

Reader's digest

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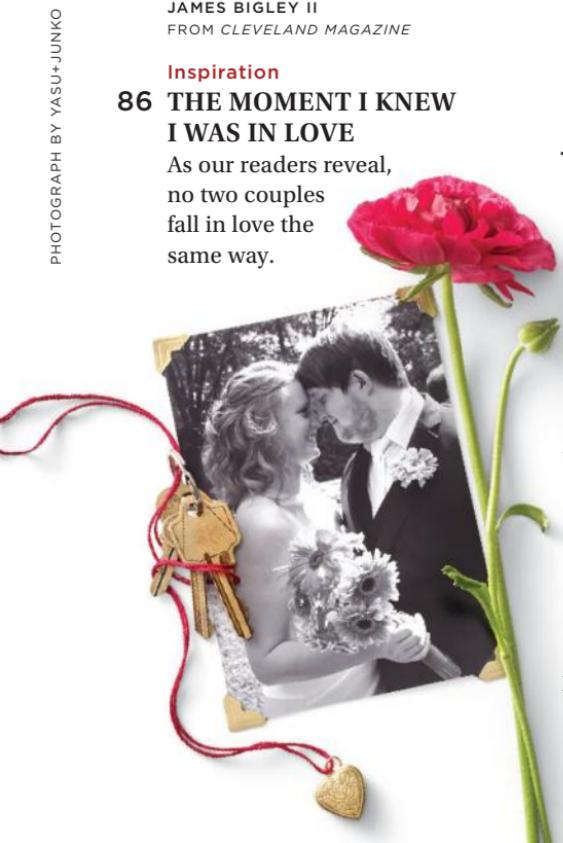
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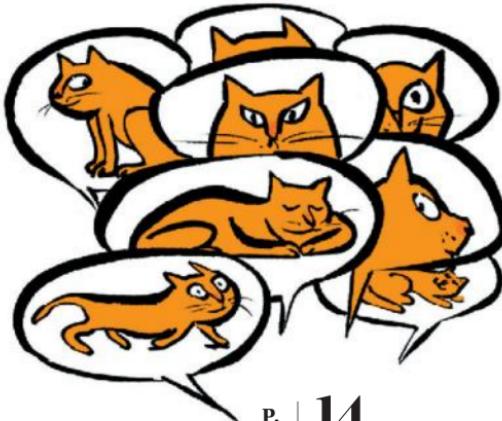


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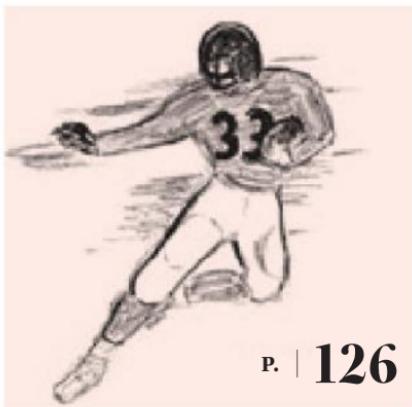
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Dear Readers

I WAS WATCHING HER PLAY TENNIS, as was everyone else in the crowd. She was a slight, quick freshman and the best player on campus. The best, she'd soon prove, on any campus on the East Coast. With her long hair and tan, she moved defiantly around the court like a warrior in a hurry.

Wow, I said to my roommate, she's amazing. And very cute. He said: Duh.

One night the next fall, she and I found ourselves trading barbs over a keg outside my dorm room. It was apparently raining. (That's her memory.) I was witty (my memory), when I never am. When she said she had to get home and left the party, I suddenly left, too—in pursuit.

This was a first, and remains an only. Coming from a family of boys, I was content to avoid both conflict and intimacy. I had never boldly chased down any strange girl, anywhere.

But I caught up with her in the courtyard outside her dorm and unthinkingly proposed a deal. Being the cutest girl on campus, she was surrounded by suitors. Being defiant, she hated the mindless attention. So I'd be her non-suitor, the one who understood, uninterested in anything but hanging out and making her laugh.

Years later, when I told the story to our son, he said, "Dude, that is so lame."

No doubt she saw right through it too. But she laughed—I remember that. And from then on, we did hang out. We argued and pooled dollars for drinks. Her defiance softened. My indifference was revealed as act.

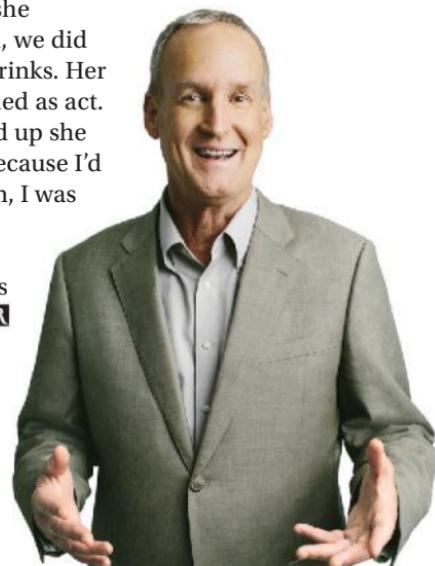
It took me a few years not to fear how stirred up she made me. I almost blew it, consistently. But because I'd had that one glorious improvisation in the rain, I was in the game with her.

And still am, four decades later.

Here's to love and impulse! For more stories of "the moment," turn to page 86. **R**

Bruce Kelley,
editor-in-chief

Write to me at
letters@rd.com.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GLENN GLASSER;
GROOMING: KERRY LOU BREHM FOR PRO-STYLE-CREW

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Letters

COMMENTS ON THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

Cover Story

The “Kindness and Generosity” package was the warmest, most inspiring article I have ever read. I got goose bumps. Surely with seven billion people in this world we can come up with ten great pages like this every month.

LOU MEYER, Rancho Cordova, California

I've never had so much trouble reading a story as I did with the one about Cori Salchert, who took in dying babies. It was so difficult because it was impossible to see through my tears.

ESTHER KILANSKI, Palmyra, Virginia

Everyday Heroes

Happy to see people taking the problem of food waste seriously. When I taught school, I begged our cafeteria's chef to give the unused food to the indigent. I was told that was not permitted. It's rewarding to see that some people have developed their own plans to make this possible.

JUDY WOLFMAN, York, Pennsylvania

Hosting dinners in a Dumpster, as one of your heroes does, is a pretentious



way to show you “care” about waste. I waste very little food because I practice simple meal planning. I map out 10 to 12 meals and shop every two weeks. I use things that spoil quickly in the first week and occasionally pick up some lettuce or fresh bread. No self-imposed guilt.

MICHELE BAIRD, Virginia Beach, Virginia

You Be the Judge

The dogs attacking the cyclist was a tragic situation, the result of a perfect storm of events: The dogs were doing their job, protecting the flock; the biker was doing what she had the right to do; and the rancher was well within his right to graze sheep on public lands. So why can't our justice system recognize pure accident? Why does someone always have to be at fault and made to pay?

MICHELLE HAMIL, Meadow Vista, California

Mom's Dinner Party Diaries

As I read Andrew Sean Greer's memory of his mom's dinner party diaries, I couldn't help but smile. How beautifully diverse his family is, how lovingly they change their

menus to accommodate each new family member, and what a wonderful reminder to us all that preparing and sharing meals is a simple but true demonstration of love.

ANNETTE THOMAS, *Clarkston, Michigan*

Brilliant Uses for Pennies

I enjoyed these uses for pennies. A side note: According to a *Jeopardy!* clue from 1998, *USA Today* reported that an average American home has 1,000 pennies lying around. It costs 1.7 cents to mint a penny. If most typical households would put 181 of those pennies back into circulation, no more would need to be minted. Savings for taxpayers.

MARGE HOLLEY, *Filer, Idaho*

Getting Over Gray

Unlike the author, I started going gray when I was in high school. I have taken it all in stride because I still have a lot of hair. It just goes with the territory for most men. And as I've always said, "Better gray than nay!"

JIM TIDBALL, *Glendale, Arizona*

Who They Really Are

When I received my issue in the mail, I groaned, "Oh no, an article about

Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton." I figured it would be just another hit piece on one or both. But I was pleasantly surprised. You actually treated both candidates with dignity and revealed their unique personalities. All of us have our strengths, quirks, and, yes, weaknesses.

KIRK SCHANZENBACH, *Liverpool, New York*

We'd endured months of political opinion articles and attack ads. This was your one chance to make a difference in the lives of your readers in one of the most contentious presidential races in history. So what did you give us? Yet another opinion piece.

KEVIN DAVID, *Centennial, Colorado*

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EVERYDAY HEROES

★

A boy being mauled, a brave construction worker, and the race of their lives

Dog Catcher

BY ALYSSA JUNG

KKENNETH HANSEN, 46, was working late one May evening two years ago, putting the last pieces of siding on a home in Gratiot County, Michigan. He glanced up from his saw to see his brother frantically waving his arms. Then he heard screaming. Standing on the back porch of the home next door was a little boy yelling "Help!" while four rottweilers growled, barked, and snarled in a circle below him.

At first, Hansen thought it was just a dogfight. Then alarm bells went off in his head. "The noises they made

sounded like what dogs do when they're killing something," he says. His hunch proved right when another young boy suddenly popped up in the middle of the dogs, and Hansen watched in horror as they sank in their teeth and flung him across the grass like a small doll.

"That's when I realized he wasn't wearing a red-and-white shirt like I'd thought," says Hansen. "He was shirtless and covered in blood, and those dogs were trying to kill him."

Hansen raced across the grass, vaulted a six-foot-high chain-link ➤



*Having a son
the same age as
Ethan, left, is
what spurred
Hansen to help.*

fence, and landed in the neighbor's yard. He shouted at the dogs, but they ignored him. He amped up the aggression, yelling louder until they let go just long enough for Hansen to grab eight-year-old Ethan Nokes around the belly and bear-hug him. "I couldn't grab him under his armpits, which would have made it easier to run, because they were ripped wide open," says Hansen.

As Hansen sprinted across the yard, the dogs leaped on him, biting at Ethan. The boy pleaded with Hansen, "Kill me, just kill me!"

Hansen hit the stairs to the back deck running. So did the dogs. When he reached the top, he pulled on a patio door; it wouldn't open. "A dog grabbed Ethan's foot, and I thought they were going to get him back from me," he says. Hansen yanked on a second door. It sprang open. He rushed inside the apartment, followed closely by the dogs scratching at his legs. He opened a bedroom door a crack, shoved Ethan in, then slammed it shut. He turned and faced the dogs that were surrounding him, growling and barking. "I knew I had to get the dogs outside," he says.

Hansen screamed and yelled—even chased one of them around the couch—until he got them out onto the deck and shut the glass door. The

dogs sat outside, glaring at him.

With the house quiet, he went to check on Ethan in the bedroom. The boy was covered in blood, still crying, "Kill me."

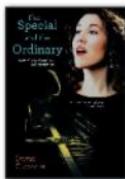
"You're not going to die," Hansen assured him. "They'll sew you up, and you'll have a bunch of stitches to show your buddies at school."

Suddenly, the door flew open. There stood Ethan's step-grandmother, the homeowner, checking on Ethan. The four dogs—teeth bared—were at her feet. Hansen leaped for the door, slamming it in her face.

Paramedics arrived soon after, and Ethan was airlifted to a Grand Rapids hospital, where he underwent surgery for the more than 30 bite wounds he'd suffered from head to toe, some to the muscle. Hansen, meanwhile, walked away with scratches on his legs and forehead. It's still unclear what sent the rottweilers into kill mode, but later that month, a judge ordered them euthanized.

Today, Ethan is fully recovered, and Hansen has become more than his savior. "I have a son the same age. Ethan and his brother come watch us race cars and even stay overnight," Hansen says. Clearly uncomfortable with the "hero" tag, he adds, "I didn't even think. My reaction was instant."





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From Pacific Review: "What makes this book worth reading...is the winning combination of intelligent context, intriguing characters and the author's eloquent writing style...Definitely a worthwhile read, I recommend *The Special and the Ordinary* to lovers of literary fiction."



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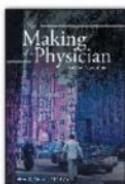
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The Truth Won't Help Them Now is a fast-paced tale of murder and gangland intrigue, involving a gritty district attorney and a band of detectives on a quest to solve two separate crimes in a corrupted 1939 Los Angeles.



It Came by Loss
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It Came by Loss is a tale about Pete Gordon and his struggles after the demise of his mother, the tragic death of his friend and how he was able to rise from these tragedies.



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-This Was My Calling-
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This book was written to help readers develop a greater appreciation of their own environmental experiences and consider them as influential factors in the decision-making of their lives. It has a message to inspire others to pursue a medical profession.



"Through the eyes of the East"
Inspirational poems
Salma Hamid Hussain
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Salma Hamid Hussain writes *Through the eyes of the East* in her hope to lead the younger generation in acquiring a spiritual perception in life. Her poems reflect traditional values pushed into the background by this world's fast-changing landscape.

The Online Troll Patrol

BY ANDY SIMMONS

EMILY TEMPLE-WOOD was 12 years old the first time she was trolled online. She was being a good digital citizen, excising the foul language and lies added to pop-culture posts on Wikipedia, and the cyber vandals were having none of it. They left ugly comments on her Wikipedia and Facebook pages about her looks "that would make my mother's hair curl," says Temple-Wood, now 22 and in medical school. Her biggest crime, she believes: "I was a woman on the Internet."

Over the years, she considered how she might exact revenge. Then, as a freshman in college, it hit her: "What do misogynists hate most?" she asked herself. "Women who are productive!" Her solution: For every insulting comment she received, Temple-Wood vowed to post a biography of a female scientist, and thus, in 2012, WikiProject Women Scientists was born. She profiled her heroes, like Barbara McClintock, who was awarded the 1983 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, and Caroline Still Anderson, one of the first African American women to become a physician in the United States, in the late 1800s. With help from other women, many of them scientists who have



Temple-Wood's motivation: "You need to find a productive way to take revenge."

also been victimized online, Temple-Wood has published hundreds of these brief biographies—each a thumb in the eye to misogyny—and women of all ages have taken notice. "When I was a kid, I could count the number of women scientists I was aware of on one hand," wrote Siko Bouterse, formerly of the Wikimedia Foundation. "But our daughters are going to have access to much more knowledge about scientists who look like them, thanks to Emily."

The nasty comments still come, says Temple-Wood. Being a strong woman online is not easy. "We all have days where we break down and need to snuggle a cat and have a glass of wine," she says. "I tell people who are being trolled that it's OK to be upset. But now you need to find a productive way to take revenge." R



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Department of Wit

Should I Stop Bringing Up My Cat?

BY JORY JOHN FROM MCSWEENEYS.NET

PLACE: A playground

SCENE ONE

LADY: My daughter Lucy said the cutest thing the other day. She was eating some applesauce, and she looked at me and said, "Mommy, how do they get the applesauce out of the apple?"

ME: My cat eats constantly. It's getting a little concerning, honestly.



JORY JOHN is the New York Times bestselling author of Penguin Problems (illustrated by Lane Smith).



LADY: Oh. Yes ... I, um ...

ME: He has this meowing routine. He meows from the other room like six times per day. Right? And I just know that when he starts meowing, he's hungry again. And I'm like, "Didn't you just eat?"

LADY: I ... uh ...

ME: But he just keeps meowing, and I just keep feeding him. Mostly just to shut him up.

LADY: I see.

SCENE TWO

GUY: My son, Nate, took his first step the other day. I'm kicking myself because I didn't manage

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (JOHN)

to film it. What's the point of having all these cameras around if we don't capture these moments?

ME: My cat, William, has been walking since he was born, basically. He's pretty nimble too. He walks on the upstairs banister a lot, and I'm like, "William, be careful!" But he's usually just fine.

GUY: [Silence]

ME: Sometimes I watch my cat's feet, the way his paws move. It's really transfixing, you know? I'm sure it's the same with your son.

GUY: You're saying I should watch my son's feet?

ME: [Not listening, staring at my phone] You want to see a few videos of William walking around?

GUY: I, uh ... I suppose.

ME: [Scrolling through more than 2,000 cat videos and photos] Here, check this one out. Look how beautiful it is when four paws work in tandem, like a fancy watch.

