the patrol officers to the ribbon cutting for her goddaughter's new hair salon, she was floored when the chief showed up as well.

"Years past, I would not have invited the police to anything," says Brinkley.

But to find the most incredible example of how nice Gallatin can be, you'll have to catch a school bus. The bus belongs to 12-year-old Gabby Howell, a girl with a brain disorder that causes seizures and limits her mental development. Last year, Gabby told her mother, Amy Howell, that she wanted a school bus for Christmas. A health-science teacher

at Gallatin High School, Amy could never afford something so expensive. But when student Jessi Smith heard about Gabby's request, she was determined to play Santa. Amy Howell was a favorite teacher and something of a surrogate mother to the then-17-year-old, whose own mother was in prison when Smith was in Amy's class. What better way to repay Amy's benevolence than to make Gabby's wish come true?

Smith spent over a month putting together Operation Christmas Bus

"YOU HAVE TO GO ACROSS THE AISLE AND SAY, 'I WANT YOU TO BE PART OF US, AND I WANT TO BE A PART OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING,'"
SAYS CHIEF BANDY.

for Gabby. She talked her friend Austin Hogan into donating a retired bus that was languishing on his property, then started a GoFundMe page and raised \$1,215 to renovate and refurbish it as a clubhouse, complete with carpeting, art supplies, and curtains. On Christmas Eve, the bus was towed to the Howells' rural home, with Santa Claus at the wheel. Gabby ran to Santa, nearly in tears, saying, "I love you, Santa."

Clearly, Gallatin loves her right back. **R**

TOP
10

Hail To the Finalists!

We asked people to tell us about the most inspirational place in their lives. Let these Facebook comments about the finalists—and their remarkable stories on the following pages—inspire you, as they have us.

SOUTH WHIDBEY, WA

I have seen the generosity of the community from the perspective of an educator and a community member. Proud to call South Whidbey home.
DAYLE GRAY

FRANKLIN, NE

Not only is it in the heart of America; it has a heart as big as America.
VAUNDA LEE

*

KidsCycle: NS: 295—The most Facebook comments of our finalists ■ **Hayesville: 9,738**—The most page views of the top ten contest entry stories ■ **Gallatin: 11,485**—The most visitors to an online entry page

SOUTH
WHIDBEY

There were
283
**NOMINATED
PLACES**
around the
country.

KIDSCYCLE: NS

This community is exactly what the world needs more of. It is a breath of fresh air that restores humanity and gives hope, love, and support.
STACIE HAUGEN

ROCK HALL, MD

We proudly say about Rock Hall: We weren't born here, but we got here as quickly as we could!
TRINA DALY ARMAND

PROVIDENCE, RI

When you are on either side blinking your lights, you can't help but shed a tear. It's magical.
KIMBERLY WINEMAN

THE DOAKS' HOUSE

They are the salt (and sugar and cinnamon!) of the earth.
NANCY STEELE

ORIOLE PARK

The Birdland Community Heroes Project really makes you proud of all the people in Baltimore.
LAUREN WEBB TOLSTOI



PFLUGERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

I have worked at the high school for eight years and can attest it is an incredible mix of students and staff. You couldn't replicate it if you tried.

SARAH CABLE

HAYESVILLE, NC

The citizens of Hayesville have a long tradition of creating a warm, welcoming atmosphere. It is truly a special place.

LAURA ZIMMERMAN

HOW YOU PICKED THE NICEST PLACES

- In April, we put out a call for entries, which ultimately produced 283 nominations.
- To be considered, each nomination required an essay and photographs. Videos and social media comments were also encouraged.
- As entries were received, *Reader's Digest* reporters fleshed out dozens of the most compelling nominees and developed feature articles on them for rd.com.
- All told, 300,000 users viewed the official entry pages. In addition, 750,000 people read one of the dozens of stories written by the *Reader's Digest* staff about niceness in America.
- A team of *Reader's Digest* editors selected the ten finalists based on the original entries, the follow-up reporting, and the enthusiasm of the social media comments.
- On June 21, the public voting began. Total votes received: 72,832.
- Those results were combined with the votes of the editorial team as well as the opinions of celebrity judge Brett Young (see p. 80) to select the Nicest Place in America.



ROCK HALL, MD

Powerful Waves

OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT SHE snores as loudly as a freight train, Holly was always the perfect traveling companion. Benny Gerlock, a 59-year-old long-haul truck driver based in Rock Hall, Maryland, wouldn't leave home without her—even though Holly was his six-year-old chocolate-colored Chesapeake Bay retriever.

They traveled thousands of miles together, and Holly acted as if she owned the rig. She insisted on using the driver's side door, crawling over Gerlock's lap to get to her spot riding shotgun. She even slept in her own bed, tucked in the back of the coach.

In fact, Holly was snoring away on the evening of November 26, 2013, while she and Gerlock were hauling a load on I-35 East, just outside Dallas. At around 8 p.m., something went wrong—Gerlock either had a medical emergency or just lost control of the



truck, and he rammed into a concrete highway support. Gerlock died almost instantly.

Holly, back in her bed, had to be cut out of the truck by rescue workers. By some kind of canine miracle, she survived unharmed, but she was traumatized. She was taken to a Dallas animal shelter. When word got back to Rock Hall, the residents agreed that Holly needed to come home.

"I know that Benny would have done this for us, so there was no question about us doing this for him," a neighbor, Sandy Nordhoff, told myeasternshoremd.com.

Though Rock Hall, a town of roughly 1,300 on the Chesapeake Bay, sees its share of tourists and wealthy visitors, it is still at heart a blue-collar

“**Benny would have done this for us, so there was no question about us doing this for him.**”



The famous Rock Hall Wave is in evidence no matter where in town you go.



shore town. “It’s a very tight-knit, welcoming community,” says Rock Hall resident Tom McHugh. Roughly one quarter of the residents are watermen who troll for crabs, oysters, and more in all kinds of weather. “I call them the last cowboys on the Chesapeake Bay,” says McHugh.

The watermen and the other Rock Hall neighbors knew that getting Holly home would be expensive, especially since they wanted to drive to Dallas to pick her up in Gerlock’s personal GMC truck so Holly would feel comfortable traveling with strangers. So the residents started a Help for Holly fund at the local bank. Within a few days, she had more than \$3,000 in her account.

Two of Gerlock’s neighbors, Joe Creighton and Russell Nordhoff, then made the 2,800-mile, four-day round trip drive from Rock Hall to Dallas. When they arrived home and drove into the parking lot of a local boat company, Holly was greeted by Welcome Home signs, dozens of residents, and the local fire department.

“The outpouring of love shown to Benny and Holly was heartwarming,” says Rock Hall resident Jamie Elburn. “It shows how the companionship of man’s best friend and simple kindness can overcome even the most difficult adversity.”

Fortunately, the typical day in Rock Hall doesn’t feature much adversity—

quite the opposite, in fact. Pass a local on the sidewalk or driving by, and he or she will almost certainly smile and wave, whether you're a neighbor or a stranger. This brand of hospitality is so famous in these parts, it's got its own name: the

Rock Hall Wave. "The watermen have one hand down watching for crabs, and the other hand automatically goes up as you go by," says McHugh. "It's an identifying part of Rock Hall friendliness, no matter where you are. It doesn't matter if it's a pickup truck or a Bentley—you just wave."

That spirit of togetherness seems



Holly lost her owner but gained the whole town.

to blanket the town like mist from the Chesapeake. When a local boy received a cancer diagnosis, Rock Hall residents put red ribbons on their mailboxes—and spontaneously sent donations to help pay for his treatment. When a

painter in town died of a heart attack, Rock Hallers went out of their way to hire his painting company because they knew the money would go back to the family.

"Nice people live here!" says Kathi Donegan. In fact, that's Rock Hall's official motto. It's painted right on the welcome sign as you enter town.



FRANKLIN, NE

Saving Holden, Dime By Dime

NESTLED IN THE SOUTH NEBRASKA prairie with their one grocery store, one gas station, one grand old movie theater, and 1,000 good neighbors, the people of Franklin are used to fending for themselves and for one another. When that theater, the Rose Bowl, needed a new roof, the town raised \$250,000 "dime by dime," says lifelong resident Mike Ingram, and now families take turns every weekend volunteering to run the place. (The locals say the Pledge of Allegiance before each screening, and a first-run movie will cost you all of \$3.) If a senior citizen can't make it to the Rightway Grocery, owner Stu Wilsman makes

the delivery himself—and throws a few extra things in the bag if he knows the customer has been short of cash. “Stu’s always been like that,” says Ingram. “Any one of us could end up behind the eight ball.”

In some ways, this is the typical kindness of small-town America, no less extraordinary because it happens every day. Helping a local man injured in a farm accident, renovating the town’s storm-damaged museum—they’re on it. But the depth of the bonds in Franklin struck even the residents themselves as unusual when Michelle Bruce needed a hand.

A Franklin native who moved away to start a family, Michelle returned to Franklin after she, her husband, and

her son Holden were all found to have cancer. With four children altogether, they needed help from her parents back in Franklin to take care of everyone, sick and well. Holden’s case was especially difficult. Diagnosed with a brain tumor when he was 12, he underwent two operations

only to have the tumor recur when he was 15. A third surgery, which insurance would not cover, cost about \$39,000, not including the travel expenses to Boston Children’s Hospital, which specializes in such cases.

So the people of Franklin did what, after a lifetime of Lions Club bake sales and 4-H raffles, they do best: They organized a fund-raiser. Even the ice storm that struck on the night

of the event couldn’t stop carloads of people from showing up at the high school to buy Team Holden T-shirts. The next morning, Michelle got extraordinary news. Franklin had raised \$45,000. “To this day, I still don’t know how only 1,000 people raised \$45,000 in one fund-raiser,” says Michelle.

Yet, as Ingram explains, that may be the only response in the

“

“This was money many people probably couldn’t spare, but they did anyway.”

COURTESY JILL CHRISTENSEN



Holden (right) and Laural Christensen

Franklin DNA. “If you don’t look out for your friends and neighbors,” he says, “who else will?”

Now 19, Holden Bruce is testament to that instinct. His surgery successful, he graduated from high school last year and now studies diesel

technology in college and works at a tractor dealership. “Once in a while I will see a faded Team Holden T-shirt go by,” his mother says. “I can’t help but smile. This was money many people probably couldn’t spare, but they did anyway.”



ROGER AND SHIRLEY DOAK'S HOME

As American as Apple Butter



The Doaks, on their front porch

ONE YEAR, WHEN LUCINDA FLEMING is in college, she goes to visit the family of her roommate, Jennifer Doak, on a fall Saturday. Waterford, Ohio, is a small town of farmers in the rolling green hills of eastern Ohio near

the West Virginia border. Jennifer’s father, Roger Doak, is there. So is her mother, Shirley Doak. Fleming was also raised in small-town Ohio, and the Doaks seem down-to-earth, like a lot of the people she grew up with. The day with them, she is told, will focus on making apple butter.

Friends, family, and neighbors are stirring large copper pots with old wooden paddles. The event is a tradition in Shirley’s family. The home is the same one Roger grew up in. He worked for years at a local chemical company, where he and Shirley met, and then he became a state trooper.

Shirley plays organ and runs a youth group at their church, while Roger serves on the local school board. They know everyone within many miles.

On apple butter Saturday, Roger and Shirley greet every visitor to their house by name, ask questions, and don't seem to judge. Eventually they give everyone a job. Stirring the pots. Jars, rings, and lids. Tending the fire that has been going since 6 a.m. in the gravel driveway. By sunset, hundreds of pint jars nestle under blankets, murmuring *pop-pop-pop* as they seal.

The Doaks aren't big talkers, but they pay attention to every person, detail, and moment. My mom and dad have huge ears, Jennifer says. They just listen.

New spouses and grandkids are introduced, a passerby waved in. People watch football, and kids roll down the hill at the side of the house. Fleming marvels at how a big annual event happens largely in the family's driveway. She and others pepper the cooks with questions about the process. Then, as the main meal is served, everyone gathers around the kettles to hold hands and pray. "We're thankful that we can all be here," Jennifer says.

Fleming realizes that just hours ago, she knew only one person here. Now she senses—everyone senses—that they are all family. "I watched this family in awe," she says. "I felt like I belonged there. It was magical."



Good News!
You can get GEICO in
every one of the
Nicest Places in America.
(I told you they were nice).

GEICO[®]

geico.com | 1-800-947-AUTO (2886)

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 © 1999-2017. © 2017 GEICO

Years pass, and Waterford and this annual day seep deeper into Fleming's bones. Though Fleming lives about three hours away with her teenage son and tween daughter, they visit Waterford regularly. Jennifer and her family now live across the street from her parents. And apple butter Saturday is a must. "When I park in the driveway, they'll say, 'Oh, Lucinda's here!'" Fleming says.

