There are 768 frogs living on the roof of my house. Welcome to my humble adobe, a flat roofed apartment in Manhattan, bathing in the seashore sunshine.

“Dear Alma Mater, make our spirits great. True and valiant, like the bells of Iowa State.”

I have crippling PTSD. That’s right. I spent 4 months in Somalia defending the crumbling city capital of the country. I saw things people couldn’t even imagine. Why is it that I can be permanently scarred for my country at 18, but I can’t drink away the pain until 3 years later?