

Reader's digest



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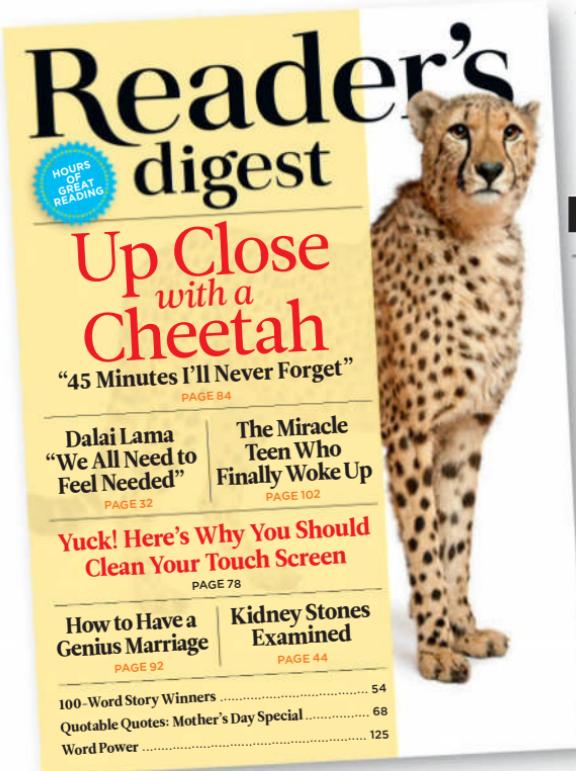
Kidney Stones
Examined

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Word Power	125



Hours of great reading!



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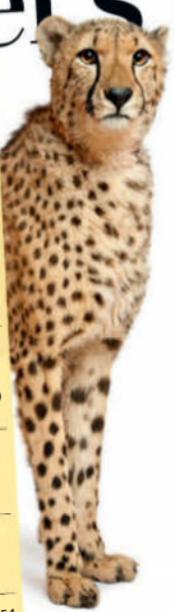
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Letters

READERS' COMMENTS AND OPINIONS

Speaking Up

Kate Swaffer deserves many thanks for her hopeful, promising article 'Life Beyond Dementia' (February), which shows her steely determination and courage in the face of adversity. One should never hesitate to tell his or her doctor about problems with memory loss for fear of being isolated or scared. Doctors should also encourage their patients to speak up about early symptoms of dementia.

GHAZANFAR ALI



Moving Forward

People with dementia can translate their disability into an ability to navigate a new way anywhere, any time. But for such navigation to take place, nagging negativity must be left behind in order to move forward.

DR SHABIH UL HASSAN RIZVI

Justice without Judgment

After reading 'She Was My Prosecutor' (February), I have come to conclude that for curbing crime, punishment under the legal code won't achieve better or long-lasting results alone. It is necessary to revisit the teaching and practice of the law. The attorney's comment:

"I knew the law, and could apply the law. But it is difficult to stand in judgment of other human beings without understanding human beings" speaks candidly to the contradictions and conflicts involved.

WAHEED A. TUNIO

Motherly Love

I was deeply impressed with the story 'Give a Girl a Fish' (February), as I also have a daughter who is very dear to me. The story shows that a mother's concern for the wellbeing of her children is a universal phenomenon. Her feelings are also unique and only another mother can understand them.

NAJMUDDIN KHAN

LET US KNOW

If you are moved – or provoked – by any item in the magazine, share your thoughts. See page 6 for how to join the discussion.

Laughter Works

As we all know, a simple laugh spreads positivity. Each month I put up a copy of your 'All in a Day's Work' pages on our office noticeboard. It always gets a great response.

LINDA IVES

Turning Point

I was born with one-sided hearing loss but despised hearing aids for a long time as the ones I tried merely amplified sounds. However, after reading 'All About Hearing Aids' (February), I consulted an audiologist and was recommended a CROS (contralateral routing of signal) hearing aid with super high-definition sound, background noise reduction, voice recognition and hearing protection. Thank you for the article – it was a turning point to helping me hear better!

CHEW HOONG LING

WIN A PILOT CAPLESS FOUNTAIN PEN

The best letter published each month will win a Pilot Capless fountain pen, valued at over \$200. The Capless is the perfect combination of luxury and ingenious technology, featuring a one-of-a-kind retractable fountain pen nib, durable metal body, beautiful rhodium accents and a 14K gold nib. Congratulations to this month's winner, Dr Shabih ul Hassan Rizvi.



A Brush with Genius

We asked you to think up a funny caption for this photo.

Don't BRUSH me aside. SATISH NAIR

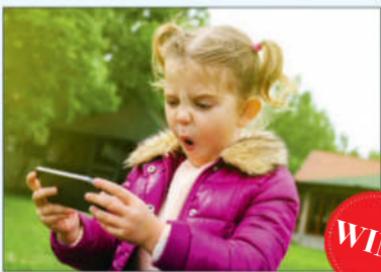
So, when I asked him about which side of the brush to use, he asked me to use my head. ARFA ZAFAR

A major 'breakthrough' in the field of art. FATIMA ANSARI

I promise to brush up on my grooming. MOHAN M. PANJABI

I must get ahead with that painting. ISABEL WHITTY

Congratulations to this month's winner, Mohan M. Panjabi.



CAPTION CONTEST

Come up with the funniest caption for the above photo and you could win \$100. To enter, email editor@readersdigest.com.au or see details on page 6.

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Anecdotes and jokes

Send in your real-life laugh for Life's Like That or All in a Day's Work. Got a joke? Send it in for Laughter is the Best Medicine!

Smart Animals

Share antics of unique pets or wildlife in up to 300 words.

Kindness of Strangers

Share your moments of generosity in 100–500 words.

My Story

Do you have an inspiring or life-changing tale to tell? Submissions must be true, unpublished, original and 800–1000 words – see website for more information.

Letters to the editor, caption competition and other reader submissions

Online

Follow the "Contribute" link at the RD website in your region, or via:

Email

AU: editor@readersdigest.com.au

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We may edit submissions and use them in all media. See website for full terms and conditions.

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Editor's Note

The Need to Be Needed

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR to encounter people who feel overwhelmed, angry or anxious. We regularly feature stories on how to overcome anxiety, manage stress and strive for a happier state of mind. Yet, why is it that people living in prosperous countries feel this pain, and why is it becoming increasingly common? In the article 'Behind Our Anxiety, the Fear of Being Unneeded' (page 32) the Dalai Lama addresses this modern conundrum. He points out that people thrive when they feel needed, when they have a purpose and are able to share their talents with others. His solution is for individuals to make sharing a habit – a simple message from a revered Nobel Peace Prize winner.

Among my favourite stories in this month's magazine is a travel story set in Africa. It's a well-known fact in publishing and media that travel writers enjoy the lion's share of the fun (pun intended). Exciting and intrepid as it might often be, nothing quite prepared reporter Vijaya Pratap for her bizarre encounter with a very chilled cheetah while on a Kenyan Safari ('Hitting the High Spots', page 84). And before you start to recoil, no, her encounter didn't turn into a Drama-in-Real-Life. It was one of those little unexpected moments that makes travel so worthwhile.



LOUISE WATERSON
Managing Editor



We Should Finally Stop ...

What would you like to change about the world? See what other RD readers aspire to

... racism because it divides our country.

DAVID TARBIN,
Medina, WA

... being greedy because it causes wars, pain and suffering.

SHERYL SIMMONDS,
Tamworth, NSW

... hating each other because the world needs peace.

BIANCA WALKER, *Adelaide, SA*

... ruining our environment because our children deserve more!

LEIGH MILLS
Sunshine Coast, Qld

... coal mining because it is destroying our planet.

DEBRA HUMBLEY,
Deception Bay, Qld

... overfishing because our seas are starving.

PAMELA SMITH
Lismore, NSW

... using plastic bags because they cause so much ecological damage.

JILL HALL,
Sunshine Coast, Qld

... talking because we learn more by listening.

MONA NAGUIB,
Gold Coast, Qld

... denying climate change because we are threatening the future of the world.

KATHLEEN OLLERENSHAW,
Queanbeyan, NSW

... worrying because it's a waste of time.

FIONA LEE
Ballarat, Vic

... having wars because all people are created equal.

LLOYD ELLIS, Melbourne, Vic



Where the Heart Is

The humblest home can be a place of great love

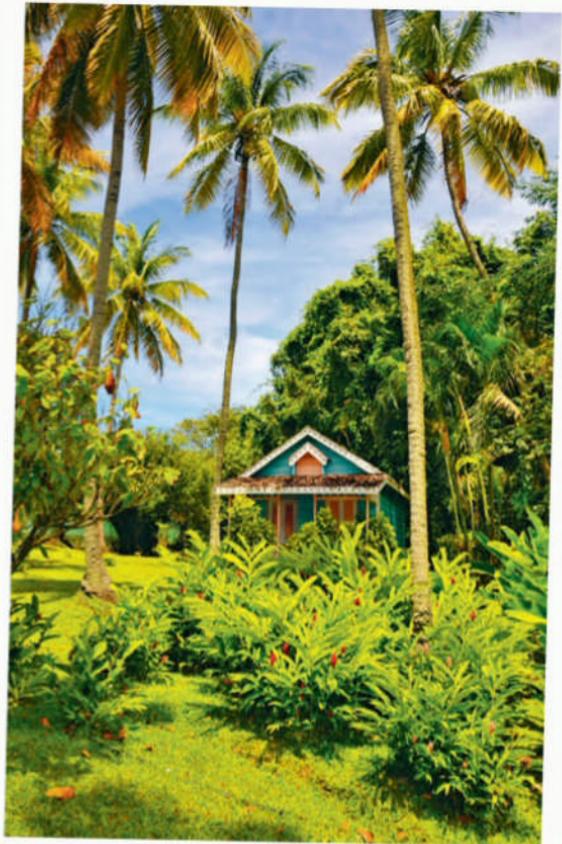
BY REBECCA CHIENG

Rebecca Chieng, 38, lives in Kuching, Malaysia, with her husband and two daughters. She is a teacher and also runs a business teaching public-speaking skills to children. As well as going to the gym and doing yoga, Rebecca enjoys reading.

IT HAS BEEN 34 years since my husband, Keng Ben Sen, left his Ah-Ma's (grandmother's) house in Ayer Tawar, Perak, Malaysia, and settled down in Kuching, Sarawak, on the island of Borneo. Ah-Ma passed away late last year but, during her life, my husband always took every opportunity to visit her little hut. I call it a hut because it is reminiscent of the wooden shacks we drew as kids in art class. When we were instructed to draw a scene of a *kampung* (village), we commonly drew a timber house surrounded by tall coconut trees situated in the middle of a wide expanse of meadow. The sky above would be dotted with V-shaped birds and fluffy clouds. That was a *kampung* to a lot of us.

Ah-Ma lived in Ayer Tawar in the middle of a 1.2-hectare palm oil estate all her life and, in 1972 when her husband passed away, she continued to live there, managing it single-handedly and reaping a comfortable income from it every year. In recent years, when harvesting work became too strenuous, she hired workers to reap the palm oil fruits.

As a city child, the first wooden village hut I saw was in 2005 when, as a newlywed, I visited Keng Ben Sen's Ah-Ma. It had been his home for the first four years of his life, where he had played freely, where mornings were greeted with cool mist and nights were illuminated by the moon. Even after his family moved out, he would



regularly return for sleepovers. To him, Ah-Ma's humble hut was a haven.

But to me, the first annual visit we took to Ah-Ma's hut was a shock, chiefly because it was ... toilet-less. After the four-hour drive from Kuala Lumpur, my only thought was: "Nature is calling and I need to answer!" So, I prodded Keng Ben Sen, "Where's the toilet?"

He pointed outside the kitchen. I saw a makeshift cubicle with zinc sheets and a rickety door. Inside it, there was no toilet. My face fell, as did my heart. "Th—that's the toilet?" I could see he was trying not to laugh.

"This is it," he grinned in reply. "Just wash up when you're done." My insides and toes curled so I decided to hold on a little longer.

Ah-Ma's living room was simple. The floor was bare: simple grey concrete that would penetrate your bones on a chilly day. She would rest in her recliner chair with a small, antiquated television set as her companion. To the side of the living room was a bedroom where Keng Ben Sen had slept as a young boy. He and his two brothers would fight over

the one single mattress that was a luxury back then. The victor slept cosily, while the others would curl up on wooden planks. Despite this, Ah-Ma's house was the only place where my husband has ever slept deeply for 12 hours straight. An indulgence that he misses to this day.

The well was another fascination. It was right next to the kitchen and was

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Ah-Ma's only source of drinking water. Every day she would draw water from the well, collecting it in buckets to filter before boiling it for consumption.

Ah-Ma devised her own water-filtration system and, true to form, it is right out of a school science textbook; large rocks on top, sitting on layers of pebbles and sand of different densities.

The kitchen was a place of love. As a boy, Keng Ben Sen would collect eggs from the chicken coop; sometimes by

reaching underneath the hen. He says nothing beats the taste of fresh half-boiled organic eggs. I was shocked to see that Ah-Ma cooked using firewood that she collected herself – a feat for a woman in her 80s. When others tried to help her, she teased them for not doing it properly. She relished cooking for her grandchildren and did not see collecting firewood, drawing water, gathering vegetables or catching chickens as a burden.

Then, in 2013, it became apparent that Ah-Ma was starting to struggle with the heavier chores and it was time to buy her a gas stove. Ah-Ma was thrilled with the new appliance and, although it took her a while to master, she soon happily declared that it no longer took hours to cook a simple bowl of *mee sua* (noodles).

To get about, Ah-Ma rode her trusty,

rusty bicycle. It was probably more than 50 years old, another relic from her past. Ken Ben Sen remembers riding with her as a six year old.

Wherever she went, sometimes long distances to shop or visit friends, he was her companion. There were no helmets – he simply held on tight to Ah-Ma!

Like many elderly people, Ah-Ma didn't like to bother us with her troubles. Even with her closest neighbour just 300 metres away, she

preferred to be independent and seldom asked for help. People would ask, "Why is Ah-Ma on her own?" or, "Why don't you upgrade her house so that she's more comfortable?" Yet Ah-Ma was a feisty, independent lady who baulked at the idea of living under someone else's roof.

I hope that some day our two daughters will regard their home the same way: as a place that always remains in their hearts. I once asked Keng Ben Sen whether he would feel embarrassed if his business associates knew about his humble origins. "Embarrassed? I'm proud of it!" he replied without hesitation.

**Do you have a tale to tell?
We'll pay cash for any original and
unpublished story we print. See page
6 for details on how to contribute.**

————— “ —————

**Ah-Ma
was a feisty,
independent lady
who baulked at
the idea of living
under someone
else's roof**

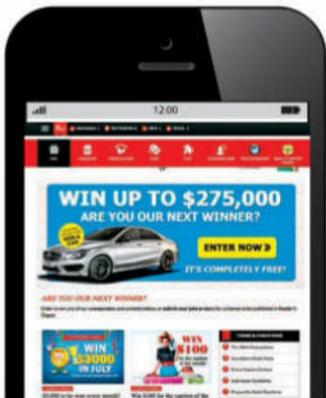
————— ” —————

JOIN THE CONVERSATION

Four great reasons why you should join us online...

We give away cash and prizes

Join fun competitions and quizzes



First look at future issues

Get a sneak peek at upcoming stories and covers



We give great advice

Get regular home, health and food tips from The Digest



“
Friends and good manners will carry you where money won't go.

MARGARET WALKER



We help you get motivated

#QuotableQuotes and #PointstoPonder to get you through the day



A Ray of Light in the Bleakness

An open letter to the shoppers who consoled me

BY DEBORAH GREEN

Deborah Green is from Colorado, US. She has been married for 21 years to her 'best friend', has three daughters and two Labradors. Her blog 'Reflecting Out Loud' was born from her belief that sharing our stories is a way to process feelings, find clarity and become centred when life throws us off course. After losing her father to suicide, much of her writing has been devoted to coping with traumatic grief. Writing has helped her ease the sadness and allowed her to touch and be touched by others.

DEAR STRANGERS,

I remember you. Eighteen months ago, when my phone rang, you were walking into Whole Foods about to do your grocery shopping, just as I had been only minutes before you. But I had already abandoned my shopping trolley full of groceries in the entryway. My brother was on the other end of the line telling me my father had taken his own life early that morning.

I started to cry and scream as my whole body trembled. I fell to the floor, my knees buckling under the weight of what I had just learned. You could have kept on walking, ignoring my cries, but you didn't. You could have simply stopped and stared at my primal display of pain, but you didn't. Instead, you surrounded me as I yelled through my sobs, "My father killed himself. He's dead."

I remember one of you asked for my phone and whom you should call. What was my password? You needed my husband's name as you searched through my contacts. I remember that I could hear your words as you tried to reach my husband



for me, leaving an urgent message for him to call me. I recall hearing you discuss among yourselves who would drive me home in my car and who would follow that person back to the store. You didn't even know one another, but it didn't matter. You encountered me, a stranger, in the worst moment of my life, and you coalesced around me with common purpose – to help.

In my fog, I told you that I had a friend who worked at Whole Foods, and one of you brought her to me. And I recall as I sat with her, one of you even sent a gift voucher to Whole Foods; though you didn't know me, you wanted me to know that you would be

thinking of me. That gift voucher helped me to feed my family when the idea of cooking was so far beyond my emotional reach.

“

In the worst moment of my life, you coalesced around me to help

me. But I will never, ever forget you. And though you may never know it, I give thanks for your presence and humanity, each and every day.

Share your story about a small act of kindness that made a huge impact. Turn to page 6 for details on how to contribute and earn cash.



Smart Animals

Classic tales of clever creatures

Mismatched Brood

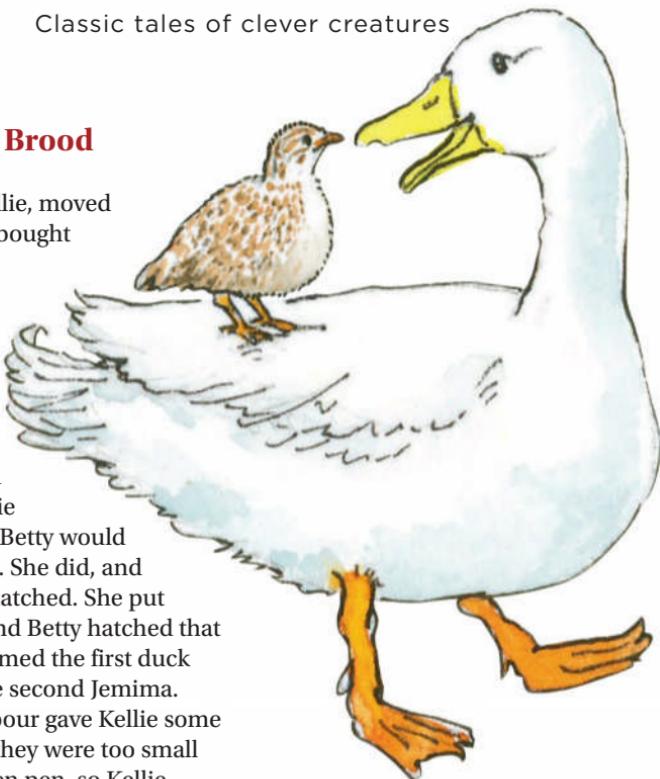
GAIL MORRIS

My daughter, Kellie, moved out of town and bought some hens. After two clutches of eggs, there were plenty of chickens, but one, Betty, was a clucky hen.

One day, as an experiment, Kellie decided to see if Betty would sit on a duck egg. She did, and miraculously it hatched. She put another egg in and Betty hatched that as well. Kellie named the first duck Minstrel, and the second Jemima.

Later, a neighbour gave Kellie some guineafowl, but they were too small for the big chicken pen, so Kellie wondered if Betty would help out. Sure enough, she adopted them, along with her ducks.

They are one big, happy family. One of the guineafowl rides on Minstrel's back, who doesn't mind at all. Betty takes her brood for daily walks, all of them none the wiser to their differences.



Love Birds

COLIN STRINGER

Years ago, my friend Julius rescued an injured cockatoo from the side of the road and kept it as a pet. As the vet

You could earn cash by telling us about the antics of unique pets or wildlife. Turn to page 6 for details on how to contribute.

had to amputate one of her wings, she was unable to return to the wild. Soon wild cockatoos came visiting and one amorous male bird managed to find his way into her cage.

'Mumma' Cocky was soon expecting but she couldn't fly; 'Dad' Cocky gave up his freedom and built a nest in the backyard, fending off everyone who approached his bird bride. 'Baby' Cocky eventually fledged and spent his days flying off with Dad, both returning home in the afternoon.

The family stuck together and each night Mumma and Dad would sit and lovingly groom each other.

Tortoiseshell Shock

ANDREW BROWN

Our neighbour's tortoise Harold would constantly escape from their garden, often warranting a large search party to find him. My father, who was a scientific engineer, offered to build a tracking device. Our neighbours gratefully accepted.

The small box was glued to the top of Harold's shell with engineering epoxy and my father said we could track it down in minutes if he escaped. The day after the device was attached, they found Harold trying to escape under the fence.