SCENE THREE

LADY: Not to brag, but my daughter is incredibly bright. The other day, we were in the backyard, and she pointed to a butterfly—

ME: My cat loves butterflies!

LADY: Does he? That's ... great. Anyway, my daughter—Kylie—she looked up and pointed at a butterfly and said, "That used to be a caterpillar, Mommy." I'm not even joking.

ME: My cat, William, caught a cater-

pillar once. He chewed on the thing until it was completely mangled. But he was so proud of it, and I wanted to support him, not publicly shame him. Right? So I said, "Good job, William." Even though I was pretty grossed out.

LADY: Well ... [Pretending to check her watch] I should be going ...

ME: William is pretty darned brilliant too. How old is Kylie?

LADY: She's three.

ME: Yeah, William is definitely as smart as a three-year-old. They're probably about the same level of intelligence right now, my cat and your daughter. Isn't that amazing?

LADY: That's actually really rude.

SCENE FOUR

LADY: I like to bring my son, William, to this park to get some exercise.

ME: [Stunned silence, my mouth agape, my eyes widened]

LADY: What is it?

ME: Your son's name is William?

LADY: Yes ... Why?

ME: That's my cat's name!

LADY: Oh. That's, uh ... Wow.

ME: Who was he named after?

LADY: His grandfather.

ME: Same with my cat! His grandfather cat is named William too! He belongs to my cousin. "William the Grandfather," we call him. He's three.

LADY: [Nervous laughter]

ME: What a day. Two Williams in one park. What are the odds?

LADY: Your cat is here?



Is the weather outside beyond frightful?
The beauty of getting snowed in is that you can't
do much about it but relax and enjoy the view.

In Case of Blizzard, Do Nothing

BY DAVID DUDLEY FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES



DAVID DUDLEY
*is a writer and
an editor in
Baltimore.
His work has
appeared in
the New York
Times, the
Daily Beast,
AARP The
Magazine,
Men's Health,
and others.*

IN THE WINTER OF 1985, my hometown, Buffalo, was engulfed in a blizzard—not an uncommon occurrence for the region, which is justly famed for epic snows. But this was a big one, and the city's blustery Irish American mayor, Jimmy Griffin, was at pains to persuade people to stop trying to go about their business as conditions deteriorated. He urged Buffalonians to “relax, stay inside, and grab a six-pack,” which must be the best advice any elected official ever gave the public in an emergency situation.

There's something cartoonish about the menace of a blizzard, in which nature's wrath assumes a fluffy, roly-poly form and tries to kill you. It's the meteorological equivalent of getting smothered in kittens or attacked by the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man. And yet, kill it does, via car accidents and heart attacks and other misadventures, usually involving people trying, unwisely, to do something.

Mr. Griffin, henceforth known as Jimmy Six-Pack, understood this. The Snow Gods reserve special contempt for those who don't respect their ability to bring human activity to a



standstill. The snow cares not for your deadlines, your happy hour plans, your scheduled C-section. It wants only to fall on the ground and lie there. And it wants you to too.

Needless to say, you should. Unless you're a plow driver or a parka-clad elected official trying to

look essential, one doesn't pretend to do battle against a blizzard. You submit. Surrender. Hunker down. A snowstorm rewards indolence and punishes the go-getters, which is only one of the many reasons it's the best natural disaster there is.

Jimmy Six-Pack also understood

that snow functions as an arbiter of government effectiveness. (He stayed in office for 16 years.) In New York City, Mayor John Lindsay's lax response to a 1969 storm forever dinged his political fortunes. Cities need blizzards every few years to flush out incompetents, expose incipient dysfunction, and generally stress-test the fabric of civilization. Like war, illness, and poker, snow ruthlessly reveals true character.

And, gloriously if briefly, it hides everything else—the plastic grocery bags and mini-marts and dog poop and salt-grimed Toyotas and sundry disorder of modernity. Watching the quotidian American crudscape transform into a fairy-tale kingdom is a legitimate wonder. Name another disaster that leaves

the afflicted region more attractive in its wake.

I've never quite lost my amazement at this phenomenon, the suddenness with which the familiar vanishes and a new, better landscape simply appears. Time has partly buried my childhood memories of Buffalo's mighty blizzard of 1977, but I still recall the hallucinogenic dislocation of the great drifts that climbed over houses, the spectacle of a world made thrillingly new. It's a vision that seems freshly haunting now,

as we face the dread prospect of a climate changed by human appetites—the future winters, soggy and snowless, that may well await us. So let us all now pause, perhaps over a six-pack, and bear witness as the climate changes us. R

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FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES

My son on the morning of his prom: "Well, it just occurred to me that I paid \$130 to go to my school at night."

@CAISSIE (CAISSIE ST. ONGE)

"Sometimes I feel like you don't really listen to me when I talk," said my son or daughter.

@DANNYZUKER



“Bye, bye, frequent heartburn.”

BECKY LONDON, ACTUAL PRILOSEC OTC USER



#1

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Points to Ponder



The goal is not to live in a color-blind world: I don't want to not be African. The goal is to live in a world where my race doesn't limit my access.

KERRY WASHINGTON,
actress, in *InStyle*

HARDSHIP CAN turn out to be a great blessing, and disasters are sometimes remembered more fondly than weddings or tropical vacations. Humans don't mind duress; in fact, they thrive on it. What they mind is not feeling necessary.

SEBASTIAN JUNGER,
journalist and filmmaker, in his book *Tribe*

THE PURPOSE of science in understanding who we are as humans is not to rob us of our sense of mystery or cure us of our sense of mystery. The purpose of science is to constantly reinvent and reinvigorate that mystery.

ROBERT SAPOLSKY,
professor of biology, in a speech

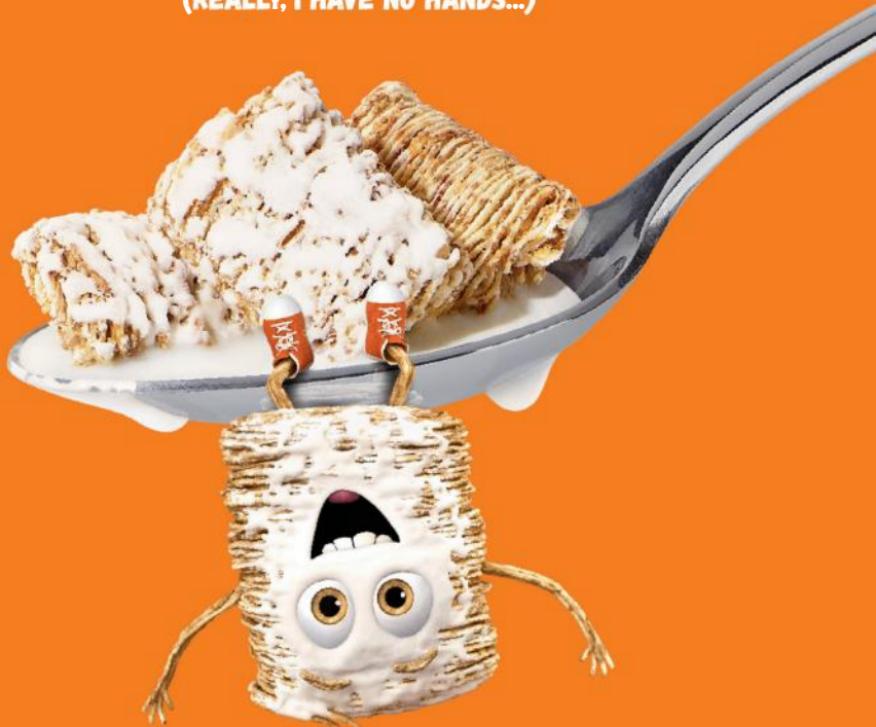
UGLY IS attractive. Ugly is exciting. The investigation of ugliness is, to me, more interesting than the bourgeois idea of beauty. And why? Because ugly is human.

MIUCCIA PRADA,
fashion designer, in the *New York Times*

I REMEMBER somebody telling me they had been to Africa, and they were asking the local tribe about their spirituality. The tribesman couldn't make sense of the word. And so the visitor kept trying to explain what they meant by spirituality, and finally the man said, "Oh, we call that life."

PAMELA SHEPHERD,
minister, in the book *Grace Without God*

“LOOK, NO HANDS!”
(REALLY, I HAVE NO HANDS...)



CRUNCHY WHEAT. FROSTED SWEET.
FEED YOUR INNER KID



The First Flock

If President Trump is looking for a warm-and-fuzzy cost-savings plan, he might follow President Wilson's lead. Wilson imported this flock of sheep in 1918 to reduce the White House gardening staff and economize during World War I. The South Lawn seemed to thrive under its four-legged groundskeepers. Even better, at auction their wool raised almost \$53,000 for the Red Cross—adjusted for inflation, that's about \$850,000.



HARRIS & EWING COLLECTION/COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS/SCOTT JONES

PHOTO
OF LASTING
INTEREST



NOTE: Ads were removed from this edition. Please continue to page 28.

Your True Stories

IN 100 WORDS

NEW HOME, NEW HOUND

When we adopted Grant from the shelter, his papers came with a handwritten letter on hospital paper: "Grant is four years old, likes toys, and enjoys sitting on the left side of the chair to watch TV." Apparently, Grant's former owner wasn't going home. Grant suffered from depression. Six months after his adoption, I saw an obituary with a picture of a woman holding a dog that looked like Grant. At about that time, Grant changed. He became playful and happy. It was as if someone had whispered in his ear, This is your home now, and they love you.

—GLENDY PLOZAY, St. Olaf, Iowa

"MY HERO IS MY DAD"

After a military deployment to Afghanistan, I often questioned the toll it had taken on my family. One morning after returning, I toured my children's elementary school, where the students had drawn pictures of their heroes. There were athletes, movie stars, and other famous people. One picture stopped me in my tracks.



It simply read, "My hero is my dad." The drawing was of me in uniform and was signed by my son Ryan. Since then, that boy has graduated high school, joined the Army, and deployed to Afghanistan himself. I must say, my hero is my son.

—RICHARD PITTMAN,
St. Augustine, Florida

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

I was relaxing on a recent Saturday when the doorbell rang. Two pleasant grade-school children, a girl and a boy, were standing at my front door. Each held a few pieces of paper and an envelope stapled together. "Hello," said the girl. "We are raising money for a jogathon for Weldon Elementary. Would you like to donate?" "Maybe," I responded. "Just where is this money you are collecting going to go?" They answered in unison, "Oh, it goes in this envelope." I smiled and handed each a five-dollar bill.

—GID ADKISSON, Clovis, California

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

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**D'ambrosio, Dan. K-CUPS drive Keurig's growth in 2014. Burlington Free Press, 19 November 2014.

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FINISH THIS SENTENCE

The one food I

My grandpa's home cooking.

It's the company,
the stories, the
sound of the
woodstove, and
the sense of family
and belonging.

CARLEENA BHADURI

Pepperoni
**pizza with
sauerkraut**

on it.
TRISHA CZYS MCCOY

My wife's grilled food.

She's a BBQ master!
JON WILCOXSON

Loveland, CO

Homemade chokecherry or
rose hip jelly.

Simply amazing!
LAUREL SWEAZY

Coconut oil.

Not only do I consume it in my
daily cup of coffee but I also use
it every day to moisturize my face.

TARA MCHENRY

White fish stomach.

I'm Athabaskan. It's a favorite!
SHEILA THOMAS

Anaheim, CA

Glendale, AZ

Tok, AK

could never give up is ...

Cauliflower.

I made my own birthday cake, and it was a raw cauliflower cake. Healthy and delicious!

KARA HELFRICH

Sparta, WI

Oreos—

and dunking them at the kitchen table. They take me back to being a child with Dad.

CHRIS HINKLE

Mason City, IL

Cincinnati, OH

Middle River, MD

Richmond, VA

St. Charles, MO

Tootsie Rolls

from my children's (and now my grandchildren's) Halloween bags. So much goodness without all the walking.

JEFF MORAN

Graeter's ice cream—

black raspberry chocolate chip.
A Cincinnati tradition.

DAVE PORTMAN

Duke's Mayonnaise.

It's the southern way. My family would disown me for buying Hellmann's.

AJA POWERS

Plantains.

I can give up any other starch, but I draw the line at these tough, green bananas.

LINDA VARGAS

Tamarac, FL

Go to facebook.com/readersdigest or join our Inner Circle Community at tmbinnercircle.com for the chance to finish the next sentence.



On the Trail Of a Fairy Queen

❀ THERE'S A PLACE near my home where fairies live.

I've seen their wooden houses, knocked on their tiny doors, marveled at their itty-bitty bedrooms. It's a neighborhood, really, a magical trail in our local nature reserve where several dozen structures are tucked into nooks, crannies, and tree hollows all along the one-mile loop.

It's a place where acorns are pillows, fungus becomes decorative

siding, and a log might hide a miniature dining room. On a Sunday afternoon, you can hear children squeal, "I found another one!" And if the animals or the elements—or vandals—harm a dwelling, someone will mysteriously take it home, replace some hinges or string, and return it.

That mysterious someone is Therese Ojibway, 60, a special education teacher from Millburn, New Jersey, who started transforming this



ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY

area of the South Mountain Reservation five years ago. The fourth of 11 children, Therese climbed trees and built fairy landscapes from moss with her sisters in their hometown of Lansing, Michigan. Her mother gave them all the gift of imagination. "I remember deciding that hollyhocks could make good wheels for fairy carts," Therese says.

She graduated from Dartmouth, married, and started what she hoped would be a big family. When her first child, Clinton, received an autism diagnosis at age two, she decided to devote herself to him. One part of her plan was to balance his hours of early intervention therapy with time outdoors. "The woods were a place I didn't have to worry about him," Therese says. "I could follow his lead."

Clinton stopped often to look inside hollow logs, touch moss, and pick up rocks and leaves. He forced Therese to slow down, and as she did, the embers of her childhood imagination began to glow. She'd admire a fungus fan and imagine it as a camelback couch. A piece of bark with a hole? The perfect door with a window!

They enjoyed the magic of the

After six years in the RD family, editor-at-large LIZ VACCARIELLO is leaving us to write her next chapter. This is her last column. Help us keep finding great stories by e-mailing letters@rd.com.

outdoors for years, but it wasn't until Clinton was in his 20s that Therese started to tuck things from the woods into her pockets. Her marriage was strained. When things got tense at home, Therese built benches, beds, swings, and ladders. Then she planted them in the woods.

As the homes appeared, the fairies moved in and word spread. Children left gifts of pinecones, sea-shells, and hematite and other sparkly rocks.

In this world, too, the trolls caused trouble. On a walk one Sunday, Therese stood over a pile of sticks that used to

be a fairy gazebo. She scooped the remnants into her arms and trudged on. She learned long ago to push past life's disappointments.

Years ago, Therese spent several weekends on her most elaborate fairy house. Its two stories featured a moss-covered roof, a fireplace, even an inside staircase. Her husband was annoyed: "You're putting all this work into it, and they're just gonna ruin it."

A few weeks later, the house disappeared. With the tenacity and patience of someone who spends her life working with autistic children—who has devoted 25 years to helping her son be his best self—Therese's reaction was wonderfully zen. "The fun is putting it out there," she says. "Sharing the magic." R

"The fun is putting it out there," Therese says. "Sharing the magic."



A Hard Decision

Westley Thomas

www.authorhouse.com

\$23.99 hc | \$14.95 sc | \$3.99 eb

Zera found healing in Steve after losing her first love, William, to the war. Her new life is shaken when William shows up years later. Caught between an unfinished love and a blossoming romance, Zera must make *A Hard Decision*.



Intrusion

Lanayre Liggere

www.xlibris.com

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A complicated case involving an oil-bunkering gang sends Sir Carter Braxton on a game of hide-and-seek against a mysterious enemy. Takes the group to Texas to the ranch of the widow of an old spiritual family friend.



Preserve the Best and Conserve the Rest

Memoirs of a US Forest Service

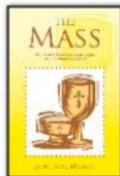
Wildlife Biologist

Hadley B. Roberts

www.xlibris.com

\$29.99 hc | \$19.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

Preserve the Best and Conserve the Rest covers US Forest Service Wildlife Biologist Hadley B. Roberts' half-century career in wildlife and fish habitat conservation and preservation. It includes his accomplishment, motives and influences behind his actions.