The apple butter crowd shifts each year. As the Doaks go through their 50s, 60s, and now their early 70s, Roger discreetly helps folks find jobs, counsels people with drug or alcohol problems, and lends a hand wherever it's needed. When Fleming's father passed away, Roger and Shirley drove three hours, stayed 45 minutes, and drove three hours home, just to show her they cared.

Now she wants to show them she cares. To give them the very attention and praise they don't seek. And so she goes onto the *Reader's Digest* website and nominates their home and apple butter day as the Nicest Place in America.

It doesn't take long for the people who have sat for tea for hours on the Doaks' front porch, who have been quietly helped, or who enjoyed one of those fall Saturdays to speak too. The testimonials roll in.

The Doaks are selfless and truly God's disciples. Roger would give you the shirt off his back and launder it too. They are the salt (and sugar and cinnamon!) of the earth. The greatest friends you could ever hope to know.

It's not that Roger and Shirley are so different from other people in their town or Ohio or America, it's agreed. They just capture the spirit of those places in the most tangible way, ensuring that future generations experience

the purest of community values. "We are one nation, and we need to get back with people like the Doaks," someone posts. "All who drop by can sense how love and acceptance dwell there," writes another. "It is a feeling of going home."

Jennifer believes that the key to her parents'

wide circle of friends is that they work on relationships in the same uncomplicated, devout way they make apple butter. The fire can't be too hot or too cool. You can't stir too fast or too slow. You go in steady steps. Above all, the stir stick can never stop. "You stir with your body," she says. "It's kind of a sway."

By now the tables are turned, and the Doaks are readying to receive the love they have shared. "This has been a little difficult for my dad," his daughter says. "He says, 'But I haven't done anything.' And we say, 'Dad! Come on! You've built a family!'"



"We are one nation, and we need to get back with people like the Doaks."



PROVIDENCE, RI

Flashlight Healing



The view
at Hasbro
Children's
Hospital

STEVE BROSNIHAN IS THE “RESIDENT cartoonist” at the Hasbro Children’s Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island, a bittersweet—but mostly sweet—job that means he wanders from room to room doodling and chatting and doing whatever else he can think of to cheer up the sick children. During one visit in 2010, he was saying good night to a teenage patient when he had a bright idea—literally.

Brosnihan told the teenager to wait until he left, then look out his hospital room window toward the corner near the bus stop. The cartoonist biked to that spot in the India Point Park

area of Providence, turned around, and flickered his bike light up toward the hospital. To his surprise, the teen responded, flickering his own room lights right back.

Every night after that, Brosnihan flickered his light, and more and more kids flickered back. When he mentioned the ritual to a friend who worked at a local restaurant called the Hot Club, the owner said he wanted in too. He started to flick the neon Hot Club sign for one minute every night at 8:30. Soon enough, the customers started joining in with flashlights and cell phones. Almost by accident,

a simple gesture was morphing into a powerful connection between residents who didn't know one another and sick children eager for a ray of joy. The ritual earned a name: Good Night Lights.

"It is all I look forward to basically all day," says Abigail Waldron, age ten, who has seen Good Night Lights during two extended stays for leukemia treatment. "It just shows you that somebody is helping you through your whole experience in the hospital."

Slowly but surely, more businesses have joined the light brigade. More than 20 groups in Providence are officially on board for the 8:30 p.m. flicker. Some even installed big beacons on their buildings just for this initiative.

The East Providence Police Department already had plenty of lights—on their police cars—and every Wednesday night, the officers line up their cruisers on the other side of the Providence River and flash them. Even tugboats on the river join in to give their own incandescent good-night wave to kids who are going through scary situations and sleeping in a strange place.

"It's a very powerful permutation of the signal," Brosnihan says.

The most powerful of all, he adds, may come from the families of children who have died yet return to the hospital to flicker a light outside to support patients who are still in treatment.

"It would be very hard not to do this," says Brosnihan, "once you start."

Meet the Celebrity Judge

Country music star
Brett Young shares his
pick for the Nicest Place

BY JULIANA LABIANCA

Why did you help judge the Nicest Place in America Contest?

I thought it was a unique idea. It's easy to recognize places that people might want to visit because they're tropical or great vacation spots. But it's important to show places that embrace being good to each other, being polite, and being a community. I wanted to be a part of that.

What makes a place nice?

Little things like saying hello or helping someone carry groceries might seem simple, but I think they've been lost on society over the years. Being comfortable enough in your own skin to look strangers in the eye and ask them how

Young in concert on Long Island



their day was—things like that come together to make a place nice.

What is one of the nicest things that has ever happened to you?

I was struggling at the beginning of my career, playing four-hour restaurant gigs in Beverly Hills. One night a man approached me and said, "I love what you're doing, and I can tell you've been beaten down by it a bit. Is there any way I can help?" He didn't work in music—he didn't have expertise in it. But he had a bit of money, and for whatever reason, he wanted to help. So for three years, until I was offered a record deal,

he backed me financially so I could focus on music. That has been a life-changing act of kindness for me. Hopefully someday I'll be able to repay the favor.

Is there a place you've visited that is exceptionally nice?

A member of our band is from just outside Madison, Wisconsin, and it's remarkable how nice he is. And then when you visit the area he's from, everyone is the same way. So we always like going back there.

What's your pick for the Nicest Place in America?

My pick is South Whidbey, Washington. One of

the points about it was you might be driving down the street and see two people having a disagreement. But those people are going to work their way through the argument and put it behind them. Not everyone is going to agree on everything all the time, so that is very real. I've spent time in South Whidbey, and that seems like a true picture of it. It's a small community that sticks together.

Did any of the other finalists impress you?

I loved the story from Providence, Rhode Island, about the lights at the children's hospital. (Get the full story on p. 79.) It was a very sweet sentiment.

How do you practice being nice?

One thing I try to remember is to think about the other person. It's easy to forget that when you're busy and life is moving fast, but we can all benefit from putting ourselves in other people's shoes.

Brett Young was nominated as New Artist of the Year for the 2017 CMA Awards.



The Baltimore Angels

THERE ARE HEROES AT EVERY major-league baseball game—the guy who makes a diving catch or drives home the game-winning run. But at Baltimore's Oriole Park, the heroes frequently don't even play baseball. One day, it was a school bus driver who risked her life to save 20 students after the bus caught fire. On another, there were three men who fought

floodwaters to rescue trapped motorists. On April 9, 2017, the hero was an 11-year-old boy who had let his hair grow for two and a half years so he could cut it off and have it made into wigs for children who had gone bald while being treated for cancer.

They are all honorees in a remarkable program called Birdland Community Heroes. After the fifth inning of every Orioles weekend home game, the stadium announcer asks the crowd to look toward the scoreboard and listen to the story of the hero in its midst, located (thanks to free VIP seats) right behind home plate. Invariably, the crowd goes wild. "I was very surprised. I just thought I got invited to an Orioles game," says Thomas Moore, the boy who cut his hair for kids with cancer. Moore—who actually grew enough hair to make three wigs, all for people he'd never met—received perhaps the loudest applause since the Heroes program began last year. "I felt even

more proud of myself. And I was already proud," he says.

Since it was built 25 years ago adjacent to the former B&O Warehouse, a place where the railroad company stored freight downtown, Oriole Park has



Kids are often the Orioles' special guests.

been widely considered the most fan-friendly stadium in baseball, thanks to an innovative design that's a cozy throwback to the game's glory days.

But it's the Orioles' off-field feats that have made its home a big-league favorite, even for fans of other teams. The down-to-earth folks from "Balmer"—the pronunciation of "Baltimore" preferred by locals—are only too happy to teach visitors how to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" properly. (Hint: It requires a particular emphasis on the word "O" in the line that goes "O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave.")

In fact, if you are making your first trip to Oriole Park, the team wants you to remember your time there fondly. Stop by any of the ballpark's three Fan Assistance Centers and you can claim a free personalized certificate commemorating the day.

"People come in wearing the opposing team's jersey. They'll say, 'You won't do a certificate for us because we're from somewhere else,'" says Pam Fields, who has worked in fan relations at Oriole Park since opening day in 1992. "But we say, 'You're a fan of baseball. It's all for the love of the game.'"



KIDSCYCLE: NS

Preferred Shares

IT STARTED OFF AS ONE OF THOSE buy-sell-trade web pages. I'll sell you my old fish tank for a good price; does anyone have a cheap used piano?—that sort of thing. The idea was that families in Shorewood, Wisconsin, a Milwaukee North Shore suburb of 13,000, could declutter and earn some spending money while getting to know their neighbors.

The founder, Annie Monahan, a former teacher and a mother of five young children, called the Facebook community KidsCycle: NS (North Shore), since she expected the

listings would largely come from families looking to recycle stuff they had outgrown. One early post on the page came from a woman looking to sell a table with three built-in baby seats—a high chair times three. What a rare find, member Beth Crysdale thought when she saw it. She had a friend with triplets—a perfect match.

Of course, plenty of online groups help parents trade stuff, from hand-me-downs to advice. But very few do it in a way that elevates the sense of sharing into something deeply intimate and human. "Annie encouraged

members to support each other, be kind to one another, and stand strong together,” says Katherine Gerlach. “If you need advice on how to potty train your child, post it. If you need advice on how to keep your romance alive, post it.” The motto for the page itself spoke volumes: “Love + Lift.”

The judgment-free zone, where virtual relationships become real relationships, caught wind. North Shore moms shared the good, the bad, and the challenging of parenting. A policy that allows anonymous posts on “difficult topics led to frank exchanges on

“

“I finally feel like I’m a part of a community bigger than myself.”

divorce, custody, addiction, and counseling. “People “are brave enough to ask for help because of the trust,” Crysedale says. The membership grew to 6,000. “It’s amazing how many connections are made,” says Kristin Belkofer. “I finally feel like I’m a part of a community bigger than myself.”

And what a community it is. A mother on KidsCycle looking for a new bed explained that her young son had leukemia; his weakened immune system meant he could no longer bunk with his sibling. Within an hour, the page filled with hundreds of comments and donations of

Founder Annie Monahan (back row, third from left) with KidsCycle members



beds, bedding, clothes, and money for medical bills. A woman in the midst of opening a new local preschool discovered she needed a very expensive fire alarm system. "Annie learned of this, and without ever even meeting me said, 'We're going to get through this!'" Teresa Freding remembers. "I was so moved by the attitude of 'we' in her words." KidsCycle members rallied with \$1,000 in donations. When a family lost everything they owned in a fire, people filled bags with clothes and toys; the community collected breast milk for a mother who received a cancer diagnosis. What had been a virtual venue for buying and selling became celebrated as a place to give. That was always Monahan's hope, but it succeeded beyond her sweetest dreams.

And remember that table? It turns out that the woman pregnant with triplets couldn't afford it. She already had three children, and the family needed to save money for a car that would fit all eight of them. When Crysedale heard that, she started a GoFundMe page for the family and asked her fellow KidsCycle members to act. They raised enough for the table, plus a little extra, which went to the family's new car purchase. "What makes this so special is the willingness to be involved," says Crysedale. KidsCycle has changed the North Shore, she says. "No one just watches stuff go by."



SOUTH WHIDBEY, WA

Want To Argue, Pal?

IF YOU COME ACROSS TWO drivers stopped in the middle of the road in this richly forested island community, they're probably arguing—about how to improve the local fairgrounds. Or property taxes. Or the teen drop-in center. They argue about everything in South Whidbey, Washington, and that's a good thing. "Don't bother to honk your horn," resident Susan Knickerbocker says. "When they're done, they'll be done. They won't move before that, so you just wait it out."

This frequent scene is one sign that people care deeply about the collection of towns served by a single bridge leading off the island toward Seattle. "We argue passionately about where we want our community to go," says Josh Burnett, who writes for the *South*



Macey Bishop (above) and Jack Lynch, two of the *South Whidbey Record's* featured "Hometown Heroes"

Whidbey Record. "But at the end of the day, we'll all say hi and shake hands at the farmers' market on the weekend."

That instinct for debate—passionate, constructive, and communal—has made South Whidbey residents intensely proud. Because, as opinionated as they are, they trust that they won't just jawbone. Everyone gets to work. That's how this enclave of 15,000 islanders has created a first-class food bank and a no-kill animal shelter; developed new methods for residents to make—and accept—donations of veterinary services, oil changes, and advice on paying medical bills; and more. One group of volunteers is renowned for rescuing abused horses. Observes Knickerbocker, "There is no apathy here." Another resident, Linda Jean Hilderbrand

Briere, wrote on the *Reader's Digest* Facebook page, "The love of country, joy of living, and the let-the-other-guy-live-but-with-a-helping-hand make me proud."

Of course, working for the greater good is what many communities do. What's unusual about South Whid-

bey is that residents pull together despite the kinds of cultural and philosophical differences that make progress difficult in so many other parts of the country. South Whidbey is home to sizable populations of farmers and artists; Christians and atheists; retired vets and Boeing-bound commuters;

and Republicans, Democrats, and independents, and the clash of ideas inspires them.