Funnily enough, the tracker didn't need to be used that time, because Harold couldn't get under the fence due to the box glued on his shell!



Swine Sense

PAULA GLENNIE

Years ago we owned an English setter named John, who often suffered from infected and sore ears. He was constantly being treated for it, and absolutely loved ear rubs as they seemed to make him feel better.

One day my brother's pet pig, Chloe, was in the front yard with John. When John settled down for a nap, Chloe trotted over and started rubbing behind John's ears with her snout. He groaned with relief so Chloe continued rubbing his ears.

From that day on, whenever John lay down, Chloe would trot over to rub his sore ears. Maybe animals have a sixth sense and hers told her John needed an ear rub.

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THE DIGEST

HEALTH

Rethink Your Sleep Routine

They may have never set foot in a sleep lab, but these health experts know the secrets of snooze

You're trying to get a good night's sleep. You pour your last cup of coffee for the day approximately five minutes after you get up in the morning, and your bedtime routine is so calming, it could put a wired four year old into a coma. You banish worries by writing them down in a special notebook you keep by the bed, right next to your warm milk and drug-free, homeopathic, fragrance-based sleep aids. So why do you still find yourself staring at the ceiling?



RETHINK YOUR MATTRESS "You don't need a really expensive mattress or one with a lot of bells and whistles. There's really only one good study on mattresses, and it confirmed the Goldilocks theory: most people prefer a mattress that's not too hard and not too soft. So look for something medium firm."

DR ANDREW HECHT, *co-chief of spine surgery at Mount Sinai Medical Center, New York*

STICK TO A SINGLE PILLOW "I'm not a fan of sleeping with two pillows if you're a back sleeper because it makes your upper back curve and strains the neck and back. If you need to sleep up high for medical reasons, get a wedge and put your pillow on it."

DR KAREN ERICKSON, *chiropractor*

NOD OFF WITH THE RIGHT SCENT "My research has found that any new smell, even one associated with relaxation, can make you feel more alert. You're better off with a scent that makes you feel safe and comfortable. There really is something to cuddling up with your spouse's undershirt."

DR PAMELA DALTON, *cognitive psychologist*

How to Keep Your Kidneys Healthy

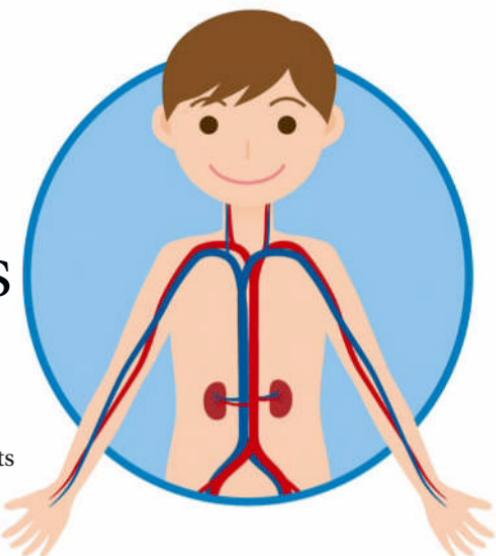
BY SUSANNAH HICKLING

Chronic kidney disease (CKD) affects one in ten people and more than 40 per cent of people over 75. The good news is that you can reduce your risks. Here's how.

1 KEEP YOUR PEE PALE Your urine should always be the colour of straw. Achieve this by drinking plenty of water throughout the day. Drinking more water will help keep your kidneys functioning properly.

2 KNOW YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE Having high blood pressure puts extra strain on your kidneys, so keep yours as low as possible. Get your blood pressure tested at your doctor's surgery or pharmacy or invest in your own monitor, and take medication to lower it if necessary.

3 DON'T SMOKE They're not just cancer sticks; cigarettes can increase your risk of heart disease and other conditions and make any mild kidney problems worse.



4 STAY SLIM Making sure you remain a healthy weight will cut your blood pressure, and, by extension, your chances of developing kidney disease.

5 GO EASY ON THE ALCOHOL Stick to the recommended limits – two standard drinks a day for both men and women – to keep high blood pressure and CKD at bay.

6 AVOID COMMON PAINKILLERS Long-term use and overuse of non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs can place stress on your kidneys and possibly increase your risk of CKD.

7 EXERCISE REGULARLY Staying fit will help keep your blood pressure down and your kidneys healthy. Aim to do about 150 minutes a week of moderate exercise.



Top Tips for Shopping for Health Insurance Online

BY SUSANNAH HICKLING

Searching online for the best deals in health insurance is a great way to save money. The following tips will help ease the job of getting the best deal.

FIRST, DO YOUR RESEARCH In New Zealand, private healthcare includes specialist services, primary care and private hospitals which provide non-urgent and elective treatments that complement the public health service's focus on urgent and essential treatments.

Before you start to compare health insurance deals and make your final decision, you need to understand



what is on offer. Private health insurance deals come with a variety of different options and if you've never purchased health insurance before, it might be difficult to navigate your way through the insurance jargon.

It is a good idea to check out a few consumer websites. Life Direct (www.lifedirect.co.nz) has information about health insurance, and lets you compare policies from a range of providers. In Australia, check out www.choice.com.au and www.privatehealthaustralia.org.au to understand the basics of health insurance. If you have a pre-existing condition, you should check how it



might affect health insurance policies. Health insurance is generally still available when you have pre-existing conditions, but you'll need to disclose this fully upfront so you can be covered correctly.

Keeping your personal situation in mind will help you in finding the right type of cover and prevent you from paying more than you need.

USE COMPARISON SITES Once you know what you need, you can find health insurance quotes on price comparison sites. Start by searching: 'health insurance comparison sites'. When you are shopping online, it is important to keep in mind that not every insurer provides their services on all comparison websites. Therefore, in order to find the best deal, you should look at a number of different websites, as well as visit insurance websites that aren't part of comparison websites.

READ THE FULL POLICY Before you purchase health insurance, set aside the time to read the full terms and conditions of the policy. This will help you understand things such as what are you covered for, how to cancel

or change your policy and whether your premiums might increase if your situation changes. This is the best way to guarantee there are no hidden fees involved. If you have any questions regarding a policy, always check with the insurance provider. If they are unwilling to answer your questions, you should move on!

REMEMBER TO HAGGLE Haggling may not be the most enjoyable thing to do, but it could end up saving you money. Get on the phone, tell insurers what you're looking for and what you've already been offered. Remember, insurers know the markets better than anyone, so don't be tempted to make up numbers in the hope of getting a better deal. Be honest with what you've been offered, and if you already have health insurance, see if you can get your premiums down by showing cheaper health insurance quotes and offers to your current provider.

Enlarged Prostate – It's a Man Thing

Here's how to find relief for a common condition in older men

Men, are you noticing that it's taking a bit longer these days to, well, go? Do you find yourself looking for the nearest bathroom? Don't be embarrassed. Every other man your age probably has the same problem.

An enlarged prostate, technically known as benign prostatic hyperplasia (BPH), is a common health problem among men aged 60 and older. The prostate is a gland that creates and releases the fluid that makes up much of your semen. It surrounds the urethra, the thin tube that carries urine from your bladder to outside your body. As you age, your prostate gets larger and presses on the urethra, like a clamp on a garden hose, turning the stream into a trickle.

BPH is not usually life threatening, but symptoms can have a major impact on your lifestyle. If your GP confirms BPH, you may be offered medication or surgery, or you may be able to handle it yourself by doing the following:



CHECK YOUR MEDS

Diuretic pills will increase your trips to the bathroom

STOP DRINKING at least two hours before your normal bedtime.

CHOOSE DECAFFEINATED

One cup of coffee or tea in the morning is fine. But after that, ask for decaf, as caffeine is a natural diuretic.

CHECK YOUR PILLS If you're taking diuretics for high blood pressure or heart failure, talk to your doctor. A lower dose or even a different medication could help reduce trips to the bathroom. Also avoid reliance on decongestants and antihistamines as these drugs can tighten the band of muscles around the urethra, making it harder to go.

DON'T WAIT Don't try to hold it in. Visit the bathroom at the first urge so you don't overstretch your bladder.

TRY SAW PALMETTO An analysis of 21 clinical trials with more than 3000 men concluded that the herb worked better than a placebo to improve symptoms of enlarged prostate and inadequate urinary flow, and worked about as well as a widely prescribed medication.

NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

Lifting Lighter Weights Is as Effective as Heavy Ones

Intimidated by heavy weights? For building muscle and gaining strength, lifting light objects many times works just as well as lifting heavier objects fewer times, concluded a recent Canadian study published in the *Journal of Applied Physiology*. The key is to work the muscles until they're fatigued. Low-load, high-repetition training is the method of choice for fostering muscular endurance, and a 2015 paper suggested it's effective for increasing bone density, too.

Fruit and Vegetables Boost Happiness

A study conducted by the University of Queensland's School of Pharmacy involving more than 12,000 Australians revealed that the benefits of a fresh produce-rich diet extend beyond physical health. With every added daily portion of fruits or vegetables (up to eight), the subjects' happiness

levels rose slightly. The researchers calculated that if someone were to switch from a diet free of fruit and vegetables to eight servings per day, he or she would theoretically gain as much life satisfaction as someone who transitioned from unemployment to a job. The exact reason is unclear, but it may be related to the effect of carotenoid levels in the blood.

Coffee Doesn't Promote Cancer – Unless It's Too Hot

Good news for coffee fans: it was stripped of its 'possibly carcinogenic' classification during a recent meeting of the International Agency for Research on Cancer. But, the agency warned against any beverage served at a temperature higher than 65°C. Scalding-hot liquids can injure cells in the oesophagus, possibly contributing to oesophageal cancer down the road.





FAST FOOD Speedy Seafood Stew

Whip up a meal quick smart with inexpensive pantry staples and fresh, real food

Preparation 10 minutes

Cooking 15 minutes

Serves 2

1 tablespoon olive oil

1 small red onion, sliced

1 small leek, white part only, thinly sliced

1 clove garlic, crushed

410 g can chopped tomatoes

1½ cups (375 ml) fish or vegetable stock

300 g seafood marinara mix

1 Heat the oil in a saucepan over medium heat. Add onion, leek and garlic and cook for 5 minutes, until softened. Add tomatoes and stock. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for 3–5 minutes.

2 Add marinara mix, cover and simmer for 4–5 minutes, or until seafood is cooked through. Serve garnished with parsley or basil leaves.

PER SERVING

1368 kJ, 327 kcal, 35 g protein, 15 g fat (3 g saturated fat), 14 g carbohydrate (12 g sugars), 5 g fibre, 1181 mg sodium

Couscous with Haloumi

Preparation 10 minutes
Cooking 5 minutes
Serves 4

1½ cups (310 ml) chicken or vegetable stock

1 cup (185 g) instant couscous

1½ tablespoons olive oil

200 g haloumi cheese, cut into thin slices

200 g cherry tomatoes, halved

Handful baby rocket leaves

1 Bring stock to a boil in a saucepan over high heat. Turn off heat, add couscous, cover with lid and swirl pan to submerge couscous.

Let stand 5 minutes; remove lid. Drizzle with 1 tablespoon olive oil and fluff up grains with a fork. Transfer to a large bowl.

2 Heat remaining oil in a large non-stick frying pan over medium-high heat. Add haloumi and cook for 30-60 seconds each side, or until golden brown.

3 Mix tomatoes and rocket through couscous. Divide among serving plates and top with haloumi.

PER SERVING
1301 kJ, 310 kcal,
18 g protein, 9 g fat
(5 g saturated fat),
38 g carbohydrate (3
g sugars), 1 g fibre,
1866 mg sodium



Passionfruit Fool

Preparation 10 minutes
Serves 4

Using an electric beater, whip 200 ml whipping cream, 2 tablespoons icing sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract in a bowl until soft peaks form. With a large metal spoon, gently fold about $\frac{2}{3}$ cup (150 ml) passionfruit pulp (about 10 passionfruit) into the cream, reserving a little for decoration. Don't overmix. Spoon into 4 glasses. Drizzle with remaining pulp and serve with biscotti or other sweet biscuits.

Quick Fix

Fresh passionfruit not in season? Keep a couple of large and small cans of passionfruit pulp in the pantry.

Household Uses for Coconut Oil

BY JACQUELINE MELDRUM

In addition to coconut oil's natural health benefits and endless uses for cooking, it is also a versatile and non-toxic product to have on hand elsewhere around the home.

SKINCARE Just add sugar to coconut oil to make a great body scrub. Or add bicarbonate of soda to it to make your own toothpaste (coconut oil is anti-bacterial). It's also a good make-up remover and a moisturising aftershave lotion.

MAKE-UP BRUSH CLEANER Rub coconut oil into make-up brushes, then wipe on kitchen paper until clean. The oil will condition the brushes and it's also anti-bacterial.

WOOD POLISH Coconut oil can be used as a wood treatment, too. It will nourish wood and help remove any scuffs or marks. Rub in with a clean cloth, and buff with a second cloth.

CAKE RELEASE OIL Coat baking tins generously with coconut oil before pouring in cake batter. Baked cakes will slide out of the tin with no fuss.



DASHBOARD TREATMENT Use coconut oil to clean the dashboard and other surfaces inside your car.

WD40 REPLACER Use coconut oil on the hinges of stiff or squeaky doors instead of WD40. It will also help unstick zips and bike chains.

LABEL REMOVER Peel off as much of the label as you can, then apply a solution of coconut oil and bicarbonate of soda (equal parts). Leave it for a few minutes, then scrub off and wash the glass or plastic in hot soapy water.

LEATHER POLISH Coconut oil is a fabulous way to clean leather furniture or shoes and recondition the material. First, rub in the coconut oil with a soft, clean cloth in a circular pattern, leave it for a few minutes, then shine with a second soft cloth.

Clear Solutions to Dirty Window Problems

Here's how to make washing windows easier and more efficient.

If your windows always streak after washing, steal this tip from the pros. Use a window-washing squeegee with a smooth, soft rubber edge (or crumpled-up black-and-white newspaper – avoid the colour sections). Dry a 2.5 cm strip at the top or side of each window and always start your squeegee there. Starting on dry glass is one key to avoiding streaks. Don't wash windows in direct sunlight, because glass that dries quickly is more susceptible to streaking. Cloudy days are best for window washing.

If there's mildew on your window frames, wash with a bleach-detergent solution. Black or grey mildew spots on wooden frames can be cleaned with a solution of 60 ml of household

bleach and 30 ml of laundry detergent in a litre of water. Wearing rubber gloves to protect your hands, sponge the solution onto the spots, let it sit for ten minutes, and then rinse thoroughly with clean water.

If you can't keep the outside windowsills clean, apply a coat of floor wax to protect your sills.

If your blinds are always dusty, use an anti-static spray. The best way to keep dust from piling up quickly is by applying the spray on the blinds right after you clean them.

If your windows get dirty unusually fast, change the filter in your heating and cooling system. While air-conditioner filters extend the life of your appliances, they also help trap dirt. Filters should be changed every month or two, or any time you can't see through the filter when you hold it up to a light.





At Home on the Road

If you're looking for a fun way to see the country, travelling in a motorhome or caravan is an excellent way to go. In a sense, you get to take your house with you, and you can stop anywhere you want along the way. The journey starts with preparation. Driving a motorhome is different from driving most other vehicles, and being aware of those differences can make your journey safer and more enjoyable. Here are six things to keep in mind before you head off into the sunset.

1. HAVE YOUR VEHICLE SERVICED AND INSPECTED No matter what kind of vehicle you're driving, you need to make sure it is roadworthy before you pull out of your driveway. Whether you own the motorhome

or are renting it, always insist on a pre-trip service and full inspection. Once it gets a clean bill of health, you can pack it up and hit the road with confidence. The last thing you want is to have your long-anticipated road trip come to a premature end because of a preventable maintenance issue.

2. PRACTISE DRIVING THE MOTORHOME BEFORE YOU HIT THE ROAD

Chances are you won't have a lot of problems driving a motorhome on the highway, but navigating smaller streets can be a real challenge in such a large vehicle. Put in plenty of driving practice before you leave home and learn how to use all of your mirrors to determine your position and reverse the vehicle safely.

3. CONSIDER INSTALLING A REVERSING CAMERA

If your motorhome doesn't already have one, consider installing a reversing camera. It's a handy accessory that will make pulling into those tight parking spaces a lot easier and give you additional peace of mind. (Alternatively, if you're travelling with passengers, you can always ask them to check behind the vehicle before you reverse.)

4. BE AWARE OF HANDLING DIFFERENCES WHEN DRIVING

Driving a motorhome is different from driving a car or even a full-sized utility vehicle. The higher centre of gravity means you need to take turns wider, and the large size means you'll need a bigger turning radius. Practising ahead of time can help you get used to handling the vehicle. You will also need to be mindful of the wind speed as you drive. When the winds get strong, it could cause the vehicle to drift unexpectedly. Take a tighter grip on the wheel when it's windy, and give other drivers more space.

5. CONSIDER FORMING A CONVOY

Chances are you'll meet other motorhome drivers on your road trip, particularly if you're travelling down a popular road trip route. If you're all going the same way, consider teaming up with the drivers you meet



at campgrounds, local attractions and restaurants, and forming a motorhome convoy. Travelling with other drivers is fun, but it can also enhance your sense of safety: a large convoy of motorhomes will be easier for other drivers to spot.

6. GET ONLINE AND BECOME A MEMBER

A MEMBER Life on the road can be exhausting and no-one wants to pull up at a caravan park only to find the place fully booked out. Think of signing up to one or more of the big caravan parks, such as BIG4 in Australia (big4com.au – includes a handy Big4 mobile app), or Kiwi Holiday Parks in New Zealand (kiwholidayparks.com). Membership comes with benefits, and can include free book-ahead services and discounted rates. Other helpful online groups include thegreynomads.com.au and holidayparks.co.nz. In addition, you get the confidence that comes from being part of an online community while you satisfy your wanderlust.

Want to Start Investing?

BY HARVEY JONES

It's easy to find the world of stocks, mutual funds and property investment intimidating, but the sooner you start investing, the greater your ultimate benefit. Here are some common questions new investors ask.

Where do I start with investments?

First decide what you want to achieve. Are you saving for a specific short-term goal, such as a deposit for your first home or a new car? Or are you saving for the long term, to fund your retirement? Your answers will largely determine how and where you invest.

How much risk should I take? The shorter your timescale, the fewer risks you can afford to take. Avoid putting money that you may need in the next few years into the stock market, as you may need enough time to recover from a sudden drop in the market. If investing for at least five, ten, 15 years or longer, then consider putting some money into stocks and shares, as they should deliver greater returns in the longer run.

Which shares should I invest in?

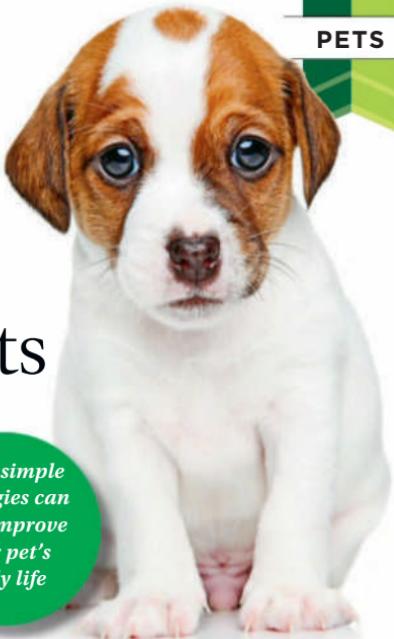
Buying individual company stocks is too risky for most ordinary people. Even big household names can perform poorly. Most people should start with a managed fund investing in a mix of 30 or more different companies to spread your risk.

What does diversification mean?

Diversifying your portfolio means spreading your money between different assets, sectors (agriculture, construction, mining, etc) and parts of the world. For example, you should keep some funds in an instant-access savings account for emergencies, and spread the rest of your portfolio between shares, bonds, property and even some gold.

How often should I review my portfolio? You should check once a year, to see how well it is performing and whether you are investing in the right places. But resist the temptation to tinker: investing is a long-term business and constant juggling can backfire.





How Your Problems Can Affect Your Pets

BY SOPHIE TAYLOR

Although pets may be considered a furry family member, it is important to remember our pets' needs and how human behaviour can impact their health.

A few simple strategies can help improve your pet's daily life

OBESITY It's very common for an overweight owner to raise an overweight pet. Excess weight in cats and dogs can lead to serious health problems including diabetes, joint and ligament damage, heart disease, breathing problems, decreased liver function, increased risk of cancer, decreased immune system, skin/coat problems and decreased quality and length of life. Make sure your pet is being fed the recommended daily nutrition allowance, and given enough exercise for its breed.

SMOKING Second-hand smoke can affect animals as their oral tissues are exposed to carcinogens in the air, our clothes, hair and furniture. Health risks range from respiratory problems

to nasal and lung cancer in dogs and lymphoma in cats. Birds can develop pneumonia, lung cancer and eye, skin, heart and fertility problems. Make sure you smoke outside. After smoking, change clothes and wash before touching your pet, and dispose of cigarettes out of reach of your pet.