The Mass

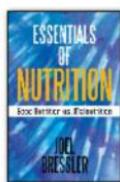
How to explain what we do on Sunday to our children and friends

John Mac Mahon

www.authorhouse.co.uk

\$18.95 sc | \$3.99 eb

For parents trying to pass on the Catholic faith to their children and their friends, this simple book written by a retired priest will help them explain what Catholics do on Sunday and why they do it.



Essentials of Nutrition

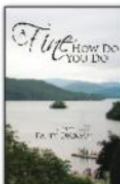
Good Nutrition vs. Malnutrition

Joel Bressler

www.xlibris.com

\$29.99 hc | \$19.99 sc | \$9.99 eb

Essentials of Nutrition touches important health topics such as: the positive and negative aspects of nutrition; the importance of exercise; the necessity of vitamins, minerals, and water. It also advises how doctors and educators will improve our health in the future.



A Fine How Do You Do

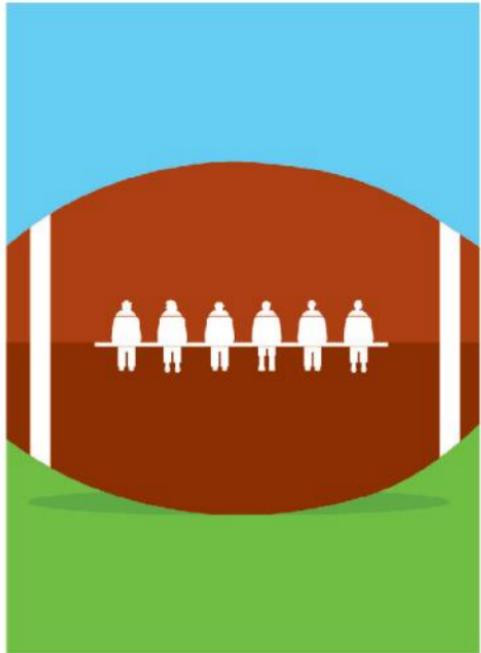
a novel

Patty Dickson

www.iuniverse.com

\$20.95 sc | \$3.99 eb

A timid weatherman's summer visit to England's Lake District sparks an interlude of intrigue, romance and deceit among a menagerie of memorable characters. As the characters discover themselves in this clever and insightful novel they wind their way into your heart and linger.



Did the NFL intentionally cheat fans out of their prime pigskin perches?

The Case of The Lousy Super Bowl Seats

BY VICKI GLEMBOCKI

C•**MOST OF THE** 103,219 fans who attended Super Bowl XLV were thrilled to be sitting in Cowboys Stadium in Dallas as the Green Bay Packers battled the Pittsburgh Steelers on February 6, 2011. But by the end of the day, more than a few ticket holders were super bummed.

At kickoff time, hundreds of temporary seats that were supposed to have been installed for the big game hadn't been inspected for safety yet or, in some cases, hadn't been placed at all. About 850 people had to be relocated to seats different

from the ones indicated on their tickets. With all that seat shifting, another 2,000 fans couldn't get to their places before the game began. And, worst of all, 400 ticket holders had nowhere to sit. They were forced to stand and watch the game on monitors in a stadium club.

The following day, both the Cowboys and the NFL expressed regret over the seating "error," as Cowboys owner Jerry Jones described it. "It was obviously a failure on our behalf, and we have to take responsibility for that," added NFL commissioner Roger ➤

Goodell. Within a week, the NFL had offered compensation. For those without a seat, the NFL offered three options: a ticket to the next Super Bowl plus \$2,400 in cash (three times the face value of a ticket); a ticket to any Super Bowl in the future, plus airfare and hotel; or full reimbursement of their documented travel expenses or \$5,000, whichever was higher. For those who were relocated from or delayed getting to their assigned seat, the NFL offered a refund of the ticket's face value or a future Super Bowl ticket. NFL spokesperson Brian McCarthy told the *Dallas Morning News*, "The overwhelming majority of the claims were resolved."

Still, a group of fans, including some who ended up with obstructed views, filed a class-action lawsuit

alleging breach of contract, fraud, and deceptive sales practice and sought more than \$100 million in damages. In the complaint, attorney Michael Avenatti argued that the Cowboys and the NFL "engaged in a failed and reckless attempt to maximize revenue and attendance at Super Bowl XLV and, in the process, betrayed the trust of many of its most loyal fans."

In July 2012, District Judge Barbara Lynn dismissed all claims against the NFL except two: a breach-of-contract claim filed by seven plaintiffs and the fraud claim by two of those plaintiffs who had obstructed views. They went to trial in March 2015.

Did the NFL defraud and breach its contract with Super Bowl ticket holders?



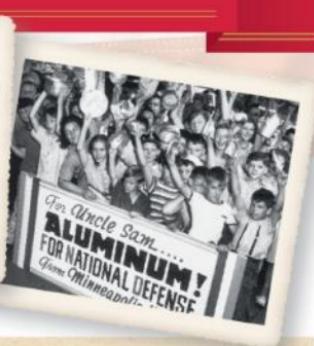
THE VERDICT

On the breach-of-contract claims, the jury said yes. The seven plaintiffs—three people who ended up without seats, two whose seats were moved, and two stuck with obstructed views—won \$76,000 in damages in total (collectively, they had sought about \$505,000 in actual and punitive damages). On the fraud claims, however, the jury ruled in favor of the NFL, finding that the league hadn't intended to defraud any of the ticket holders. The plaintiffs appealed, but on September 9, 2016—nearly six years and six Super Bowls later—the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit upheld the district court's rulings. Despite the failed appeal, "the plaintiffs are satisfied," says Avenatti, their attorney. "They went up against the Goliath that was the NFL and prevailed." **R**



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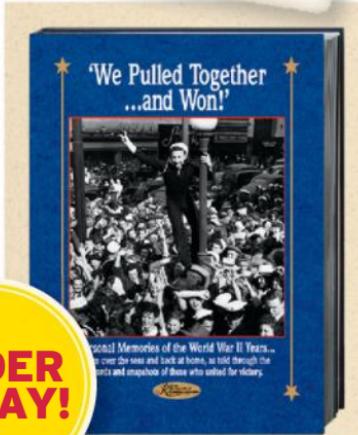
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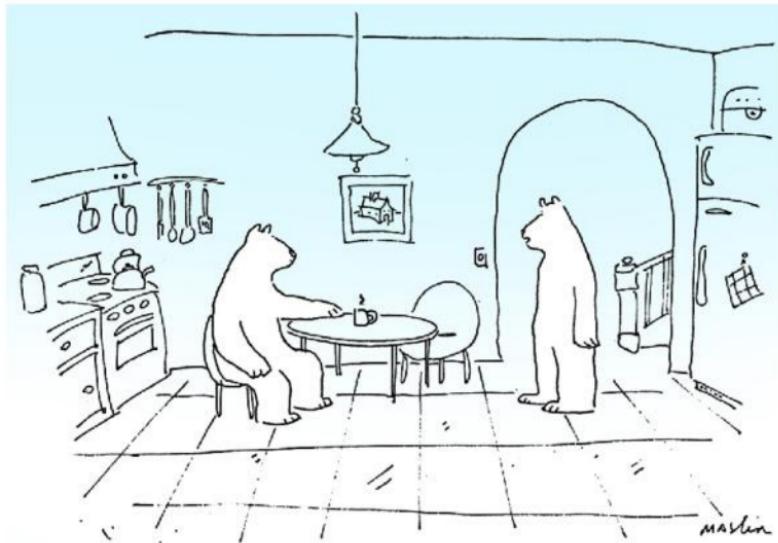
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Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



"I find you up in the middle of the winter and you tell me nothing's wrong?"

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?"

MARY WEBSTER, Belgrade, Montana

MY BROTHER was having a tough time losing weight. Our sister thought he should cut back gradually, so one

day she asked, "Mike, would you like to split a doughnut with me?"

Mike answered, "Want to split two?"

ANN BARRETT, Jacksonville, Florida

THE LINE at the motor vehicle bureau inched along for almost an hour until the man ahead of me finally got his license. Studying his photo, he told the clerk, "I was standing in line so long, I ended up looking pretty grouchy in this picture."

"It's OK," the clerk reassured him.
"That's how you're going to look when
the cops pull you over."

From gcfi.net

- JIMMY FALLON** asked viewers about terrible first dates. Can you top these?
- "I thought he was into fitness because he had on an ankle weight. He was actually on parole, and it was an ankle monitor."
 - "He still lived at home with his parents, so he had to sneak me in, and that was when I found out about the Ninja Turtle sheets."
 - "I went out with a psychic who told me he'd once got beaten up by a gang of ghosts."
 - "I thought it'd be cute to *Lady and the Tramp* some pasta. I got a whiff of pepper and sneezed pasta sauce all over him."

AT DINNER, my six-year-old niece turned to her dad and said, "Dad, when I grow up, I'm gonna marry you."

I laughed until her mom said to her, "Don't make the same mistake I did." **ISAIAH INMAN, Medina, Ohio**

IN FIFTH GRADE, I had to do a report on Ben Franklin, and my parents interpreted it as me liking him, so my 11th birthday was Ben Franklin-themed. **@COREYSNEAROWSKI**

Got a funny true story? It could be worth \$\$. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.



WELCOME TO FUNNY NAME, USA

Here they are: the coolest community monikers in each state.

Boar Tush, Alabama. Eek, Alaska.
Why, Arizona. Booger Hollow, Arkansas. **Zzyzx, California.** Hygiene, Colorado. **Happyland, Connecticut.** Bacons, Delaware. **Needmore, Florida.** Hopeulikit, Georgia. **Volcano Village, Hawaii.** Beer Bottle Crossing, Idaho. **Embarrass, Illinois.** Santa Claus, Indiana. **Correctionville, Iowa.** Ransomville, Kansas. **Monkey's Eyebrow, Kentucky.** Cut Off, Louisiana. **Owls Head, Maine.** Accident, Maryland. **Belchertown, Massachusetts.** Hell, Michigan. **Sleepy Eye, Minnesota.** Chunky, Mississippi. **Tightwad, Missouri.** Molt, Montana. **Worms, Nebraska.** Jackpot, Nevada. **Dummer, New Hampshire.** Buttzville, New Jersey. **Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.** Handsome Eddy, New York. **Whynot, North Carolina.** Zap, North Dakota. **Dull, Ohio.** Okay, Oklahoma. **Boring, Oregon.** Halfway House, Pennsylvania. **Moosup Valley, Rhode Island.** Ketchuptown, South Carolina. **Porcupine, South Dakota.** Sweet Lips, Tennessee. **Earth, Texas.** Eggnog, Utah. **Mosquitoville, Vermont.** Fries, Virginia. **Dollar Corner, Washington.** Bud, West Virginia. **Imalone, Wisconsin.** Bar Nunn, Wyoming.

Source: estately.com

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



ART *of* LIVING

Our first three years are a blur, and we don't recall much before the age of seven. It turns out those early memories aren't merely tucked away.

The Great Forgetting

BY KRISTIN OHLSON FROM AEON.CO



I'M THE YOUNGEST by far of five children. By the time I started first grade, my siblings were gone, and we went from a very noisy household to a very quiet one.

My family has told me stories about those early years before my siblings left. How my brother ambushed me around corners with a toy crocodile. How my oldest sister carried me like a kangaroo with her joey. But I can offer very few stories of my own from that time.

Hardly any adult can. There is a term for this—*infantile amnesia*, coined by Sigmund Freud to describe the lack of recall adults have of their first three or four years and their paucity of solid memories until around age seven. There has been a century of research about whether memories of these early years are tucked away in some part of our brains and need only a cue to be recovered. But research now suggests that the memories we form in these early years simply disappear.

Psychologist Carole Peterson of Memorial University of Newfoundland has conducted a series of studies to pinpoint the age at which these memories vanish. First, she and her colleagues assembled a group of children between the ages of four and thirteen to describe their earliest

recollections. The children's parents stood by to verify the memories, and even the youngest kids could recall events from when they were around two years old.

The children were interviewed again two years later. Nearly 90 percent of the memories initially offered

by those ten and older were retained. But the younger children had gone blank. "Even when we prompted them about their earlier memories, they said, 'No, that never happened to me,'" Peterson said. "We were watching childhood amnesia in action."

In both children and adults, memory is

bizarrely selective about what adheres and what falls away. In one of her papers, Peterson tells a story about her own son. When he was 20 months old, she had taken him to Greece, where he became very excited about some donkeys. They discussed the donkeys for at least a year. But by the time her son went to school, he had completely forgotten about them.

He was queried when he was a teenager about his earliest childhood memory. Instead of the Greek donkeys, he recalled a moment not long after the trip when a woman had given him lots of cookies.

Peterson has no idea why he would remember that—it was an

————— “ —————

*Memory is
bizarrely
selective about
what adheres
and what
falls away.*

—————

unremarkable moment that the family hadn't reinforced with chitchat. To get a handle on why some memories endure over others, she and her colleagues studied the children's memories again. They concluded that if a memory was very emotional, children were three times more likely to retain it. Dense memories—in which the kids understood the who, what, when, where, and why—were five times more likely to be retained than disconnected fragments.

Still, oddball and inconsequential memories, such as a bounty of cookies, will hang on, frustrating the person who wants a more penetrating look at his or her early past.

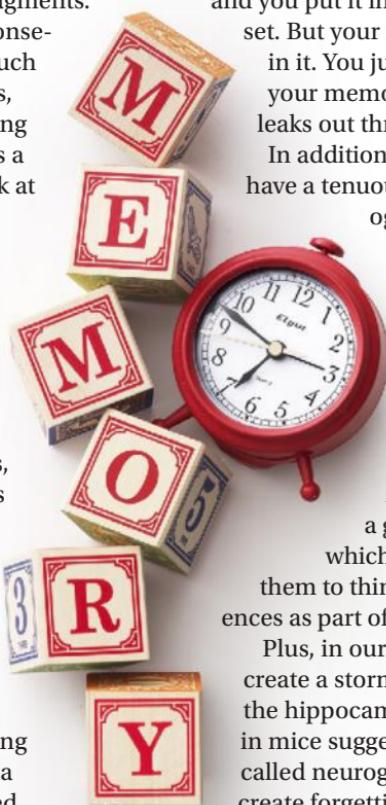
To form long-term memories, an array of biological and psychological stars must align. The raw materials of memory—the sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and tactile sensations of experience—arrive and register across the cerebral cortex, the seat of cognition. For these to become memory, they must undergo bundling in the hippocampus, a brain structure located

under the cerebral cortex. But some parts of the hippocampus aren't fully developed until adolescence, making it hard for a child's brain to complete this process.

"So much has to happen biologically to store a memory," psychologist Patricia Bauer of Emory University told me. There's "a race to get it stabilized and consolidated before you forget it. It's like making Jell-O: You mix the stuff up, you put it in a mold, and you put it in the refrigerator to set. But your mold has a tiny hole in it. You just hope your Jell-O—your memory—gets set before it leaks out through that tiny hole."

In addition, young children have a tenuous grip on chronology. They don't have the vocabulary to describe an event, so they can't create the kind of causal narrative that Peterson found at the root of a solid memory. And they don't have a great sense of self, which would encourage them to think about their experiences as part of a life narrative.

Plus, in our early years, we create a storm of new neurons in the hippocampus. A recent study in mice suggests that this process, called neurogenesis, can actually create forgetting by disrupting the



circuits for existing memories. Our memories can also become distorted by other people's memories of the same event or by new information.

Of course, some people have more memories from early childhood than others do. A 2009 study conducted by Peterson; Qi Wang, PhD, a professor at Cornell University; and Yubo Hou, an associate professor from Peking University, found that children in China have fewer of these memories than children in Canada do. The finding, they suggest, might be explained by culture: Chinese people prize individuality less than North Americans and thus may be less likely to draw attention to the moments of an individual's life. Westerners, by contrast, reinforce recollection and keep the synapses that underlie early personal memories vibrant.