The one thing they never disagree on is that their island is profoundly special—though of course there's

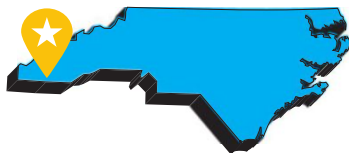
“**We argue passionately about our community, then we shake hands.**”

debate about whether they want the world to know that. “Not everybody will like it that I nominated us,” says Knickerbocker. “There are people whose attitude is ‘Don’t tell anybody!’”

A resident since the 1980s, Knickerbocker prefers to sing the praises of her hometown. She has written hundreds of articles in the local paper with the headline “Hometown Hero,” featuring iconoclastic neighbors who’ve hit on an idea for

making life better on South Whidbey, then cajoled an unoccupied friend or two into making it happen. “Be careful of saying you’ve got any free time,” Knickerbocker jokes. “You’ll hear people saying things like, ‘Oh my God, I never worked so hard in my life.’”

Why does that happen in South Whidbey over and over again? “It’s kindness,” she says. “If you need help, it doesn’t matter what you think about this or that.”



HAYESVILLE, NC

Fire Beaters

HAYESVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, IS no stranger to wildfires. Nestled near the Chattahoochee-Oconee National Forests on the state’s western tip, the ground and trees can turn as dry as flint in the summer and fall. There’s a reason that a nearby watering hole is named Fires Creek.

Still, there was something especially scary about the fire that began on October 25, 2016. The fire season in the Southeast had already been unusually active, with precious little rain and low humidity setting the table for more than 30 wildfires in the region.

“We have hundreds upon hundreds of acres that are under fire, causing tremendous smoke,” said then-

governor Pat McCrory at the time. “This is extremely dangerous work because [firefighters] are accessing areas that are not accessible by road, and of course, if the wind direction changes at any time, these men and women put their lives at risk.”

In heavily forested Hayesville, the fire soon grew out of control, scorching more than 1,600 acres. Nearly two weeks after the first flame, firefighters had contained only about 10 percent of the blaze.

And then the Hotshots arrived.

The Hotshots—technically, they’re called Interagency Hotshot Crews—are teams of firefighters sent by the federal government to assist when

local firefighters get overwhelmed.

Hayesville isn't used to looking for outside help. In fact, the town's 377 residents pride themselves on taking care of their own. Hattie Sheehy, who has lived in Hayesville for nine years, says she has seen "too many kind acts to count," such as the time a stranger chased her down to let her know a hubcap had fallen off her car or the way the community comes together at Sunday night potlucks. "I've

Townfolk dropped off carload after carload of provisions—from home-cooked meals and sports drinks to regular deliveries of lip balm for the firefighters' parched lips—at Hinton Rural Life Center, the Hotshots' home base. Local schoolchildren wrote more than 2,000 thank-you notes. The residents prayed for the firefighters too.

"I cried multiple times that summer and fall over the generosity and big-heartedness of the community," says Kayla Stephens, who has lived in Hayesville for 29 years. When the fires were put out after 32 days, the town put on a parade to thank the visitors.

The Hotshots were so overwhelmed by the spirit of Hayes-

ville that they made a thank-you note of their own, an emotional video filled with personal testimonies from the heroes who had helped save the town.

"You guys do not know how much you mean, all the support you guys give us," says Ron, a firefighter from Oregon, in the video. (You can find it by searching for "Hayesville firemen" on YouTube.) "Out of four years that I've been fighting fire, this is about the most hospitable state and county that I've ever been in."



lived in many states, towns large and small, but I consider Hayesville the finest example of the Golden Rule," says Sheehy. "These attributes could save the world, if only we'd let them."

The Golden Rule was certainly on display when the Hotshots arrived. The itinerate firefighters are accustomed to dropping into a region for a few days, getting the job done, and then moving on. But to Hayesville, they were guests, and the residents were determined to treat them as such.

PFLUGERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

The Cool Kids' Table



SAHAJ SHAH WAS SITTING ALONE in the cafeteria on his first day at Pflugerville High School, 16 miles outside Austin, Texas. A recent immigrant from Bahrain, Shah didn't know a soul. He spoke English with a heavy Middle Eastern accent. He was 8,000 miles out of place.

Before the lunch shift ended, a stranger stopped at Shah's lonely table. If this had been a Hollywood movie, Shah would have been bracing for some kind of rude comment or prank. Not at Pflugerville High. Instead, the boy asked if Shah would like to sit with him and some other students to get acquainted. Shah answered in the universal language: a big smile.

"I was really surprised by how inclusive everyone was," says Shah, who graduated this year. "Today, that guy is a very good friend."

There are many communities around the country—most of them, actually—where teachers do their darndest to instill thoughtfulness and respect in young adults. At Pflugerville

High, it's often the kids who do the teaching. "When the rivalry between two of our schools was starting to turn a little nasty," says teacher Dixie Ross, "it was a student who suggested making that game a time to honor first responders—military, police, and fire—so that it could bring us together instead of pulling us apart."

Unity can be a rare commodity today, so you'd expect that Pflugerville works at it constantly, like prospecting

for oil in the Texas desert. In fact, it's the opposite. "Here," says Ross, "niceness seems to be the default mode."

What does that look like? It means that the cool kids' idea of a "prank" is when the girls' soccer team hid out in the school late one day so they could paper all

2,250 lockers with sticky notes. The notes read "I believe in you!" and "You're the best!"

And it looks like the band's pay-it-forward campaign, in which students handed out stickers to anyone they heard sharing a compliment. "They

“
“With
Pflugerville
students,
niceness seems
to be the
default mode.”

Students cheering on their Panthers



ran out [of stickers] halfway through the day because it went around campus so fast," says teacher Sarah Cable.

"These students are the epitome of pay it forward," David M. Duke wrote on the *Reader's Digest* Facebook page. So the obvious question is, Where do these gushers of kindness come from? The best answer can be found right in that melting pot of a cafeteria. Pflugerville High's student body is remarkably diverse: about 41 percent Hispanic, 24 percent white, 23 percent black, and 7 percent Asian. There are significant economic disparities too. The median household income in this city of more than 59,000 is a relatively affluent \$76,000 a year, yet 44 percent of the students at the high school qualify as economically disadvantaged.

Growing up in such a blended community, the kids know one another as neighbors first and foremost. They share sports fields and scouting troops and kindergartens. "We just kind of overlook our differences," says 17-year-old Khue Tran. "I don't really ask someone about their ethnicity. We disregard that and focus on who they are and what their interests are."

In other words, Pflugervillians have each other's backs. What's more, they seem to understand how rare and wonderful that is.

"Teenagers and public schools seem to get bad press. Some of it is valid, but some of it is just sensationalism," Ross says. "We need to shine more light on all the good to make people more hopeful and positive about our country and its future."

COURTESY SARA HERRERA

It's not all sticky notes and pep rallies, either. Accustomed to mutual respect and understanding, the students were shocked by the 2014 shooting and protests in Ferguson, Missouri, and the incidents made them wonder whether their community was at risk as well. In response, they created monthly panels called To Be Honest. The discussions feature students and teachers debating hot-button topics such as racism, gender stereotypes, and dress codes.

"Our lives are measured by our treatment of others, and these current students are learning to be incredible role models," Suzette Boggs, a 1978 graduate, posted on the *Reader's Digest* Facebook page.

Every school has troubled students and teachers, and Pflugerville is hardly perfect. Students complain about some of the same irritations that turn up elsewhere, from the dress code to the broken bathroom stalls to the sense that "football guys get away with murder," as one graduate says. (Maybe there's a reason for that: The pilot for the TV show *Friday Night Lights*, about a football-obsessed Texas high school, was filmed in Pflugerville.)

More seriously, a student allegedly started a bathroom fire this year, and

two teachers in the past three years resigned after reportedly using racial slurs in school (though some students thought that political correctness was the real villain). "We do have the same problems that other schools have," Ross says. "They just seem fewer here, more of an anomaly."

But Pflugerville doesn't aspire to perfection. It just wants to be good, in the purest sense of the word. You see that in a program such as Ready-Set-

Teach. It pairs students considering careers in education with young and special-needs kids. The results often take the teachers by surprise. For instance, when an autistic student had an outburst at a track meet recently because the competition kept him from his habitual after-

school walk on the track, "all the students, instead of shying away from him, ran to him to assist him," says teacher Brittany Kokes.

It's no wonder that parents, teachers, and students turned out in large numbers to vote for Pflugerville in the Nicest Place contest.

"Tran loves school," says Khue Tran's father, Phat Tran. "She loves to spend more time at school than at home." **R**

“**These students are the epitome of pay it forward. They don't just say it. They do it.**”

The Nicest Place in America stories were reported by Kaitlyn Chamberlin, Lisa Fields, Jeremy Greenfield, Bill Hangle, Lambeth Hochwald, Juliana LaBianca, and Marissa Laliberte.



The Puppy Lover and the Murder



DEFENSE ATTORNEY (AND DOG RESCUER) ANDY CARPENTER IS BACK IN OUR LATEST SELECT EDITIONS VOLUME. IN THIS COMIC THRILLER, HIS SARCASTIC BARK IS AS SHARP AS HIS BITE.

BY DAVID ROSENFELT FROM *THE TWELVE DOGS OF CHRISTMAS*

MY CLIENT'S NAME IS MARTHA BOYER.

I first heard about her 20 years ago, and we've been sort of friends for 15. But I learned her real name only a few weeks ago. She never uses that name, and very few people know it.

Like everyone else, I've always thought of her as the Puppy Lady, and when I talk to her, I call her by her chosen nickname, Pups.

Pups is 68 years old, another fact I learned only when I took on her case. Her husband died in a drive-by shooting about a year ago. Pups has continued to live in their house on 41st Street in Paterson, New Jersey.

I'd say about half the people who know Pups consider her cantankerous and difficult; the other half think she's a complete pain. I'm somewhere in the middle, but I can't help liking her. I think the fact that I like her pisses her off.

She doesn't much care for social niceties; it's unlikely that she spends time at fancy cocktail parties. If she has any income, I don't know what the source is. But she seems to get by, and it never came up in our discussions about my taking on the case. I have no interest in being paid for it. I have plenty of money, and this is a worthwhile cause.

The animal shelters in Passaic County leave quite a bit to be desired. They're overcrowded, and animals that aren't adopted can get put down. Puppies create a particular problem. They need to stay until they are old enough to adopt, so that uses up scant space and resources.

That's where Pups steps in. She takes the puppies from the shelter, along with their mothers, and cares for them until they're ready to be placed in homes.

**HALF THE PEOPLE WHO
KNOW PUPS CONSIDER
HER DIFFICULT. THE
OTHER HALF THINK SHE'S
A COMPLETE PAIN.**

She never turns puppies away, so her house rarely has fewer than 25 dogs in it. I've been there, and she keeps it amazingly clean. It's an excellent way for these dogs to come into what might otherwise have been a cold and uncaring world. As you might

have guessed by now, I am a big fan of Pups.

Unfortunately, not everyone shares my devotion. Someone recently filed an anonymous complaint against her, claiming that the zoning law for the area in which she lives limits the number of pets per household to three. At the time the complaint was filed, Pups was 26 dogs above the legal limit.

The zoning board contacted her about the issue, and with characteristic delicacy, she suggested they "shove the complaint where the sun don't shine." The board didn't take that well. They sent Pups a notice declaring that she'd have to reduce her population to three dogs or fewer or, failing that, move out. She had 30 days to make the choice.

That's when Pups called, asking me to represent her.

My first call was to Stanley Wade, the head of the zoning board. Stanley was no help at all. He basically said that the law is the law and that he simply was not empowered to change it.

My next move was to file suit at the county courthouse, demanding

that the law be overturned or, at the very least, ignored in this case. This particular law dates back to 1881, so it has already demonstrated an excellent capacity to survive. Of course, it's never had to go up against a team as formidable as Andy Carpenter and Pups Boyer.

TODAY IS THE DAY I'M GOING to see Stanley in court. The suit was shuttled to Judge Irene Hough, and she is not pleased. I can tell by the way she sneers at me when she takes her seat on the bench. She seems to believe this case is beneath the dignity of her courtroom.

The courtroom is packed, as the case has captured the attention of the community. There's even an overflow crowd outside, many carrying "Save the Puppies" signs.

It turns out people like puppies. Who could have figured that?

Pups is waiting for me when I get to court. She's dressed in a nice blouse and skirt, as I instructed. She doesn't look particularly comfortable in the outfit. I don't think I've ever seen her wearing anything other than a Mets sweatshirt or jersey.

At the table across the way, I recognize the lead counsel, Jonathon Witkins, who I'm sure would rather spend the morning being water-boarded. He's a good guy and a talented lawyer but, at barely 30, is still ambitious. I can't imagine he wants to be labeled antipuppy.



Because we are the plaintiffs, we present our case first. It's the part I'm most worried about because our only witness is Pups. She can be a loose cannon; she speaks her mind frankly, even when she shouldn't. I've tried to coach her, but taking coaching does not seem to be her specialty.