DEPRESSION While our mental health issues do not have a negative effect on our pet's behaviour, when we are dealing with our own problems we may neglect the needs of our pet. Try to keep up with your pet's usual routine and give it the best interaction you can. If the thought of taking your dog for its usual walk is causing you anxiety, attempt a short stroll or play fetch indoors for longer.



Why pain and indignation are sweeping through prosperous countries

Behind Our Anxiety, the Fear of Being Unneeded

BY THE DALAI LAMA AND ARTHUR C. BROOKS
FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

IN MANY WAYS, there has never been a better time to be alive. Violence plagues some corners of the world, and too many still live under the grip of tyrannical regimes. And although all the world's major faiths teach love, compassion and tolerance, unthinkable violence is being perpetrated in the name of religion.

And yet, fewer among us are poor, fewer are hungry, fewer children are dying, and more men and women can read than ever before. In many countries, recognition of women's and minority rights is now the norm. There

is still much work to do, of course, but there is hope and there is progress.

How strange, then, to see such anger and great discontent in some of the world's richest nations. In the United States, Britain and across the European Continent, people are convulsed with political frustration and anxiety about the future. Refugees and migrants clamour for the chance to live in these safe, prosperous countries, but those who already live in those promised lands report great uneasiness about their own futures that seems to border on hopelessness.



*The 14th
Dalai Lama,
Tenzin Gyatso*

Why?

A small hint comes from interesting research about how people thrive. In one shocking experiment, researchers found that senior citizens who didn't feel useful to others were almost twice as likely to die prematurely as those who did feel useful. This speaks to a broader human truth: we all need to be needed.

Being 'needed' does not entail selfish pride or unhealthy attachment to the worldly esteem of others. Rather, it consists of a natural human hunger to serve our fellow men and women. As the 13th-century Buddhist sages taught, "If one lights a fire for others, it will also brighten one's own way."

Virtually all the world's major religions teach that diligent work in the service of others is our highest nature and thus lies at the centre of a happy life. Scientific surveys and studies confirm shared tenets of our faiths. Americans who prioritise doing good for others are almost twice as likely to say they are very happy about their lives. In Germany, people who seek to serve society are five times likelier to say they are very happy than those who do not view service as important. Selflessness and joy are intertwined. The more we are one with the rest of humanity, the better we feel.

This helps explain why pain and indignation are sweeping through prosperous countries. The problem is not a lack of material riches. It is the growing number of people who feel they are no longer useful, no longer needed, no longer one with their societies.

In America today, compared with 50 years ago, increasing numbers of working-age men are completely outside the work force. This pattern is occurring throughout the developed world – and the consequences are not merely economic. Feeling superfluous is a blow to the human spirit. It leads to social isolation and emotional pain, and creates the conditions for

“
***Global
brotherhood
and oneness
with others are
not just
abstract ideas”***
 ——————

negative emotions to take root.

WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP? The first answer is not systematic. It is personal. Everyone has something valuable to share. We should start each day by consciously asking ourselves, "What can I do today to appreciate the gifts that others offer me?" We need to make sure that global brotherhood and oneness with others are not just abstract ideas that we profess, but personal commitments that we mindfully put into practice.

Each of us has the responsibility to make this a habit. But those in positions of responsibility have a special

opportunity to expand inclusion and build societies that truly need everyone. Leaders need to recognise that a compassionate society must create a wealth of opportunities for meaningful work, so that everyone who is capable of contributing can do so.

A compassionate society must provide children with education and training that enriches their lives, both with greater ethical understanding and with practical skills that can lead to economic security and inner peace. A compassionate society must protect the vulnerable while ensuring that these policies do not trap people in misery and dependence.

Building such a society is no easy task. No ideology or political party holds all the answers. Misguided thinking from all sides contributes to social exclusion, so overcoming it will take innovative solutions from all sides. Indeed, what unites the two of us in friendship and collaboration

is not shared politics or the same religion. It is something simpler: a shared belief in compassion, in human dignity, in the intrinsic usefulness of every person to contribute positively for a better and more meaningful world. The problems we face cut across conventional categories; so must our dialogue, and our friendships.

Many are confused and frightened to see anger and frustration sweeping like wildfire across societies that historically enjoy safety and prosperity. But their refusal to be content with physical and material security actually reveals something beautiful: a universal human hunger to be needed. Let us work together to build a society that feeds this hunger. **R**

The 14th Dalai Lama, Tenzin Gyatso, is the spiritual leader of Tibet and a Nobel laureate for peace. Arthur C. Brooks is president of the American Enterprise Institute.

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FELINE GATECRASHERS

In November 2015, world leaders convened at the G-20 Summit in Antalya, Turkey – but their focus was briefly taken away from economic policy when three stray cats crashed the event's main stage. Unaware of the event's global significance, the felines casually walked around and sniffed a few flowers as the organisers tried to shoo them away.

SOURCE: MENTAL_FLOSS

WATCH THE VIDEO ON WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/WATCH?V=O8EEJVRXANO

The Missing Piece

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

BY SUSAN SILVERMAN

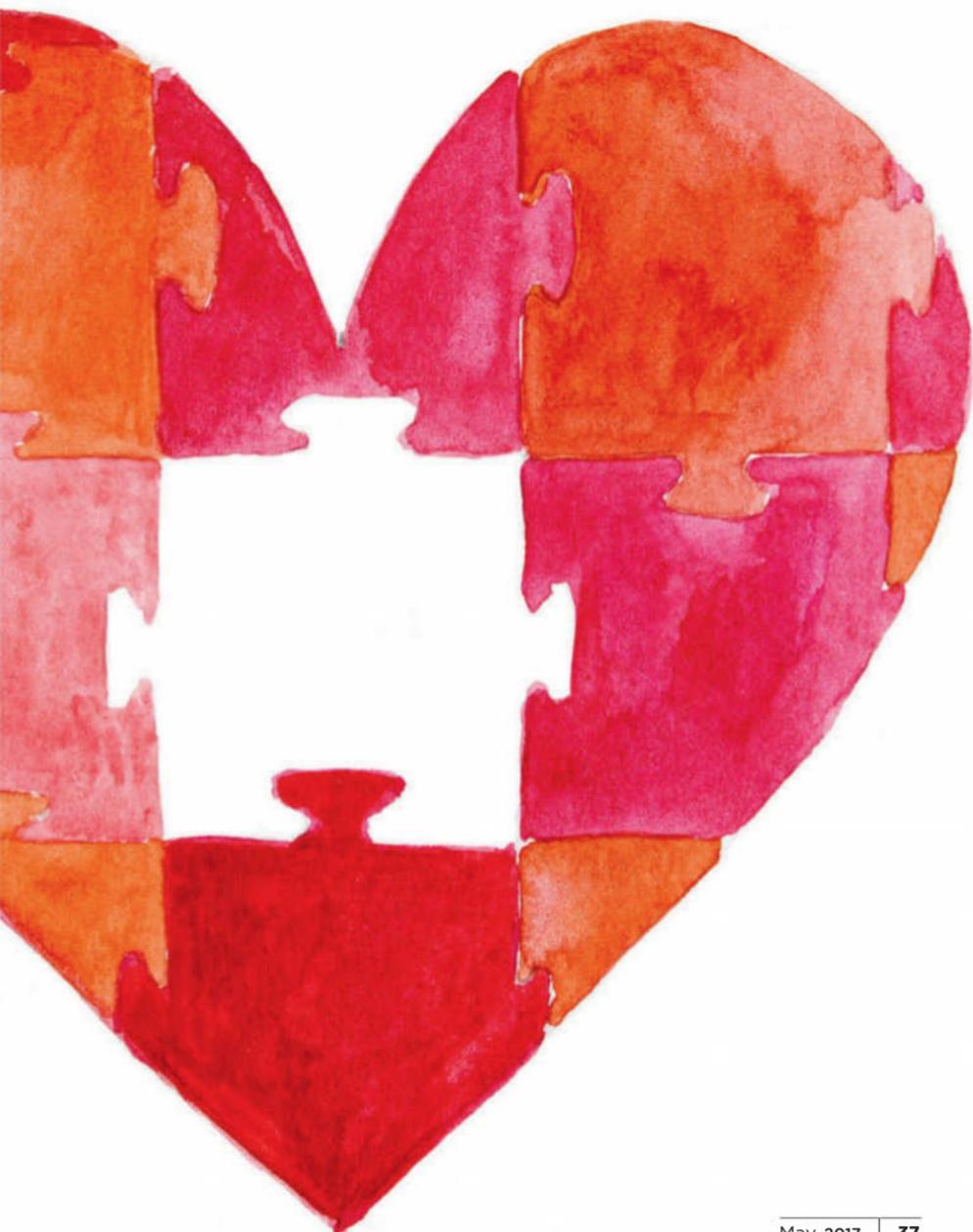
FROM CASTING LOTS

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 maths quizzes.

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

ILLUSTRATION: GETTY IMAGES



At the end of fourth grade, while my mother was drying a wooden salad bowl with a dish towel, I made an announcement. "Mummy, when I grow up, I'm going to adopt a hundred children, one from every country."

"That's a wonderful idea," my mum 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, I flew to Ethiopia and brought back ten-month-old Adar to our home in Massachusetts.

When Adar was a toddler, hiding wasn't a way to vanish. It was a way to appear.

"Where is Adar?" a tiny, disembodied voice called from behind the couch, signalling me to find him.

Hands on my hips, I scanned the room. "Where IS Adar? In a drawer? No ... on the bookshelf? No ... "

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

He jumped out from behind the

couch – huge smile, arms outstretched.

Cue the lights, the applause, the laughter and that big hug. Here you are, our hug said to each other. Always here. Always mine. "Mama, where is my tummy-mummy?" he asked, his nose against mine.

"I don't know, sweetie," I said, 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 nestled under my arm, leaning into me.

"It was missing a piece," I read to Adar from the book.

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 Missing Piece, written and illustrated by Shel Silverstein, 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, travelling through rain and snow and hot sun, finding pieces that either don't fit or

“
*Neither of
us could
understand
not wanting
to belong to
someone*

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 the 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. Often 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 supine on his bed under his warm, soft weight, I would move my feet as if strolling along the pavement. Peeking through my neckline, he'd



Author Susan Silverman shares a tender moment with her adopted son Adar

again direct me. "Now you see someone you know."

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

"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. His eyebrows scrunchled 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 bedside table. 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.

"Mummy?"

"Mmm."

"Who's my tummy-mummy?"

"I don't know," I said quietly. My eyes welled with tears. Many times, I had begged God to let his 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-mummy 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-mummy 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-mummy 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 Mummy came to get me," he announced.

"No, sweetie," I said to him, managing not to laugh. "Sally is not your tummy-mummy."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Maybe a lion ate me up and then pooped me out in Ethiopia." 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. 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 towards 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. In this way, he was a portal to *kedusha*, 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 the basket that would carry him on the river away from the Egyptian edict of death? How was she able to 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 son.

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

She and I were a team, like Yocheved and the daughter of Pharaoh. 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, ever cry for Yocheved'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. Towards 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**

FROM THE BOOK *CASTING LOTS* © 2016 BY SUSAN SILVERMAN, PUBLISHED BY DA CAPO PRESS. WWW.DACAPOPRESS.COM.



THE SECRET LIVES OF WORDS

■ **MORTGAGE** derives from a French term meaning 'death pledge'.

■ **CHECKMATE** comes from the Persian phrase *shah mat*, meaning 'the king is defeated'.



Life's Like That

SEEING THE FUNNY SIDE

APR
1976



From the Archives

Some things – like awkward conversations about the birds and the bees – are as old as time itself, as this 62-year-old letter from May 1955 shows.

It was Saturday evening and I was waiting for a friend in front of a store on our local Main Street. Nearby stood a cowboy in boots and Stetson, beside him a small boy who was a junior-sized version of him. The child stared for a time into the shop window, which featured a display of brassieres, and then asked: "What are those, Daddy?"

The cowboy turned his head briefly to look, then drawled, "Well, son, they're kinda like holsters."

SUBMITTED BY GILBERT DOUGLAS



SOURCE BOTTLE

While on holiday in Scotland, I noticed a touristy joke bottle for sale with the words "Real Scottish Mist" printed on it.

When I looked at it and turned it upside-down, it read: "Made in China".
SUBMITTED BY STUART COLLINSON

DON'T EVEN FINK IT

The family were at my in-laws and,

as we sat down to lunch, my daughter asked for a glass of water. Her grandmother reminded her, "You have to say the P-word."

Her little brother helped her out, saying, "Please." And she got her glass of water.

My son then said, "Now you've got to say the F-word." There was a deadly hush as we all exchanged rather embarrassed looks.

"Fank you!" he finished.

SUBMITTED BY ABIGAIL GEORGE



My name is Fin, which means it's very hard for me to end emails without sounding pretentious.

COMEDIAN FIN TAYLOR

SWEET NOTHINGS

My husband gave me a beautiful anniversary card that had lovely art and heartfelt verses. Wiping away a tear, I said, "This is the sweetest card I've ever received."

"Really?" he said, grinning broadly. "What does it say?"

SUBMITTED BY MARY WEBSTER

INNOCENCE IS BLISS

One evening at dinner, my six-year-old niece turned to her dad and said, "Dad, when I grow up I'm going to marry you."

I laughed until her mum said to her, "Don't make the same mistake I made."

SUBMITTED BY ISAIAH INMAN

STEPS MOTHER

I've started wearing a fitness tracker to count my daily steps, and the first time I made it to 9899 steps in one day, I proudly showed the device to my stepson.

"Not bad," he said. "But you'd better keep walking. You're looking at it upside-down."

SUBMITTED BY JENNY JOHNSON

The Great Tweet-off: Mother's Day Edition

How does Twitter observe Mother's Day? Same way it observes every other day: with a tonne of laughs.

Happy Mother's Day to a special lady who still loves me even though I pooped my pants for over a year after we first met. @PRIMAWESOME

[Hands mum flowers on Mother's Day] Thanks for a life of sacrifice, these cost me 20 bucks.

@REVEREND_SCOTT

The best Mother's Day card would have a little schmutz on it that needed to be wiped off with a Lil Mum Spit™.

@APARNAPKIN

Mother's Day gift idea: not asking her for money that day.

@FILTHYRICHMOND

Bought my mum a mug that says, "Happy Mother's Day from the World's Worst Son." I forgot to mail it to her, but I think she knows.

@OTHERDANOBRIEN

For Mother's Day I'm going to listen to some of my mum's voicemail.

@BLITZNBEANS

My mother gave me the greatest gift of all, by still not being on the internet.

@KEVINSECCIA



"I have never felt pain like it": Sydney mother Joanne Bull

TO HELL & BACK WITH KIDNEY STONES

With painful kidney stones on the rise – and affecting younger people – it's important to know their causes, preventions and treatments

BY HELEN SIGNY

BY MID-2013, Joanne Bull had been on a diet and eating healthily for six months. The non-drinking, non-smoking 43-year-old mother of two from Belrose in Sydney's north was feeling fabulous, knowing she would be going out that night with her husband for their wedding anniversary before celebrating their son's birthday the next day.

Then, just as Joanne was driving through the morning peak-hour traffic towards her office, she felt a sharp pain on the left side of her back that then seared towards the front. "It was like someone was putting a knife into me and just turning it," she says. "Other than childbirth, I have never felt pain like it. And it was constant, it was never-ending."

Terrified, Joanne turned around and made it back home, where she collapsed as her mother called an ambulance. A few hours later, after an ultrasound and several doses of pain medication, a doctor told her she had five kidney stones.

Kidney stones are probably the most painful condition known. Considering their tiny size – typically just a couple of millimetres although some may be smaller or grow larger – it's surprising that they can cause such debilitating symptoms. And for so many of us.

About one in ten Australian men and one in 35 women will develop kidney stones at some time in their lives – and if you've had one, you may be unlucky enough to be one of the 30 to 50 per cent of people who will get a second one within five years.

"More than 40,000 people in Australia go to hospital with a kidney stone every year," says urologist Dr Peter Heathcote, the president of the Urological Society of Australia and New Zealand. Of those, up to half will be back with another stone within five years.

And the incidence worldwide has been rapidly increasing. Considering their prevalence, it's important to be informed.

How the Stones Form

Various substances circulate through your body all the time; any excess is sent to the kidneys for disposal. The more urine you produce, the more likely your body is to flush away this excess. But when minerals and other substances clump together before they can be expelled, kidney stones can form.

The typical kidney stone is a combination of calcium and oxalate or phosphate. Sometimes stones develop from uric acid, the culprit in gout – not surprisingly, gout predisposes people to produce kidney stones. Less common are stones caused by an infection in the urinary tract, due to inherited abnormalities, or stones that are due to other medical conditions, such as high blood pressure, diabetes and obesity.

To confirm that pain is due to a kidney stone, doctors perform CT scans (helpful for detecting tiny stones) as well as X-rays and ultrasound. Blood and urine analysis can show whether greater-than-normal levels of stone-forming substances are circulating through your system.

Most kidney stones don't cause any symptoms at all. If a stone gets stuck in the ureter (through which urine moves from the kidney to the bladder)

and blocks the flow of urine, the pain can be extreme – usually in the back or the side, but sometimes in the abdomen. It's the body's unsuccessful attempts to push through the blockage that's causing the pain. Other symptoms include blood in the urine or an urge to urinate more often.

That's why Joanne Bull's pain was so extreme. One of her kidney stones, measuring 6mm, was too big to

is a major risk factor. "They're very common in the summer months in Australia and that's associated with dehydration," says Sydney urologist Dr Michael Wines.

But with more and more people developing stones, it can't be all chalked up to low fluid intake. Instead, blame it on the good life. As we grow in bulk, becoming a more overweight population, we also grow more prone to

A HIGH-PROTEIN DIET IS ASSOCIATED WITH KIDNEY STONES AS PROTEIN MAKES URINE MORE ACIDIC

pass from her kidney to her bladder through her ureter – it was stuck, and causing her agony.

She was discharged from hospital but rushed back there at 3am when she had a second attack. All day she received strong pain relief until she was finally taken for surgery at 8pm to insert a stent into her ureter. Ten days later, still in severe pain, she was back in hospital to have the stones removed by laser surgery and then start a slow recovery. During her ordeal, Joanne lost 8kg.

What Causes Them?

People who develop kidney stones are usually genetically predisposed to them – they don't have any underlying disease, it's just bad luck. Dehydration

kidney stones. And it's not just how much we eat, but what we eat.

"A high-protein diet is associated with kidney stones as protein makes urine more acidic," says Heathcote.

A diet heavily reliant on processed food, such as canned, frozen and other packaged fare, can also increase the risk of stone problems, according to the US's National Institute of Diabetes and Digestive and Kidney Diseases. Processed foods tend to be high in sodium and increased salt increases the amount of calcium you excrete in your urine.

In Australia, you're also more likely to develop kidney stones if you live in a regional area or if you are Aboriginal. But during heatwaves when we don't drink enough, everyone is at risk. >>

HOW ARE KIDNEY STONES TREATED?

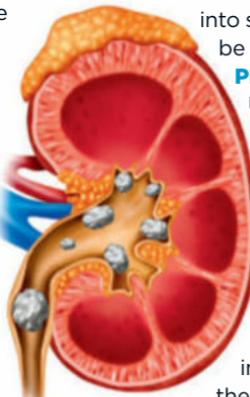
Years ago kidney stones were removed by a major operation, opening up the kidney under the rib cage. Now there are much less invasive ways. "It depends on where the stone is located and the size of the stone," says Professor Carol Pollock.

Most kidney stones will pass without needing any treatment other than pain relief and hydration – the normal flow of urine will push the stone out.

But, depending on the type of stone, you might be given the drug allopurinol, a gout medication that reduces the amount of uric acid in your body. In some cases, diuretics in the thiazide family (hydrochlorothiazide, chlorthalidone, and indapamide) can reduce the amount of calcium excreted by the kidneys and help prevent calcium-based stones.

There's also new hope: US researchers recently found hydroxycitrate acid (HCA), a substance found in a variety of tropical plants such as *Garcinia cambogia*, can dissolve calcium oxalate crystals more effectively than existing medications.

When nothing causes the stones to pass, these techniques may be offered.



These are the three most common types of surgical treatment.

SHOCKWAVE LITHOTRIPSY Sound waves are focused on the stone from outside the body, breaking it into smaller pieces that can be passed in the urine.

PROS Least invasive.

Usually an outpatient procedure. **CONS** If the stone is large or has a very hard composition, you may need a stent. More than one operation is often needed.

URETEROSCOPY A small tube is inserted into the urinary tract and the stone is either pulled out or a laser is used to break it up.

PROS Most successful method for removing small to medium stones. Often an outpatient procedure.

CONS There is a slight risk of damage to the ureter. Sometimes a catheter must be left in place until the stone passes.

PERCUTANEOUS

NEPHROLITHOTRIPSY A small incision is made in the back directly into the kidney so that stones can be accessed and removed.

PROS The most successful method for removing larger stones.