When an adult engages a child in a lively conversation about events, inviting him or her to add to the story, "that kind of interaction contributes to the richness of memory over a long period of time," Bauer said. "The child learns how to have memories and how to tell the story."

Our first three to four years are the maddeningly, mysteriously

blank opening pages to our story of self. During that time, we transition from what my brother-in-law calls "a loaf of bread with a nervous system" to sentient humans. If we can't remember much from those years—whether abuse or exuberant cherishing—does it matter what actually happened?

If a tree fell in the forest of our early development and we didn't have the cognitive tools to stash the event in memory, did it still help shape who we are?

Bauer says yes. Even if we don't remember early events, they leave an imprint on

the way we understand and feel about ourselves, other people, and the greater world. "You can't remember going ice-skating with Uncle Henry, but you understand that skating and visiting relatives are fun," Bauer explained. "You have a feeling for how nice people are, how reliable they are. You might never be able to pinpoint how you learned that, but it's just something you know."

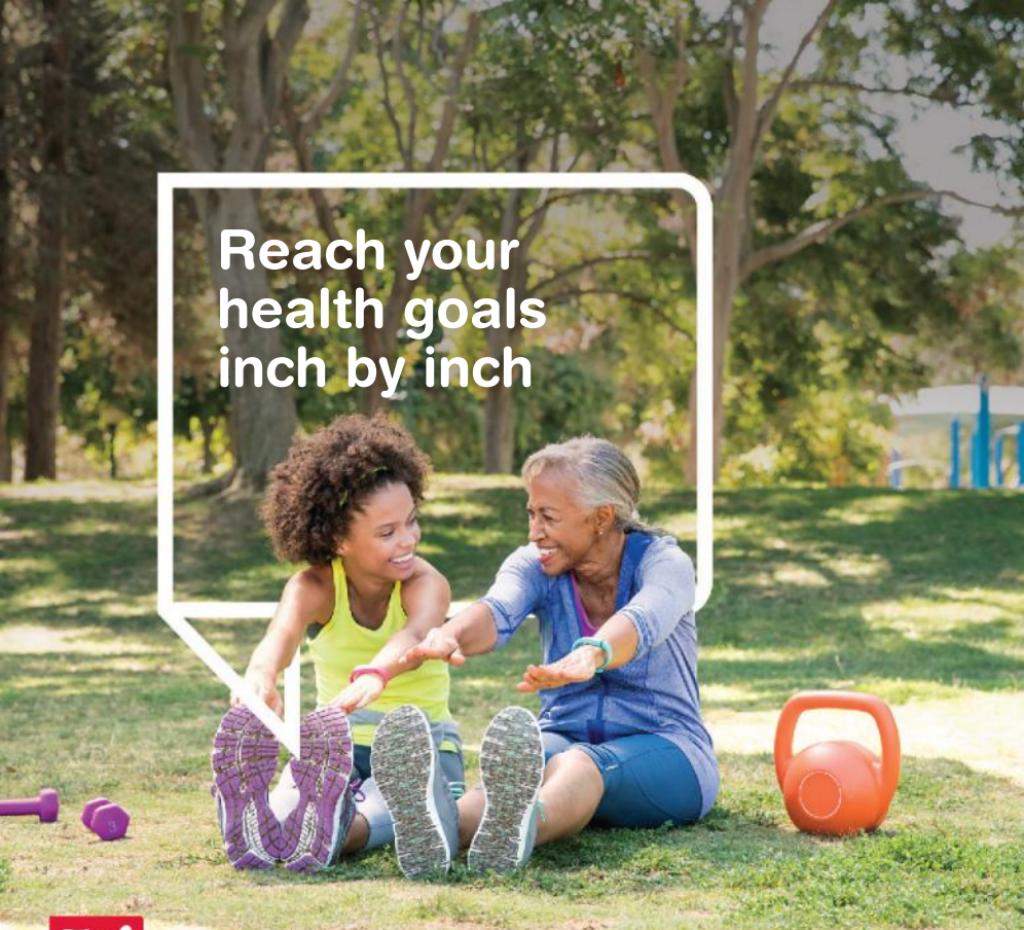
We aren't just the sum of our memories, or at least not entirely. We are also the story we construct about ourselves. And that's a story that we will never forget.



————— “ —————

*If a tree fell
in the forest and
we didn't stash
the event in
memory, did it
still shape us?*

—————



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Snack smarter with these everyday packaging hacks

Neat Eats: 6 Great Food-Container Tricks

BY KELSEY KLOSS



■ FLIP IN YOGURT SWEETS

Chances are, you've spotted Greek yogurt with a handy topping compartment filled with honey or fruit. You've probably tried (and failed) to spoon out the gooey contents. Put down the cutlery! Most topping sections are meant to be flipped into the yogurt. Simply bend and pour.

■ LIMIT TIC TAC PORTIONS

Maybe you ate way too much garlic at lunch and you *need* eight Tic Tacs at once. But if you're inclined to practice self-restraint, turn the container upside down, give it a little shake, and slowly open the lid while tilting the box horizontally. Exactly one Tic Tac will be awaiting you in its designated spot.





■ UNFOLD TAKEOUT BOXES

Chinese takeout boxes are actually meant to be deconstructed and turned into plates for easier chow mein chowing. Simply untuck the sides and lay them flat. If you don't finish your food in one sitting—as if that would ever happen!—just refold.

■ CONTROL SODA STRAWS

For nights of sophistication—or if you just like to drink soda with a straw—turn the tab toward the can's opening. Poke the straw through the tab to hold it in place. Ta-da! No more blindly chasing your straw for the next sip.



■ CONNECT OREOS AND MILK

Step 1: Gather around and gobble up the middle row of cookies. (Easy, right?)
Step 2: Pour milk into the middle row.
Step 3 (optional): Everyone twists cookies apart and licks the filling!
Step 4: Dunk cookies in milk.

■ FAN OUT KETCHUP CUPS

You dip a handful of fries into a tiny paper cup of ketchup and—splat! You've got more condiment on the table than on your grub. Instead, tug the upper rim of the cup outward to expand it into a wider cup that holds more. Neat! (In more ways than one.)



IS YOUR BLADDER ALWAYS DISRUPTING YOUR DAY?

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



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



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

USE OF MYRBETRIQ (meer-BEH-trick)

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

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

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

Please see additional Important Safety Information on next page.

*Subject to eligibility. Restrictions may apply.



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IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION (continued)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Brief Summary based on FDA-approved patient labeling

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

What is Myrbetriq (meer-BEH-trick)?

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

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

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

Who should not use Myrbetriq?

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

What is overactive bladder?

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

What should I tell my doctor before taking Myrbetriq?

Before you take Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you:

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

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

Tell your doctor if you take:

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

How should I take Myrbetriq?

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

What are the possible side effects of Myrbetriq?

Myrbetriq may cause serious side effects including:

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

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

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

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

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

These are not all the possible side effects of Myrbetriq.

For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

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

How should I store Myrbetriq?

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

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

General information about the safe and effective use of Myrbetriq

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

Where can I go for more information?

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

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

What are the ingredients in Myrbetriq?

Active ingredient: mirabegron

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

Rx Only

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

Marketed and Distributed by:

Astellas Pharma US, Inc.

Northbrook, Illinois 60062

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

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When you're raising teenagers,
you learn to speak a
whole new language—if they let you

The Seven Words I Cannot Say Around My Children

BY JESSICA WOLF FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

“DON’T BE stife with the bacon.”

I said this to my teenage son while he was picking perfectly cooked strips of pig fat out of a pan. I knew he was planning to allot me only one slice, adding the rest to his heaping plate.

He turned from the stove, eyes hard, and I was sure we were going to have the Bacon Fight. Instead he said, “Please don’t ever say that word again.”

A quick trip to urbandictionary.com provides several meanings for *stife*. My son and his friends employ its third definition: “used to mean stingy in the very negative sense.” I’ve done my due diligence, and in my view, that’s my initiation fee. But to my boys, I’m barging up the ladder to the tree house, blatantly ignoring the sign that says *KEEP OUT*.



In fact, there are seven words I am not permitted to utter in front of my kids, who are 16 and 21: *stife, clutch, fire, dope, swag, fo' shizzle, and chill*.

When my older son and his friends are together, listening to them is like trying to decipher the click-

ing of the Bantu. I take in conversations as if they were pieces of music, having no real idea if they’re complaining about finals or making plans for Saturday. But their dialogue feels alive, and I love it. It feels as if I’m witnessing the evolution of language.

I hold out my plate and meet my son’s eyes. “More bacon, please,” I say, as if he hadn’t just kicked me out of the clubhouse. We both know this isn’t really about bacon. It’s about connecting. He knows he’s being stingy, but he doles out a slice—and it is fresh, in every sense of the word. R

**WHEELCHAIRS
SCOOTERS
AND
STICKS**

TERRY REYNOLDS

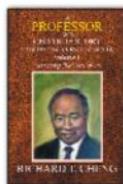
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Terry Reynolds

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Terry Reynolds recounts how pursuing profits led to the rewarding experience of improving access to those dependent on *Wheelchairs Scooters and Sticks* due to mobility and sight impairments. See how coming to the assistance of others can result in benefits for everyone involved as it is best for business!



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*The autobiographical story
of life with nine toy poodles*

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Poodle Mistress is a story of unconditional love and devotion about nine dogs that changed author Sandi Latimer's life. Her memoir details a twenty-seven-year journey as she and her husband cared for and enjoyed the antics of their toy poodles.



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George McKinney

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A masterful weaving of rhythm and rhyme, George McKinney takes readers alongside a wondrous adventure in this poem collection opening to a world of *Emotions and Thoughts*. Insightful and evocative, this book shares tales of love, life and learning!



Great Objectives

Robert Finch

www.xlibris.com

\$34.99 hc | \$23.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

There are a great variety of objectives that shape our evolution. *Great Objectives* discusses the methods of arriving at such plans and weighs some of the ethical and moral problems an individual or a society might face.

Xlibris

iUniverse®

Why Your Cell Phone Sounds Female

BY JESSI HEMPEL
FROM WIRED

SASK SIRI if she's a woman. Go ahead; try it. She'll tell you she's genderless. "Like cacti. And certain species of fish," she might say. So is Amazon's Alexa, Microsoft's Cortana, Samsung's S Voice, and Google Now. But, man, do they ever sound a lot like women. Culturally, we think of them as ladies too. (In Old Norse, Siri translates to "a beautiful woman who leads you to victory.") We assign female pronouns to them, and, in turn, they fold feminine turns of phrase into their robotic and occasionally inane answers to our requests.

If we prize gender diversity in other areas of daily life, why does our tech sound so female?

It would be easy to credit—or



fault—male designers, perhaps influenced by science fiction. (Interesting fact: In the original *Star Trek* TV series, the voice of the Federation's onboard computers was supplied by creator Gene Roddenberry's wife, Majel Barrett.)

But the biggest reason for the female phone fixation rests in social science. "Research indicates there's likely to be greater acceptance of female speech," says Karl MacDorman, an associate professor at Indiana University who specializes in human-computer interaction. MacDorman and his team played clips of male and female voices to people of both genders, then asked them to identify which they preferred. The researchers

also measured the way participants responded to the voices. In a 2011 paper, they reported that both women and men said female voices came across as warmer. In practice, women even showed a subconscious preference for responding to females; men remained subconsciously neutral.

Why the bias? Stanford University communications professor Clifford Nass, who coauthored the field's seminal book, *Wired for Speech*, wrote that people tend to perceive female voices as helping them solve their problems by themselves, while they view male voices as authority figures who tell them the answers to their problems. We want technology to help us, but we also want to be the boss of it, so we are more likely to opt for a female interface.

This inclination suggests that companies will make a better impression on a broader group of customers with a woman's voice. But not just any voice. It has to align with a brand's

personality. For help with that, companies often turn to Greg Pal, vice president of marketing, strategy, and business development at Nuance Communications, which licenses its library of more than 100 voices. Pal insists that some brands choose male speakers. He turned on his

iPhone and pulled up the Domino's Pizza app, which has an assistant, Dom. He sounded like my high school English teacher—educated and helpful but not overbearing. That's about right for a brand attempting to appeal to guys ordering pies before the big game.

As voice technology improves, though, designers say diversity will too. Many devices already let you customize a voice interface. Homer Simpson can tell you where to take a left on your GPS device. And Siri can become a sir, if you take the time to reprogram. Want to know how to do it? Ask her. She'll tell you in her uniquely warm, helpful—and female—tone. R

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FILM CRITICISM IN BRIEF

In his book *Leonard Maltin's Movie Guide*, the critic offered a one-word review of the 1948 movie *Isn't It Romantic?* "No."

Nearly one third of Americans say they sometimes worry so much that they get mentally or physically ill

8 Silent Signs Stress Is Making You Sick

BY ALYSSA JUNG

1 Unusual Weight Changes

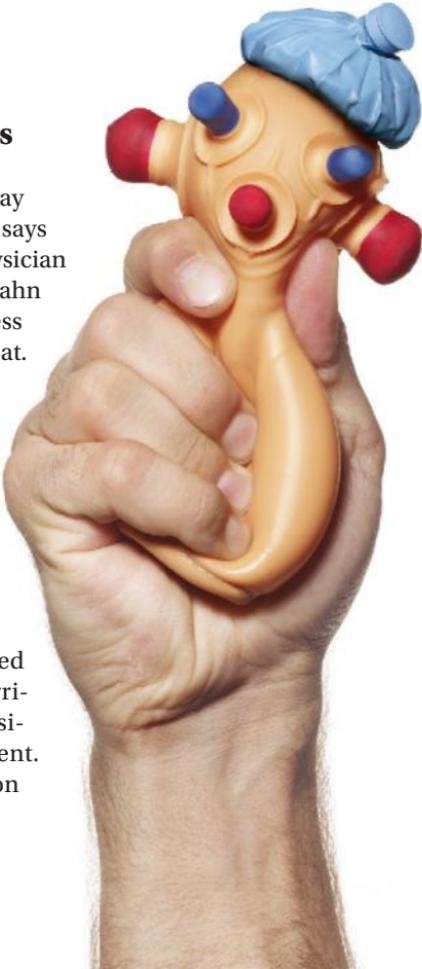
"Stress triggers the release of the hormone cortisol, which changes the way you metabolize fat, protein, and carbs," says Shanna Levine, MD, a primary care physician and clinical instructor of medicine at Icahn School of Medicine at Mount Sinai. Stress can also cause you to overeat or undereat.

WHAT TO DO Snack on nuts. The protein will help if you're under-eating, and the fiber will fill you up if you've been bingeing.

2 Breaking Out in Hives

When your body experiences stress, it releases a chemical called histamine and—boom—hives galore. When your immune system is weakened by stress, your skin can also become irritated by things it never used to be sensitive to, such as heat, lotions, or detergent.

WHAT TO DO Put a cool, damp towel on the affected area. If that doesn't work, take an antihistamine.



3 A Fuzzy Brain

Too much cortisol can also make it harder to concentrate, causing memory problems as well as anxiety and depression, says Dr. Levine. **WHAT TO DO** Relax—basically, meditate—until you regain your focus. Practice closing your eyes and breathing in and out slowly, concentrating only on your breath.

4 Headaches

It's common for your muscles to tense up when you're stressed, which can cause a headache. Prone to migraines? Stress can trigger them or make them worse.

WHAT TO DO If you don't want to take ibuprofen, try dabbing lavender oil or peppermint oil on your temples when a headache starts.

5 A Sour Tummy

Stress can cause the body to produce more digestive acid, which can lead to heartburn. "It can also slow the emptying of food from the stomach, which causes gas and bloating and may even increase the number of times your colon contracts, leading to cramping and diarrhea," says Deborah Rhodes, MD, a Mayo Clinic internal medicine physician.

WHAT TO DO Take an over-the-counter antacid or drink ginger tea.

6 Hair Falling Out

Hair follicles might be pushed into a resting phase by stress. A few

months later, those hairs fall out. Stress can also cause the body's immune system to attack your hair follicles, resulting in hair loss.

WHAT TO DO Be patient. Once your stress level returns to normal, your hair should start growing back.