Judge Hough tells me to call my first witness. I call Martha Boyer to the stand, which is likely the first time most people have heard Pups's real name.

She half strides, half struts to the witness stand, which is not a good sign. I want her low-key and understated, but her walk doesn't make me confident that she can pull it off.

"Ms. Boyer, do people call you by your given name or a nickname?"

"They call me Pups."

"Why is that?"

"Because I rescue and take care of puppies."

“How many dogs have you saved, if you know?” I ask.

“Of course I know. You told me to look it up.”

The gallery laughs at the fact that she’s sassing me, which is OK. It makes her human and more sympathetic.

“So I did,” I say. “What number did you come up with?”

“Nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight.”

“Has anyone ever complained about what you’re doing?”

“Just once. Three weeks ago. I got a notice telling me I needed to stop within 30 days. It said I was breaking the law.”

“Did the notice tell you the source of the complaint?” I ask, getting nervous. Here’s where Pups might go off the reservation.

“No. They said it was made anonymously.”

“OK, then—” I start, but she interrupts me.

“But I know who complained. It was that jerk Hennessey.”

This is what I was afraid of. Pups has a new neighbor, Randy Hennessey, and she’s sure he’s the one who complained. I told her not

**“I KNOW WHO COMPLAINED,”
PUPS TESTIFIED. “IT WAS
THAT JERK HENNESSEY.”**

to mention his name, but she didn’t take my advice. If she has to go through this, she at least wants him publicly humiliated.

I ignore the reference and move on. I have her describe the way that she places the dogs in homes once they are old enough. She is very careful and rejects potential adopters if they don’t live up to her view of what makes a good home for a dog.

I end the examination. I called her only to demonstrate her character and commitment and to get on the record what she does for these dogs. That much has been accomplished.

Jonathon must sense the reason for my nervousness because on cross-examination, he goes in for the kill. “Ms. Boyer, did you speak to Mr. Hennessey about your suspicion that he made the complaint?”

“You’d better believe it,” she says as I cringe.

“Did he confirm that he did so?”

“No,” she says. “The little weasel denied it, but my other neighbors told me it was him.”

“So you didn’t believe him?”

“No way.”

“Did you threaten him?”

She thinks for a moment. “Yeah, I guess you could say that.”

"What did you tell him?"

"That if he caused any more problems, I'd cut his heart out and shove it down his throat."

For some reason, the gallery roars with laughter at this. Jonathon lets her off the stand, probably because he won that round and is afraid of what else she might say.

Pups struts off the stand and takes her seat next to me. It's clear that she thinks she did well, and, all in all, it could have been worse.

JONATHON CALLS STANLEY WADE TO THE STAND. Unlike Pups, who went up there as if she were spiking a football, Stanley looks like he's walking the plank.

Jonathon establishes Stanley's credentials, then asks him why the zoning board has taken the position that it has in this case.

"The law is clear," Stanley says. "No one in Paterson is allowed to house more than three dogs unless they have a kennel license. That area is not zoned for business."

"Thank you. No further questions."

I stand up and walk toward Stanley.

"Mr. Wade, do you like chocolate?" I ask.

He seems surprised and wary but says, "Sure. Who doesn't?"

I produce a small bag. "Your Honor, I'd like to introduce these chocolates into evidence."

"I'm sure you'll explain why," the judge says.

I smile. "Imminently." Then I turn to Stanley and say, "These are chocolates made by a company called Candies of Hope. Have you heard of them?"

"Yes."

"They're made by Diane Feller, the wife of Mayor Feller, right here in Paterson. Did you know that?"

"Yes."

"Amazingly, she makes them right in the house where they live. But where they live is not zoned for business, and New Jersey defines making and selling chocolates as a business. Isn't that right?"

"She donates the proceeds to charity," Stanley says.

"What a worthy thing to do. Some would say that making chocolate for charity ranks right up there with saving puppies. But the mayor's wife is breaking the law, is she not?"

"Technically."

I take two pieces of paper and submit them into evidence. I show the first one to Stanley and ask whether he's ever seen it. He admits that he has, and I ask him to tell the court his understanding of it.

"It's an e-mail complaint about the mayor's wife having a chocolate business in her house."

"Who made the complaint?" I ask.

He reads the name. "Andrea Carper."

"If it pleases the court," I say, "Andrea Carper is really me, Andy Carpenter. I was deep undercover, so I used my secret identity."

The gallery laughs, increasing Stanley's discomfort.

**"I'M AT PUPS'S. YOU'D BETTER
GET DOWN HERE. THE
POLICE ARE HERE. THEY'VE
GOT HER UNDER ARREST."**

I hand Stanley the second piece of paper. "Mr. Wade, is this an e-mail from you responding to Andrea Carper and saying that you would look into the matter?" I ask.

"Yes."

"Did you then threaten the mayor with eviction for breaking the zoning law, in the same manner that you threatened Ms. Boyer?"

"No."

"I'm surprised," I say. "Can we assume you will threaten the mayor with eviction when court adjourns? Or would you like to do so right now?" I take out my cell phone. "You can even use my phone."

Jonathon objects, so I put the phone away and move on.

I ask whether Stanley knows when the kennel-license law was passed.

"No, I don't," he says.

"In 1881. Are you familiar with the wording?"

"Not entirely."

"Do you know that it refers only to household pets and excludes livestock and farm animals? That area was farmland back then."

"I wasn't aware ..."

"Is it your position that Ms. Boyer can't care for these puppies, but she can have a houseful of pigs and cows and goats?"

"I—"

I interrupt, though I don't think he even knows how he was going to finish the sentence. "Ms. Boyer has been saving puppies in that house for many years. Have you ever had a complaint before?"

"Not that I know of."

"Do you think you can come up with some waivers that prevent the mayor from being homeless and lets poor abandoned puppies live and find good homes?"

Stanley has been defeated. "Perhaps we can revisit this and—"

Judge Hough: "Revisiting this is an excellent idea. The court will wait to hear the results of your revisitation by the close of business today." She slams down her gavel. "This hearing is adjourned."

I turn to Pups and say, "This one's in the bag."

She's not exactly beaming with relief. "I can't believe that son of a bitch complained."

"Hennessey?"

She nods. "The little twerp."

"Pups, let it go."

She looks at me like I'm out of my mind. "Yeah, right."

AFTER HAVING DINNER WITH MY WIFE, Laurie, I got a call telling me that Stanley's revisiting the issue has resulted in Pups's getting a waiver to continue saving the dogs. I call Pups to tell her the news, but she isn't home.

Half an hour later, the phone rings again. It's my friend Willie, who helps run an animal rescue operation.

"I'm at Pups's." I knew that he was going there to drop off two puppies. "You'd better get down here. The police are here. They've got her under arrest."

This is not computing. "Why?"

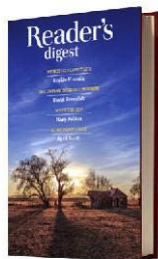
"It sounds like the cops think she murdered someone."

"Who was murdered?"

"They say she killed her neighbor, Randall Hennessey."

R

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION BY ST. MARTIN'S PRESS.
COPYRIGHT © 2016 BY TARA PRODUCTIONS, INC., MINOTAURBOOKS.COM.

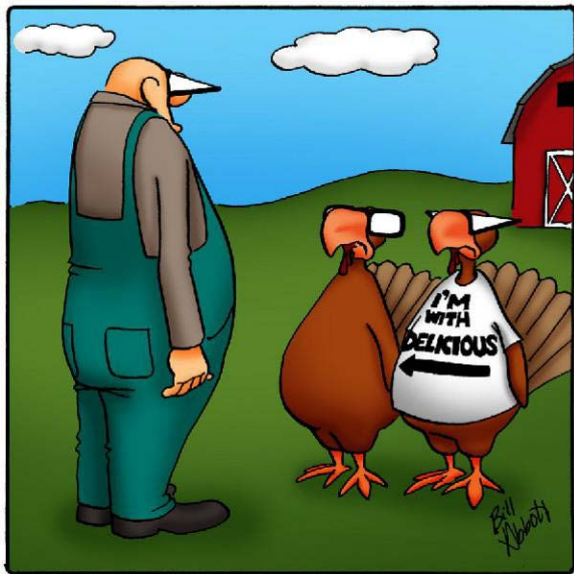


WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

Get the Select Editions volume that contains this book—plus the hilarious *My Not So Perfect Life* by Sophie Kinsella, the thriller *Don't You Cry* by Mary Kubica, and the epic family drama *Home Sweet Home* by April Smith—for a limited-time offer of \$10 (shipping is free). You'll also get a free gift. To order, go to selecteditions.com/17offer.

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



Q: Why do Pilgrims' pants fall down?

A: Because their belts are on their hats.

Source: thanksgiving-day.org

A BLITHERING IDIOT enters a building and goes to the counter. "I would like a large soda, a hamburger, and french fries, please," he says.

The woman behind the counter says, "Sir, you are in a library!"

The B.I. looks around and notices others sitting quietly and reading. He

leans in to the librarian and whispers, "I would like a large soda, a hamburger, and french fries, please."

Submitted by **GAYLE BURKHART MEDEIROS**,
Folsom, California

BEFORE THE steeplechase race, the trainer tells the new jockey, "Every time you approach a jump, shout 'Alley-ooop!' into the horse's ear." The jockey thinks he's nuts but nods his head.

The race begins, and horse and rider approach the first hurdle. The jockey ignores the trainer's advice, and the horse crashes through. They carry on to the second hurdle. The jockey whispers "Alley-oo!" into the horse's ear, and again, the horse crashes through. At the third hurdle, the jockey screams, "Alley-oo!" Sure enough, the horse sails over the jump. But it's too little, too late, and the horse finishes last. The trainer is irate. "What happened?!"

"It's this horse," says the jockey. "What is he, deaf?"

"Deaf?" says the trainer. "No, he's blind!"

Source: horsesenseandcents.com

MISSED CONNECTION: You cut in front of me at Starbucks in May 2009. I finally thought up a witty response.

🐼@BADBANANA

WHO CALLED IT ...

- ... car repair instead of auto correct?
- ... your foot falling asleep instead of coma toes?
- ... a mug shot instead of a cellfie?
- ... the sun instead of a space heater?
- ... possession of marijuana instead of joint custody?
- ... a veterinarian instead of a dogtor?

Source: reddit.com

Your funny joke, list, or quote might be worth \$\$\$\$. For details, see page 3 or go to rd.com/submit.

YIN ...

I love my husband. But what really motivates me to stay married is how much weight I'd have to lose to date again.

🐼@JACKIEMBOUVIER

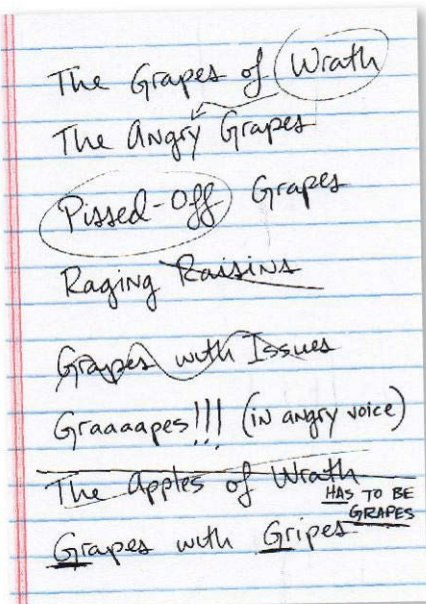
... AND YANG

If my wife ever hired a private detective to follow me, it would be to get pictures of me not using the coupons I said I used.

🐼@WILLIAMADER

ROUGH WRATH OF HISTORY

It's a little-known fact (because we made it up) that John Steinbeck had second thoughts about the title for his classic *The Grapes of Wrath*. Here are a few alternatives he batted around.



Source: S*** Rough Drafts by Paul Laudiero

I had so much love to
give our adopted son.
What I didn't have
was all the answers.

“ **Who's
My Tummy
Mommy?** ”

BY SUSAN SILVERMAN
FROM THE BOOK *CASTING LOTS*

*The Missing Piece
by Shel Silverstein
became a favorite
bedtime story.*



I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO ADOPT, even when I was a child with a penchant for writing poetry instead of going out for recess. *She looked to the stars / And wondered / Someday / Will I find my mother?*

“Who is the little girl in your poem?” asked Miss Loros as I hovered beside her desk, where she was focused on correcting a pile of math quizzes.

“She’s an orphan,” I said. “Someday, I want to be the mother of orphans.”

“Then you’d be dead,” she pointed out, not taking her eyes off her flow of check and X marks.

At the end of fourth grade, while my mother was drying a wooden salad bowl with a dish towel, I made an announcement. “Mommy, when I grow up, I’m going to adopt

a hundred children, one from every country.” Two long, straight braids framed my face, and my orange gauze shirt was embroidered with flowers dotted with tiny silver mirrors.

“That’s a wonderful idea,” my mom said. She turned and placed her cool, damp fingers under my chin. “Even adopting one child would be a beautiful thing.”