CONS More invasive than the alternatives, it requires a hospital stay and longer recovery time.

>> And, while kidney stones are most often a problem for the middle-aged and older, according to a 2016 US study, children, too, especially adolescents, are susceptible. In the US, the risk of kidney stones in adolescents doubled between 1997 and 2012 – a worrying trend because having the condition young can increase your risk of developing kidney, heart and bone diseases.

fluid intake and output – make sure your urine is the colour of gin rather than whiskey,” says Wines.

You should also eat a balanced diet, with plenty of calcium – which actually means you’re less likely to develop calcium stones – plenty of fibre, low salt and low protein. If you tend to form calcium oxalate stones, you may need to eat fewer foods containing oxalates, such as rhubarb, beetroot, spinach,

IF YOU'VE SUFFERED ONE BOUT OF KIDNEY STONES, YOU HAVE AS HIGH AS A 50 PER CENT CHANCE OF HAVING ANOTHER

How to Prevent a Second Bout

If you’ve suffered one bout of kidney stones, you have as high as a 50 per cent chance of having another. “Some people just leak too much calcium into their urine and it combines with other elements to cause crystals, which become bigger and bigger and cause a stone. High levels of uric acid are also more likely to cause crystals to form,” says Professor Carol Pollock, a director of Kidney Health Australia. “Anyone with a kidney stone needs to have blood tests to see whether there is any abnormality in the bloodstream to predispose them to forming another.”

Everyone who has suffered a kidney stone needs to keep adequately hydrated. “The most important thing is

sweet potato, nuts, tea, chocolate and soy-based foods.

For some people, kidney stones are a problem that just keeps recurring. If this happens, your doctor will likely run some tests to see if you have an underlying problem with your metabolism.

In the months after her ordeal, Joanne Bull carefully followed a low-sodium diet and drank two litres of water daily – making it more interesting with a squeeze of citrus. But after two years the pain returned and she was told she had formed three more stones.

Now Joanne is waiting for them to pass. As anyone who’s been through kidney stone hell will tell you, it’s worth almost anything to prevent another bout.

R





**SEE
THE WORLD ...**

Turn the page ➔



A wide-angle photograph capturing a massive colony of gentoo penguins on a rugged, snow-dusted hillside. The penguins, with their characteristic black heads and white bellies, are scattered across the terrain, some standing in small groups while others are lone figures. In the background, a vast expanse of blue water is dotted with numerous large, white icebergs of various sizes, some partially submerged. The sky above is a clear, pale blue.

... DIFFERENTLY

The gentoo penguin can swim up to 36 km/h through the water before piercing the surface, shooting through the air and 'landing' on solid ground. That makes these otherwise flightless birds the fastest of their kind. Speed is also a must when they fight among themselves for the best nesting locations on Cuverville Island, in a channel off the Antarctic Peninsula. Here during November and December, this 5 km² parcel of land is shared by up to 9000 mating penguin couples.

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES



100 WORD STORIES

WINNERS

The wait is over! The entries have been read and judged. At last, here are our winners

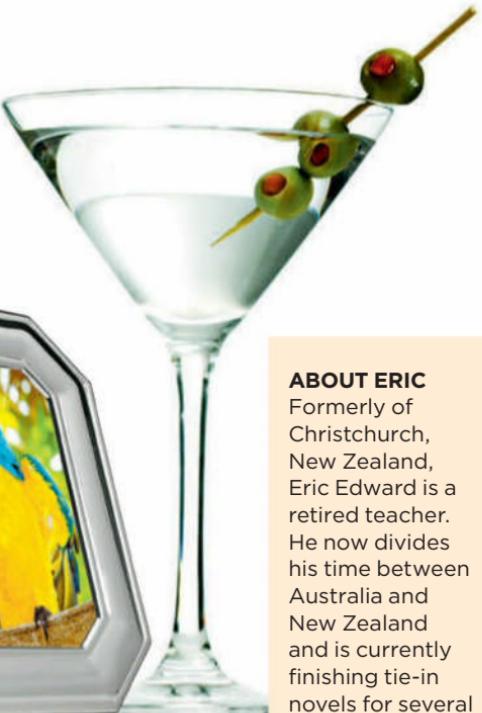
Thank you to everyone who took part in this year's contest. Composing a work of fiction is a challenge – particularly so in just 100 words. These three writers prove it can be done with precision and excellence.

Join us in congratulating this year's winners.

Eric Edward

NELSON, NEW ZEALAND

WINNER \$1000



 Martini in hand, he escaped the lounge party to the patio. The Caribbean's evening breeze cooled his brow.

A chap in civvies was taking an inordinate interest in nocturnal flutterings in a nearby creeper.

"So, you're a twitcher?"

"I guess. Written a couple of books on Caribbean birds."

Here, Ian pondered, was someone who could perhaps be of value if he was to return after the war and settle down to write. "Maybe I've read them."

"Probably not."

"Oh."

There was a pause, then Ian proffered his hand. "I'm Ian – Ian Fleming."

The chap smiled. "My name's Bond – James Bond."

ABOUT ERIC

Formerly of Christchurch, New Zealand, Eric Edward is a retired teacher. He now divides his time between Australia and New Zealand and is currently finishing tie-in novels for several of his speculative film scripts. The fictional 'what might have been' was inspired by a recent newspaper photo of the real 'twitcher', and Eric says that he married it to the writer's creative springboard, 'What if....?' The reader's emotional response hinges on the concluding familiar words.



Margot Ogilvie

VICTOR HARBOR, AUSTRALIA

The trip had been a long one. Seventeen hours in the air. Too many movie reruns. Not enough sleep. Bland in-flight food. Who knows how long in various airports across the globe. Then straight from plane to train.

They call it the Ghan, heading north. No movies now. Just a parade of strange wildlife – emu, kangaroo and wildly coloured birds amidst the red dust out the window. Endless rattle and sway.

The bus from Alice Springs takes us further into scrubby nowhere.

Then suddenly, the rock appears – red. No, gold and glowing.

Breathtaking.

Uluru.

Worth every minute to get here.

RUNNER-UP \$250

ABOUT MARGOT

Margot Ogilvie is a married mother of three from South Australia. Writing short stories is something of a passion. Her work has appeared in three short story anthologies and has won several short story competitions. The 54 year old loves all things Australian: its vast landscape, its strong people, its deep history and the hope it offers for the future.

RUNNER-UP \$250

Joan Brimelow

HORNSBY, AUSTRALIA

The warm sun sets up a sparkle on her grey hair and creeps over gnarled fingers and gently comforts tired feet.

The knitting needles click as the wool is guided through the loops to make a pair of booties for an expected baby or a woolly hat for a cold head.

She knits on unperturbed by the passing moments, lost in reverie. She hopes that someone might pass by with a smile and maybe linger a while. She's contented with the simple things in life and accepts each day as a gift, freshly given. She smiles and knits another row.

ABOUT JOAN

Joan Brimelow, 85, from Hornsby, in New South Wales, can't believe that the story that she wrote as a challenge to herself has been so well received. This is the first time Joan, the proud mother (of three sons), grandmother and great-grandmother has participated in a writing competition. Joan, who sees herself in her story, knits for the charity Wrapped in Love, as she feels strongly about giving to and helping those in need.





All in a Day's Work

HUMOUR ON THE JOB

QUEUE JUMPER

The scene is a ticket line at a theme park.

Customer My son wants to go on the ride.

There are a tonne of people in the way.

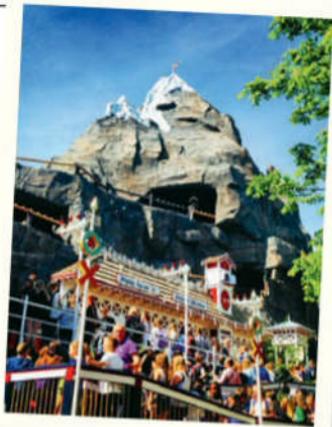
Me You need to wait in line like everyone else, madam. May I interest you in getting a Fast Pass?

Customer (shouting) Just take me and my son to the front!

Me If I let you go to the front of the line, then I'd have to let everyone go to the front of the line.

Customer Then why don't you do that?

Source: notalwaysright.com



CONDOLENCES NOT REQUIRED

Shortly after our morning assembly, a kindergarten pupil arrived at my office door. Earnest and excited, he announced at the top of his voice, "My grandma is dead."

To which I replied, "I'm very sorry, John, I shall telephone your mother."

At which point he turned on his heel and was gone. Within a matter of seconds he was back. Now even more earnest and excited he announced, at the top of his voice, "It's alright, sir. She knows."

SUBMITTED BY DON O'TOOLE

MODERN AFFLICION

The average office worker receives 122 emails per day, according to a recent report. TheWeek.com asked its readers to create a term that describes the sense of despair felt by those faced with a full inbox. Here are some top suggestions.

- Inboxication
- Emailaise
- Attn: Deficit Disorder
- RE: RE: RE: lapse
- Pessimistic Outlook
- E-nertia
- Inflowenza
- Reaching the Point of No Reply.



LOVE AT BURST SIGHT

The ophthalmologist's very cute assistant was examining my 20-year-old grandson, when out of the blue she said, "You must really work out."

"Well, yes, I do," said my grandson, beaming. "I run and lift weights. Thank you for noticing."

"Oh, you misunderstood," she said. "You have popped blood vessels in your eyes. We see that with people who work out."

SUBMITTED BY ELIZABETH BOGAERT



"We'll run a few tests, but it looks like you have jazz hands."

HARD OF HAIRING

I was in line to pay at a store when a little girl said, "You have nice hair!"

"Thank you very much," I said.

She then asked, "Is it yours?"

SUBMITTED BY K.N.

CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS BRIGHT?

These are real questions from real customers to really bemused shop assistants.

- "Where are your vegan apples?"
- "What's the weather like on the patio?"
- "Now, the baked potato, what is that?"
- "What would you do if I robbed you?"

Source: reddit.com

FIRST IMPRESSIONS COUNT

A close friend, Abigail, was keen to make a good impression at her interview, after a decade of caring for her children full time.

While in the lift to the interview,

Abigail was reading a publication on making a good impression, when a hand suddenly blocked her vision. Afraid, she smacked the hand, only to hear a man's voice exclaim, "I was trying to press the third-floor button!"

Entering the interview room, Abigail was overwhelmed with embarrassment when she noticed the man she'd smacked sitting on the panel. She didn't get the job.

SUBMITTED BY JILL COHEN

THE STAGES OF WORKING FROM HOME

1. Yay, I get to work from home.
2. It would be nice to talk to people.
3. I hope that pigeon sits in the window today.

@MARKAGEE ON TWITTER



DRAMA IN REAL LIFE



Despite their extraordinary wilderness skills,

10



this Finnish couple was in grave danger

STOP

BY LISA FITTERMAN

LIISA AND TUOMO PELTOLA STEP FROM THEIR bungalow in a forested suburb of Turku, a small city in southwest Finland. It is just before 8am on a sunny Saturday at the end of March in 2015, nippy but with the promise of warmer weather to come. They are about to embark on a 1200-kilometre two-day car trip to the fells of Lapland above the Arctic Circle for their annual four-day ski trip.



The couple checks their backpacks: sleeping bags, instant coffee and two water-resistant covers they'll use at night in the rustic wilderness huts they plan to shelter in. They'll stop en route for a night and buy food. After attaching their backcountry skis atop their car, they settle down for the two-day drive to just beyond Kilpisjärvi, a settlement of Sami, an indigenous people also known as Laplanders. There, they'll begin their trek.

It's easy driving, and on occasion, Liisa points out a bird that Tuomo must squint to see, for he has taught her to love birdwatching as much as he does.

"You can see so much further than me," he grumbles good-naturedly.

"Yes," she says happily. "I can."

There has always been a bit of competition between them, from birdwatching to running and skiing. Both are passionate about orienteering, a sport that requires them to find their way in unfamiliar terrain with a map and compass, and the wilderness is their playing field.

The ski trip in Lapland is one of their favourites, a straightforward trajectory they have done at least five times before: 30 kilometres due east across a fell, a high, mostly barren landscape, with rolling hills, some steep climbs and jagged rocks and boulders. Here, they can be alone in nature, with only the huts – a system of spartan, sparsely spaced structures

that are their only contact with civilisation.

Married for only four years, they met over half a century ago, when Liisa, now 65, was a shy, tall, talented teen with a thick, blonde plait. A decade later, she would win the women's world orienteering championship. Tuomo, nearly six years older, with craggy features and a dry sense of humour, was in the same orienteering



THEY'D BEEN SKIING FOR NEARLY THREE HOURS, AND STILL THE FIRST HUT HAD NOT COME INTO VIEW

club, already married, an engineer and maker of maps.

"Back then, I never imagined I would fall in love with you," remarks Liisa. "I thought you were so technical and dull."

"In some way, we stored our feelings," he says.

There were other marriages along the way, and children to raise – Liisa's three sons, and Tuomo's son and daughter. On their first 'date' about 14 years ago, she thought it was just a walk in the forest. For Tuomo, it was more than that.

"I wanted to kiss you," Tuomo says. And he did. Ten years later, they were married.

BY SUNDAY MORNING, as they reach their starting point, the wind has picked up to a gale force 72 km an hour and is blowing snow that turns the landscape white with fat, black clouds overhead. But the weather doesn't scare them. As orienteers, they've dealt with bad weather before.

They pull on their backpacks, don facemasks and goggles, and step into the storm. Tuomo, carrying a much-used map, leads the way. It's about 4pm, and they plan to reach the first hut around 7pm, before darkness falls.

"At least we can see about 150 metres in front of ourselves," Liisa says.

Today, their route is to take them to the Lossujärvi wilderness hut, near the border with Norway. It's just 12 kilometres to the east, beyond a reindeer fence that cuts through the region. The fence, which Sami reindeer herders use to prevent individual stock from escaping their herds, will be Liisa and Tuomo's marker.

Two hours pass before they start going up what they think is their last hill before the hut, still fighting the wind. As if choreographed, they start to side-step up, digging the edges of their skis into the hard-packed snow to gain traction. Slowly, they cover several hundred metres; by the time they reach the top, they have been out for nearly three hours. They can't see exactly where they are. They only know it isn't where they are supposed to be: the hut.

"Did we turn around?" they wonder aloud.

Liisa was the women's world champion orienteer when she was in her mid-20s



Liisa asks Tuomo if his compass is broken.

"Don't know," he shrugs. His mobile phone can't find a signal, either. Maybe it's the weather, or magnetic fields. Or maybe, like them, it's just having trouble telling where the sky ends and the ground begins.

"I'm an engineer," he says. "Sometimes, things work. Sometimes, they don't."

They ski for another hour before they stop and camp for the night.

"In the morning, we can figure out where we are when it's light out again," Tuomo says.

They scoop out a shallow snow cave, just large enough for them to

lay out their sleeping bags. Using one of the waterproof covers as a liner and the other as a makeshift roof, they have a meal of bread, cheese and bananas, and then burrow into their sleeping bags for the night.

By 8 on Monday morning, Liisa has had bread and cheese for breakfast. Tuomo drinks only black coffee because no matter how active he's going to be, he has learned that eating anything early in the day makes him feel tired. In his 70th year, vital and fit, he knows he can't afford to be tired on this trip.

The wind is still blowing hard and the light is flat, with visibility a mere 30 metres around them as they start out. Tuomo is convinced they came too far south the day before. They consult the map, which has the length of the reindeer fence and the location of the hut on it, but because they aren't sure where they are, it isn't much help.

"We need to go northeast," Tuomo says.

For about 90 minutes, the two take a chance that they're going the right way, concentrating on striding, gliding and breathing. Then, just as he had predicted, the fence rises before them, partially hidden by snow.

"We're going left and following it!" he calls. Relieved, they set off again.

But they go barely 300 metres when Tuomo starts to feel dizzy. He stops, leaning on his poles for support.

"What's wrong?" Liisa asks, coming up close behind him.

"I just need to rest," he says.

Liisa thinks nothing of it. He doesn't, either. All he needs is a minute or two to catch his breath. They stand there, drinking and silent, until he nods. Liisa takes the lead, hoping her rangy body can provide a wind-break for her husband.

Liisa can hear Tuomo behind her, labouring, the orienteer and engineer who has always been able to do what he sets his mind to, stubborn, strong and fearless. They fall into a rhythm:

“

LIISA GROWS MORE
CONCERNED: COULD
TUOMO BE FIGHTING
SOMETHING MORE
THAN EXHAUSTION?

ski for a few minutes, stop for Tuomo to catch his breath, then start again.

Don't think about Tuomo's fatigue, Liisa tells herself, sharply. *Deal with the task at hand. We can do this.*

She thinks back to her time on the national orienteering team, to when she won the championship while pregnant with the oldest of her sons; to when she calmly fought through everything, including morning sickness.

This, she tells herself, is just another challenge.

Time passes: stride, glide, breathe ... All of a sudden, she realises she can

no longer hear Tuomo labouring behind her.

"Tuomo! Tuomo!"

For a few seconds, there's nothing. Then, a faint human whistle.

She waits for him to catch up.

By 5.30pm, they realise that they'll have to stop again for the night. It's been a long, hard day.

We should have found the hut by now, Liisa thinks to herself, then says out loud to him: "We'll find the hut tomorrow."

As they settle in for another night in a snow cave, Tuomo is shivering and nauseous.

On Tuesday morning, he's even sicker but puts on his skis anyway. "It'll pass," he says. "We have one task. Just find the hut."

It's the same pattern as the day before, start and stop, over and over again, with each stop becoming longer. By now, Liisa is both frustrated and concerned. *Could there be something more than exhaustion at play here? Flu, maybe, or an infection?*

They ski on.

In the middle of the afternoon, Tuomo stops dead.

"Liisa, I need to sleep before going any further," he says.

Something is clearly wrong, something beyond fatigue.

She's worried. *Sure, he naps every day at home but what if - what if he doesn't wake up here?* She doesn't finish the thought with its logical conclusion: *what if he dies?*

Tuomo lies down on one of the liners. After a 20-minute nap, they continue for another couple of hours until around 7pm, when he can go no further, although he is convinced the hut is only a kilometre away, due north. It's as if his strong body has been taken over by someone old and frail.

Deal with it, Liisa tells herself fiercely. Gently, she gets him into his sleeping bag, and places a waterproof cover over him. He goes to sleep immediately.

I need to do something!

Liisa plants one of Tuomo's skis in the snow, ties his torch to the tip and switches it on - a beacon that will bring her back to him in the dark.

She bends down to kiss him goodbye. She says: "I'll be back soon," and heads off in search of the hut. It's about 8pm.

THE SKIES SLOWLY CLEAR and the temperature drops to -5°C. But Tuomo doesn't feel cold, cocooned in the sleeping bag like a mummy. There is no pain and no fear. There is a great stillness.

At some point during the night, he slips into unconsciousness, his body in deep freeze, unmoving. In the dark, the light from the torch Liisa left casts him in shadow, a shroud on the ground.

Meanwhile, Liisa skis north, the bulb in the torch she brought flickering intermittently in the dark until it goes out. *It's good that it's clearing,* she thinks. *I can still find my way.*



The couple at home.
Two things saved
Tuomo: his top
physical condition
and Liisa's
determination

When she thinks of Tuomo, she imagines him waiting for her. *He's there and sending me strength*, she thinks.

After about an hour of skiing, without finding the hut, she turns back to Tuomo, deciding that the search can wait until the morning. But for some reason, she can't find the light she left blazing. *Did it go out?*

Ski on, she tells herself fiercely. She turns back in search of the hut.

Not much later, she guides her skis between some boulders and encounters – wait – are those her own ski tracks?

Did I lose my way? She wonders. Again?

Most people would be panicking by now. Four days lost in the wild, a husband left behind, perhaps deathly

ill. But Liisa doesn't panic. Her experience tells her this shouldn't be happening, but she doesn't berate herself. That would be a waste of time and besides, nobody's perfect.

Right now, what you have is stamina and instinct, she thinks.

She chooses one direction, skiing in a straight line for about one and a half kilometres until something makes her turn around and follow her

tracks back to the boulders and continue in the other direction. It's as if a presence is guiding her – a star of Bethlehem, or God, or her own stubbornness.

AS THE SUN RISES on Wednesday morning, it gives way to a vista that, for the first time in three days, is clear. Tired, hungry and running on adrenaline, she makes her way up a hill and stands on its summit, and there, glinting in the sun, is the roof of the hut.

She makes it to the hut in about half an hour, at around 11am. Ole-Thomas Baal, a Sami reindeer herder, is inside. The Sami, the northernmost indigenous people in Scandinavia, speak their own languages but Liisa knows they often speak Swedish, too.

Startled, he asks, "Are you alone?"

"No," she says, slurring her words from exhaustion. "My husband is out there. I've been skiing for 15 hours straight to find help. Do you have water, please? I'm so thirsty."

Ole-Thomas manages to make out that her husband is in serious trouble. After giving Liisa some of his water, he goes outside, mounts his snowmobile and follows her ski tracks. Within 30 minutes, he sees something dark and unmoving on the snow.

I'm too late, he thinks.