7 A Cold That Just Won't Quit

Stress suppresses the immune system, which makes it harder to fight off bugs. Researchers at Carnegie Mellon University infected volunteers with a cold virus; those who reported in a survey that they were dealing with many stresses were twice as likely to get sick as those with fewer problems.

WHAT TO DO One study found that zinc supplements or lozenges can shorten the length of a cold by about a day if taken within 24 hours of feeling sick. Meditation, regular exercise, and plenty of sleep can also help you de-stress and boost your immune system.

8 Acne ... Again!

Cortisol is the culprit here, too—it causes skin glands to make more oil. Along with dirt and dead skin cells, the oil can get trapped inside hair follicles, producing pimples.

WHAT TO DO Topical creams containing benzoyl peroxide or salicylic acid can clear up acne if applied regularly. For a more natural approach, wash your face with green tea or dab on some pure aloe. Their antibacterial properties can promote healing. R



NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

A "Five-Second Rule" Test

Scientists at Rutgers University tested the notion that food is safe to eat off the floor if picked up quickly. They dropped four foods (watermelon, bread, buttered bread, and gummy candy) onto four surfaces (stainless steel, ceramic tile, wood, and carpet) for different amounts of time (less than a second, five seconds, thirty seconds, and five minutes). Longer contact times did result in more contamination, but time wasn't the only factor. Tile and stainless steel spread germs more efficiently than carpet; wet food (watermelon) sucked up germs faster than dry. The upshot: In many circumstances, bacteria can transfer to your food in less than one second.

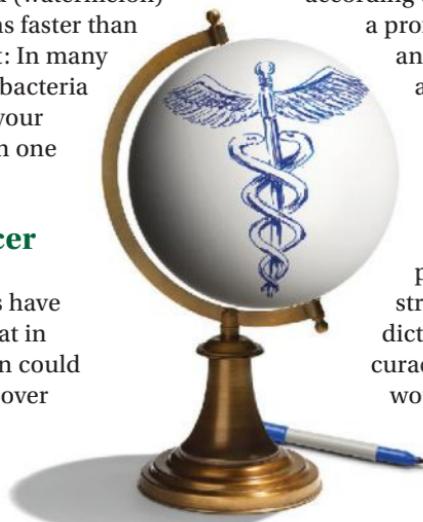
Breast Cancer and IVF

Medical experts have long worried that in vitro fertilization could harm a woman over time. That's because IVF treatments

require injections of estradiol and progesterone, and higher levels of those hormones may be associated with increased risk of breast cancer. But a Dutch study of more than 19,000 women who underwent IVF in the 1980s and early '90s has found that the group's breast cancer rate is no higher than that of the general population.

Predicting Responses to Antidepressants

Finding the right antidepressant can take years of trial and error, according to Leanne Williams, a professor of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at Stanford University. So she and her colleagues conducted brain scans on 80 people, then analyzed the scans, along with the patients' history of stress. They then predicted, with 80 percent accuracy, how the subjects would react to three common medications: Zoloft, Lexapro, and Effexor. Their



results could ultimately help physicians more quickly determine the right treatment for their patients.

Naps and Diabetes

Do you nap for more than an hour a day? You might want to get checked for diabetes. An analysis of studies involving more than 307,000 subjects has found that people who nap for more than 60 minutes a day have a 45 percent greater risk of having type 2 diabetes compared with non-nappers. It's unclear whether excessive napping contributes to diabetes or, conversely, whether it's the diabetes that's making people sleepier—or if there's a third factor involved.

A Ban on Some Ingredients in Antibacterial Soap

The Food and Drug Administration has ordered manufacturers to stop using triclosan, triclocarban, and other cleansing agents commonly used in over-the-counter antibacterial soaps. Triclosan has been shown to alter hormones in animal studies, raising questions about how it might affect humans. Plus, it turns out that antibacterial soaps are likely no more effective than regular soaps when it comes to preventing illness. Your best bet to avoid germs is washing with good old soap and water. The new rule won't apply to hand sanitizers and wipes, which generally do not use these ingredients. **R**

Thanks to BetterWOMAN,
I'm winning the battle for
Bladder Control.



Frequent nighttime trips to the bathroom, embarrassing leaks and the inconvenience of constantly searching for rest rooms in public – for years, I struggled with bladder control problems. After trying expensive medications with horrible side effects, ineffective exercises and uncomfortable liners and pads, I was ready to resign myself to a life of bladder leaks, isolation and depression. But then I tried BetterWOMAN.

When I first saw the ad for BetterWOMAN, I was skeptical. So many products claim they can set you free from leaks, frequency and worry, only to deliver disappointment. When I finally tried BetterWOMAN, I found that it actually works! It changed my life. Even my friends have noticed that I'm a new person. And because it's all natural, I can enjoy the results without the worry of dangerous side effects. Thanks to BetterWOMAN, I finally fought bladder control problems and I won!



ALL NATURAL

Clinically-Tested Herbal Supplement

Reduces Bladder Leaks • Reduces Bathroom Trips • Sleep Better All Night • Safe and Effective – No Known Side Effects • Costs Less than Traditional Bladder Control Options **Live Free of Worry, Embarrassment, and Inconvenience**

You don't have to let bladder control problems control you. **Call now!**

Also Available: **BetterMAN®**
Order online at www.BetterMANnow.com.

Call Now & Ask How To Get A FREE BONUS BOTTLE
CALL 1-888-621-6863
www.BetterWOMANnow.com



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ALL IN

A Day's Work



"Yes, I've got something to write on. Go ahead and give me the recipe."

PAGING CUSTOMER SERVICE

■ A woman comes into our sporting-goods store with her two kids and buys a canister of bear spray (pepper spray for bears) for a camping trip. She gets to the front door, then comes back to the register as an afterthought and asks if she's supposed to spray her kids from head to toe with it.

- A client walked into our hotel lobby and asked, "If I book a room, does it include the bed?"
- I worked on a Christmas tree farm. One time a lady asked, "So what are these trees made out of?"
- At the Wendy's drive-through, a woman ordered two drinks, one small and one large. As I handed them to her, she asked, "Which one is the large?"

Source: reddit.com

I ADVISED A PATIENT to fast for 12 hours before his upcoming medical procedure. With a look of great concern, he asked, "All at once?"

RUTH LEE, Branchton, Ontario

I'M LOOKING FOR a much smaller house and a much larger medicine cabinet. *89-year-old former Los Angeles Dodgers broadcaster VIN SCULLY in Sports Illustrated, on his retirement plans*

A VERBATIM E-MAILED request from my graphic design client: "Is there any way that the design elements can look more placed and leced smooged? Do you know what I mean?"

From clientsfromhell.net

MY COWORKER was on the phone when I heard her say, "Southern, I guess." When she hung up, I asked what that was all about. "Oh," she

said, "he asked me what language I was speaking."

GLADYS MEEK, Charlotte, North Carolina

THE AVERAGE OFFICE WORKER

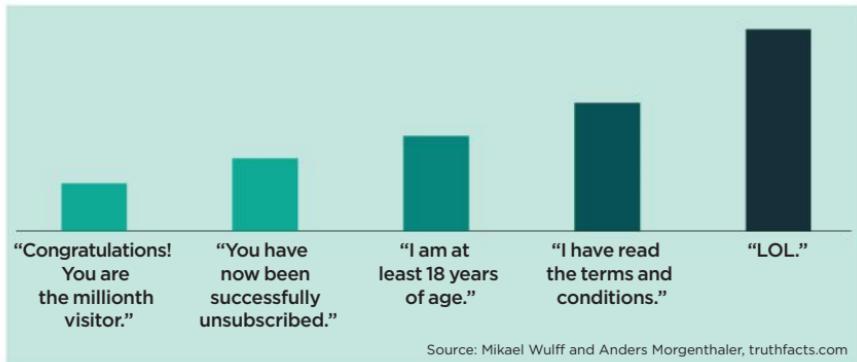
receives 122 e-mails per day, according to a recent report. The Week asked its readers to create a term that describes the sense of despair felt by those faced with a full inbox. Some top suggestions:

- Inboxication
- E-mailaise
- Attn: Deficit Disorder
- RE: RE: RE: Lapse
- Pessimistic Outlook
- Reaching the Point of No Reply
- E-nertia
- Inflowenza

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

If you're messing around online when you should be working, you must know ...

THE BIGGEST LIES ON THE INTERNET



COVER STORY





Scientists share

50

food facts
to help you
live longer
(and lose weight too)

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

Nutritional all-stars

1 SAUERKRAUT "When naturally fermented and refrigerated (not pasteurized), sauerkraut, kimchi, yogurt, and kefir contain natural probiotics and help populate your gut with healthy bacteria that can protect you from colds and the flu."

JUSTIN SONNENBURG, PHD,

associate professor of microbiology and immunology at Stanford University and author of The Good Gut

2 TURMERIC "Many clinical trials have shown it could play a role in preventing or treating heart disease, osteoarthritis, and some cancers. I recommend a quarter teaspoon a day. If you don't enjoy the taste, buy capsules." MICHAEL GREGER, MD,

a physician who specializes in nutrition and the author of How Not to Die

3 CANNED TUNA "It's one of the most affordable proteins in the supermarket, and it's packed with omega-3s, vitamin D, and selenium. Snack on it with whole-grain crackers." KATE GEAGAN, MS, RD, *nutritionist and author of Go Green, Get Lean*

4 ... AND MOST ANY OTHER FISH "In one large study, having at least one fish meal a week was associated with a 60 percent reduction

in the risk of developing Alzheimer's disease." Other studies have found that eating fish slashes your chance of dying from heart disease by about a third.

MARTHA CLARE MORRIS, SCD,
director of the Section of Nutrition and Nutritional Epidemiology at Rush University Medical Center

5 DARK CHOCOLATE (70 PER-CENT CACAO) "This treat has been shown to boost good HDL cholesterol, lower bad LDL cholesterol, reduce blood pressure, boost brain health, and enhance mood. Research also shows it curbs cravings for both sweet and salty foods."

CYNTHIA SASS, MPH, RD, *author of Slim Down Now: Shed Pounds and Inches with Real Food, Real Fast*

6 BERRIES "Berries have high levels of antioxidants that may lower your risk of heart disease, some types of cancer, diabetes, and cognitive decline. Look for black raspberries (in the freezer department of high-end grocery stores), blueberries, cranberries, and black currants." DAVID C. NIEMAN, DRPH, FACSM, *director of the Human Performance Lab at Appalachian State University*

7 PURPLE CABBAGE "It has the same eyesight- and brain-protecting antioxidants as berries do, at a fraction of the cost. Slice off shreds to use as a healthy, colorful garnish." MICHAEL GREGER, MD



8 LEAFY GREEN VEGETABLES

"One study found that seniors who ate at least one serving of leafy greens a day had the cognitive ability of someone 11 years younger." These salad staples also benefit heart and bone health and help prevent cancer.

MARTHA CLARE
MORRIS, SCD



9 BEANS "A cup every day may add years to your life. They're cheap, they provide way more protein dollar-for-dollar than meat does, they have complex carbohydrates, and they're full of fiber. Plus beans help the good bacteria in your gut flourish, helping you lose weight and lowering inflammation that causes disease."

DAN BUETTNER,

a National Geographic Fellow and the author of

The Blue Zones

Solution: Eating and Living Like the World's Healthiest People

10 **NUTS** "Five or more five-ounce servings of nuts throughout the week may cut your risk of heart disease by up to half. It doesn't matter what kind of nuts: walnuts, almonds, pecans. Sprinkle them on cereal each morning." **GARY FRASER, MD, PhD,**

*cardiologist and epidemiologist
at Loma Linda University*

11 ... **AND ANY OTHER FOOD THAT SPROUTS** "Nuts, fruit, beans, and whole grains are all rich in phytochemicals and other anti-inflammatory compounds."

DARIUSH MOZAFFARIAN, MD, DRPH,
*a cardiologist and an epidemiologist
who is dean of the Friedman School of
Nutrition Science and Policy
at Tufts University*

12 **GROUND FLAXSEEDS** "Filled with fiber and omega-3s, flaxseeds may help protect against heart disease, cancer, diabetes, and cognitive decline and treat the symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis. Grind them up and add to oatmeal, yogurt, pancakes, waffles, salads, soups, sandwich spreads, and more."

ANGIE EAKIN, MD, MS, *a member of the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine and a primary care physician who specializes in nutrition at Barnard Medical Center*

13 **WINE** "One or two drinks a day—wine, and perhaps other alcoholic beverages—

may help to lower cholesterol and improve heart and brain health. Don't hold off all week, then live it up on the weekend. More than two and you likely start to do harm."

KENNETH S. KOSIK, MD, *neuroscientist at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and author of Outsmarting Alzheimer's*

Proceed with caution

14 **LUNCH MEAT** "Processed meats like bacon, ham, hot dogs, lunch meats, and sausage were designated by the World Health Organization as carcinogens in 2015. That means they can cause cancer and are in the same category as asbestos and smoking" (though their risk is not as high). **MICHAEL GREGER, MD**

15 **GRILLED MEAT** "A growing body of evidence shows that barbecued meats cooked at high temperatures or over an open flame may increase your risk of cancer. Lower your risk by marinating your meat and minimizing charring."

BRUCE LEE, MD, *executive director of the Global Obesity Prevention Center at Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health*

16 **FLAVORED YOGURT** "Plain yogurt that you add whole fruit to is very healthy; it typically has about seven

grams of natural sugar. Guess how many grams of sugar in a strawberry yogurt? Depending on the brand, you could have up to 23 grams. That's not a health food; that's dessert."

ROBERT LUSTIG, MD,

pediatric endocrinologist at the University of California, San Francisco, and author of Fat Chance

17 ... AND ANY OTHER FOOD WITH LARGE AMOUNTS OF ADDED SUGAR

"Of the 85,000 packaged foods in American grocery stores, 74 percent are spiked with added sugar. Sugar alters our hormones so we don't register hunger normally; it spikes our dopamine, requiring us to eat more sugar for the same effect; and it affects the liver in the same way that alcohol does."

ROBERT LUSTIG, MD

18 ALSO, ARTIFICIAL SWEETENERS "In one study, fruit flies that had been accustomed to eating the artificial sweetener sucralose ate 30 percent more calories than those that ate sugar. We believe that because the sweetness in sucralose doesn't correspond to the calories, the brain compensates by making the animal feel more hungry. This may also happen in humans."

GREG NEELY, PhD,

associate professor at the University of Sydney

19 FOODS OUT OF BOXES AND BAGS

"The more packaging you have to go through to get to a food, the worse it probably is for you."

BRUCE LEE, MD

20 BREAD "It doesn't taste like it, but most bread is filled with salt—it's one of the top sources of salt in the American diet. If you have high blood pressure, be careful with bread."

MARC GILLINOV, MD, *cardiac surgeon at Cleveland Clinic's Heart & Vascular Institute and coauthor of Heart 411: The Only Guide to Heart Health You'll Ever Need*

Food swaps and easy hacks

21 ALGAE INSTEAD OF OLIVE OIL

"There's a new cooking oil made from algae that claims to be even higher in heart-healthy mono-unsaturated fats than olive oil. Unlike olive oil, it has a neutral flavor and a very high smoke point, so it's wonderful to cook with. It's just now getting into stores, but you can order it online for \$12 a bottle."

KERI GANS, RDN,

author of The Small Change Diet



22 FRUITS MAY BE BETTER

**FOR YOU THAN
VEGGIES** "People always say to eat your vegetables, but if you look at all the scientific data on long-term health and preventing chronic diseases, fruits have a slightly stronger protective effect than veggies."

DARIUSH
MOZAFFARIAN,
MD, DRPH

23 MUSHROOMS INSTEAD OF GROUND MEAT

"Replacing three ounces of 85 percent lean ground beef with one cup of minced mushrooms cuts almost 200 calories. Mushrooms are also one of the only food-based sources of vitamin D, a key nutrient most people fall short on."

CYNTHIA SASS, MPH, RD

24 FLAVOR WITH SARDINES

"Sardines are loaded with omega-3s, selenium, vitamin D, and high-quality protein. If eating them out of the tin doesn't appeal to you, add some sardine paste or chopped-up sardines to salad dressing or tomato sauce."