So it was perhaps inevitable that after having two daughters, my husband, Yosef, and I decided to expand our family by looking abroad. In October 1999, when our daughters were five and three years old, I flew to Ethiopia and brought back a ten-month-old boy to our home in Newton, Massachusetts. We named him Adar.

For Adar, when he was a toddler, hiding wasn’t a way to vanish. It was a way to appear.

“Where is Adar?” a tiny disembodied voice calls from behind

the couch, signaling me to find him.

I put my hands on my hips, scan the room, and wonder aloud, “Where IS Adar? In a drawer? No ... On the bookshelf? No ...”

My heart is stretched to bursting in its pull toward him: his soft cheek against mine, his arms surprisingly strong, his hands imprinting themselves on my shoulder blades, the kiss I will plant with a long *mmmwah* on his silky forehead. This is his story of becoming my son.

He jumps out from behind the couch—a toddler Sammy Davis Jr. after a big number—huge smile, arms outstretched. I gotta be *meeeeee!*

Cue the lights, the applause, the laughter, and that big hug. Here you are, our hug says to each other. Always here. Always mine.

“Mama, where is my tummy mommy?” he asks, his nose against mine.

"I don't know, sweetie," I say, bracing myself, gathering my thoughts. "Sometimes I wonder about her too."

Every night when he was four, Adar pulled the same book from his shelf, handed it to me, climbed onto his bed, and leaned into me.

"It was missing a piece," I read to Adar from the book, *The Missing Piece* by Shel Silverstein.

Even though he could not yet read, he turned each page at the right time. The illustrations prompted him to recite the prose along with me, word for word.

"And it was not happy. So it set off in search of its missing piece," he said solemnly.

The book is about a circle, drawn with sparse black lines on a white page, that has a missing piece the shape and relative size of a pizza slice. The circle goes on a journey in search of its missing piece, traveling through rain and snow and hot sun, finding other pieces that either don't fit or don't want to be anyone's missing piece.

"How come it doesn't want to be someone's piece?" Adar asked.

"I don't know," I answered. Neither of us could understand not wanting to belong to someone.

Because it was incomplete, the circle moved slowly. As it plodded along,

it smelled flowers, had a butterfly land on it, and noticed the world around it, all the while singing its song through a mouth formed by the errant pizza slice: "Oh, I'm looking for my missing piece, hi-dee-ho, here I go, looking for my missing piece."

Adar took cover under my shirt.

"Pretend I'm in your tummy," he said.

He was small enough to fit his whole body under my loose top. He folded his arms and bent his knees to his chest, his eyes peering out at my throat as he carefully covered each toe with my shirt hem.

This was not our first time pretending I was pregnant with him. Of-

ten at bedtime, Adar would sit nestled under my T-shirt, look out through the stretched neckline, and whisper the command, "Pretend you're walking."

Lying on his bed under his warm, soft weight, I would move my feet as if strolling along the sidewalk. Peeking through my neckline, he'd again direct me. "Now you see someone you know."

"Hi, how are you?" I'd say obligingly. "Oh, me? I'm fine. Just taking a walk with my baby in my tummy! OK, bye."

"Now you're walking again," he'd say. "Now you see someone you know."

"Hi, Auntie Laura. Yup, I'm just



Perhaps
Adar's mother
prepared him
in a basket,
wrapped,
warm, and
protected.



Silverman wanted a big family, and over time, she and her husband created one. Shown at left are their five kids: Ashira, Zamir, Hallel, and Aliza.

taking a walk with my baby in my tummy!"

"Can I really go inside your tummy?" Adar asked, his big eyes wide at my chin.

"You can pretend, but you can't really go inside my tummy," I explained.

"Why? What's in there?" he demanded, as if some sixth sense had set off internal alarms, flashing and wailing like the spacecraft in *Aliens*. His eyebrows scrunched in his telltale mix of concern and curiosity. Funny, Yosef and I had just been talking about having another birth child.

We lay smushed together on his single bed, his pile of storybooks stacked beside us on the green nightstand. In the soft light that glowed through a

pale yellow lampshade, we looked at each other. I pulled his head onto my shoulder and kissed it.

"Mommy?"

"Mmm."

"Who's my tummy mommy?"

"I don't know," I said quietly. My eyes welled with tears. Many times, I had begged God to let Adar's mother know that her son, our son, was safe and loved. While my sorrow was genuine, it was also vain and indulgent, an illusion of redemption from my complicity in the world's pain that played itself out all too sharply in another woman's life—if she was still alive.

"Why? Nobody knows her?"

"Well, nobody we know knows her."

"Did my tummy mommy keep me?" Adar continued.

"No," I said gently as I slipped my arm under his upper back.

He adjusted his head onto my shoulder. "Did she nurse me?"

"I don't know, sweetie."

"Did it hurt my tummy mommy when I was born?"

"Childbirth hurts for a while," I said vaguely.

"Is she dead?"

She could be wondering the same of Adar right now. She must have feared his death.

Looking into my eyes, his face serious and thoughtful, Adar asked if his tummy mommy was my friend Sally. Her brown skin might have prompted this theory.

"I grew in Sally's tummy and then she brought me to Ethiopia and then Mommy came to get me," he announced.

"No, sweetie," I said, managing not to laugh. "Sally is not your tummy mommy."

"Maybe a lion ate me up and then pooped me out in Ethiopia."

Now I laughed—poop is funny.

He looked at me gravely, and I bit the inside of my cheeks.

"One person we know met her," he said.

"Really, honey?" I lifted my head to see his whole face. "Who was that?"

"Me. When I was born."

"Oh my God. You're right, sweetie.



Adar (second from left), Silverman (second from right), and the rest of the family

You met her." I pulled his blanket around him more snugly.

"But I don't remember her," he said quietly, lowering his gaze.

"Oh, my sweet boy," I said, turning his face toward me and holding each cheek in my hands. "No one ever remembers when they were babies."

There was no remembering for him, no recollection of a face or the anchor of a story. No *who* or *what* or *how* or *why* to understand his coming to be. And I had none of that to give him. I had only my own messy mosaic of stories—our family inside the unwieldy unfolding narrative of the Jewish people—within which he could weave his life. Appreciating mystery was the only way that I could honestly

approach Adar's origins. It was the only way I could fathom God. In this way, Adar was a portal to *kedushah*, the Hebrew word for holiness. "I will be what I will be" was God's answer to Moses's question "Who are you?"

Moses's future was becoming known, even as his origins were unknown to him. How could he have remembered his mother, Yocheved, placing him in a basket she had lined with bitumen and pitch, the small boat in which the river would carry him away from the Egyptian edict of death? How did she get her hands to obey her intention and let go of that basket? My deepest fears formed themselves into prayer even when I was simply buckling my child into his car seat.

Moses's cry carried beyond the hum and thrum of the river and pierced the conversation of Pharaoh's daughter and her handmaids as they bathed. Thus, the grown daughter of Pharaoh "heard the cries of the child." Tragically, Yocheved hid herself in order to save her child.

Perhaps Adar's birth mother prepared him in a basket, wrapped and warm, protected from mosquitoes,

sun, and rain. Perhaps she, like the woman who released Moses to the Nile's flow, "stationed herself at a distance" to ensure his safety as long as she could. But Adar's birth mother never got to "lift her eyes" to redemption, at least not with him.

She and I were a team, like Yochaved and Pharaoh's daughter. Did Yocheved call out for her son after he was ensconced in Pharaoh's palace? Did the daughter of Pharaoh, raising her beautiful, wise boy, cry for Yochaved's loss?

Oh, Adar. Your birth mother has taken her place in the long line of women who could save their children only by leaving them. Our tapestry of stories has raw, ragged holes.

And now, a bedtime story. I held him tightly, his head on my chest as we read aloud together. Toward the end, the circle finds its missing piece. Finally a complete circle, it gains momentum and rolls along so fast that it could not stop to talk to a worm or smell a flower, too fast for a butterfly to land.

Aha, the circle says, so that's how it is, and gently sets the piece down. **R**

ADAPTED EXCERPT FROM *CASTING LOTS: CREATING A FAMILY IN A BEAUTIFUL, BROKEN WORLD* BY SUSAN SILVERMAN.
AVAILABLE FROM DA CAPO PRESS, A MEMBER OF THE PERSEUS BOOKS GROUP. COPYRIGHT © 2016.

*
* *

PATENT NEVER PENDING


To this day, there is no patent for WD-40. Filing for one would require the manufacturer to disclose its top secret recipe.

Source: *New York Times*

A close-up photograph of a cat's face, focusing on its right eye which is a vibrant green color. The cat has white fur with some darker patches on its head. The background is a plain, light blue-grey color.

Bad Puns

**Are
How
Eye
Roll**

A close-up photograph of a cat's eye, showing the green iris and the dark pupil. The cat's fur is white and brown, and the eye is looking directly at the camera.

Inside the hypercompetitive, sometimes groan-inducing world of pun competitions

BY PETER RUBIN FROM WIRED

ON THE SURFACE, THE GUY wasn't particularly fearsome—pudgy, late 30s, polo shirt, plaid shorts, baseball cap. He looked completely at ease, one hand in his pocket, the other holding the microphone loosely, like a torch singer doing crowd work. And when he finally began talking, it was with an assurance that belied the fact that he was basically spewing nonsense. “I hate all people named John,” he said with bravado. “Yeah, that’s right, that was a John diss!” The crowd roared. *John diss. Jaundice.* A glorious, groan-inducing precision strike of a pun.

If you’re an NBA rookie, you really don’t want to go up against LeBron James. Anyone’s trivia night would be ruined by seeing Ken Jennings on another team. And if you find

yourself at the world's biggest pun competition, the last person you want to face is four-time defending champion Ben Ziek. Yet that's exactly where I was, on an outdoor stage in Austin, Texas, committing unspeakable atrocities upon the English language in front of a few hundred onlookers.

The rules of the 39th annual O. Henry Pun-Off World Championships "Punslingers" competition are simple: Two people take turns punning on a theme in head-to-head rounds. Failure to make a pun in five seconds gets you eliminated; make a nonpun or reuse a word three times, and you've reached the banishing point. Round by round and pair by pair, a field of 32

"That was a measle-y pun," fired my opponent during a round on diseases.

dwindles until the last of the halved-nots finally gets to claim the mantle of best punster in the world.

My first-round opponent froze when his turn came to pun on waterborne vehicles. Seriously, yacht a word came out. Canoe believe it?

Eventually, there we stood, two among the final eight: me, a first timer, squaring off against the Floyd Mayweather of the pun world. I'd been a little jittery in my first couple of rounds, sure, but now I was punning above my weight, and I knew it.

Once the judges announced that we'd be punning on diseases, we began.

"Mumps the word!" I said, hoping my voice wasn't shaking.

Ziek fired back: "That was a measle-y pun." Not only was he confident, with a voice that was equal parts game show host and morning radio DJ, he was nimble enough to turn your own pun against you.

"Well, I had a croup-on for it," I said. Whoa. Where'd that come from?

"There was a guy out here earlier painted light red," Ziek said. "Did you see the pink guy?"

"I didn't," I responded. "Cold you see him?"

Again and again we pun-upped each other. From AIDS to Zika we ranged. Almost five minutes later, we'd gone through 32 puns between us, and I was running dry.

Ziek, though, had a seemingly endless stockpile and tossed off a quick alopecia pun; I could have bald right then and there. As far as my brain was concerned, there wasn't a medical textbook in existence that contained something we hadn't used. As I stood there, silently sweating, the judge counted down, and I slunk offstage to watch the rest of the competition—which Ziek won, for the fifth time.

Knowing I'd lost to the best cushioned the blow, but some mild semantic depression lingered. When I was growing up, in the 1980s, my father's



The author, standing at top left, among his fellow Bay Area punslingers

favorite (printable) joke was “Where do cantaloupes go in the summertime? Johnny Cougar’s Melon Camp.” This is proof that—well, that I grew up in Indiana. But it’s also proof that I was raised to speak two languages, both of them English. See, there’s the actual words-working-together-and-making-sense part, and then there’s the fun part. The pliant, recombinant part. The part that lets you harness linguistic irregularities, judo-style, to make words into other words. It’s not conscious, exactly, and whether this is nature or nurture, the result is that I’m playing with language all the time.

“I can’t listen passively to someone speaking without the possibility of puns echoing around in my head,” says Gary Hallock, who has been producing and hosting the O. Henry Pun-Off for 26 years. He’s seen the annual competition grow from an Austin oddity to a national event.

It’s almost surprising that it took so long. Verbal puns may date back to at least 1635 BC, when a Babylonian clay tablet included a play on the word for wheat. Humor theorists generally agree that comedy hinges on incongruity: When a sentence or situation subverts expectations, that’s funny. (Also, yes, humor theorists are a thing.) And of the many kinds of wordplay—hyperbole, metaphor, even letter-level foolery such as anagrams—nothing takes advantage of incongruity quite like puns.