He moves closer to Tuomo, kneels down and, startled, hears a sound. Holding his breath, he listens again. It's no mistake. The body is snoring.

He pulls out his mobile phone and punches in 113, the number for medical emergency services in Norway; he knows the nearest major medical centre is the University Hospital of North Norway hospital in Tromsø, just under 100 kilometres away. Told that a helicopter will arrive within 30 minutes, he switches on the headlight of his snowmobile to make the two of them easy to see from the air.

At the hospital, Tuomo is rushed into an operating room. His body

temperature is 25°C, 12 degrees lower than the norm. Dr. Geir Bjørsvik, a specialist in cardiac anaesthesiology, decides that as Tuomo is breathing on his own, the procedure to warm up his body can begin right away.

For the next two hours, a heart-lung machine slowly drains Tuomo's cold, sluggish blood from his body and returns it warmed up. Bit by bit, no more than a couple of degrees at a time, until his temperature is back to normal.

Although the doctors were unable to definitively diagnose the cause of Tuomo's original fatigue and illness, the resulting hypothermia had done serious damage. In the coming days, he'll have emergency surgery to remove a metre of intestine that necrotised on the fell because his blood was busy preserving major organs. He'll also lose four and a half toes because of frostbite, and his kidneys will take two weeks to start working properly again.

But really, his doctors say, he should have been dead.

Two things saved Tuomo: his top physical condition and Liisa, his determined wife. R



THAT'S A LONG SHOT

The world archery record for furthest accurate shot (283.47 metres) is held by Matt Stutzman, a Paralympian with no arms. He holds the bow with his toes and releases the arrow with a quick jerk of his jaw. The American archer competed at the 2012 and 2016 Paralympics and won a silver medal in 2012. Source: Guinness World Records

Quotable Quotes

IN CELEBRATION OF MOTHERS

FROM OUR PERSPECTIVE ...



"My mother used to say that there are no strangers, only friends you haven't met yet. She's now in a maximum security twilight home in Australia."

DAME EDNA EVERAGE (*aka comedian Barry Humphries*)



"IF DAD IS THE BACKBONE, MUM IS THE OTHER BONES. ALL OF 'EM."

DALE KERRIGAN (*Stephen Curry in The Castle, 1997*)

"I AM SURE THAT IF THE MOTHERS OF VARIOUS NATIONS COULD MEET, THERE WOULD BE NO MORE WARS."

E.M. FORSTER, *Howard's End* (1910)



"Mama was my greatest teacher, a teacher of compassion, love and fearlessness. If love is sweet as a flower, then my mother is that sweet flower of love."

STEVIE WONDER, *US singer and musician*

"Mothers and dogs both had a kind of second sight that made them see into people's minds and know when anything unusual was going on."

ENID BLYTON, *The Mystery of the Hidden House* (1948)

"GOD COULD NOT BE EVERYWHERE, AND THEREFORE HE MADE MOTHERS."

RUDYARD KIPLING

"MOTHERS ARE ALL SLIGHTLY INSANE."

J.D. SALINGER,
Catcher in the Rye (1951)

"A mother's arms are made of tenderness and children sleep soundly in them."

VICTOR HUGO



FROM THEIR PERSPECTIVE ...

"You shouldn't put down a loser, Cindy, because you might be one yourself someday. Just remember that."

CAROL BRADY (*Florence Henderson
in The Brady Bunch, 1969–1974*)



UNIVERSAL MOTHERISMS

"I'm going to give you until the count of three..."



"Why? Because I said so."



"You're the oldest. You should know better."



"Life isn't fair."



"Don't make me turn this car around."



"DON'T WORSHIP ME UNTIL I'VE EARNED IT."

AURORA GREENWAY
(*Shirley MacLaine in Terms of Endearment, 1983*)



"You have always had a roof over your head and if you stick with me you always will because I am your mother. I know what is best for you because that is my job."

ADELE AUGUST (*Susan Sarandon
in Anywhere But Here, 1999*)



"She can finally ... get the education that I never got and get to do all the things that I never got to do and then I can resent her for it and we can finally have a normal mother-daughter relationship."

LORELAI GILMORE (*Lauren Graham
in Gilmore Girls, 2000–07*)

THE FINAL WORD

**"Eat it up, dear,
it's all paid for."**

HILDA LEWIS, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, turning 100 this month

Could you ever forgive a serial killer?
What if he were your father? Here, the
story of Kerri Rawson's hunt for answers

My Father Was the **BTK** **Killer**

BY ROY WENZL FROM THE WICHITA EAGLE

THE MAN KNOCKED on Kerri Rawson's door around noon on February 25, 2005. She looked out at him from inside her apartment near Detroit – he was holding an FBI badge.

She almost didn't answer. Her father, a code compliance officer in Park City, a suburb of Wichita, Kansas, had taught her to be wary of strangers, and this one had sat in his car for an hour outside her home.



*Kerri Rawson
in 2015, ten
years after
learning the
truth about
her father*

But she decided to let the FBI agent into her kitchen, where she had made chocolate Bundt cake. From then on, the smell of chocolate cake would make her queasy.

The man asked if she knew what BTK was. Yes, she did. BTK – Bind, Torture, Kill – was the nickname for the serial killer who had scared her mother decades ago and who was responsible for murdering ten people in Kansas between 1974 and 1991.

defended Dennis. Back in Detroit, Kerri yelled at the FBI agent. The last time she had seen her dad was in Park City at Christmas. He'd looked sad. She remembered his bear hug, how he smelled, his brown uniform. This could not be true, she told the man. Dad had called last night, asking if she'd checked the oil in her car.

At that point she did something she would do many times over the next seven days: defend and then doubt

“Should I tell you that I grew up adoring you,”
she wrote in an unsent letter to him,
 “that you were the sunshine of my life?”

The FBI guy was her dad's age, in his late 50s, wearing glasses and a tie, nervous. Kerri was a 26-year-old substitute teacher taking a day off, still in her pyjamas. The man said her father had been arrested as a BTK suspect. He needed to swab her cheek for DNA.

At that moment, in Park City, Kerri's mother, Paula Rader, 56, sat down to lunch at home, waiting for her husband, Dennis. Cops rushed in, guns drawn. A week later, Paula's lunch still sat uneaten in the house she had shared with Dennis since the early 1970s. She'd never sleep there again.

Cops arrested Dennis as he was driving home for lunch. In Wichita, officers picked up family and friends for questioning. At the police station, Paula

her father at the same time. She told the agent about Marine Hedge. Hedge, 53, was a grandmother, 1.5 metres tall, weighing no more than 45 kilograms. She'd lived six doors down from the Raders and disappeared in 1985, when Kerri was six. Hedge's body was later found in a ditch. Paula had been fearful. “Don't worry,” Dad had said. “We're safe.”

Kerri remembered that when Hedge disappeared, her dad wasn't home. “It was stormy, and I didn't want to sleep by myself. My mum let me in her bed – that's how I know he was gone.”

After the FBI agent left, she took down a picture of her father from the hallway and stuck it in a cupboard. She Googled ‘BTK’ for proof that he



Celebrating Christmas at the Rader home in 1984 in Park City, Kansas (left); a father-daughter fishing trip to Oklahoma in 2002 (right)

was innocent but then told her husband she was matching her memories to BTK's murder timeline, wondering if her whole life might be a lie.

THE NEXT DAY, police and politicians gathered in Wichita's city hall. "BTK is arrested," the police chief announced. Kerri was furious when she learned that to link her dad to BTK, cops had obtained one of her Pap smears taken years before at Kansas State University's clinic. They used it to confirm that the Rader family DNA closely matched DNA in the semen that BTK left at the scene of a quadruple homicide in 1974. The FBI guy had asked Kerri for a cheek swab so he could double-check her DNA.

The first nights, Kerri and her husband, Darian, slept as if one of them needed to be on watch - she on the couch, he on the floor. TV crews

camped outside, and when Darian drove to work, they followed.

Darian watched his wife change. Athletic and nearly 1.7 metres tall, she was no girlie girl, and he loved that. She could walk for days carrying a backpack. But now, she was BTK's daughter. She looked like her dad: same dark hair, same eyes. She shared his middle name, Lynn. She felt as if she'd done something wrong.

Kerri searched her memories. The night of Hedge's murder, Dad had taken Brian, her brother, on a Boy Scout camp. Was it an alibi so he could sneak out and murder their neighbour? In 2004, around Christmas, after BTK threatened in letters to the police and news outlets that he would kill again, Dad had driven her to the airport to pick up her brother. But Dad had wandered off. Was he posting one of those letters? Watching

the news to see if he was mentioned? She minutely analysed her whole life.

Kerri remembered how he spoke sharply if she sat in his chair or failed to put her shoes away. Cops said BTK made strange marks in his communications to them. She recalled weird marks Dad made on newspaper stories. "Code," he'd called it.

Mike Clark, the family's pastor, visited Dennis Rader in jail a week after his arrest. Clark called Paula after-

Brian, her older brother, had been an Eagle Scout and was training to serve on US Navy nuclear submarines.

Dennis couldn't understand why no family members visited. Kerri wrote to him: "You have had these secrets, this 'double life,' for 30 years; we have only had knowledge of it for three months ... We are trying to cope and survive ... You lied to us, deceived us."

The family dreaded a trial, where his crimes would be described. Dennis

Dennis committed his first murders at age 29. At age 29, Kerri became a mother, and

suddenly she truly despised her father

wards, and Kerri watched her mother take the call, with a yellow legal pad in her hand. Paula wrote, "He's confessing," and underlined it as they talked.

It was true. He had murdered the Oteros: a mum, a dad and two children, ages 11 and 9. He had tortured victims, sexually defiled several. He had taken Hedge's body inside Christ Lutheran Church, where he was congregation president. He posed her and took photos. BTK had started his crimes in 1974, before Kerri was born.

Everybody assumed BTK was a sadistic genius. *But the real BTK is an ordinary, inarticulate doofus*, Darian thought. And a good dad, Kerri said. With Paula, he'd taught the kids godliness. Kerri had two university degrees;

pleaded guilty to spare them. Kerri felt relieved until the plea hearing. Her dad told a TV audience at length how he had killed people, lingering over how he'd murdered the Otero kids. He seemed to enjoy the story. He even brought up Kerri. "Joseph Otero had a daughter; I had a daughter."

One night the next year, while Darian slept, Kerri lay beside him and wrote to her father.

"Should I tell you that I grew up adoring you, that you were the sunshine of my life ... true, even if it is coming out jaded and bitter now ... Sometimes I just want to go out and buy the biggest, buttery tub [of popcorn] I can find and wave it in your face and say, 'Ha, you won't ever have this

again' and ask was it worth it? In the next breath I want to ask if you're staying warm at night ... I'm so sorry that you're alone in that small, cold concrete cell and sometimes I just wish I could give you a hug."

She never sent that letter. And when her dad wrote to her, his letters sometimes went into the rubbish bin, where she dumped cat litter on them. Other times she'd write, and he would not reply, later telling her he'd been busy.

DENNIS COMMITTED his first murders at age 29. At age 29, Kerri became a mother, and suddenly she truly despised her dad. In 1974, he had killed two children. In 1977, he had strangled Shirley Vian while her six-year-old son watched through a key-hole. In 1986, he killed Vicki Wegerle as her two-year-old stood in a playpen. "Man hurt Mummy," the child told police. Kerri stopped writing to her father and cut him out of her life.

Sue Parker, a therapist, treated Kerri for five months in 2007. Parker saw a woman with above-average intelligence, poise and post-traumatic stress. (Kerri gave permission for Parker to be interviewed for this story.)

Many factors determine how well people can recover. "It's about the severity of the trauma and how long it goes on, but it also depends on the coping mechanisms the victims have ... their support system, who they have around them," Parker said.

Kerri had had good people around all her life, Parker thought. A loving husband. Church. Friends. And good parents. Not just Mum. Dad, too.

The cops said Dennis Rader fancied himself a James Bond character with cover stories – Boy Scout volunteer, congregation president. But BTK had also been a good dad, Parker said. "Maybe it was all a cover story," she added. "But if it was, it was a cover story that actually worked."

After her daughter, Emilie, was born, Kerri clung to teachings about God's love. But when a sermon on forgiveness was announced at church, she stayed away. She had a second child, Ian, in 2011, but her dad's betrayals kept poisoning her life. When Emilie was five, she asked her mother where her grandfather was.

"In a long time-out," Kerri replied. Could Kerri see him? Emilie asked. "It's a really long time-out," Kerri answered.

ONE DAY AT CHURCH, Darian and Kerri listened to a woman describe being raped. She said she forgave, not to help the rapist, but to lighten her own suffering. Kerri talked about that idea for days. In August 2012, she announced at church that her father was a serial killer and told her story. "I have not forgiven him," she said. Marijo Swanson, a friend, talked to her. "If we choose not to forgive or not work at healing from the betrayal," she told Kerri, "we continue to give the



Dennis Rader walks Kerri down the aisle at her wedding in 2003

other person power to control us and our feelings."

That autumn, Kerri suffered a fracture in her tibia. She was laid up for weeks. Shortly afterwards, forgiveness poured over her one day. The anger was gone. In December, Kerri wrote to her dad for the first time in five years. She told him she would never forget his crimes or be at peace with them, but she was at peace with the man who had raised her. Then she wrote of her life and of the grandchildren he would never meet. "I don't know if I will ever be able to make it for a visit but know that I love you and hope to see you in heaven someday."

After that letter, Kerri changed. "Before she forgave him, she thought of herself as BTK's daughter," Darian said later. "But as soon as she forgave him, she was Kerri again."

In February 2013, Kerri spoke at

church. "[God] told me, 'You have a dad problem; you have a trust and obedience problem. You trusted and obeyed your earthly father, and he hurt you, so now you're holding out on me. Let's fix that.'"

She said, "I told Him that 'I love you.' He said, 'Then show me.'"

And so she had done it, she told them. She had forgiven him. She wrote again to her father, telling him once more that she forgave him. Her father was stunned. "Forgiveness is there between the lines," he wrote in his rambling style. "She recalls all that we did as a family - many good memories, and that helps her make the day. That is true love from a daughter's heart. What else can a father ask for?"

That was not the end to Kerri's struggles. In September 2013, Stephen King said in a TV interview that he'd written a story inspired by the Rader family called *A Good Marriage*, about discovering a monster in the house. Furious, Kerri gave her own interview, lashing out at King. Among people giving her rave reviews: Dad.

"She reminds me of me," he wrote to the *Wichita Eagle*. "Independence, fearless, uses the media. I was touch[ed] by it ... People reading ... will see we had a 'good Family.' Nothing to hide; Only me with my 'Dark Secrets.' Like she said, I was a good dad (but only did bad things)."

Memories came back to Kerri. In 1996, the Raders had lost a cousin to a car wreck and were losing a

grandfather to illness. To comfort the family, her mum made manicotti, but the Raders got into a fight at dinner. "We had this old rickety table and someone - I don't remember who - pounded on it, and the legs broke and all the dinner came crashing down ... My dad was so angry at my brother, he put his hands around my brother's neck and started to try to choke him. I can still picture it clearly, and I can see the intense anger in my dad's face and eyes. Close to manic."

For Kerri, life continued to be complicated. "I fight my dad sometimes in my dreams, never understanding who let him out of prison," she said. "I'm always very fearful of him and very angry in my dreams. Sometimes I'm even fighting for my life or frantically trying to convince others of the truth."

ON A COLD MORNING in January 2015, Kerri is back in Wichita. "Coming back here to Wichita is like stepping into enemy territory," she says. She wonders whether people might recognise her, and she talks about forgiveness. "I feel bad for the 30 years of ... bad things because of one man, my dad ... I forgave him. But I didn't do

that for him," she says. "I did it for me."

She returns to her old block and points. "There's my grandma's house, and there's where Mrs Hedge lived ... And here is where our house was."

It is a vacant lot. The city razed the house to discourage sightseers. "To get to my grandma's house, I had to walk past Mrs Hedge's house, and now [at age six] I was afraid. And the guy who killed her was living in our house."

She shows where a tree house stood, built by her dad. She indicates with her arms how big his garden had been. "He turned my bedroom into a nursery for plants when I was three, and I'd sleep with my brother in the bunk bed. I was so annoyed with my dad. But now you realise that kept him out of trouble. He was trying to stop. So it was plants - or murder."

She points to a depression in the grass: the grave of Patches, a pet dog long dead. The cops were so suspicious of BTK that they had dug up the dog's remains to see whether BTK had buried any secrets with them. He had not.

But nothing about her life was spared, Kerri says. Not even the graves of long-dead dogs. R

WICHITA EAGLE (FEBRUARY 21, 2015) © 2015 BY THE MCCLATCHY COMPANY



ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION

According to Durham University researchers, the inner voice you hear in your mind is accompanied by subtle movements of the larynx. In other words: we are all talking to ourselves. *THE GUARDIAN*

Yuck! Clean Your Touch Screen!



BY KATE MURPHY
FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

Your mobile device is dirtier than you think

TAKE A LOOK at your mobile device. Do you see oily fingerprints and lint? Dust and crumbs? Is that a hair stuck at the screen's edge?

We take our electronics into public restrooms, hand them to runny-nosed toddlers, pass them around to share photos, and press them against

sweaty skin in gyms. Repeated studies show that what accumulates is germy nastiness worse than what is on the bottom of your shoe. Like your toothbrush, "your mobile device is something you want to clean regularly," says Dr Dubert Guerrero, an infectious disease specialist. And probably

not something you want to pass around the dinner table.

For Basic Sanitation

Cleaning your device can be tricky because you don't want to damage it, and manufacturers don't give you much guidance. It can be done, however, if you're conscientious. Health experts advise wiping it down with a moist microfibre cloth at least daily, which is sufficient to eliminate fingerprints and dust. Bacteria such as *Clostridium difficile* (which can cause diarrhoea and inflammation of the colon) and flu viruses may require a sterilising agent such as bleach or alcohol.

This is a problem, since Apple officially warns against using window cleaners, household cleaners, aerosol sprays, solvents, abrasives or cleaners that contain hydrogen peroxide to clean its products.

Nevertheless, disinfectant wipes made for electronics are great at cleaning grime. But it's far cheaper to make your own solution. To clean his mobile devices, Derek Meister, a repair and online support technician, uses a one-

to-one ratio of 70 per cent isopropyl alcohol and distilled water, which can be found at most pharmacies.

Fill a spray bottle with the diluted alcohol, lightly moisten a lint-free cloth, preferably microfibre (no paper towels), and gently wipe down the screen and case. Never spray directly onto the device. To clean corners and around ports, use lint-free foam swabs rather than cotton swabs.

To Keep It Looking New

Using a can of compressed air to blow around ports and between keys will help maintain the look, performance and resale value when it's time to upgrade. This gets rid of dust and particles that can infiltrate and damage electronics.

Another option is to buy a specialised air compressor such as the DataVac Electric Duster, which comes with all sorts of little attach-

ments for cleaning out your device's crevices and seams.

"An air compressor gets things really clean," says Miroslav Djuric, former chief information architect at iFixit, an online do-it-yourself community. R

*The germy mess
on your mobile
phone is worse
than what's on
the bottom of
your shoe*

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Teacher "If I gave you two cats and another two cats and another two, how many would you have?"

Johnny "Seven."

Teacher "No, listen carefully. If I gave you two cats and another two cats and another two, how many would you have?"

Johnny "Seven."

Teacher "Let me put it to you this way: if I gave you two apples and another two apples and another two, how many would you have?"

Johnny "Six."

Teacher "Good. Now, if I gave you two cats and another two cats and another two, how many would you have?"

Johnny "Seven!"

Teacher "Johnny, where on Earth are you getting seven from?"

Johnny "Because I've already got a flaming cat!"

Source: laughfactory.com

I've just switched
from venison to
pheasant. Absolute
game-changer.



COMEDIAN DARREN WALSH



"It's a middle-aged potbellied baldo."

DEEP

Imagine you're just walking down the street one day and a hamburger appears mid-air. You bite into the hamburger – and the next thing you know, you're on the moon. Is that what it's like for fish when we go fishing?

COMEDIAN SAM SIMMONS

BACK IT UP

Having just been driven home in a taxi from a night out at a bar, a man asked the taxi driver how much the fare was.

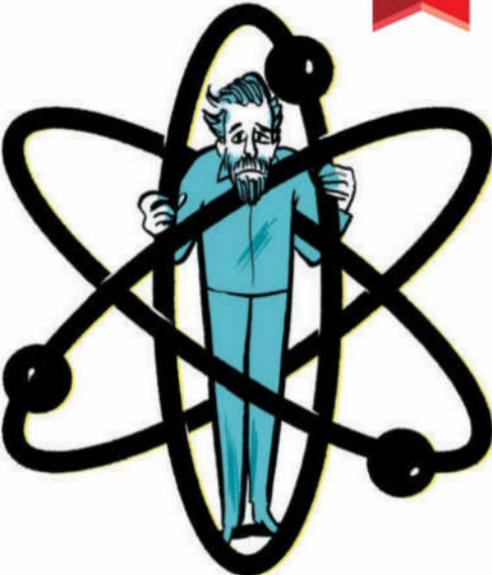
"\$10.50," the driver said.