KATE GEAGAN, MS, RD

25 PRESOAK POTATOES

"Potatoes contain an amino acid that changes into a toxin called acrylamide when exposed to high heat during frying or roasting. Acrylamide makes it tougher for brain cells to communicate with one another. No one knows how much of this toxin the body can safely tolerate, so when possible, boil, steam, or microwave potatoes. If you roast, soak slices in water for 15 to 30 minutes first." KENNETH S. KOSIK, MD

26 EAT AT HOME

"Every time you go out, you eat about 300 more calories than you would have at home. And restaurant

food has much higher levels of sodium, sugar, and saturated fat. To add years to your life expectancy, buy a slow cooker and throw in some beans and vegetables before you head to work; when you come home, you'll have a healthy dinner."

DAN BUETTNER

27 DITCH THE MAYO

"Try hummus, tahini, mashed avocado, or olive tapenade in place of mayonnaise on sandwiches and in tuna or chicken salad. All four provide creamy texture and lots of flavor while adding bonus nutrients and heart-healthy fat. They also make great dips for fresh-cut veggies in place of ranch dressing."

CYNTHIA SASS, MPH, RD

28 TRY "OVERNIGHT" OATS

"Combine old-fashioned oats with milk in a Mason jar. Leave it in the fridge overnight, and the oats soak up the milk. The next morning, add mix-ins like fruit, seeds, nuts, honey, peanut butter, or maple syrup. One serving of oats has 40 grams of whole grains and 4 grams of fiber, plus the milk has protein."

REBECCA SCRITCHFIELD, registered dietitian
and author of *Body Kindness*

29 EASY CARB COUNTER

"For every ten grams of carbohydrate in a food, there should be at least one gram of fiber."

DARIUSH MOZAFFARIAN, MD, DRPH

30**AVOCADO FOR BUTTER**

"This swap saves calories and adds vitamins, minerals, antioxidants, fiber, and good fats. In brownies or chocolate cakes, the cocoa will mask the green hue of the avocado." Trade half a tablespoon of avocado for each tablespoon of butter. **CYNTHIA SASS, MPH, RD**

31**DIY POPCORN**

"Place kernels inside a brown paper lunch bag. Fold the top down a few times, then microwave for two to three minutes. Voilà. Microwave popcorn without the chemicals and trans fat." And as snacks go, this one is a real bargain.

KENNETH S. KOSIK, MD

Burn calories faster

32**DON'T BE AFRAID OF FAT**

"In one study, we put overweight young adults on a low-calorie diet. After they had lost 10 to 15 percent of their weight, we gave some of them a low-fat diet and the others a low-carbohydrate diet with lots of healthy fats, like olive oil, nuts, seeds, and avocado. On the low-fat diet, their metabolism crashed. On the low-carb, high-fat diet, their metabolism didn't slow at all."

DAVID LUDWIG, MD, PhD, professor of nutrition at the Harvard T.H. Chan School of Public Health and author of Always Hungry

33**DRINK MORE WATER**

Small studies show that water has the potential to boost metabolism. "It takes calories to process water, because everything we do takes calories. The more water, the more calories you need to expend. I suggest aiming for around two liters a day." **LAUREN HARRIS-PINCUS, MS, RDN, founder of nutritionstarringyou.com**

34**... AND A CUP OF COFFEE OR GREEN TEA**

In a study of eight men, caffeine increased energy expenditure by 13 percent. Even better, "brewed tea also raises metabolism rates. Be careful not to cancel out the health benefits: If you like sugar in your tea, use one teaspoon or less." **LISA STOLLMAN, MA, RDN, CDE, CDN, author of The Trim Traveler**

35**SPREAD YOUR PROTEIN THROUGHOUT THE DAY**

Most people "can absorb only about 25 to 35 grams of protein at a time for muscle building and repair." The rest will turn to fat. As a guide, 30 grams is equivalent to five eggs, four ounces of chicken, or 20 ounces of low-fat yogurt.

LAUREN HARRIS-PINCUS, MS, RDN

Don't buy these lines!

36 **EVERYTHING IN MODERATION** "What you really want to do is eat more of the good things (fruits, beans, seeds, nuts, etc.) and less of the bad things (processed meats, refined starch, added sugar, trans fats, sugar-sweetened beverages)." **DARIUSH MOZAFFARIAN, MD, DRPH**

37 **LOW-FAT DAIRY IS BETTER** "Studies suggest that people eating low-fat dairy either gained more weight or were at a higher risk for diabetes and heart disease than those eating equal portions of full-fat dairy." **DAVID LUDWIG, MD, PhD**

38 **ANYTHING LABELED "WHOLE GRAIN" IS HEALTHY** "Just because a bread or cracker package says 'made with whole grains,' it doesn't mean it's 100 percent whole grain. In fact, it could be only 1 percent whole grain. Look for the black-and-gold Whole Grain Stamp." **SARA BAER-SINNOTT, president of Oldways, a food education nonprofit**

39 **EAT MORE SMALL MEALS** "In some clinical trials, people who are told to eat five or six small meals a

day overeat the wrong things five or six times a day. Instead, I recommend two meals a day, plus a snack like a nut bar." **VALTER LONGO, PHD,**

director of the Longevity Institute at the University of Southern California

40 **PASTA IS BAD** "Because pasta is extruded to make shapes, it takes longer to digest, so even though it has the same ingredients as white bread, it doesn't cause a rapid sugar spike." Overcooking or overeating pasta, though, will still raise blood sugar.

SARA BAER-SINNOTT

41 **ORGANIC IS ALWAYS HEALTHIER** "You may have environmental or economic reasons to look for organic or local foods, but there's little science showing that these relate to health."

DARIUSH MOZAFFARIAN, MD, DRPH

42 **CUT MOST SALT** Salt may be less of a risk than scientists thought. "If you don't have high blood pressure, you can be more liberal with salt." Hypertension patients should still follow their doctors' sodium advice. **MARC GILLINOV, MD**

43 **YOU HAVE TO GIVE UP CARBS** "The cornerstone of every longevity diet in the world is complex carbohydrates: whole grains, brown rice, sweet potatoes, and beans." **DAN BUETTNER**

44 EGGS CAUSE HIGH CHOLESTEROL "We now know your cholesterol level is determined largely by the mix of fats you eat, not how much cholesterol you eat. So it's OK to have eggs."

MARC GILLINOV, MD

45 SMOOTHIES ARE A HEALTHY TREAT "Many smoothie places use mixes with added sugar, other additives, and no real fruit. Ask what they actually put in their smoothies. Or make one at home."

BRUCE LEE, MD

5 more golden rules

46 SHRINK YOUR DAY'S LAST MEAL "Your first meal of the day should be big, whether it's at 6 a.m. or 10 a.m. Your lunch should be middle-size, and your dinner should be small. A big breakfast fuels your muscles and brain for the day. A small dinner allows digestion to rest overnight and won't saturate your system with calories your body is more likely to store than to burn."

DAN BUETTNER

47 ... AND FAST FOR 12 HOURS AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK "If you eat at 7 a.m., make sure you are done eating for the day by 7 p.m. That puts your body into a fasting mode, which small clinical trials and animal studies have shown could slow aging in the brain, help you sleep better, and keep you from gaining weight."

VALTER LONGO, PHD

48 DON'T EAT BASED ON ONE STUDY "Remember that one study doesn't make a truth. It takes years and a whole body of evidence before scientists can make a solid nutritional recommendation."

SARA BAER-SINNOTT

49 IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MAKE A CHANGE "We put 20 African Americans on a high-fiber African diet and 20 rural Africans on a low-fiber Western diet. After just two weeks, the biomarkers for cancer risk in the Americans dropped significantly, while those in the Africans jumped significantly."

STEPHEN O'KEEFE, MD, MSC, *gastroenterologist at the University of Pittsburgh*

50 ... EVEN A SMALL ONE "The data shows that some improvement is better than none. Even if you make only one change—drink soda twice a week instead of every day—it will make a difference."

TERESA FUNG, SCD, RD, *professor of nutrition at Simmons College* R



Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



A KANGAROO kept getting out of his enclosure at the zoo. Knowing that he could hop high, the zookeepers put up a ten-foot fence. Didn't matter—he was out the next morning, hopping about. So a 20-foot fence was put up. Again, he got out. When the fence was 40 feet high, a camel in the next enclosure asked the kangaroo, "How high do you think they'll go?" The kangaroo said,

"A thousand feet, unless somebody locks the gate at night."

From gcfl.net

ONE GOOD THING about a five-year-old is they are always just a Krazy Straw and some chocolate milk away from the best day ever.

Twitter icon @SIMONCHOLLAND

I WENT TO BARNES & NOBLE and asked the clerk for a book about

turtles. "Hardback?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "And little heads."

Comedian MARK SIMMONS

LAST OCTOBER, the Rolling Stones, Paul McCartney, Bob Dylan, and other rock stars appeared at the music festival Desert Trip, where the average age of the rockers was 72. In honor of "Oldchella," here are "new" songs by aging musicians:

- The Rolling Stones: "Gimme Sweater"
- Carly Simon: "You're So Veiny"
- Led Zeppelin: "Stairlift to Heaven"

■ U2: "I Still Haven't Remembered What I'm Looking For"

■ Willie Nelson: "On the John Again"

■ The Who: "Bingo Wizard"

■ Rod Stewart: "Do You Think I'm Sixty?"

Source: humorlabs.net

BILLION-DOLLAR IDEA: An app that sends you a text when the light turns green.

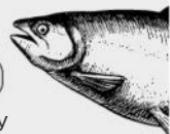
@DAMIENFAHEY

Your funny joke, list, or quote might be worth \$\$. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.



IS IT A SHAKESPEAREAN INSULT

OR A WEIRD REGIONAL MEAL?



The Bard's slurs are delicious treats. In fact, many sound vaguely edible—if you have an adventurous palate and a strong stomach. The following are either invectives from Will or actual meals from around the world. Can you tell which is which?

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| ■ Stinkheads | ■ Witchetty grub |
| ■ Stuffed cloak-bag of guts | ■ Embossed carbuncle |
| ■ Wasp crackers | ■ Mopane worms |
| ■ Bunch-back'd toad | ■ Roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly |

Answers:

Stinkheads—The fermented heads of king salmon, buried underground for a few weeks and eaten as a pungent, puttylike mush (Alaska)

Stuffed cloak-bag of guts—Appeared in *Henry IV, Part 1*

Wasp crackers—A biscuit filled with wasps (Japan)

Bunch-back'd toad—Appeared in *Richard III*

Witchetty grub—The large larvae of several moths (Australia)

Embossed carbuncle—Appeared in *King Lear*

Mopane worms—Big, fat, juicy worms that are said to be full of protein (South Africa)

Roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly—Also appeared in *Henry IV, Part 1*. (Clearly His Majesty was having a bad day.)



*Julie was 16 when
she first received
information about
her birth parents.*



THE 33 YEAR SEARCH FOR MY BIRTH MOTHER

Last year, Ohio changed its law to give adopted children access to their birth certificates. For Julie Mooney, the result was like unlocking the door to her past.

BY JAMES BIGLEY II
FROM CLEVELAND MAGAZINE

ALONE IN HER KITCHEN, Julie Mooney cradles her cell phone. After 33 years of searching, Julie has finally obtained her birth certificate, located her birth mother, looked up her number, and begun dialing it. The 49-year-old mother of three has her finger poised over the final digit.

She sits there shaking, not knowing what to do. Armed with a script of all

the things she wants to say, Julie waits and waits and waits. When she finally gets up the courage to hit the final number, the call goes to voice mail, so she hangs up. But now she has the sound of her birth mother's voice—old and broken—stuck in her head.

At 9 a.m. the next day, Julie calls again, only to get voice mail once more. But when she calls 30 minutes later, her birth mother's husband answers.

"My name is Julie," she says. "If you could please have Lyssa* call me, I have some questions. I got her number through Bible study." One hour later, the phone rings. This time, it is the woman she has been searching for.

"I appreciate you calling me back. My name is Julie," she says. "I have something very personal and private to discuss with you. Is this a good time?"

The woman on the other end says yes, so Julie continues. "Well, recently

listed as my birth mother, and that's what led me to you."

When this is met with silence, Julie waits for the line to disconnect. When it doesn't, she goes on.

"If I reached the wrong person, I apologize," says Julie, hoping to dissipate any building anxiety. "I also would like to thank my birth mother for the gift of my life, and if she ever had any doubts about placing me for adoption, she should put that at rest,



"I HAVE SOMETHING VERY PERSONAL AND PRIVATE TO DISCUSS. IS THIS A GOOD TIME?"

Ohio passed a law that allowed me to have access to my own birth certificate, and I'm currently seeking medical records."

"I don't know what you're talking about," the woman responds.

"Well, if you have a moment, I'll discuss this further with you," Julie says. "But it's very personal."

"Fine," the older woman says, her voice hardening.

"My name is Julie, and I was born May 18, 1966, in Cleveland, Ohio, and I was placed for adoption," she says.

There is no response. So Julie reads off the script in front of her.

"Ohio law has recently given me access to my original birth certificate. The name Lyssa Marie Kappel* was

because I was raised in a wonderful family. I had beautiful parents, and I have three beautiful daughters."

Lyssa begins to cry.

"That person would be me, but I never wanted to give you up," she says. "It was just a different world back then."

JULIE HAD WONDERED if she'd ever hear that voice and the story it had to tell. When Ohio voted in March 2015 to loosen its closed adoption law, Julie became one of 400,000 adoptees who were finally granted access to their original birth certificates. "It's a very personal journey," says Betsie Norris, the executive director of Adoption Network Cleveland. "For each person, they have to make a choice about how much they

*Name has been changed.

want to know and what they want to pursue."

Norris, who was herself adopted in 1960, founded the organization as a support for birth parents, adoptive parents, and adoptees working to better understand the adoption process. "When I started searching, I felt like there was a common misperception out there that some people felt that if my adoptive parents had done a good-enough job, I wouldn't need to do this," says Norris. "I was a happy, whole, and healthy person, and I wanted to know the truth of my existence."

Julie felt the same way. She was born at 3:25 a.m. in Cleveland's Booth Memorial Hospital and weighed seven pounds and seven ounces. She spent the first six weeks of her life at an orphanage, the Jones Home for Children.

When JoAnne and Paul Hancy saw her perfect little body for the first time, JoAnne said, "Now that's a baby." They took her home to the new four-bedroom split-level house they'd built in nearby Berea, Ohio, where she joined her older sister, Amy, adopted three years earlier. The couple raised the girls to understand and appreciate the importance of adoption as well as their adoptive parents' own roles.

"My kindergarten teacher called my



Julie (second from right) with her family on New Year's Eve in 1974. Her mother, JoAnne, made the girls' dresses.

mom one day and said, 'Congratulations! I don't know how you did it, but your daughter has the whole class wanting to be adopted,'" recalls Julie. "I just thought [adoption] was the greatest thing, and I made it seem like I was really special, and that's what my parents made it seem like."

JULIE WAS 16 when she received her first information about her birth parents. JoAnne thought Julie was old enough to know more about her past and sought out Family and Children's Services to provide a document that detailed non-identifying biological characteristics for both of Julie's birth parents.

According to the records, her mother had been 22 years old, of Canadian and German descent, and raised in a strict religious family. Her father had been 23. He was a mechanic and had

put aside his education to help out on the family farm. Their relationship had formed from a casual friendship, but they were unable to assume the responsibilities of parenthood.

"I was so intrigued with it, but I didn't want my mom to know how obsessed I was," says Julie. "As you get older, because it is a closed thing and you can't talk about it, you almost feel guilty for your adoptive parents if you show any interest."

"I always pictured my birth mother being blond," she says. "I remember we'd go to restaurants, and with every blond woman I'd think, That could be my mom."

JULIE WAS ABLE to put her curiosity on the shelf from time to time, but it was never completely out of sight. In 2009, she lost her adoptive mother to lung cancer. By then, cancer had also claimed her

"I NEVER WANTED TO GIVE YOU UP," LYSSA SAYS.
"IT WAS JUST A DIFFERENT WORLD BACK THEN."