They come in four varieties. In order of increasing complexity, you’ve got homonyms: identical words that sound alike but differ in meaning (“Led Zeppelin’s guitarist was interrogated, but detectives weren’t able to turn the Page”); homophones, which are spelled differently but sound the same (“I hate raisins! Apologies if you’re not into curranty vents”);

homographs, which sound different but look similar (“If you’re asking me to believe that a Loire Cabernet is that different from a Napa Cabernet, then the *terroir*-ists have won”—*terroir* being the French word for the environment in which wine grapes are grown); and paronyms, which are words from different languages that sound similar and often come from the same Latin root (“I ate so much cucumber chutney at the Indian restaurant that I have raita’s block”).

Simply put, a good pun is a joke that hinges on wordplay. A truly formidable punner knows that and frames a sentence to make the pun the punch line. But was I a truly formidable

After a muggleful of Harry Potter puns, I find myself in the semifinals.

punner? I’d thought so—my lifelong dream is seeing Flavor Flav and Ellen Burstyn cohosting a talk show so it can be called *Burstyn with Flavor*. But after Austin, I had my doubts. I’d cracked under pressure; until I tried again, I’d never know fissure.

THE BAY AREA PUN-OFF is just one of a handful of competitive punning events popping up across the country, such as Punderdome 3000 in New York

City, Pundamonium in Seattle, and the Great Durham Pun Championship in Durham, North Carolina. (No experience is necessary—you just sign up and hope your number gets picked.) On this Saturday night, a week after O. Henry, I am in a high-ceilinged performance space in San Francisco’s Mission District, looking for redemption. We commence with a marathon on tree puns designed to winnow the field of twelve down to eight.

“I’m just hoping to win the poplar vote,” one woman says.

“Sounds like a birch of contract to me,” says someone else.

A lanky British guy I’ll call Chet rambles through a shaggy-dog story involving a French woman and three Jamaican guys to get to a tortured “le mon t’ree” punch line. The crowd eats it up.

After someone delivers a good line, I admit that I end up being pretty frond of it. Things go oak-ay, and I’m on to the next round.

After a muggleful of Harry Potter puns, I find myself in the semifinals against an engineer named Asa. The host scribbles the mystery topic on a chalkboard hidden from sight, then turns it around. It says ... *diseases*. The same category that knocked me out in Austin? The category I dwelled on for the entire flight home, thinking of all the one-liners that had eluded me?

This time, there’s no running dry. Not only do I remember all the puns I used against Ben Ziek, I also

remember all the puns he made against me. So when Asa says, "I'm really taking my mumps," I shoot back with, "That's kinda measle-y, if you ask me." I reprise puns I'd made in Austin ("Did you see that Italian opera singer run through the door? In flew Enzo!"); I use puns that I'd thought of since ("My mom makes the best onion dip. It's HIV little concoction you'd love").

Asa fights gamely, but I have innumerable disease puns at my fingertips, and it's not much longer before the round is over.

And then there are two: me and Chet. And I'm locked in. No nerves, no self-consciousness, just getting out of my brain's way and letting the connections happen. When the host announces the theme—living world leaders—I don't even try to stockpile puns. I just wait, and they come.

Chet opens the round: "Ohhh, BAMA. I don't know anything about world leaders."

Hearing *Obama* conjures up a mental image of Justin Trudeau. Before the laughter even dies down, I nod my head encouragingly. "True, though—that was a decent pun!"

It's Austin all over again, just in reverse. Now I'm the quick one, and Chet's the one who has to scramble. My turn? No problem: "I am Bushed."

Chet has used three U.S. presidents and two British prime ministers; meanwhile, I've been from South Korea to Germany, by way of Canada.

Even better, I've got another continent in my pocket. "Have you guys been to Chet's farm?" I ask the audience. "He has this group of cows that won't stop talking." I wait a beat before taking the audience to Africa with a nod to Zimbabwe's president. "They are seriously moo-gabby."

What happens next is a blur. I can't even tell you what comes out of Chet's mouth, but it's either nothing or it's the name of someone dead. Either way, the Bay Area Pun-Off is over.

This may be my only taste of victory in the world of competitive paronomasiacs (a fancy word for pun addicts), and I may never know the secret to the perfect pun. But as long as I've got the words to try, one thing's for sure: I'll keep using them to create incongruity.

Or maybe I'll just plead raita's block. **R**

WIRED (SEPTEMBER 29, 2016), COPYRIGHT © 2016 BY CONDÉ NAST, WIRED.COM.

*
* *

WHAT DO THESE WORDS HAVE IN COMMON?

abhors

begins

chimps

almost

biopsy

chintz

Answer: With 6 letters apiece, they're among the longest English words with every letter in alphabetical order.

Laugh Lines

SHOP AROUND THE CLOCK

I'm gonna start acting in real stores the way I do when online shopping. Break in at 1 a.m., put nine things in a cart, leave.

🐦@KINGFIRESTORM (JO FIRESTONE)

Online shopping is all fun and games until you have to get up and get your credit card from the other room.

🐦@THECATWHISPRER

A study of economics usually reveals that the best time to buy anything is last year.

MARTY ALLEN

I don't care what anybody says—my six hours of Black Friday shopping saved me at least \$7.50.

🐦@KATEWHINEHALL

It's adorable how I write "beer" on my shopping list, like I'd somehow forget.

🐦@TOMSCHALLY

I walked by a record store. The sign in the front said they specialized in hard-to-find records. Nothing was alphabetized.

MITCH HEDBERG



FDA Registered Hearing Aid

ONLY \$299!



- Hearing aids by mail for 38 years
- Over 650,000 satisfied customers



High-quality
American-made
electronics



- ✓ 100% Risk-FREE
- ✓ 45-day home trial
- ✓ FREE shipping
- ✓ Payment plans available
- ✓ Licensed hearing aid dispensers on staff

SEND
NO
MONEY!

The Apollo-6200 is the perfect FDA registered digital hearing aid if you want something that works! You get advanced technology in a durable, easy to maintain hearing aid. Includes four channel compression for crisp clear sound and feedback cancellation that virtually eliminates squeal. Discreet open-fit design gives you the most natural sound with total comfort.

Amazing sound • Discreet size • Customer favorite

The typical hearing aid costs at least \$2,000 but your price is no where near that with this special offer! Try the Apollo-6200 with **NO MONEY DOWN** completely Risk-FREE for 45 days in the comfort of your own home and see if it's everything we've promised. Call today: 1-888-847-1189 and mention promo code 86-624.



"I love your products. Because of your hearing aid I can now hear my grandchildren." R.K. - New York



Try our Apollo-6200 hearing aid risk-free for 45 days.

SEND NO MONEY!

If you like it then pay only \$299!

By phone (Mon-Fri • 8 am - 5 pm CT) Expires: 1/31/18



1-888-847-1189

Promo code:
86-624



Order online

www.HearingHelpExpress.com/86624



1714 Sycamore Rd, Dept 86-624
DeKalb, IL 60115



DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

*Rescue swimmer
Ben Cournia, seen here
during an exercise,
braved 30-foot waves
to save survivors.*





STORM TROOPERS

**A HURRICANE SANK THEIR 212-FOOT
FREIGHTER AND WAS ABOUT TO CLAIM
THEIR RESCUE RAFT TOO. THE LAST
HOPE FOR THE 12 SAILORS
WAS A COAST GUARD CREW DARING
ENOUGH TO HELICOPTER IN.**

BY TRISTRAM KORTEN FROM GQ

The Category 4 hurricane bearing down on the Caribbean started as a tropical depression 414 miles out in the Atlantic. Meteorologists paid it little attention—even if it grew, projections showed it staying far from land. But hurricanes have a way of defying expectations, and by the time it blew into the Bahamas on

October 1, 2015, it brought winds that would eventually reach 140 miles per hour, compelling the National Hurricane Center to issue this blunt warning to anybody in the vicinity: “Preparations to protect life and property should be rushed to completion.” By then, the squall had a name: Hurricane Joaquin.

Among those making preparations to protect life and property were the crew members of a ship caught in Joaquin’s path. Three days earlier, the freighter *Minouche* had left Miami with 12 sailors on board, mostly Haitians, heading for Port-de-Paix, Haiti. Its cargo included food, two generators, and 800 pairs of shoes destined for a Haitian mission called Waves of Mercy.

But as the 212-foot-long boat battled up to 30-foot waves, that cargo started to rock loose. The shifting weight caused the ship to list to its left, forcing the crew to add extra weight to the right. As they worked, a monster wave struck, knocking the cargo booms loose and swinging the giant cargo cranes to the left side of the ship, compounding the list. The

adjustments, the countermeasure—nothing seemed to work, and Joaquin kept up its assault. The crew began tossing containers overboard in a desperate scramble to stabilize the vessel. That was when they lost engine power.

With the ship unable to navigate, the storm took over, turning the boat until it was broadside to the current. Drifting and powerless, the *Minouche* was nature’s punching bag. Night was descending, and there was nothing left to do but enact the terrible routines that every sailor dreads. A crew member activated the emergency signal that provided would-be rescuers with the boat’s location. The captain, Renelo Gelera, authorized a distress call on the Inmarsat satellite network and then ordered his men to prepare to abandon ship.

THE COAST GUARD TEAM stationed on the island of Great Inagua in the Bahamas had been anticipating a fairly uneventful deployment—snorkeling, fishing, hanging out. But Joaquin changed all that. At about 8 p.m. on Thursday, October 1, the team



Clockwise from top left: Joshua Andrews, flight mechanic; Dave McCarthy, Jayhawk commander; Rick Post, helicopter copilot; Ben Cournia, rescue swimmer

received word of an emergency. The freighter *Minouche* was going down. On the phone, Commander Scott Phy, calling from Florida, had a question: Could a chopper crew venture into the storm? Pilot Dave McCarthy, 36, didn't hesitate to muster his team: rescue swimmer Ben Cournia, 36; lieutenant and copilot Rick Post, 28; and flight mechanic Joshua Andrews, 32.

Outside, the night was an inky black,

and McCarthy and Post strapped on their night-vision goggles. Against the blowing force of the storm, Post maneuvered the chopper off the ground and pointed the aircraft south. The rotors thudded. The radios crackled. The fearsome wind pushed the Jayhawk forward, up, and to the side.

ON THE DECK OF THE *Minouche*, the crew of 12 strapped on life vests. The



STORMY WEATHER AHEAD

Joaquin was the strongest Atlantic hurricane of nontropical origin in the satellite era. In fact, the *Minouche* was not the only ship it claimed. *El Faro*, a 790-foot American freighter, also crossed paths with Joaquin. After *El Faro*'s captain called for help on October 1, his radio went silent; when the Coast Guard reached the area where the freighter was most likely to be, they found only debris. All 33 crew members perished. *El Faro* now rests on the ocean floor.

The year 2015 was particularly bad for hurricanes. A couple of weeks after *El Faro* went down, a Category 5 storm named Patricia swelled in the Pacific over what the National Hurricane Center described as “anomalously warm waters.” Winds reached 213 miles per hour, making it the most intense storm on record in the eastern North Pacific.

Meteorologists warn that Joaquin and Patricia may be harbingers of storms to come. On a warming planet,

seawater evaporates more quickly, transferring heat to the atmosphere, which in turn feeds swirling winds. More heat begets faster evaporation—which leads to stronger winds. The result will likely be multiplying superstorms, such as Hurricanes Harvey and Irma. “The frequency of hurricanes may go down,” said Kerry Emanuel, professor of atmospheric science at MIT, “but the incidence of the high-end storms—Category 4s and 5s—should go up.”

men deployed the life raft, which inflated in the water to form a big black hexagon with an orange tent canopy. They jumped in and waited for help to arrive. Tiny lights on their life preservers glowed in the dark.

After about 30 minutes in the sky, the Jayhawk reached the *Minouche*. Below was the spectral outline of the doomed freighter. All its lights were on. The helicopter zipped by in a sweeping circle, searching for the raft; when the Jayhawk came around again a few minutes later, the decks were already underwater, glowing a dull amber. The copter made another orbit. This time the ship was gone; only light was visible beneath the waves. The speed of the submersion shocked the chopper's crew.

The raft bobbed in the waves a mile or so from the ship. The wind was buffeting the Jayhawk, and the rain and dark were messing with Post's equilibrium. Instead of looking out the windshield to get his bearings, he had to rely on the hover bars on the instrument panel that showed the craft's relationship to a fixed point.

Cournia strapped on his swim helmet, buckled his vest, donned his mask and fins, stepped to the door, and looked down at the maelstrom 30 feet below. A blast of wind rushed in. The more I stand around, Cournia

thought, the more nervous I'll get. So let's start moving. He flashed Andrews a thumbs-up.

"Swimmer's ready," Andrews shouted into the radio, knowing he needed to be the pilot's eyes. After a few final checks, he got the OK. "Swimmer's on the way down," he announced as he lowered Cournia on a cable. "Swimmer's in the water. Swimmer's away. Clear to move."