Finding only \$10 in his pocket, the man asked the driver, "Could you reverse back a bit?"

SUBMITTED BY ANDREW MCNAMEE

The Prisoner of Mensa

The world's second-smartest man does mostly dumb stuff



BY RICK ROSNER



Rick Rosner has the second-highest IQ in the world (192), according to the World Genius Directory.

HISTORY REMEMBERS moments of genius. Isaac Newton saw an apple fall to the ground and formulated his theory of gravity. Archimedes was taking a bath when he had his eureka moment: water displacement can measure the purity of gold. Who knew? But in contrast, over the past 10,000 years, humans have experienced about 100 quadrillion run-of-the-mill, nothing-much-happened moments, which is a lousy ratio of genius to not-genius moments. The fact is, the world is set up for non-Einsteins, not geniuses. The words *tortured*, *evil* and *eccentric* are more frequently associated with genius than *bubbly* or *well-adjusted*.

My mother was aware of this. She freaked out when I taught myself to read at age three. But while I crushed IQ tests, I was a playground loner and target of projectiles. A moment of genius at age six: "Here comes a rock, thrown by a bully on the other side of the chain-link fence. The fence is divided into two-inch squares, and the rock is one and a half inches in diameter. The

odds that the rock won't be deflected by the fence are negligible (25 per cent squared, or one in 16), so I don't have to duck." Then the rock passed clean through the fence and clonked me on the head.

Having the world's second-highest IQ, I can tell you genius has its drawbacks. My less-bright friends put it like this: "There's the right way, and there's the Rosner way." The Rosner way includes trying to get a girl to make out with me at a junior high school party by pitifully asking, "How do you kiss – suction or pressure?" Instead of a kiss, for the rest of the year, I got "Suction or pressure?" yelled at me by kids I didn't even know.

As with many brainiacs, my people skills needed work. I addressed this problem after university by becoming a nightclub doorman. At the doors, I caught thousands of underage people using fake IDs. The challenge of detecting liars within ten seconds of meeting them fascinated me. High-IQ people can easily become gripped by obsessions. I became obsessed with IDs, spending ten years developing a statistical algorithm to help me spot fake or borrowed IDs with 99 per cent accuracy. But after a decade of research, I was still getting paid \$8 an hour, the same as all the other

bouncers who didn't have statistical algorithms.

When I was writing for the TV quiz show *Weakest Link*, we had a quota of 24 questions a day. This didn't seem like enough for someone with my big brain, so I set my own quota of 60 to 100 questions a day. I didn't know that my bosses were evaluating writers based on how many of our questions were rejected. Writing three times as many questions as everyone else, I made the top of that rejection list and was fired.

For more than a year, I trained to get on *Jeopardy!*, studying hundreds of books and

spending dozens of hours clicking a hand-held counter to make my thumb faster on the buzzer. After five auditions, I got on the show ... and lost (by chickening out on a Daily Double and then surrendering the lead by failing to identify the flag of Saudi Arabia). I also lost my extra pair of pants, which were mistakenly taken by another contestant.

I studied for almost as long to get on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* For my \$16,000 question, host Regis Philbin asked me, "What capital city is located at the highest altitude above sea level?" I answered, "Kathmandu." *Millionaire* claimed the correct answer was Quito. However, the world's highest national

“
***In instead of a
kiss, I got
‘Suction or
pressure?’ yelled
at me by kids
I didn’t know***”

capital is generally considered to be La Paz, Bolivia, which wasn't included among the possible answers. I sued the show, backing up my claim that the question was flawed with thousands of hours of research, comparing my question with more than 100,000 other *Millionaire* questions. I eventually learned that judges don't have much patience for quiz show lawsuits. I lost in court, appealed the judgment, and lost again. The legal proceedings cost me tens of thousands of dollars, making me the biggest loser in the history of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?*

Not everything has backfired because of my genius. I've had a 25-year career as a TV comedy writer. When pumping out thousands of jokes, it helps to be obsessive and have a skewed point of view. I have

a lovely wife and daughter, who rein in my most unreasonable schemes. Having earned 12 years of university credits in less than a year and graduating with five majors, I'm always able to help with homework. I've even used my research ability to concoct a mixture of 20 medicines and supplements that helped our dog survive for 117.5 dog years.

In 20 years, my mental power will be commonplace. Thanks to our increasingly brilliant devices, we'll all be potential geniuses with access to all the information and wisdom in the world. And just like me, you'll use your vast computational resources to do mostly dumb stuff.

See you at the 2036 Four-Dimensional Candy Crush Championship, everybody!

R



TRUISMS ACCORDING TO DONALD TRUMP

He's dominated the media over the last few months – and the US president knows how to spin a newsworthy line, if nothing else.

On obesity: "I have never seen a thin person drinking Diet Coke."

On his own attractiveness: "All of the women on *The Apprentice* flirted with me – consciously or unconsciously. That's to be expected."

On thinking: "I like thinking big. If you're going to be thinking anything, you might as well think big."

On his wealth: "Part of the beauty of me is I'm very rich."

Hitting the High Spots

On an African safari, **Vijaya Pratap** got closer to a big cat than she'd hoped for

There was a cheetah on the roof of my jeep.

Its golden, spotted coat glistened under the overhead sun. The great cat stood still, an arm's length away – the only thing separating us was the metal roof. I could not see its head. *Was it watching me and preparing to leap in at the right moment? What if it jumped in through the open sides?* I had stopped breathing. As I waited for the cheetah to make its next move, cold shivers ran through my body.

Seated inside our 4×4 safari jeep were our driver Evans, guide Gilbert Kipchumba, both local men, and three other tourists. I was in the open viewing area of the jeep, taking pictures. Long stretches of savannah grasslands surrounded us. We were

deep in the midst of the Maasai Mara National Reserve in Kenya.

It was March 2014. My job as a travel writer and blogger had finally yielded a trip to Kenya. Landing in Nairobi, I travelled en route to the market town of Nanyuki the same day. We took a ten-seater caravan plane (we had two women pilots). Flying very close to the ground, it offered a fabulous aerial view of the area, which lay along the Equator. After about 40 minutes, I experienced my first 'bush landing'. We travelled by road to reach the nearby Ol Pejeta conservancy. After a few days of spotting three of the 'Big Five' game animals – African elephant, Cape buffalo and rhinoceros (we missed the lion and leopard) – it was time to head to the wilds of Maasai Mara.



The reserve – stretching across 1510 square kilometres, home to over 95 species of mammals and over 570 recorded species of birds – is just an hour away by air from Nanyuki. I spent the first day in a safari jeep and fell asleep in my tent at night listening to the gurgle of the Mara River. I woke to the sound of cowbells, as the Maasai men herded their cattle along the river to the song of chirping birds.

The second day started with an early morning hot-air-balloon ride, watching the sun rise and floating over the vast openness of the African savannah. After a quiet lunch we headed back out in our safari jeep, scouting for big cats.

I WATCHED IN AWE every possible kind of animal mood: on a chase or hunt, stalking prey or sleeping. Every encounter was real, but I was hungry for more. Big cats (particularly cheetahs and tigers) have always fascinated me and I yearned for an encounter with a cheetah. Little did I know how I was going to get my wish!

It was a sunny afternoon. Evans – a tallish, bald, middle-aged man – regaled us with stories of wild animals and the life of the Maasai tribe. Gilbert, a stout man in his mid-30s, joined in. I listened intently while staring out of the jeep to get the best possible view.

Our vehicle suddenly veered and came to a stop near a small bush. Instantly I spotted a cheetah, crouched nearby, its gaze fixed on something in the distance. I started taking

The cheetah was sitting still, quite the perfect model, offering up a great photo opportunity



pictures – as many as I could. The moment had finally come. I was thrilled that I could experience a big cat from such close quarters. It helped that the cheetah was sitting absolutely still, quite the perfect model, offering up a great photo opportunity. “It is stalking a gazelle,” Evans whispered. He was trying to urge me to be quiet; if we were lucky, perhaps we could witness a dramatic hunt. I stopped taking pictures and went still. It’s always a good idea to listen to someone who has spent 20 years tracking animals.

WITHIN A FRACTION of a second, the cheetah jumped onto our open jeep, its body right in front of me. It stood there, almost undecided. This

unfolded so fast, I had no time to duck into the jeep. *Was it going to jump in?* Not yet – it just stood there, as if time had stopped. I prayed fervently, as the cheetah remained still, for almost four minutes. This was just too close. My life depended on the mood of a feline that had been an interesting subject for a travel story for me so far. Suddenly, the cheetah sprang up and perched on top of the jeep. I started breathing again. I heard Evans and Gilbert chuckle quietly. This was clearly the first time they had experienced this as well.

The big cat was in no hurry. It needed an elevated observation post to track its prey. We followed its movements through the shadow on the roof. It stretched out, tail dangling and well within reach. As time passed, I relaxed a bit. I was even tempted to touch it, to feel the texture of its fur. There was an aura of danger around the slender cat, yet it was strangely beautiful and irresistibly charming.

Evans gestured as if to say, "Don't worry, it will leave". It's like if a snake glides over your foot, it's best not to shake it off, because it may bite. It's better to stay still, until it leaves. Easier said than done.

Outside, the savannah breathed and moved on. A few safari jeeps came by and stopped. Excited at this windfall of rare footage, they took photographs hurriedly. I posed for pictures, even faking smiles and responding with a thumbs up. Then they left. We were alone once again. Just the six of us, the cheetah and the vast wilderness that stretched for kilometres.

Evans and Gilbert cracked a few cheetah jokes – none of which I remember. I was too petrified to laugh, being the one closest to the animal. If it got distracted from the hunt, it would certainly attack me first. I thought of my husband and children. *Was the end going to come so far from home, away from my dear ones?*

Forty-five minutes later, the cheetah finally stood up and jumped down, before sauntering away. It crouched in another spot, waiting to attack its prey. "Let's go," I told Evans, my voice crackling with anxiety. No more hunt-watching for me.

Well, not until my next trip to Uganda, on the trail of the mountain gorilla. I'm sure I will live to tell that tale, too!

R



STRIKE A POSE

I took a selfie to prove to myself that I exist! MAXIMILLIAN DEGENEREZ

Why do you look surprised in all your selfies? Didn't you know
you were taking the picture? @TURTLEDUMPLIN (LINDA)



WEDDING STORIES

A globe-trotting photographer finds emotions rather than perfection in couples' big days

BY MARINKA PUŠLAR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAMO ROVAN



► DRAMATIC AND PASSIONATE

Newlyweds dance their first dance as man and wife at a wedding in Paris. Some of the most popular tunes couples choose for their receptions include 'At Last' by Etta James, 'By Your Side' by Sade and 'Can't Help Falling in Love' by Elvis Presley.



► A SWEET-TOOTHED DONKEY TAKES GATE-CRASHING LITERALLY

This rustic wedding venue in Lübeck, Germany, offered charming farm buildings, lush pastures and stunning views. An uninvited guest named Florine was also part of the package.

PORTRAIT OF A BRIDE WITH A FISHERMAN

A bride stands on a rocky outcrop and stares at the last light of the day on the horizon. Will her marriage be as calm as the sea stretching in front of her? Seaside weddings are a popular way to celebrate one of the happiest days in the life of a couple. The sea itself provides the perfect backdrop and the outdoor setting allows couples to avoid the expense and formality of an indoor wedding venue.





► A COLOURFUL BOUQUET

An Indian bride solemnly poses for the last photograph before she steps into the garden of the Villa di Maiano near Florence, Italy, where the ceremony is to take place. Flowers are a traditional part of wedding ceremonies, dating back to the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans, who believed that herbs in the bride's hair protected her from evil spirits.



► YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE

The wedding couple, surrounded by bridesmaids and groomsmen, kiss in a typical Irish coastal landscape. In the past, the wedding kiss was legally binding and had the same significance as signing a wedding certificate today. The bridesmaids and groomsmen are mock-fanning themselves in response to the heat of the kiss.



► A PLAYFUL MOMENT AT A

WEDDING IN PERU The bride laughs as the bridegroom attempts to remove her garter with his teeth. One explanation for this centuries-old tradition is that everything the bride wore at the wedding was thought to bring good luck, so rowdy guests would try to rip off a piece of her outfit. The tradition of the groom removing and then throwing the garter was introduced to protect the bride.

R



What a Good Marriage Really Looks Like

BY CHARLOTTE ANDERSEN

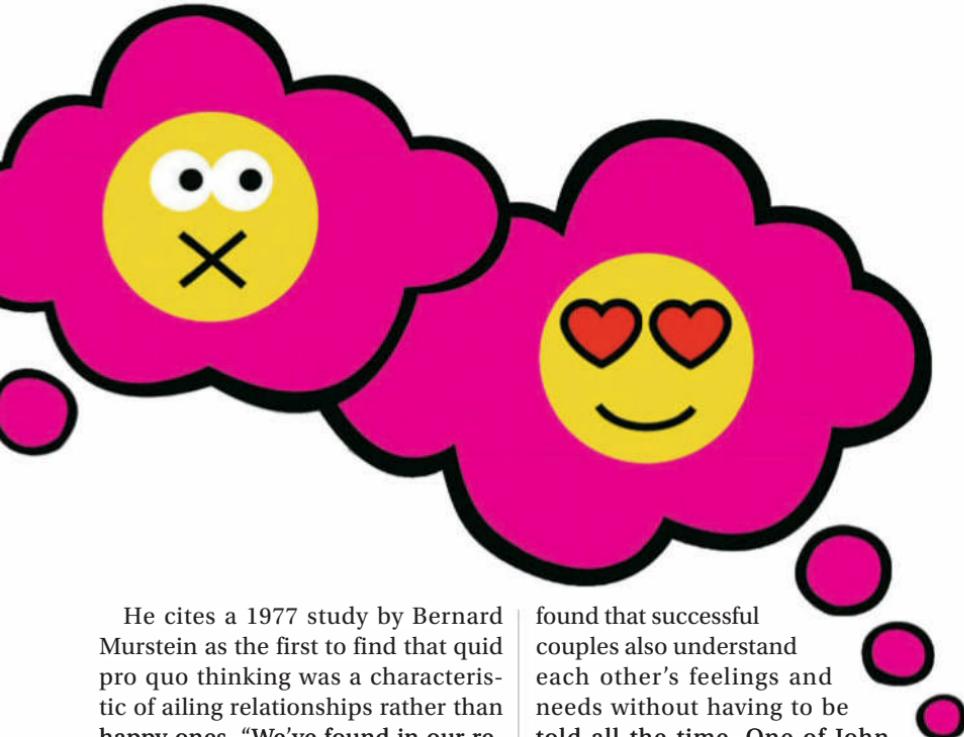


JOHN GOTTMAN is cofounder of the Gottman Institute, which uses research to strengthen relationships and give real-world insight to mental health providers.

ANALYTICS AND data don't sound like a formula for romance, but psychology professor John Gottman has devoted 40 years to figuring out the maths that makes relationships work. In his 'Love Lab' at the University of Washington, he has analysed how couples communicate verbally and nonverbally and followed them for years to find out if the relationships survived. More than 200 published articles later, he claims to be able to predict the outcome of a relationship with up to 94 per cent accuracy. Dubbed 'the Einstein of Love' by *Psychology Today*, Gottman – along with his wife and research partner, Julie Gottman – now teaches other marriage therapists the most common misunderstandings about love based on observations from the Love Lab.

■ MYTH MARRIAGE SHOULD BE FAIR

Couples who engage in quid pro quo thinking – if I scratch your back, you should scratch mine – are usually in serious trouble, John Gottman says: "We become emotional accountants only when there's something wrong with the relationship."



He cites a 1977 study by Bernard Murstein as the first to find that quid pro quo thinking was a characteristic of ailing relationships rather than happy ones. "We've found in our research that the best marriages are the ones in which you are really invested in your partner's interests, as opposed to your own," Julie Gottman says. The happiest couples have a high level of trust, which lets them give without expecting anything in return because they know their partner has their back.

■ **MYTH YOUR PARTNER ISN'T A MIND READER, SO YOU SHOULD TELL HIM OR HER EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT**

Make no mistake: open communication is an essential tool for a happy relationship. But the Gottmans have

found that successful couples also understand each other's feelings and needs without having to be told all the time. One of John Gottman's studies found a link between satisfied marriages and a husband's ability to interpret his wife's nonverbal cues.

■ **MYTH COUPLES WHO HAVE SCREAMING FIGHTS ARE HEADED FOR DIVORCE**

'Volatiles' have been flagged by the Gottmans as one of three types of 'happy-stable' relationships. (The other two, if you're curious, are 'validators' and 'avoiders'.)

In fact, the average happy volatile couple has at least a five-to-one positive-to-negative ratio during conflict –

meaning they have five times more positive interactions than negative ones – which John Gottman has found to be the marker of a healthy relationship. In contrast, couples who end up headed for divorce have a ratio of 0.8 to one. The key is that even though happy volatile couples can have intense fights, they still balance arguments with kindness and attentiveness.

John Gottman notes that each style has its pros and cons. “Conflict avoiders have a very peaceful life, but on the other hand, they can wind up leading parallel lives in which they’re very distant,” he says. “The very passionate couples who argue a lot – they run the risk of devolving into constant bickering.”

■ MYTH TALK THINGS OUT UNTIL YOU AGREE WITH EACH OTHER

Sixty-nine per cent of marriage problems are managed rather than solved, according to John Gottman’s research. “The common lore is that conflict avoidance is a bad thing, but it really works for a lot of people to just ‘agree to disagree,’” he says.

The key is to avoid a ‘gridlocked conflict’, in which you can’t make headway in a recurring fight. At the bottom of these issues, the Gottmans have found, are core-value differences that take couples by surprise. For instance, a fight about finances isn’t just about the cash but about the meaning of money,



power, freedom and security. You might not be able to find the perfect compromise, but by creating an open dialogue, you can discuss the issue without hurting feelings.

■ MYTH GENDER DIFFERENCES ARE BEHIND YOUR MEGA FIGHTS

Men aren’t from Mars, and women aren’t from Venus; we’re all just from Earth. As it turns out, “men are just as in touch with their emotions as women,” Julie Gottman says. “On the other hand, some women are very reluctant to express their negative emotions. So it balances out. There are more similarities than the culture generally believes.”

A study in *Cognition and Emotion* found that when women thought long term about their lives, they reported themselves as more emotional than men. But when participants rated their emotions on a moment-to-moment basis, the gender differences disappeared. Your cultural upbringing and family environment have a much bigger influence on your willingness to express your emotions than your X or Y chromosome, the Gottmans say.

■ MYTH YOU REPEAT THE RELATIONSHIP PROBLEMS OF YOUR PARENTS

How you carry your childhood baggage is more important than the fact that you have any. “Nobody escapes childhood without some crazy buttons

and triggers, but it doesn't mean you can't have a great relationship," John Gottman says.

Psychologist Tom Bradbury coined the phrase 'enduring vulnerabilities' for these historical triggers. Certain words and actions might dig up old feelings and provoke a reaction. Make sure you and your partner understand what sets the other off, and avoid those weaknesses.

Circumstances from your past could also prompt what psychologists call projective identification – an example is taking something you resent from your childhood and applying it to your partner.

If you had a distant, cold parent, for instance, you might assume your partner is being distant and cold, too. Instead of blaming your partner's character or motivations, explain how the actions make you feel

and what he or she can do to help you feel better.

■ MYTH OPPOSITES ATTRACT

The idea that one partner's strengths compensate for the other's weaknesses and vice versa sounds good at first, but the Gottmans say that their research provides no support for this. You can be opposites on some smaller subjects

(you're on the sand reading a book; he's hitting the waves), but when it comes down to the core issues, it's best to be similar. "The major incompatibility that we've found that is really predictive of divorce is how people feel about expressing emotion," John Gott-

man says. For instance, if one person wants to talk about anger and sadness while the other thinks you should keep negative feelings to yourself, each partner will start to resent the other. R

*You can have
a happy, stable
relationship
despite
any emotional
baggage*



WEIRD WORDS

- The plural of beef is beeves
- The plural of opus is opera
- The plural of sphinx is sphinges
- One strand of spaghetti is a spaghetti
- One piece of plankton is a plankter

Created by man,
built for eternity

Carved *in* Stone

BY CORNELIA KUMFERT

Rapa Nui, better known as Easter Island, is home to the *moais* (pictured). Around 900 of the colossal monolithic statues can be found dotted around this island in the South Pacific. Nobody is really sure what they represent. Some researchers believe that they formed part of a cult of the dead and depict former chieftains or deified ancestors. Another mystery surrounding the figures – most of which are made from tuff (compressed volcanic ash) and can stand up to ten metres high and weigh more than 80 tonnes – is how they were transported to their final locations. Only the island's inhabitants are certain of the answer to this puzzle. According to them, the *moais* walked there!