After she presented the information to Julie, JoAnne hid the document in a metal lockbox on the shelf of her bedroom closet. When her parents left the house, Julie took it down to study it and discovered small white envelopes addressed to each of the girls.

Julie opened Amy's first. It contained a note card with the name that Paul and JoAnne believed had been Amy's given name at birth. Excited, Julie opened her own envelope. A different message was scrawled on hers: "To my knowledge, we do not know Julie's birth name."

She was crushed. But still wanting to respect her adoptive parents, Julie resealed the envelopes and put them back where she'd found them.

What little she knew fueled her imagination for years.

grandmother and both of her aunts.

Around the time of her mother's diagnosis, Julie had a mammogram and discovered a lump in her right breast. When asked for her medical history, Julie had to say she didn't know.

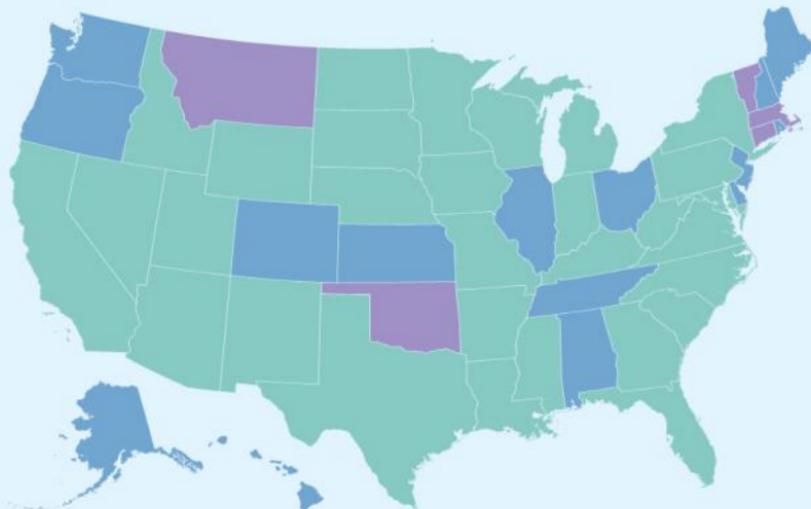
"It's like a stab in your identity," she says. "Having three daughters, I feel it's not fair we don't know our story."

The lump was benign, but her mother's death and her own lack of medical history spurred Julie to pick up the search for her birth mother.

A friend found a website where anonymous individuals, called birth angels, help people search for their birth families. That led to an angel named Marge, who accessed the Ohio Birth Index, a registry for babies born on any given day in a given county. Knowing Julie was born in Cleveland,

WHERE LOCATING PARENTS IS EASY—AND WHERE IT ISN'T

Some states began to unseal adoptees' birth certificates as early as the 1990s, but access is still at least partially restricted in most locations.



■ ACCESS

In general, adoptees can file for their birth certificates at age 18 and receive the documents with few restrictions. (Rules vary by state.)

■ PARTIAL ACCESS

Adult adoptees can file for their birth certificates, but requests can be denied for various reasons, including if the birth parents refuse consent or if the adoptee wasn't born within a certain range of years.

■ LIMITED OR NO ACCESS

Records are sealed, and adult adoptees face considerable barriers to obtaining them. In some states, adoptees can petition for access; a judge or the birth parents decide whether to unseal records.

Source: americanadoptioncongress.org

Marge narrowed the list to 44 women who had given birth within the city limits on May 18, 1966. Julie went through the names line by line, making note of all those listed without a father and with babies left unnamed, since those characteristics increased the possibility that the baby would be put up for adoption. She also looked for names indicating the German ori-

gin referenced in her non-identifying information. The name Kappel was among those listed. "I had a feeling that was my name," she says.

But there was no way to verify it. So for two years, Julie put the search to rest, believing she had exhausted all the leads available.

Then, in 2014, she reconnected with her friend Betsy Gosnell at their 30th

high school reunion, the same day Julie's father was buried after battling cancer of the lungs, brain, and adrenal glands. As kids, she and Gosnell had bonded over their common experience as adoptees. It was Gosnell who introduced Julie to Norris and her Adoption Network Cleveland, and it was through the network that Julie learned about the upcoming changes to Ohio's records law and resolved to be among the first to file her paperwork.

means many could discover that their birth parents have died. A few face the possibility that they will still be denied access to any information—in the months leading up to the release of adoption records, birth parents wishing to conceal their identities were allowed to remove their names from their children's birth certificates. More than 250 birth parents have decided to keep their secrets safe. Other birth parents are bound to have mixed

“I ALWAYS WANTED A BIG FAMILY,” SAYS JULIE. “A NORMAN ROCKWELL PAINTING OF THANKSGIVING.”

NORRIS IS with Julie on a rainy March morning as she stands in line—along with 400 or so other adopted Ohioans—at the state's Office of Vital Statistics in downtown Columbus. Julie can barely contain her excitement when she is given her ticket—number 44—to officially file her request for her birth certificate. “It's my favorite number!” she says, bouncing on the balls of her feet. “Even numbers are always a sign. There are four people in my family.” She is referring, of course, to her adoptive family.

Julie's emotion is understandable, but it may be premature. Most people lining up for their birth certificates obviously hope to be reunited with the parents who gave them life. That said, more than a half century of darkness

emotions when confronted by their children's requests. “For a lot of birth mothers, getting this contact from the adoptee—on one level they're happy and it's a relief because it's something that they've maybe secretly hoped for,” says Norris. “But it brings them emotionally right back to, ‘I'm a horrible person. I'm not worthy. People are going to hate me if they know about this.’”

JULIE IS right about the positive sign. Her birth certificate arrives in a small business envelope nearly one month after her trip to Columbus. (As of October 31, 2016, the state of Ohio had released 9,068 files to adoptees, according to adoptionnetwork.org.) When she sits down in her chair in front of the living room window, she's with her

12-year-old daughter, Jordyn, who records video for her sisters, 18-year-old Madelyn and 20-year-old Megan.

As Julie reads the information, she discovers that her initial assumption regarding her birth mother's name—Lyssa Kappel—was correct. In the days that follow, Julie conducts online searches that reveal Lyssa was married less than a year after Julie's birth. Julie also discovers she has two younger half siblings who live in New England.

"I've always wanted a big family," says Julie. "I wanted that Norman Rockwell painting of Thanksgiving, where you're all around a big table."

TWO MONTHS after receiving her birth certificate, Julie stands impatiently in her living room, looking out the front window with her two youngest daughters, Madelyn and Jordyn. They're waiting for Lyssa.

"I'm not looking for this joyous reunion where we're going to run into each other's arms in a daisy field crying 'I love you,'" says Julie, who dressed for the reunion in white pants and a bright pink floral shirt. "Wherever it falls, it falls."

When a silver sport-utility vehicle pulls into the driveway, Julie heads straight for the front door, with the girls right behind. She walks down the small sidewalk toward a slightly wrinkled woman. Lyssa stands tall in black jeans, black tennis shoes, and a gray vest over a thin baby-blue long-

sleeved sweatshirt. Her steps are small and careful. A tiny silver cross graces her neck. Her hair has a faded, honey-wheat hue, cut short and windswept, like a modern-day Farrah Fawcett.

"You must be Julie," Lyssa says when they are within arm's reach.

The two pause for a moment, each studying the other's face for the first time. They then lean in as if to kiss, and Julie throws her arms around her mother's neck. Lyssa slowly lifts her hands to rest gently on Julie's shoulder blades as she nestles her face in the crook of Julie's neck. Behind them, Lyssa's husband looks on, smiling.

When they've finished hugging, introductions ensue—first Madelyn, then Jordyn. Lyssa takes each girl into her arms and hugs her briefly before going on to the next. Julie embraces Lyssa one more time and tells her she's beautiful before following everyone inside.

"You've got my eyes," Lyssa says as she looks at Madelyn, Julie's middle child.

"Stand next to her," says Julie, placing them side by side. "My mom always said, 'I bet Maddie looks like your birth mother.'"

Lyssa tugs Maddie by the arm and pulls her across the living room to an ornate silver-framed mirror hanging beside a black baby grand piano. They stand and study each other in reflection. Their faces are heart-shaped. Their eyes are only a half inch apart. Their smiles begin at the corners of

their lips and pull upward and out, although the smile lines in Lyssa's face are like small ravines that have carved their way across her skin.

"With my oldest grandson, people said we looked alike," says Lyssa. "So he took me in front of the mirror like this, and he said, 'We do look a lot alike, except for the wrinkles.'"

LYSSA AND HER husband spend five hours at Julie's house that evening, sharing stories and perusing photos of Julie's childhood. Lyssa says she didn't know much about Julie's biological father and explains how she wore large coats during her pregnancy to hide it from her family, friends, and coworkers. She desperately wanted to keep her story private.

"Pregnancy is hard enough," says Julie later. "But then to have to hide it and be alone—it broke my heart for her."

At dinner, Lyssa tells them that when she gave birth, the nurses pleaded with her to look at the beautiful baby girl she'd just delivered. But Lyssa couldn't. She was petrified that even a glimpse would persuade her to keep

the child. She couldn't take that chance.

"She said, 'I never named you because it was so hard for me. I just couldn't do it. I walked away and never looked back,'" says Julie.

Still, Lyssa says she tried to find Julie about a year after the birth and again a few years ago, when she hired an attorney to track her down. But at that point, Ohio's adoption-record law made it impossible for Lyssa to find Julie.

The meeting was emotional for everyone, Julie says. "My goal wasn't to re-create this mother-daughter relationship. I just wanted her to know that she made a good decision, and don't ever feel bad about it, and thank you for life because that had to have been so hard." She told Lyssa, "Every child I had, I thought about you after I had them."

Julie also told her she didn't want to push too hard. "You need to process this," she said. "If you decide to do nothing for a while, that's fine. If you decide to never do anything, that's fine, but this part of the story is over."

But Lyssa responded, "Well, I can't imagine not having those beautiful little girls in my life now!" **R**

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Was it that shy glance, the clever line—or an offer to fix a clogged sink? As our readers' stories attest, lightning often strikes when you least expect it.

The Moment I Knew I Was in

Love

This younger guy used to follow me around like a puppy when we were stationed at Lockbourne Air Force Base. I convinced myself I wasn't interested—he was like a kid brother. **One day, we were driving in a snowstorm and ended up on the median.** He was soaked and cold after an hour spent pushing the car free, so I said he could shower at my place. When he finished, he yelled out, "Honey, where are the towels?" My heart melted with that one word, and 43 years later, he still calls me "honey." **LYNN TIMON, Charlotte, North Carolina**



A week after I met my future husband, we visited the Illinois State Fair with his family. At one point, someone yelled out, “**Does anybody know what time it is?**” At the same exact moment, we shouted back the Chicago lyric, “Does anybody really care?” I knew it was love.

CHRISTA PARRY, Mediapolis, Iowa

One day in junior high, I went to the movies. I sat with friends behind a row of boys from our class. The boy in front of me turned around and planted a kiss on me. When I got home, my parents asked me about the movie. I drew a blank. **I couldn't remember anything after the kiss.** I've been happily married to that boy for 41 years.

DONNALOU BANER, *Gridley, Illinois*

We were driving down the road when a rabbit ran out in front of us. He swerved to avoid it. Although I was pleased by his show of compassion, **he won my heart when he called it a "bunny."**

MARY LOU MCCOWAN, *LeRoy, New York*

On one of our first dates, my wife-to-be hopped on my motorcycle and took off, riding around my parents' yard as if she'd been riding all her life. Unfortunately, we hadn't gone

over the fine art of stopping, and suddenly—BOOM. She was off. But up she bounced, announcing, "That was fun!" Then and there, I knew this was the girl for me.

DALE L. HALL, *Chagrin Falls, Ohio*

My first marriage ended in divorce. Eventually, I began to date again, but that failure stayed with me. After seeing a wonderful woman for several months, I told her that I didn't think we had a future—I was still fragile from the breakup. She said, "If you're too stupid to see **I'm the best thing that ever happened to you**, then go." We just celebrated our 36th wedding anniversary because she was right.

DONALD ROPSON, *Green Bay, Wisconsin*

Being from a conservative

Indian family, my parents and I put in many years searching for a suitable match for me. On that journey was a friend who stood by me through thick and thin. In the 14 years that we went from classmates to best friends, I never once consciously thought of him as a lover. I tried remembering the exact moment I'd fallen for him by reliving all those moments that had made us laugh, fight, cry, and ache for each other. Try as I might, I could not recall it. Then **it came to me at the altar on our wedding day.** I had been in love with him all along.

PRIYANKA PRASAD, *Dumfries, Virginia*





I had been dating an airman. His buddies told me that while eating in the chow hall, he'd write my name in his mashed potatoes. I figured that must be love.

NANCY LOUISE
AMAZEEN WHITLOCK,
York, Maine

Here was the dilemma: Should I pursue my dream of becoming a nun or continue a relationship with my boyfriend? To decide, I gave up both him and cigarettes for the 40 days of Lent. On Holy Saturday, the final day of Lent, a knock came at the door. **There he stood, holding out a cigarette for me.** One deep drag made me dizzy. He caught me and helped me sit on the step. At that moment, wrapped in his arms, I knew I was never giving him up again.

DARLENE MILLER,

Shelby Township, Michigan

It was during a painful, ego-driven argument. We sat across from each other, trying to sort it out. Exhausted, I finally said, "I don't know what to do. **Tell me what you want to do.**" He said nothing. Instead, he just kissed me.

MJ STAR, *York, Pennsylvania*

I was in the hospital having my tonsils removed. The guy I was seeing was going to pick me up after

he got off work, at 5 p.m. But I was discharged early, at 3:15, and the nurse asked if someone would be picking me up. Just then, it hit me. "Yes, my boyfriend," I said, smiling. "He isn't supposed to be here until five, but he won't be able to wait that long. He'll get here early because he'll be worried about me." Sure enough, he was there 15 minutes later.

TRACI STOUT, *Beaverton, Oregon*

The moment I knew I was in love with my now husband was every time **I'd call him at work just to hear his voice.** Now, 18 years later, I still find things to call him about just to hear his voice.

JEANNE HAMMER, *Bettendorf, Iowa*

Previous dates brought me red roses, candy, even jewelry. **Instead, he brought food—Looney Tunes frozen dinners,** to be precise. He said, "I looked in your fridge; it was pretty empty." How could I not fall in love?

SUZIE BERBERICH, *Dryden, Michigan*

I moved next door to a kind family whose son was serving in Vietnam. They showed me his pictures, shared his letters, and talked about him all the time. The fact is, **I fell in love with him well before I ever met him.** We've been married 49 years this month. **PATRICIA LUCAS, Reno, Nevada**

Pam: I was intrigued by the football player who sat behind me in trigonometry. It was January, and I'd heard that **his mom had died in a car crash a few days before Christmas.**

Chris: I was devastated by my mom's passing. When school resumed, I found myself sitting behind a short, cute

blond girl in trig who kept turning around to talk to me. "Are you the one whose mom died?" she boldly asked.

Pam: He was amazingly honest about what had happened.

Chris: **No one else knew how to talk with me about my mother.**

Pam: It began a months-long conversation at my parents' dining room table while we were ostensibly doing homework.

Chris: I found myself opening up to her more than I'd expected.

Pam: Sometime in the spring, my dad asked if the reason I was studying so hard was because I was falling behind in trigonometry. I thought about it, then smiled as the truth dawned on me. "I don't think it's about the trigonometry anymore," I said.

Chris: We've been "doing homework" together now for 25 years.

CHRIS AND PAM LONGSTON,
Seattle, Washington



My boyfriend of three weeks was **helping my roommate and me move back to college** for our senior year. While unpacking, I listed all the things I loved about my new apartment: "I love my new room, I love my bathroom, I love our kitchen, I love our living room, I love my boyfriend ..." As soon as I'd uttered those words, I wanted to stuff them back into my mouth. My beau just laughed, and we both knew that what I'd said was true. Five years later, we're now married and getting ready to celebrate our first daughter turning one. **MICHELLE PLANTIER,**
Raleigh, North Carolina



I fell in love as soon as I saw her in the Pullman Pie restaurant.