To Cournia, the water felt reassuringly warm, but the ferocity of the waves caught him off guard. He was

amazed at how fast the raft was moving. Catching up and grabbing hold, he peered inside. Twelve faces stared back, the whites of their eyes visible in the dull glow of their lights. Cournia explained to the sailors

that he was going to get them all into that helicopter whooshing above, one at a time. "Any questions?" A crew member asked about their ship.

"It's gone," Cournia told them. Shock spread across their faces. It was as if, floating alone out there in the storm, they were only now grasping the gravity of their situation.

After seizing the most frightened-looking man in the raft, Cournia pulled him into the water and signaled to Andrews to lower the steel basket, a kind of walled metal seat. He loaded in the survivor, then turned to



DRIFTING AND POWERLESS, THE MINOUCHE WAS NATURE'S PUNCHING BAG.

swim back to the raft—only it wasn't there. Wind and current had pulled it a football field away. It took Cournia a good five minutes of hard swimming to catch up. By the time the first sailor was pulled into the helicopter, Cournia had grabbed another sailor and waved for the basket. After sending it up, he noticed the raft had again drifted.

Watching from the Jayhawk, Andrews wasn't sure Cournia could last if he was constantly chasing his target. He and McCarthy decided to "hover taxi" Cournia, dangling him from the cable above the waves until they reached the raft. This worked for a few rescues, but then Cournia hit a snag. He pointed at one scared survivor and pulled him from the raft. Terrified, the man screamed and jumped into the water on top of Cournia. In a panicked clench, the sailor wrapped his legs around Cournia and pushed down on his rescuer's shoulders, which threatened to drown them both. The elite swimmer's training kicked in. Suck, tuck, and duck. He sucked in a full breath, then tucked his chin down to protect himself from being inadvertently choked. He wiggled one arm free from the man's crazed embrace and tapped him gently to let him know everything was OK. But the sailor freaked out more. With his free hand, Cournia jammed

his thumb into a pressure point under the sailor's jawbone; he also managed to ram the thumb on his trapped arm into a pressure point above the man's left elbow. The sailor froze. Cournia quickly grabbed him in a cross-chest carry and swam to the basket.


The next few rescues went smoothly, but only 8 of 12 survivors were in the cabin when McCarthy, watching the fuel gauge, signaled that they had to return to base. Andrews hoisted Cournia up to the Jayhawk, and the exhausted swimmer yanked

off his mask. "There are still people there!" he shouted.

McCarthy was firm: "They'll be OK. They're on the raft."

The chopper took the initial rescues to the base, refueled, and flew back to the raft about an hour later. It

was around 3 a.m., seven hours after the crew had received the initial Mayday call. Cournia dropped into the waves again and quickly recovered one of the four remaining sailors from the raft. But during the hoist, a wave caught the basket—with the man inside—just as a gust of wind dropped the Jayhawk. The wave dragged the basket away from the chopper, as if it were a hooked fish pulling line from a reel. Andrews desperately played the cable out while furiously directing the pilot. The basket, yanked from



A GUST OF WIND DROPPED THE JAYHAWK, AND THE SURVIVOR WAS CARRIED AWAY.



Life preservers from the Minouche emblazoned with the names of the Jayhawk crew members

the helicopter, had pulled through the wave and come swinging back like a pendulum. After several harrowing minutes—for the crew and for the man yo-yoing in midair—it reached the Jayhawk. The sailor inside, frozen in shock from the ordeal, rolled out onto the cabin floor.

Afterward, as Andrews guided the cable ferrying the swimmer toward the raft, he felt a snag on his glove. A few strands on the cable had broken. There was no way around it—they would have to swap helicopters.

By around 4:45 a.m., when the Coasties returned to the *Minouche's* crew again in a new chopper, the storm had grown even worse. Lightning, combined with the static electricity generated by the helicopter itself, had the potential to charge the metal all around them. Cournia was recovering the first

of the three remaining survivors. As the cable lifted the basket out of the water, he reached up to steady the seat, and *bam!* An electric shock convulsed him. After the charge passed through, he pried his hands off the steel. There was nothing he could do, he thought, except be careful. After aiding the last two survivors, Cournia was lifted, and the Jayhawk returned to Great Inagua just as dawn began to stain the gray clouds orange.

The *Minouche's* Haitian survivors eventually returned home, and most have recently returned to sailing.

For the Jayhawk crew, one image is forever seared into their minds: that darkening glow as the *Minouche* went under. “It was one of the eeriest things I’ve seen in my life, that 212-foot vessel all lit up,” says Post now. “It still gives me chills.”

R

WHO ? KNEW

13 Things You Didn't Know About the Macy's Thanksgiving Parade

BY BRANDON SPEKTOR

1 The first Thanksgiving Day Parade (then called the Macy's Christmas Parade) took place on November 27, 1924, and stretched for five and a half miles. Today, marchers can complete their modest two-and-a-half-mile route in about an hour.

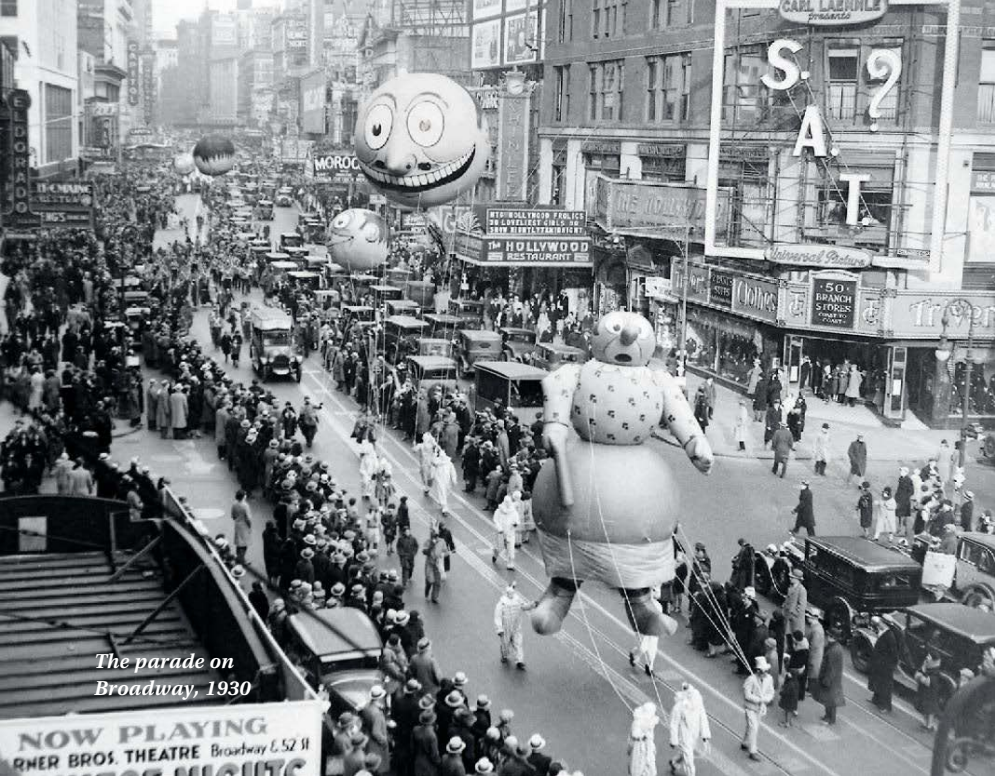
2 The parade used to be far furrrier. From 1924 to 1926, a procession of tigers, donkeys, elephants, camels, and other live beasts—borrowed from the Central Park Zoo—strutted down the streets. They were replaced by air-filled balloons propped up on sticks in 1927 because the creatures scared



children on the sidelines. (Helium balloons emerged a year later.)

3 For the first few years, rather than deflate the balloons after the parade, organizers let them fly away and explode in the atmosphere. In 1928, Macy's even made a game of it. Handlers released all

five balloons (an elephant, two birds, a ghost, and a tiger) and challenged the public to capture them, offering a \$100 reward for each one. The tiger landed first, on top of a Long Island home—and was quickly ripped to shreds by eager bystanders.



The parade on Broadway, 1930

4 One balloon nearly caused an airplane disaster in 1932. After the parade that year, a 22-year-old aviation student spotted Macy's 60-foot-long Tom-Cat balloon floating around 5,000 feet up. To her instructor's dismay, she spontaneously decided to ram into it. The balloon wrapped around one of the wings, and the plane plummeted earthward. The instructor seized control at the last minute, saving them both.

5 From 1942 to 1944, Macy's president Jack Straus canceled the parade out of respect for the soldiers

in World War II. All the planning still paid off: Macy's donated 650 pounds of balloon rubber to the military.

6 The parade in *Miracle on 34th Street* was no Hollywood fabrication. The producers at 20th Century Fox set up dozens of cameras along the 1946 parade route to capture the authentic festivities. Unbeknownst to many in the crowd, the Kris Kringle riding the final float was actually one of the film's stars, Edmund Gwenn, given one chance to perform his parade scenes live. Santa delivered—and won an Oscar for the role in 1948.

7 In 1958, a national helium shortage almost forced the parade's cancellation. Organizers came up with a creative backup plan: filling the balloons with regular air and then hanging them from giant mobile construction cranes like big, puffy marionettes. It actually worked.

8 More than 8,000 volunteers staff the parade every year. Who has the toughest job in the procession? Possibly the balloon pilots, individuals who walk the entire parade backward while directing a team of handlers to adjust the balloons' bearings for weather conditions.

9 Wind is the enemy. During the especially windy 1997 parade, a Barney balloon nearly broke free of its cables before being punctured and subdued by NYPD officers. That same year, a woman was seriously injured by falling debris when a runaway Cat in the Hat balloon crashed into a light pole. Following a 24-day coma, she sued Macy's, New York City, and the lamppost manufacturer for \$395 million.

10 See those big, fancy floats? They're all built to collapse to no more than 12.5 feet tall and 8 feet wide. Since 1968, all the parade's props and stages have been hand painted, assembled, and glittered at the Macy's Parade Studio in New Jersey. Because it would be impractical

to float the floats over the river, they're designed to pass through the Lincoln Tunnel on trucks.

11 Float makers use so much glitter, they can practically swim in it. The parade studio orders the stuff in 25-pound packages and can go through 100 to 200 pounds for a single float.

12 It takes a small army to clean up the mess. In 2016, New York City's sanitation department deployed about 160 workers with brooms, trucks, and backpack blowers to clear the streets post-celebration. In 2015, the department was tasked with removing 32 tons of trash from the parade route—the metric equivalent of the entire copper exterior of the Statue of Liberty lying on Sixth Avenue.

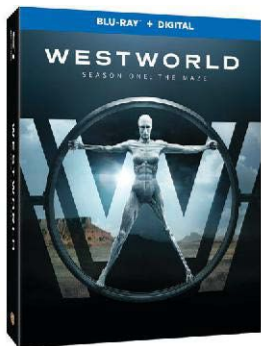
13 How much does all this cost? The shopping site ebates.com calculates anywhere from \$1.5 million to \$3.4 million each year, just for the floats, helium, taxes, and logistical coordination. While many parade performers are volunteers, they require more than 300 dressers and makeup artists to get TV-ready. It may air only once a year, but the Macy's parade is a full-time business. With more than 50 million annual TV viewers, business is booming. **R**

Sources: macys.com, the *New York Times*, untappedcities.com, *Popular Science*, *Vanity Fair*, mentalfloss.com, and ebates.com

CONNECTIONS:

Your link to values and insights each month

Look for it on 4K Ultra HD™, Digital, Blu-ray™ and DVD



© Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.



BOOST® High Protein Drink

With fifteen grams of high quality protein and twenty-six vitamins and minerals... for when you need a little extra. Be up for it.

BOOST.com

NESCAFÉ.
Taster's Choice.

Hard to Resist, Easy to Prepare.

Our perfectly roasted coffee is expertly brewed, so you can enjoy exceptional taste by simply adding water. A delicious cup of coffee made simple.

TastersChoice.com

NESCAFÉ® and TASTER'S CHOICE® are registered trademarks of Société des Produits Nestlé S.A., Vevey, Switzerland.



Food, Fun & Festive Flavors

Join us this fall for an action-packed live cooking demo featuring reinvented holiday recipes, new baking and decorating techniques, and our Test Kitchen's hottest holiday how-to's!

TasteofHome.com/LIVE

True fact! One way to express gratitude for your meal is to stuff yourself.

How to Eat As Much As Possible

(**ACCORDING
TO SCIENCE**)

BY SOPHIE BUSHWICK
FROM POPULAR SCIENCE



EVERY THANKSGIVING, Americans gather to celebrate family, give thanks—and stuff our faces until we feel sick. Tragically, filling up too fast means you won't manage to grab seconds or thirds of all the best dishes. To do so, you need to maximize your food intake. Here's how.

Note: This advice is not conducive to a healthy everyday diet. But then again, neither is Thanksgiving.

1 PREPARE

To consume as much as possible, start on an empty stomach. But don't starve yourself, lest you eat too much too quickly instead of pacing yourself.