◀ **High up in the Peruvian Andes**, around 2400 metres above sea level, stands the regal Machu Picchu. Blending in perfectly with the subtropical vegetation, it is thought that Machu Picchu (meaning 'old peak' in the Quechua language) was built by the Incas in around 1450 as a royal retreat. A century or so later, the Spanish would conquer South America and almost entirely wipe out the Inca civilisation. For almost 400 years, this rock city up in the clouds lay completely forgotten. It was not until 1911 that US amateur archaeologist Hiram Bingham arrived at the city, with its slate-grey walls, temples and rooms, and brought it to international attention.

▼ **The Great Sphinx of Giza** was hewn from a limestone hill in Egypt nearly 5000 years ago. One legend has it that the Sphinx appeared to the young Prince Thutmose in a dream. It promised him that if he cleared away the sand that was burying its body he would be rewarded with the kingship of Egypt. Having done as he was bid, Thutmose did indeed become pharaoh. No-one is certain about the meaning of the gigantic stone feline, although some historians believe that this 20 metre-high and almost 75 metre-long lion with a human head was built to guard the pyramid of the Pharaoh Khafra.





▲ **Few places have so many stories** surrounding them as Stonehenge.

Is this stone circle an ancient observatory, an enormous calendar, a place of pilgrimage or even a landing site for UFOs? According to the experts, the stone circle in southern England formed the centre of a ritual landscape. This interpretation is supported by the numerous burial mounds surrounding the megalithic monument. Only the age of the site has been determined beyond any doubt – building commenced about 5000 years ago and lasted for around 1600 years.

► **Mount Rushmore**, one of the world's largest stone sculptures, has depicted important icons of American history since its completion in 1941. Gutzon Borglum created a memorial for posterity by carving the images of four of America's greatest presidents into South Dakota's Black Hills. Looking down from the huge granite cliff are the faces of (left to right) George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln, each of them about 18 metres high. Borglum began by blasting the rough outlines of the presidents' features out of the rock with dynamite.



BONUS READ



The Miracle of, Dylan's Brain

The human mind has a previously hidden aptitude for recovery.
Here is the story of one young man's journey back from the brink

BY STEPHEN S. HALL FROM NEW YORK

Day Zero

Despite its encircling fortress of bone, the human brain is especially vulnerable to physical insult. There are approximately 1.7 million traumatic brain injuries in the United States every year, and although most are mild or moderate, thousands result in severe brain damage. Those injuries always happen on the same day: day zero, a day that marks the start of a fateful and often flawed prognostic calendar.

For 19-year-old Dylan Rizzo, day zero was December 28, 2010. Tall and slender, with a sly sense of humour, Dylan was a sports nut, playing hockey and competing in the high jump for his Massachusetts high school, and supporting the Boston Bruins, a professional ice hockey team.

At 8.30pm, as Dylan was driving to play video games at his friend Ryan's house, he called his mother. He couldn't find his Xbox controller.

"You always move my stuff!" he said.

"No, I don't," Tracy Rizzo replied. After hanging up, she found the controller in her car. "I called Dylan," she recalled. "He didn't answer." She texted Ryan: "When Dylan gets there, just tell him I got the controller."

A few moments later, Ryan called Tracy Rizzo back. He said there had been an accident.

Day 1

Emergency responders found the driver's-side door of Dylan's SUV crunched into a telephone pole. Dylan was unconscious. His breathing

sounded like the gurgling of a straw in a near-empty cup. He had travelled barely 180 metres before striking the pole, possibly after hitting black ice. He wasn't wearing a seat belt.

It took responders eight minutes to pull him out. There was so much blood and lacerated flesh that medics could not insert a breathing tube during the 29-minute ambulance ride into Boston. At Massachusetts General Hospital, Dylan had a CT scan and was rushed into surgery, where neurosurgeons removed the left side of his skull and part of the right to stop multiple brain haemorrhages. By the time he was transferred to the neuro intensive-care unit, he was a swollen-faced sphinx – his eyes closed, his head wrapped in bandages, pincushioned with needles and on a ventilator. His face had been shattered; his left leg was broken. And he was in a deep coma.

To gauge Dylan's chances of recovery, doctors would rely on standard timelines, and their prognosis would inform treatment. But as neurologists acknowledge, early prognosis is very

difficult, diagnosis is often flawed and the timelines that guide recovery are defied by patients who don't obey the statistics. New research also suggests that many seemingly unconscious patients have more consciousness than previously believed and, despite the severity of their injuries, a significant chance of meaningful recovery. Put simply, neuroscience is changing the meaning of 'hopeless'.

Day 2

Dylan came from a small town and a big family. To keep everyone informed, his parents, Tracy and Steve Rizzo, issued daily updates on the website CarePages. "Dylan was recently involved in a car accident," the initial entry began. "He is currently stable, but still in a critical condition ... The next three days will be tough, but he is fighting hard to get through this."

In the neuro ICU, the definition of *consciousness* boils down to two conditions: being awake (or aroused) and being aware. A coma is the loss of both of these qualities. One recent revelation is that disorders of consciousness are dynamic - patients can travel back from a coma through a series of way stations that are increasingly well marked, although some are still contested by doctors and researchers.

Day 5

At the ICU, the Rizzos played an iPod filled with Dylan's favourite music. Some nurses thought Dylan didn't



Day 31: Incisions show where parts of Dylan's skull were removed during surgery

need stimulation, but it probably didn't matter. At the neurological level, a coma is like a deep sleep. The unaroused brain is dormant, awaiting a kick from an internal generator. That generator resides in several 'arousal nuclei' in the brain stem, clusters of cells barely bigger than grains of salt. When we're conscious, those clusters are our neural pacemaker, keeping the lights on when we're awake and shifting us down to sleep.

That same area controls other autonomic functions of the body, such as breathing, heartbeat and temperature regulation. The gurgling Dylan had made suggested the accident had disrupted the function of his brain stem, which might prevent him from waking up. His doctors wouldn't know

until they could do an MRI, when he became more stable.

Day 8

On the same day as Dylan's first MRI, neuropsychologist Joseph Giacino administered a test known as the Coma Recovery Scale. He prised Dylan's eyes open to see if there was any sign of visual tracking. There wasn't. Dylan scored a 1 on the scale, out of 23.

The director of rehabilitation neuropsychology at Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital and an authority on disorders of consciousness, Giacino had been called in to consult on Dylan's case. He is among a growing number of experts warning of what he calls a rush to judgment in predicting an outcome for brain-trauma patients.

In a study of Canadian trauma centres, researchers reported that one-third of the patients who went into the ER with severe traumatic brain injuries died. Half died in the first 72 hours. Nearly two-thirds of those early deaths had life support withdrawn, suggesting that the cases were deemed hopeless in the first few days.

According to Giacino, it can take much longer than that for a person's chances of recovery to become clear. Recent literature suggests that if a patient displays any form of conscious awareness within 60 days, his or her chances are considerably better. As a realist, Giacino knows hardly anyone – families, doctors, insurers – can wait that long.

When doctors pored over images from Dylan's MRI, they were shocked by the damage. In a car accident, the impact sends the brain banging around inside the skull. "It shears or literally tears the axons, the wires that send signals from one part of the brain to the other," said neurologist Dr Brian Edlow, a member of Dylan's treatment team. The MRI showed frayed wires everywhere. In his notes, Giacino wrote that "the probability of recovery of functional, vocational and social independence is low."

Day 10

Dylan's family members sat in a conference room with doctors, who showed them the scans. Steve recalled, "They kept saying – it was like 90 per cent of what we were looking at – 'This [area] will never recover, this will never recover.'

"They told us they didn't think he would ever be able to live at home, that he would probably be institutionalised and have moments of clarity where he would recognise us," Tracy recalled as tears welled up. "But they didn't think he would even have that."

About the only factor in Dylan's favour was his youth. After the doctors left, Dylan's father ran out and button-holed one of them. "Look," he said, "we don't need time to think. You need to do whatever you can do ... What would you do if it were your kid?" He got no disagreement from the doctor, who replied, "We want to do everything."

Tracy and her sister stayed in the conference room and cried for half an hour. Then Tracy said she told her sister and her husband, "When we go out there, we're not going to tell anybody this.' And we didn't. We came out, and [our family and friends] said, 'How did the meeting go?' We said, 'It was good. And we're going to do everything we can do for Dylan."

And then the question is: What do we have at that point?"

Day 17

Dylan opened his eyes. He'd passed from a coma into a vegetative state, a condition of wakeful unconsciousness – eyes open wide but mind shut down. His brain stem had begun sending pulses of arousal to the rest of the brain, but he still lacked awareness.



SUBTLE SIGNS OF CONSCIOUSNESS ARE OFTEN MISSED IN SUPPOSEDLY VEGETATIVE PATIENTS

Day 15

Dylan wore a hairnet of electrodes to monitor brain activity. No poke or prod penetrated his neural darkness, but that didn't prevent him from 'storming,' or displaying what's called paroxysmal sympathetic hyperactivity – brain-injury patients often sweat profusely, spike fevers and move their limbs spastically. Another disorder causes extreme thirst and urination.

His parents read him messages and told him his favourite ice hockey team had sent him a signed jersey. And they waited. "We knew that he was not likely to stay in a coma much longer," Giacino said, "because hardly anybody stays in a coma after 14 days.

For decades, researchers, including Giacino, have found evidence that subtle signs of consciousness are often missed in supposedly vegetative patients. They've proposed a new diagnostic category, the minimally conscious state. Many clinicians had regarded both vegetative and minimally conscious patients as 'hopelessly brain damaged,' but that view is shifting as technology allows researchers to detect conscious activity in people who show no outward signs of awareness.

Minimally conscious patients are mistakenly diagnosed as vegetative in roughly a third of all cases, according to two studies. "Thirty to 40 per cent of people who are believed to

be unconscious actually retain some conscious awareness," Giacino said.

Day 25

One great tension in monitoring a patient's struggle to regain consciousness is the gap between the expertise of doctors, who observe the patient intermittently, and the observations of the family members, who hover nearby for hours, seeing everything without knowing how to interpret what they are seeing. There was

wipe it yourself." He started to wipe his mouth and nose.

Day 33

During his fifth week, Dylan began to show more signs to his team that he was becoming aware of the outside world. His eyes followed a moving mirror. When a doctor pinched Dylan's nails, he tried to push away his hand. He had passed into the minimally conscious state, instantly increasing his chances of meaningful recovery.



**"HE HASN'T TAKEN HIS EYES OFF THE TV,"
THE FAMILY REPORTED. "HE'S MOVING HIS
MOUTH, TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING"**

always a family member with Dylan. Tracy quit her job to spend nights with him; Steve, a contractor, left work early. At one time or another, three grandparents and some 70 other relatives maintained a round-the-clock vigil.

Day 27

Dylan had been storming for several days. Tracy and her mother sat at his side, while Tracy wiped sweat off his forehead. Then something remarkable happened: Tracy went to wipe his head, and Dylan raised his hand. When he did it a second time, she put the cloth in his hand and said, "Dylan,

Day 43

How did Dylan's brain make the transition to conscious awareness? Research suggests that consciousness begins to reemerge when the parts of the brain that receive sensory information reestablish contact with the frontal lobes, which interpret and act on the information. Once Dylan moved from the ICU and into a regular room, the Rizzos tuned the TV to programmes they knew their son would like, usually a Bruins hockey game or a Celtics basketball game. One evening, the Bruins were playing, and the two goalies got into a fight. Dylan perked up. "He hasn't taken his

eyes off the TV," the family reported. "He's moving his mouth, trying to say something."

Day 44

Dylan's doctors performed a second MRI. Remarkably, the scan suggested that some of his damaged wiring had begun to mend. "To our knowledge," the doctors noted later, "this type of reversal has not been previously described with serial neuroimaging or in a case with such a widespread extent of axonal injury." The repair process, referred to as plasticity, is much more robust in a young brain than in an old brain, Edlow explained. One revelation of recent research is evidence that severe injury can activate mechanisms of neural development that normally deploy during childhood.

Day 45

Dylan was still in and out. Sometimes he seemed to pay attention; other times he seemed lost. In mid-February, the Rizzos brought in his Xbox controller. When they placed it in his hands, he stared at it for a few minutes. Then he started to push the buttons and move the joystick. A nurse handed him a tube of lip balm. He lifted it to his lips. But the biggest breakthrough arose from the spontaneous confluence of medical equipment and juvenile humour. Dylan had been tugging at the plastic tubing that connected to his trachea. The family gave him a short rubber tube to distract him.



Day 45: Taking steps to his mother with the help of two therapists

At one point, Steve reached for the other end of the tube and blew into it. The noise sounded like a fart. Dylan laughed. To Tracy, this was a glimmer not only of consciousness but of personality: "We were like, Oh my God! Like, he knew what a fart is, right? He's still in there!"

One Friday, physical therapists came in to get Dylan on his feet. Steadied by them, Dylan took a few halting steps towards Steve. When father and son were face-to-face, Dylan reached out, and the two hugged. "Dylan was stroking Dad's back, up and down, and then patted him on the shoulder," the family blogged. "You could hear a tear drop." Emotional responses are



Day 1460: Shopping at a craft beer specialty store

another early clue of emerging consciousness, Giacino says.

The following day, Dylan crashed and stormed so badly, there was talk of moving him back into intensive care.

Day 60

At the end of February, Dylan was transferred to Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital. Still considered minimally conscious, he could sit up in bed with assistance; he could nonverbally answer biographical questions with about 75 per cent accuracy; and he could follow one-step commands about 40 per cent of the time.

Day 65

Dylan began to stall. He was agitated and restless. He had bouts of 'toning'

– muscles in his arms and feet would involuntarily clench until the pain became unbearable, which the family realised when doctors attached a speaking valve to his trach tube so Dylan could vocalise. The first thing he did was cry.

Day 97

At the request of his parents, Dylan was transferred to the paediatric floor. He began to do better. Rehabilitating a minimally conscious brain is a bit like recapitulating childhood. Dylan re-learned basic activities: how to stand up, how to walk, how to put on a shirt. Some days he participated avidly; on others, he had no focus.

Day 142

The physical therapy nurses stood Dylan in front of a mirror and wrote, "Dylan loves the Yankees" and "Bruins stink" with a marker on the glass. Dylan picked up an eraser and wiped away the insults – "very quick," his parents reported, "even for Dylan."

Day 198

Dylan had entered the posttraumatic confusional state. He recognised his dog, but he didn't know the time or year. He could steer his wheelchair outside (wearing a helmet), but he didn't know where he was. An MRI showed his white matter continued to heal, but he remained disoriented.

His parents screened movies that Steve called awful but that Dylan had

liked: *Beerfest*. *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*. *Anchorman*. Dylan laughed at the right parts, just as he responded to hockey games when goals were scored. Once, when Dylan appeared to be sleeping, an aunt told his mother a dirty joke. Dylan erupted in laughter.

Day 208

Nurses, patients, doctors and well-wishers gathered at the reception desk for a send-off party. In a video, Dylan sits in a wheelchair, waving and

struggled with cognitive tasks. A brain scan on day 366 confirmed the extent of his recovery and the permanence of other injuries. In the left frontal lobe, some tissue had atrophied and would never come back. Still, at a fund-raiser in July, he danced.

Day 746

Dylan went rock climbing, working his way up a climbing wall. The Rizzos sent the video to Giacino, who includes the clip when he gives

“COMING OUT OF IT, IT WAS
LIKE I WAS ASLEEP, AND I WAS JUST BACK
ALIVE,” DYLAN SAID

smiling. His smile has the megawatt quality it had before the accident, but the wave is on a two-second delay, almost slow motion. That day is the first thing he remembers since the day of the accident. “Coming out of it, it was like I was asleep, and I was just back alive,” he said later. “The last day at Spaulding, that’s when I felt alive.”

Before he left Spaulding, he hit another milestone: he said his first word since the accident.

Day 271

Dylan spent two months at another rehab centre before returning home. He began to walk with a walker, but he

talks about recovery in patients who reached a minimally conscious state within 60 days of their injury. It is a vivid embodiment of his argument for patience. “What this tells us,” Giacino said, “is that the story doesn’t end at 12 months.” Dylan is among a growing number of patients who defy the odds. “We don’t know how many exceptions to the rule there are,” Giacino said. “So I don’t believe in the rule anymore.”

Day 1541

“It’s impeccable,” Dylan was saying. We were sitting in the Rizzo home, and he was describing his bedroom. His

mother talked about how her son had changed. "He's still the same person," Tracy said. "Just neater. He was a slob before the accident." Dylan smiled.

The most conspicuous reminder of his injury was a slight indentation in his left temple and two shiny lanes of hairless skin that run back from the crown of his forehead. Now 24, he is functionally independent. He volunteers as an assistant track coach at his old high school, helps his father on construction projects and hopes to attend TAFE. He continues to need speech and cognitive therapy. "Dylan still has memory issues, organisation issues and time-management issues," Tracy said. He does not remember a single thing about the six months

prior to the accident or the seven months after.

Not only is Dylan functional, but he's functional in a red-blooded 20-something way. When we went out for lunch, Dylan ordered a sampler of microbrews ("His neurologist says he can have one or two beers," Tracy said). Back at home, I asked to see his room. Dylan effortlessly climbed the stairs and led me there. Inside was a flat-screen TV, and a lacrosse stick was propped in one corner. The bed was made, and Steve opened the cupboard to reveal T-shirts, each hung and colour-sorted. "There was nothing in here before the accident. Everything was on the floor," he said, then laughed. "Re-programming the brain works." **R**

NEW YORK (JUNE 10, 2015) © 2015 BY NEW YORK MEDIA LLC, WWW.NYMAG.COM.



THE WORLD'S FIRST ...

... NAME (that we have a record of) is Kushim, a Mesopotamian accountant who signed a 5000-year-old receipt.

... EBAY SALE was a broken laser pointer, sold to a collector of broken laser pointers.

... BILLIONAIRE ATHLETE was ancient Roman charioteer Gaius Appuleius Diocles, who earned the equivalent of US\$15 billion before his retirement.

... SPEEDING TICKET was given to a man going 8 mph in a 2 mph zone.

... CONCERT BOOTLEG came from Mozart, who re-composed a confidential Vatican symphony from memory after hearing it only twice. *TIME, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, YAHOO FINANCE*



That's Outrageous!

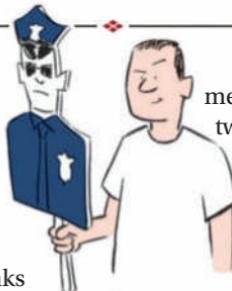
DOUBLE TAKE

SWIFT RECOGNITION

Australian teen Olivia Sturgiss was invited backstage by pop singer Taylor Swift in Melbourne. Months prior, Strurgiss had built an online following thanks to her resemblance to Swift. When the two met in December 2015, the singer caught one difference, reportedly exclaiming, "You're so tall!" As their photo was being taken, Sturgiss noticed Swift standing on her tiptoes and wondered if she was trying to avoid being outshone. But don't worry, there's no bad blood between them.

SELF-REFLECTION

It started as a contest among friends: who could find their doppelgänger within 28 days? Amazingly, Niamh Geaney of Ireland appealed to social



media and found hers within two weeks. Geaney was shocked by the number of strangers interested in tracking down their look-alikes. Sensing an opportunity, she created

Twin Strangers. The website now has more than one million users scanning its photo database, hoping to see themselves staring back.

PLAYING POLICE

One night in October 2015, Joshua Lynam flipped on his vehicle's red-and-white lights and pulled over a car in Florida, US. There was one problem: despite looking like a cop, Lynam was a 24-year-old IT worker. And he'd flagged down an off-duty sergeant. Lynam was promptly arrested for impersonating a law enforcement officer.

Puzzle Answers

FILL MY CUP
By placing one cup inside another, the same coins can be in more than one cup.



SEVEN UP

- C. A gives you a 50% chance (6/12).
B gives you a 58.3% chance (21/36).
C gives you a 68.7% chance (44/64).

HIDDEN MEANING

- A. Uncle Sam needs you
B. Green with envy

See page 122

SUDOKU

6	9	2	16	3	7	5	1	4
4	3	7	2	5	1	8	6	9
6	5	1	8	4	9	2	3	7
1	8	3	4	7	6	9	2	5
7	4	5	9	2	3	1	8	6
9	2	6	1	8	5	7	4	3
2	6	9	5	1	4	3	7	8
5	7	8	3	6	2	4	9	1
3	1	4	7	9	8	6	5	2



Unbelievable

TRUE TALES TOLD TALL



Criminally Offensive

Being really annoying is a crime, contends Nury Vittachi



I HAVE AN ETHICS ISSUE.

What do you do when you're having an argument on Facebook and an incredibly stupid, annoying person joins in, but they're on your side? It's shocking that society has no answers for huge moral dilemmas of today.

It's an odd truth that annoying people often turn out to be useful. A case in point was sent to me by a reader recently. A daring robber raided a bank in the US state of Vermont and got away. Elsewhere

Nury Vittachi is a Hong Kong-based author. Read his blog at Mrjam.org

in the same town on the same day, a woman who was the sort of annoying person who gets called an 'eco-Nazi' - my family is full of them - was putting a piece of garbage in her bin. She noticed someone had thrown away a paper coffee cup in the LITTERBIN instead of THE PAPER RECYCLING bin. Outraged, she retrieved it and found it contained a crumpled piece of a paper with writing on it: "THIS IS A ROBBERY GIVE ME THE MONEY QUIETLY AND NO-ONE WILL GET HURT." Police guessed it was the robber's practise note and immediately set off in pursuit of the woman's cleaner's boyfriend.