"Fasting is typically not a good idea," says registered dietitian Leslie Bonci. Instead, she recommends that you follow your regular meal

schedule but stop eating four to six hours before the main event.

Exercising early in the day is a good idea, however. Physical exertion can stimulate the appetite. And a brisk walk or run helps move food through your digestive system and empty out your stomach in preparation.

Finally, you may find it easier to eat a lot if you're relaxed. So



THANKSGIVING.
ALSO PRONOUNCED
STOVE TOP.



Stove
Top

THE STUFF
THANKSGIVING
IS MADE OF

immediately before the meal, take some deep breaths, think calm thoughts, and avoid confronting your ornery uncle (you can argue with him after you've defeated your turkey).

2 CHOOSE WISELY

Once you've girded your loins for the overeating challenge, start with the simple carbs. "Potatoes, stuffing, and rolls require minimal effort," Bonci says. "You can pack in more without feeling too full." Also, the stomach can empty itself of low-fiber carbs in a mere 30 to 90 minutes. Veggies, whole grains, and protein, such as turkey, move more slowly and will take more time to pass through your stomach.

There are other reasons to delay the meat course. "Once you start eating protein, the secretion of enzymes and hormones starts that satiety cascade," Bonci says. In other words, it will make you feel full sooner. Fiber-rich foods such as those veggies and whole grains fill you up, too—the fiber soaks up water and takes up more room.

Liquids also occupy precious stomach real estate, so don't consume a large glass of juice or any other beverage. That said, fluids will help food move through your stomach as you eat, so sip some water or other liquid throughout the meal. "Drinking will help to move things

down," Bonci says, "instead of having everything sitting there going nowhere like a traffic jam."

3 TAKE A BREAK

Your stomach will expand to a maximum volume of four liters. But as fast as you put food into it, your stomach processes it and starts moving it into the intestines. So when you feel as if you can't eat another bite, press pause.

Luckily, you don't have to wait for your stomach to empty out entirely before you go back to the buffet. Give yourself half an hour to recover, and you might find that you're ready to pack in more chow.

4 MOVE AROUND

At the point that all you want to do is curl up on the sofa while holding your stomach and groaning, ignore that instinct and get to your feet!

"Part of the digestion of food is movement," Bonci says. Instead of sitting, go chase after your little nephew; this will help push food through your digestive tract and ease the discomfort of feeling stuffed.

5 ENJOY DESSERT

Sweet foods don't make you feel full as quickly as savory ones do. So after the meal, dig in to some pumpkin pie. After all your hard eating, you've earned a sweet reward. **R**

Portable Oxygen For The Way You Want to Live



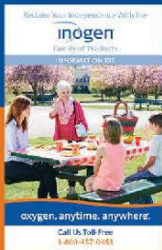
The ALL-NEW INOGEN ONE^{G4}

Includes Everything You Need
To Regain Your Freedom

Meets FAA Requirements for Travel

Portable Oxygen That Will Never Weigh You Down.

At just 2.8 lbs, the Inogen One G4 is the ultralight portable oxygen concentrator you have been waiting for. The Inogen One G4 is approximately half the size of the Inogen One G3.



REQUEST YOUR **FREE**
INFORMATION KIT TODAY.

CALL NOW!

1-800-525-0652



How To: Repair Your Body

In a year when several health discoveries have already made headlines, this one may be the biggest yet.

Dr. Rand McClain, the Los Angeles based "Doctor to the Stars," released his new technique for what some are calling the Body Restore formula.

His science is based on technology that was actually partially banned by a U.S. Establishment in 2001. However, Dr. McClain and his partners have found a way that allows them to go and take their discovery straight to the American people.

Dr. McClain revealed he's already offering to his celebrity and pro-athlete clients with incredible results.

In the video presentation, he details how some very big name athletes are achieving increased strength, healthier bodies, and even more energy.

But what's really turning heads is that McClain isn't offering this as an injection, surgery, or

medical procedure — which is what his health clinic in Los Angeles is famous for.

Instead, the method involves one simple thing: A drink. He has all the clinical trials, the data, he's conducted the test groups...it not only works, it works really well. McClain feels the technique — which has been shown in clinical trials — works best for people over 40, particularly those who may be experiencing excessive fatigue, weaker bodies, and even foggy thinking.

And when Dr. McClain dropped the final bombshell — video footage of the results he experienced after using the method on himself — it became clear that the discovery is nothing short of groundbreaking, of course your individual results will vary, as with any new method.

While surgery is the benchmark and Dr. McClain charges \$20,000 and up, he feels he can offer Americans a new method which provides outstanding results. But the latest develop-



ment in this story came when the video version of the presentation was made available to the public online. As of this writing, the video has over 3 Million views and is quickly becoming a social media phenomenon.

This is the video that many might not want people to see. But if the link is working, that means the video is still viewable...for now.

Watch the shocking presentation at www.LCR65.com

Dr. McClain calls out both the medical industry and certain agencies. One viewer commented: "Why did I not know this before? Rand is telling it like it is...we need more doctors like this!"

See his presentation here www.LCR65.com

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

Add some zest to your vocabulary with this feast of nutritious words and phrases, just in time for Thanksgiving. If you can't stand the heat in our kitchen, cool off with the answers on the next page.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

- 1. gustatory** ('guh-stuh-tohr-ee) *adj.*—A: full-bellied. B: relating to taste. C: rich and flavorful.
- 2. au gratin** (oh 'grah-tin) *adj.*—A: cooked to medium rare. B: free of charge. C: covered with cheese and browned.
- 3. succulent** ('suh-kyu-lent) *adj.*—A: sun-dried. B: juicy. C: sipped with a straw.
- 4. mesclun** ('mess-klen) *n.*—A: mix of greens. B: shellfish. C: Cajun dipping sauce.
- 5. piquant** ('pee-kent) *adj.*—A: in season. B: in small amounts. C: spicy.
- 6. chiffonade** (shih-fuh-'nayd) *n.*—A: whipped margarine. B: shredded herbs or veggies. C: lemon pudding.
- 7. toothsome** ('tooth-sum) *adj.*—A: chewy. B: delicious. C: hungry.
- 8. sous vide** (soo 'veed) *adv.*—A: without salt. B: on the side. C: cooked in a pouch.
- 9. culinary** ('kuh-lih-nehr-ee) *adj.*—A: of the kitchen. B: buttery. C: cage-free.
- 10. umami** (ooh-'mah-mee) *n.*—A: oven rack. B: chopsticks. C: savory taste.
- 11. tempeh** ('tem-pay) *n.*—A: part-time chef. B: soy cake. C: fondue pot.
- 12. fricassee** ('frih-kuh-see) *v.*—A: cut and stew in gravy. B: deep-fry. C: sauté with mushrooms.
- 13. oenophile** ('ee-nuh-fiy) *n.*—A: wine lover. B: food critic. C: egg fancier.
- 14. poach** (pohch) *v.*—A: cook in simmering liquid. B: fry in a small amount of fat. C: heat slowly in a covered pot.
- 15. fondant** ('fahn-duhnt) *n.*—A: food lover. B: cake icing. C: large bib.

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

Answers

1. gustatory—[B] relating to taste. Here, try my new *gustatory* experiment—beet ice cream!

2. au gratin—[C] covered with cheese and browned. Is there anything better than onion soup *au gratin* on a cold, rainy day?

3. succulent—[B] juicy. For dessert, the chef served pound cake topped with *succulent* pears.

4. mesclun—[A] mix of greens. “You call this a salad? It’s just a plate of wilted *mesclun*.”

5. piquant—[C] spicy. The *piquant* smells from the Mexican restaurant wafted out onto the street.

6. chiffonade—[B] shredded herbs or veggies. If you add a *chiffonade* of fresh basil, this frozen pizza isn’t half bad!

7. toothsome—[B] delicious. Hattie makes the most *toothsome* cherry pie I’ve ever tasted.

8. sous vide—[C] cooked in a pouch. Though preparing steak *sous vide* takes time, it will cook your meat evenly and retain the moisture.

9. culinary—[A] of the kitchen. Julia Child was a true *culinary* icon.

10. umami—[C] savory taste. *Umami* is one of the five basic tastes, along with sweet, sour, salty, and bitter.

11. tempeh—[B] soy cake. Ezra, a devoted vegan, serves *tempeh* burgers and tofu dogs at his cookouts.

12. fricassee—[A] cut and stew in gravy. Tired of turkey sandwiches and turkey soup, Hector decided to *fricassee* the leftovers from his Thanksgiving bird.

13. oenophile—[A] wine lover. A serious *oenophile*, Adrienne was horrified when her date added ice cubes to his pinot noir.

14. poach—[A] cook in simmering liquid. For breakfast, Sasha loves to

poach an egg and pair it with avocado toast topped with tomato.

15. fondant—[B] cake icing. Kelly flunked her cake-making class when she slathered on too much *fondant*.

WHAT KIND OF FOOD PERSON ARE YOU?

If you appreciate fine dining, you might call yourself a *gourmet*, an *epicure*, or a *bon vivant*. If you have a healthy but unrefined appetite, you’re a *gourmand* or a *trencherman*. And if you’ve done your homework on the history and rituals of haute cuisine, you’re a *gastronome* (*gastronomy* is the art or science of good eating).

VOCABULARY RATINGS

9 & below: apprentice
10–12: head cook
13–15: master chef

Humor in Uniform



Shanahan

THE CATS OF WAR

WHEN MY FRIEND'S husband was deployed, he often sent her romantic and flirty gifts. One day, a package arrived containing a very small leather top. After much wiggling and squirming to get into it, she struck a pose, took a selfie, and sent it to him. Soon after, she received his reply: "Why are you wearing the leather steering wheel cover I sent you?"

KATHY TRUMAN, *Hyde Park, Utah*

MANY YEARS AGO, my husband and some others went to dinner near their air base in Japan. A waitress whose

English was limited took their order.

"I'll have the steak," John said.

"Make that two," said his copilot.

"Make that three," said the third man.

"Make that four," said the fourth.

A few minutes later, the waitress returned with their order: one steak for John, two steaks for his copilot, three steaks for the third man, and four for the fourth.

PATRICIA WITHERS WITH CAROLYN HINTON,
Santa Rosa, California

Your funny military anecdote may be worth \$\$\$! Go to rd.com/submit.

Quotable Quotes



Never underestimate spite as a motivator for genius.

SAM KEAN,
author



EVEN IF I WAS KING, I WOULD DO MY OWN SHOPPING.

PRINCE HARRY OF WALES



Trying to stop it from raining has never worked, but eventually the rain does pass.

TRACEE ELLIS ROSS, *actress*

FLIPPING FEAR INTO CURIOSITY IS A GIFT.

CORY RICHARDS,
adventure photographer



Caesar—did he ever think that he would end up as a salad?

EDDIE IZZARD,
comedian

EVERY BOOK, YOU'LL FIND, HAS ITS OWN SOCIAL GROUP— FRIENDS OF ITS OWN IT WANTS TO INTRODUCE YOU TO.

CAITLIN MORAN, *writer*

If you want to change the world, start off by making your bed.

WILLIAM H. MCRAVEN,
retired U.S. Navy admiral

Reader's Digest (ISSN 0034-0375) (USPS 865-820), (CPM Agreement# 40031457), Vol. 190, No. 1135, November 2017. © 2017. Published monthly, except bimonthly in July/August and December/January (subject to change without notice), by Trusted Media Brands, 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.postalaffairs@rd.com. All rights reserved. Unauthorized reproduction, in any manner, is prohibited. *Reader's Digest* and *The Digest* are registered trademarks of Trusted Media Brands, Inc. Marca Registrada. Printed in U.S.A. **SUBSCRIBERS:** 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. 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 Trusted Media Brands, Inc. For details, write: *Reader's Digest* Large Print, PO Box 6097, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1597. **CONSUMER INFORMATION:** Trusted Media Brands, Inc., 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.

FROM TOP: SHUTTERSTOCK, BROADIMAGE/SHUTTERSTOCK, RICHARD YOUNG/SHUTTERSTOCK

LISTEN to your body

When there's something wrong with your body, you might not even notice. *Your Body's Silent Signs* will help clue you in to the subtle warnings you should never ignore.



Learn how to:

RECOGNIZE if you need to worry about your aches, bumps, and other strange symptoms.

TWEAK your commute, your diet, and other parts of your daily routine to help reduce hidden health hazards.

DETECT signs of common health conditions from cancer and heart disease to depression, Alzheimer's, infertility, and more!

Reader's
digest

Your Body's Silent Signs is
available at newsstands now!

NO 10

The best things in life
are rarely things at all.

That's **ISLANDOLOGY**



FORT MYERS BEACH, FL




**THE BEACHES OF
FORT MYERS
AND SANIBEL**
FORTMYERS-SANIBEL.COM

Islandology is our way of life. It's slowing down to a relaxing pace. It's letting ourselves unwind and get closer to what matters. It's knowing lifelong memories can't be scheduled – they just happen when they're supposed to.

Plan your trip at FortMyers-Sanibel.com