The moral of this story? ALWAYS put draft copies of illegal threats you write in the correct bin.

In another example, a Spanish debt collection agency employed a bagpiper and a dog with an annoying yap to visit the houses of debtors.

More recently, the Minnesota police department in the US announced that arrested people may be subjected to a really annoying

Justin Bieber video "all the way to the jail". There was no follow-up report on whether the crime rate fell, but I worry that there may have been an unexpected boom in arrestable crimes committed by teenage girls.

The one group of Annoying People whom I rarely find useful are folk who are Excessively Politically Correct.

An example is the British Medical Association, which recently issued a guidance document telling doctors and nurses they could replace the term 'expectant mothers' with 'pregnant people' to include 'trans men who might become pregnant'. This is a bit much. Of course, it is possible that I may be

swamped with angry letters from pregnant 'trans men' but I will take that risk.

It would be annoying to lose the word 'mama', a term you find in almost every language in the world. The exception is Buckingham Palace in London, where the Queen's babies have to address her as 'ma'am' or find themselves on the 'to be beheaded' list. Now that would be annoying.



WITTY WISDOM

Experience is what you get when you don't get what you wanted.

ANN LANDERS

out & about

NEWS

BOOKS

FILMS

DVDS

Be My Eyes



A visually impaired man from Denmark has come up with a brilliant idea to assist those in similar situations. Hans Jørgen Wiberg, 52, was volunteering at a facility for the visually impaired when he noticed people using their phone's video call facility to get help from friends or family when they were stumped by everyday tasks, such as checking the use-by date on a carton of milk.

"I thought, 'What if they could ask strangers for help?'" says Wiberg. The result was an app called Be My Eyes (www.bemyeyes.org) that allows users to contact a volunteer on video. There are 450,000 volunteers registered with the app, helping 30,000 visually impaired people.

"It's a way to be more independent," says Anne Hansen. "When I'm cooking, I call someone to say, 'How does this look? Does it look done or does it need more time?'"

Tim Hulse



A 'second set of eyes' is just a phone call away

TO THINE OWNSELF BE TRUE

ILLUMINATING WISDOM

Words of wisdom, works of art

Deirdre Hassed
and Craig Hassed

Exisle Publishing

 How seldom we remark what beautiful handwriting a person has. Sadly, for most of us, shaping letters into words is a messy business and a chore for the reader to decipher. But in many cultures the art of calligraphy has been celebrated for its aesthetic value. Deirdre and Craig Hassed have brought together more than 80 quotes on the subject of wisdom in a book that is visually rich with Deirdre's exquisite lettering and that resonates across the boundaries of religion, people and cultures. Quotes include love, beauty, justice, service, compassion, virtue and peace. It is a truly joyful experience to turn the pages.

ILLUSTRATIONS: iSTOCK

Power Up!

 A team of scientists at Bristol University have come up with an idea to address problems of nuclear waste, clean-electricity generation and battery life in one swoop. It involves combining a man-made diamond with a radioactive field, which then generates an electrical current.

The plan is to extract carbon-14 from graphite blocks used in nuclear power plants, reducing their radioactivity and lessening the challenges of storing them safely. The carbon-14 is incorporated into a diamond to produce a battery that will take more than 5000 years to lose even half its power.

Source: Good News Network

THE LOVERS

Romance, Comedy

This contemporary take on marriage stars Tracy Letts and Debra Winger as Michael and Mary, a husband and wife whose marriage is dispassionate and on the verge of collapse. Both have lovers and both are committed to their new partners. But, when they sit down to call it quits, they find themselves unexpectedly falling in love with each other again. The spark



between them, now rekindled, leads them on a romantic journey. *The Lovers* is an honest look at love, fidelity and family, mixing emotion with humour.

THE SENSE OF AN ENDING Drama

 Based on Julian Barnes's novel, *The Sense of an Ending* centres on Tony Webster (Jim Broadbent), in his 70s and divorced. His quiet, reclusive existence is shaken up by the arrival of an unexpected letter revealing a bequest and a long-forgotten diary from 50 years ago. This unleashes flashbacks to Tony's college years; his intense admiration for school friend Adrian (Joe Alwyn) and his courtship of Veronica (Freya Mavor and Charlotte Rampling in old age) who later paired up with Adrian. Tony (in youth, played by Billy Howle) ended his relationship with both of them via a nasty letter wishing them the worst. The flashbacks help Tony realise the foolishness of his youth – and the consequences of his decisions.



CRUDEN FARM GARDEN DIARIES

Michael Morrison and Lisa Clausen

Lantern

 A garden is a work in progress that begins in the mind's eye of the gardener, and, as the years pass, takes shape in ways he or she cannot predict. Nature is full of surprises, as this beautifully illustrated book about one of Australia's finest private gardens shows. Cruden Farm, near Melbourne, was a wedding present in 1928 to Dame Elisabeth Murdoch from her husband, Sir Keith Murdoch. In 1971, Michael Morrison took on Sunday morning work in the garden ... and stayed. For more than 40 years, he and 'the Boss' experienced fulfilment, frustrations and a great deal of fun in the sanctuary they nurtured. He remains head gardener, devoted to keeping alive their shared vision. Morrison's diaries are more than a record of the triumphs and tribulations of gardening: they provide a touching insight into a friendship forged across the flowerbeds.



If It's Broke, Fix It

A bolt of inspiration from Swedish government minister Per Bolund has seen a series of tax breaks implemented for Sweden's citizens with a focus on reducing consumption. Since the beginning of 2017, Swedish consumers are being encouraged to fix rather than replace everything from bicycles to washing machines, and will receive generous tax breaks if they do so. "There is a shift in view in Sweden at the moment," explains Bolund. "There is an increased awareness that we need to make our things last longer in order to reduce materials' consumption."

Source: *The Guardian*



THE AUTOPSY OF JANE DOE

Thriller

What starts as a predictable night at the morgue for father and son coroners Tommy (Brian Cox) and Austin Tilden (Emile Hirsch) quickly



turns to mystery when the local sheriff arrives with an unidentified corpse (Olwen Kelly). Pressed to find a cause of death by morning, Tommy and Austin start the autopsy. Despite being half-buried in the basement of the home of a brutally murdered family, the young and beautiful Jane Doe is eerily well preserved and shows no signs of trauma. As Tommy and Austin try to piece together a cause of death, they uncover disturbing secrets of the victim's life. It soon becomes terrifyingly clear that all is not as it seems. This horror movie will be appreciated for its unpredictability, jump scares and cast.





SNATCHED Comedy

 On the eve of what should have been a blissful holiday to South America with her boyfriend, Emily Middleton (Amy Schumer) is unceremoniously dumped. With some persuasion, she convinces her mother, Linda (Goldie Hawn), to travel with her in his place. The pair could not be more different: where Emily is outgoing,

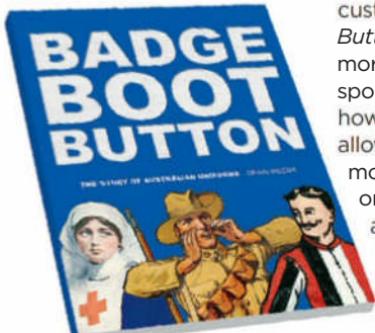
spontaneous and open to new experiences, the once fun-loving Linda is serious and cautious. At Emily's insistence, they seek out adventure but end up embroiled in a kidnapping plot. Trapped in the wilderness, their bond is tested, as the two must overcome their differences while they navigate the jungle in an attempt to escape.

BADGE, BOOT, BUTTON

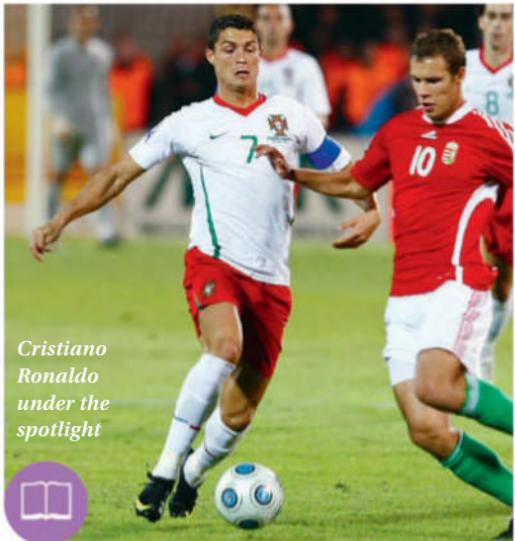
The story of Australian uniforms

Craig Wilcox

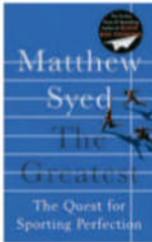
NLA Publishing



Uniforms are a language unto themselves. Even if we know nothing else about the person wearing the uniform, we know what they do. Think of the 'baggy green' worn by Australian cricketers, the red and yellow attire of the volunteer lifesavers, the combat-style outfits of customs and immigration workers. *Badge, Boot, Button* charts Australia's social history through more than two centuries of civilian, corporate, sporting and defence uniform changes. We see how designs have been modified over time: to allow for greater freedom of movement; to make more visible or better protected; to refresh an organisation's profile; to showcase colours and patterns that reflect the country's heritage. Who could forget the Qantas flight attendant stretch-fabric boomerang print dress?



Cristiano
Ronaldo
under the
spotlight



THE GREATEST

The quest for sporting perfection

Matthew Syed

Hachette Australia

Picture this: the cliffhanger point in a game, relying on a split-second calculation to win or lose, while millions watch. The perils of performance for an ageing mind

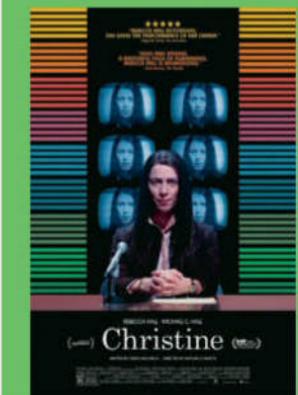
and body. The demands of being an icon. An athlete is but human, subject to the physical and psychological frailties of us all. What motivates them, who do they rely on, what demons do they confront? This series of fascinating articles written by an award-winning *Times* columnist provides insights into the mindset of some of the world's most talented athletes, from Martina Navratilova to Cristiano Ronaldo, Muhammad Ali to Lionel Messi. It also explores the thorny topics of corruption, sexuality, race and hooliganism, and teaches us as much about the person playing the sport as it does about us, the spectator.

CHRISTINE

Drama. Biography



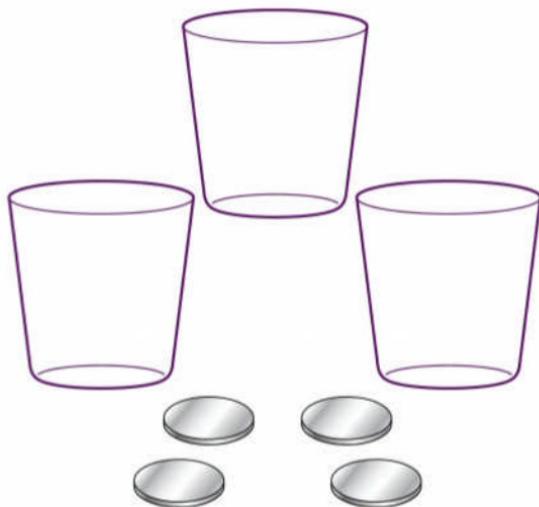
Christine Chubbuck (Rebecca Hall), the smartest person in the room at her local TV news station, feels destined for bigger things and is relentless in her pursuit of an on-air position in a larger company. As an aspiring journalist and newswoman, Christine has an interest in social justice but finds herself at odds with her boss (Tracy Letts), who is after juicier, sensationalised stories that will drive ratings. Christine is riddled with self-doubt, disillusioned and tormented by a difficult home life. Based on the true events of July 15, 1974, Christine's world soon takes a dark and shocking turn.



Puzzles

Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 113.

BY MARCEL DANESI



FILL MY CUP

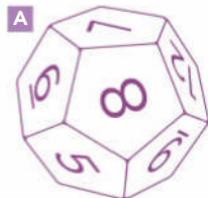
Three cups and four coins are on a table. You must place the coins in the cups according to the following two stipulations:

- No cup can be left empty.
- Two of the cups must contain two coins each.

How would you do this?

SEVEN UP

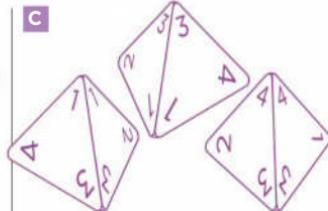
If you wanted to roll a total of seven or higher, which dice would you rather use?



ONE 12-SIDED DIE
(1-12)



TWO SIX-SIDED DICE
(1-6)



THREE FOUR-SIDED DICE
(1-4)

		6			1	
4	3		5		6	
	1		4	9	2	
	3	4	6			5
4	5				1	8
9		1	5	7		
	9	5	1		3	
7			6		9	1
1			8			

TO SOLVE THIS SUDOKU ...

You have to put a number from 1 to 9 in each square so that:

- every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numerals (1–9) without repeating any of them; and
- each of the 3 × 3 boxes has all nine numerals, none repeated.

HIDDEN MEANING

Identify the common words or phrases below.

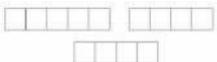
NCLE SAM

A



GREENVY

B



BRAIN POWER
brought to you by



FRIXION ERASABLE PEN





TEST YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Trivia



1. Revolutionary Che Guevara's name at birth was what?

1 point

2. Does 'starboard' on a boat refer to left or right? **1 point**

3. True or false: the Moon has 'moonquakes' just as the Earth has earthquakes. **1 point**

4. In which US city did Rosa Parks refuse to give up her seat on the bus? **2 points**

5. What game uses the terms 'flop', 'hero call' and 'idiot end'? **1 point**

6. What is unusual about cuckoos as parents? **1 point**

7. What seven-letter word is the name given to a territory surrounded by a foreign dominion? **2 points**

8. Named after its national bird, the quetzal is the currency of what Central American country? **1 point**

15. What is the scale used to measure the heat of chilli peppers? **1 point**

9. The inland taipan is considered to be the world's most venomous land snake - the venom from one bite is enough to

kill 100 humans. In which country is it found? **1 point**

10. Who wrote the controversial novel *Satanic Verses* in 1989? **1 point**

11. The supernatural beings of Arabic mythology, *djinn*, are anglicised as what? **2 points**

12. King Wenceslas from the popular Christmas carol 'Good King Wenceslas' has a famous square named after him. In which city and country is it? **2 points**

13. Name the two films in the Oscars 2017 Best Picture envelope mix-up. **2 points**

14. What are high notes, as opposed to bass notes, known as? **1 point**

16-20 Gold medal

11-15 Silver medal

6-10 Bronze medal

0-5 Wooden spoon

ANSWERS: 1. Ernesto Guevara. 2. Right. 3. True. 4. Montgomery, Alabama. 5. Poker. 6. They don't raise their own young but instead lay their eggs in other birds' nests for them to raise. 7. Enclave. 8. Guatemala. 9. Australia. 10. Salmon Runshidle. 11. Genies. 12. Prague, Czech Republic. 13. Moonlight won, but only after an error saw La Land initially declared the winner. 14. Treble. 15. The Scoville scale.



IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

Elementary, or Is It?

This month's quiz is for fans of the BBC series and Netflix favourite Sherlock, as well as readers of the original Sherlock Holmes detective novels by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Sleuth out the meanings – or follow the trail to the next page for answers.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

1. **connoisseur** *n.* – A: swindler. B: expert. C: paid informant.
2. **faculties** *n.* – A: powers. B: intricate details. C: sudden insights.
3. **infallible** *adj.* – A: never wrong. B: remaining questionable or unsolved. C: carefully balanced.
4. **minatory** *adj.* – A: unethical. B: with a menacing quality. C: subversive.
5. **furtive** *adj.* – A: nervous. B: sneaky. C: tall and thin.
6. **untoward** *adj.* – A: illogical. B: strongly opinionated. C: unfavourable.
7. **facilitate** *v.* – A: make easier. B: confront. C: unravel.
8. **incisive** *adj.* – A: urgent. B: doubtful. C: impressively direct.

9. **tenacious** *adj.* – A: persistent. B: well concealed. C: supremely rational.
10. **desultory** *adj.* – A: yielding no clues. B: hot and humid. C: having no plan.
11. **proficiency** *n.* – A: right-handedness. B: likelihood. C: great skill.
12. **illustrious** *adj.* – A: graphic. B: eminent. C: deceiving.
13. **injunction** *n.* – A: order. B: coincidence. C: shot of medicine or drugs.
14. **truculent** *adj.* – A: hostile. B: puzzled. C: of few words.
15. **sardonic** *adj.* – A: carelessly dressed. B: threatening. C: mocking.
16. **panoply** *n.* – A: impressive array. B: thin veneer. C: untruth.

Answers

1. connoisseur – [B] expert. “Can you recommend an art connoisseur?” the auctioneer asked at the museum.

2. faculties – [A] powers. The prosecution set out to test the full faculties of the defence team.

3. infallible – [A] never wrong. “Not to worry – our key witness has an infallible memory,” the lawyer said.

4. minatory – [B] with a menacing quality. The thief gave his victim a minatory gaze before running off down the alley.

5. furtive – [B] sneaky. I didn’t for one second trust the suspect – he has a furtive look.

6. untoward – [C] unfavourable.

“Barring untoward circumstances,” said the judge, “we’ll have a decision by week’s end.”

7. facilitate – [A] make easier. The sergeant needed at least one more lead to facilitate the investigation.

8. incisive – [C] impressively direct. “Guilty,” the jury foreman offered in a most incisive tone.

9. tenacious – [A] persistent. Though not very personable, Officer

Bluntley can be as tenacious as a bulldog.

10. desultory – [C] having no plan. After finding no clues at the crime scene, the police began what felt like a desultory search for evidence.

11. proficiency – [C] great skill. “I claim no proficiency at lab work – but I am a huge *CSI* fan!”

12. illustrious – [B] eminent. After an illustrious 30-year career, Detective Klein finally decided to step down.

13. injunction – [A] order. For failing to follow the injunction, Thomas served 90 days of community service.

14. truculent – [A] hostile. The witness was unscathed by the prosecutor’s truculent remarks.

15. sardonic – [C] mocking. “Catch me if you can!” cried the thief with a sardonic laugh.

16. panoply n. – A: impressive array. The gang lords were offered a panoply of delicacies.

CALLING ALL DETECTIVES

The term *private eye* alludes simply to *private i* (short for *investigator*). You may also call such a person a *tec* (short for *detective*), a *gumshoe* (from quiet, rubber-soled footwear), a *sleuth* (from an Old Norse word for ‘trail’), a *shamus* (of Yiddish origin), or a *hawkshaw* (from a detective in the 1863 play *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*).

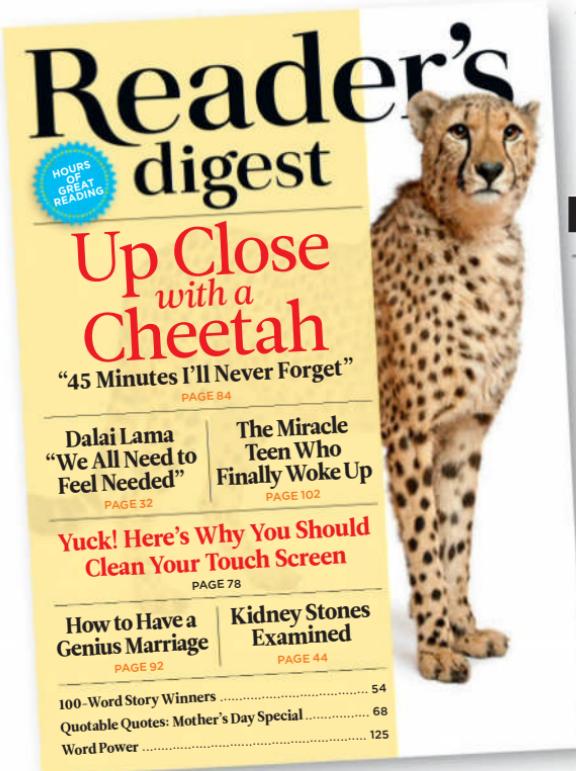
VOCABULARY RATINGS

9 & below: Bloodhound

10–13: Detective

14–16: Word Power Wizard

Hours of great reading!



Reader's digest

HOURS OF GREAT READING

Up Close with a Cheetah

"45 Minutes I'll Never Forget" PAGE 84

Dalai Lama "We All Need to Feel Needed" PAGE 32

The Miracle Teen Who Finally Woke Up PAGE 102

Yuck! Here's Why You Should Clean Your Touch Screen PAGE 78

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100-Word Story Winners 54

Quotable Quotes: Mother's Day Special 68

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