It took me about a month to ask her out, and I was shocked when she said yes. I still can't figure out what she saw in me.

She was so beautiful. To me, it was like beauty and the beast.

ANDREW RONQUILLO,
Prescott, Arizona

I was a hostess for a Howard Johnson's restaurant. He was the assistant manager of the motor lodge. One night, he asked me out for a drink. I said yes. We talked until closing time, and then he drove me home. At my door, he leaned down and ever so tenderly brushed my lips with his. That was all it took. I fell in love with him that night and stayed that way until his death, 42 years later. Do I still love him? Oh, yes. Would I do it again? Oh, I wish I could.

BARBARA YOUNG,
Independence, Missouri

We met through Facebook, got to chatting online, and hit it off, even though we'd never met face-to-face. One day, after having gone through a rough breakup, I typed out, "I'm so stubborn and hardheaded, nobody wants to put up with me." He wrote back, "I've never said that." A year later, I moved from America to Ireland to be with him. We're married and expecting a baby.

ABIGAIL TAYLOR, *Waterford, Ireland*

Sitting alone at a coffee shop, working the Sunday *New York Times* crossword, I got stuck on a clue. An attractive guy peeked over my shoulder and said, "Trireme: a Roman galley. It's the answer to six across." Thirty-two years later, we compete to see who can complete the crossword fastest.

SHER GARFIELD, *Bellevue, Washington*

She was my best friend throughout high school. I could tell her all my deepest secrets except for one: that I was madly in love with her. Sadly, she married another and we lost touch. Cut to many years later: We were both divorced and had become fast friends again. This time, I let her know how I felt about her. We got married 30 years after high school, and I'm living my dream.

BRAD BUMGARNER, *Gahanna, Ohio*

Soon after I began dating Matt, I told him that I had multiple sclerosis. It wasn't bad, I said, but I explained how

the disease might affect me. Matt didn't care. "If it gets so bad that you can't walk anymore, I'll be your legs," he said. **"If it gets to where you can't see, I'll be your eyes.**

And if you can't talk anymore, I'll still know you love me because I know your heart."

BARBARA WOLF, Lemoyne, Pennsylvania

My life as a children's storyteller did not work like a fairy tale. Weekend bookings and looking for gigs proved challenging for any prospective love interest. Then one day, **I was performing the tale of the frog prince at a festival.** At the moment when I pantomimed the princess about to bestow her kiss, I was distracted by a blond woman in the audience. She wore a beret and had pale yet powerful blue eyes. As I stood there with lips pursed, I found myself thinking wistfully, There's someone I'd like to kiss. Fortune smiled upon me when we married two years later. And, yes, her kiss transformed me!

JONATHAN KRUK, Cold Spring, New York

On our first date, we went to a restaurant, where **she ordered a steak with all the fixings**, a fully loaded baked potato, and a Budweiser. The waiter turned to me, and I simply said, "I'll have what she's having." It's been true love ever since.

THOMAS MIEBACH, San Antonio, Texas

I had been widowed for three years when I made a fresh start in New Mexico. One day, I introduced myself to a

tall, handsome stranger who lived nearby. Together, we began hiking and venturing into town for the occasional movie. On the way home from one of those movie nights, **I complained about my home's many plumbing issues.** The next morning, I answered a knock at the door. There stood my tall, handsome neighbor with a bag of tools in one hand and a piece of chocolate cake in the other.

**ROXANNE HAVILAND-DEBAUN,
Mitchell, Oregon**

One day he told me, "If one of us dies, let's agree to wait for the other to die so we can come back together in our next life." And that

was it. **DEBORAH JURGENSEN,
Madison, South Dakota**



Dave's stepmom did not want us to get married. **"Look at her mother," she said.** "She's going to look just like her when she gets old." Dave shot back, "I like the way her mother looks, and I'll be proud to have her look like her mother." If I wasn't in love with him before, I certainly was then. We just celebrated our 58th anniversary, and, yes, I do look like my mother.

BLAIR COVINGTON, Hollywood, Florida

He was 14 and I was 15 when our friend passed away. **Waiting in line together at the viewing, I felt a squeeze of my hand.** I turned to him, and he was crying. Right there, I fell in love. We are now in our 30s, and we often wonder aloud, "Is everyone experiencing this level of love?"

HEATHER FIELDS, Keyser, West Virginia **R**

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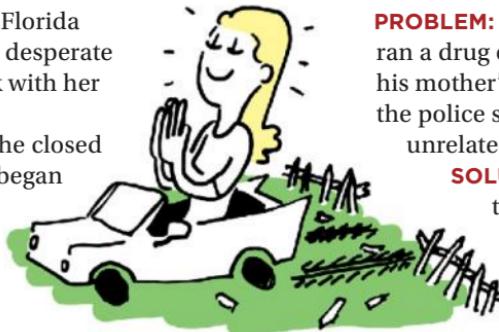
SOLUTIONS GONE WRONG

PROBLEM: A Florida woman had a desperate need to speak with her creator.

SOLUTION: She closed her eyes and began to pray.

NOT EVEN CLOSE: She happened to be driving at the time and sent her car careening through a yard and into a house. No one was hurt.

Source: nwfdailynews.com



PROBLEM: After a night of drinking, a Japanese government official just wanted to go home, but a six-foot wall stood in his way.

SOLUTION: He climbed over it.

NOT EVEN CLOSE: The wall was the outside of a prison, and he was tackled by guards.

Source: Mainichi

PROBLEM: A tourist at Yellowstone wanted a photo that would be the highlight of her trip.

SOLUTION: She took a selfie with a bison.

NOT EVEN CLOSE: The camera-shy bison head-butted the woman, sending her into the air and to the park's clinic with minor injuries.

Source: cnn.com

PROBLEM: A British man ran a drug operation out of his mother's home. Then the police showed up for an unrelated reason.

SOLUTION: After the police left, the spooked man chucked the drugs out the window.

NOT EVEN CLOSE: The police hadn't driven away yet when the drugs landed right by their car.

Source: manchestereveningnews.co.uk

PROBLEM: A thief wanted to rob a Chicago bar before it opened.

SOLUTION: He removed the lock from the front door and pulled.

NOT EVEN CLOSE: He pulled and pulled and finally left, having never opened the door—or noticed the sign that read *Push*.

Source: CBS Chicago

PROBLEM: Australian thieves wanted gasoline.

SOLUTION: They siphoned gas from a parked tour bus.

NOT EVEN CLOSE: They tapped the sewage tank instead and ran off with a mouthful of ... well, not gas.

Source: mirror.co.uk

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- Back/Knee Pain
- Bunions
- Heel Spurs
- Arthritis
- Neuropathy



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BY WALTER M. ROBINSON, MD FROM THE SUN

WHEN I WENT TO SEE the dermatologist, I had no suspicious spots I wanted examined. It was just a preventive measure you take once you are middle-aged. I'd made the appointment for early in the morning because I'm a doctor—a pediatric lung specialist who treats cystic fibrosis—and I know how the patients pile up as the day goes on. I sat in the waiting room alone on a plastic chair, reading the posters about droopy necks and sagging eyelids, privacy laws and co-payments. At every new doctor's office, I debate whether to tell the staff that I am an MD; sometimes, when it's just a checkup, as this was, I'll remain incognito and see how they treat the civilians. But I always come clean with the doctor in the examining room.

The dermatologist was a thin woman with thin hair and a pair of squarish glasses riding the ridge of her thin nose. I got



the impression she was not much of a joker. She began looking me over right away, starting with my face and my bald spot. At first, she talked while she worked, but by the time she got to my arms and hands, her patter had run out and she proceeded in silence: over my elbows, under my arms, down to my thighs and knees and shins, along the tops of both feet, and between my toes. Then to my lower back.

"Huh. How long has this been here?"

I told her I didn't know what she meant.

"It's just a precaution," she said, "but I think we'd better biopsy that."

THE FOLLOWING Tuesday, the phone rings. "I have your biopsy results," the dermatologist says. Since she is calling to give me the results instead of asking me to come to her office, I assume that the biopsy has come back fine. I never give bad news over the phone. I always deliver it in person so I can see the parents' reaction and adapt. I am experienced at telling mothers that their babies have a disease with no cure, then quickly adding that what they've read or heard from their aunt Martha about cystic fibrosis is out-of-date and that kids who have it do pretty well these days. It's important to say this face-to-face. I can't know if my mixture of kindness and reassuring authority is working if we aren't in the same room.

The biopsy shows malignant melanoma, stage II, the dermatologist says. Her words bypass my brain, flowing directly from my left ear to my right hand, which writes them in block letters at the top of a yellow legal pad, then underlines *malignant melanoma*. While she talks about the depth of the lesion and the presence of "mitotic figures" in the cell, I think, I am going to die of cancer. Will I go out bravely, seizing the day and having the time of my life? That doesn't sound like me.

The dermatologist is still talking. I should ask questions, but I'm afraid to seem dumb. She assumes that because I am a doctor, I know what she is talking about. Finally I interrupt her to say I am a lung specialist; I don't know anything about malignant melanoma. Could she explain it, please?

By now, my yellow page is filled with blue ink, and there are dashes and underlines I don't remember making. She asks where I want to have the "wide resection" done, and I tell her. She recommends I call them today: "There's no use in waiting."

A Google search brings me to a melanoma life-expectancy calculator. I plug in my numbers and the biopsy-result details from the yellow legal pad. The calculator tells me that I will likely die at the age of 73. If the surgeon gets all the cancer, I could live longer. If it has metastasized, I could be dead before I'm 60. But, on average, I'll have 20 more years. When did

I think I would die? How old was Dad when he died?

IARRIVE AT THE surgery building downtown at 5:45 a.m., and the waiting room is already full. Groups of three, four, and five people are sitting together. I'm here alone. On the nearest TV, a muscular, out-of-breath man in workout clothes promises us we can transform our bodies in 90 days. At 6:03, a woman comes out of a side door and asks, "Who's first?"

A woman is called to the desk. The receptionist, whose name is Erta, asks the patient if the man with her is her husband, and the woman laughs and says, "No, he's my friend." Erta says, "Honey, he is more than a friend today. Today he is your 'significant other.'" Erta marries them right there at the desk using a white plastic wristband in place of a wedding ring.

Erta calls my name. She asks for my birthday, and I stumble and give her the wrong year, then correct myself and say it again, twice. Erta attaches the white plastic band around my right wrist. I am just about to tell her that I am a doctor when she says I can sit down now.

Twenty-five minutes later, a woman

in sky-blue scrubs leads me through a pale green hallway to bay E3, where she pulls the curtain behind us. I obediently change into the hospital gown, a marvel of snaps and folds and ties. I wrap it around me but don't bother fastening it. My usual modesty is gone. This morning, I am not a doctor; I'm just a man in a gown. For a moment, the anonymity frees me to be nervous or uncertain or silly; I can crack jokes or cry, because today I do not have to be in control of my face or my emotions or my fears. The professional manner I have practiced for so long—the low voice,

the serious eyes—is unnecessary. I can just be the overweight bearded man in bay E3, the 9:30 a.m. case, here for resection of malignancy with local anesthesia. A patient.

My surgeon parts the curtain and grips my hand in his bony fingers. I can tell he is in a hurry. (I hope it's not so obvious to my patients when the same is true of me.) When he calls me Mr. Robinson, I do not correct him.

It is time for him to mark the spot that he will cut out. I turn around in the chair, and the starched edge of his white coat brushes my naked shoulder as he moves behind me. I can smell the Magic Marker and feel the



**My usual
modesty is gone.
This morning,
I am not a
doctor. I'm just a
man in a gown.**

cold circle he draws on my back. He asks if anybody is here with me, and I say no. I know what he's thinking: that he won't have to go out and talk to the relatives in the waiting room after the surgery is over.

I sense that he wants to get away before I can ask any questions. We don't need to talk about cell types and incision depth and prognosis and margins—we did that in his office last week—but I want something more from him than nonchalance.

"See you in a bit," he says, and he leaves.

AN NURSE named Brian walks in and, with great speed, snaps up my hospital gown and ties the cords in back. Then he puts me in a stretcher chair and pushes me out of the cubicle and down the green hallway to operating room 7. I was not expecting a full OR. Nor was I expecting a nurse to be scrubbed in for a procedure that requires only local anesthetic. The room is set up as though this were a serious operation. There are all the scalpel blades, organized by number and name; the sutures stacked neatly in their boxes; the syringes, each in its individual wrapper. There is the anesthesia machine. The Bovie cautery machine, with its dial for turning up the electric current to cauterize the incision. I try to figure out who is in charge, but no one looks at me or talks to me. What is happening? Why

do they need the code cart? Am I really that sick?

I am grateful to lie facedown on the table, because maybe I can close my eyes and imagine that I am somewhere else. Brian puts a sheet over me and straps me down. I go over in my mind what will happen: The surgeon will remove from my lower back an area of skin, blood vessels, nerves, and fat about the size of a deck of cards.

Someone attaches leads to my back and puts an oximeter on my finger to monitor my pulse and the oxygen saturation of my blood. Within a few minutes, the oximeter's beeping slows, but no one says a word. I imagine they are as practiced as I usually am at ignoring it, but now that the beeping monitor is on me, I think someone should react. Should I say something? If I don't, I worry that my heart will stop, and my blood pressure will rise, and I will stroke out and never leave this room alive. Did I forget to take my blood pressure medicines this morning? Or was I not supposed to take them? Shouldn't I know?

I hear the rustle of a gown, and I know that the surgeon is here, though he says nothing. I feel the table being raised and his belly pressing against my side as he leans in close. He asks for lidocaine with epinephrine—the anesthetic—and then announces, "This will sting and burn," as if speaking to no one in particular. He is right; it stings and burns.

The surgeon checks my sensation with the prick of a needle, and I flinch, so he injects me again. I feel the sting, and then I don't feel anything, not even any pressure. In my mind, I envision the scalpel cutting a smooth line, brilliant drops of ruby blood rising up, then the incision being deepened by the electric blade of the cautery, white fat shrinking back from the heat and forming a faint gray edge, the blood turning from red to black. I wonder if I will smell my own blood and skin being burned away. And then I do smell it. I lie still and hold my breath.

A sudden pain makes me say "Oh!" in a choked voice. Embarrassed, I clench my teeth. "Sorry," the surgeon says. "We're deep." Then: "That was the muscle." And: "Another lido with epi, please." I wince, and the drapes rustle again. I blame myself for flinching and worry he will think I am a weak, silly pediatrician who cannot control himself. The surgeon asks for more Vicryl, an absorbable type of suture. Then a new voice says, "I'm putting Steri-Strips on."

Brian tells me to stand up. He snaps my gown back up and wheels me out of the room, past people walking the corridors. I do not look

anyone in the eye, because I am afraid that my face will show how I feel: shaken and scared and nauseated and numb and angry and sad and relieved all at once. I want to cry and cower under a soft quilt and sleep and dream and wake up in my own bed and not on this stretcher chair in these fluorescent-lit halls that smell of air freshener.



I'm grateful to lie facedown on the table. I can close my eyes and imagine I'm somewhere else.

desk. She is still there, reading the paper. The waiting room is brighter now. The television blares ads and weather reports. I walk down the flight of stairs to the lobby, but I don't want to get in the car and drive home until I am calm. So I take a seat on a bench.

The cancer that was removed from my back will travel quite a bit in the next month. It's already passed from the hands of the surgeon into the clear plastic jar held by the nurse and then on to the specimen basket at the main OR desk. Later it will move to pathology, where pieces of it will be thinly sliced and pressed between two rectangles of glass. After the pathologist

AFTER I'VE dressed, I sign all the forms. Then a nurse points me to the exit and wishes me luck. I am on the far side of the elevators from Ertá's

has determined that the margins have no visible cancer, he will place the slides in a cardboard tray for storage. The part of me not thinly sliced and preserved under glass will be unceremoniously incinerated, along with all the other hazardous hospital waste, and the slides will be sent to a file room in Philadelphia. My task now as a patient: to trust that more cancer is not hiding somewhere we did not look—in my lymph nodes, in my bloodstream, in my chest.

I sit for a few minutes more, watching people move through the lobby. This one is a resident. That one is a fellow. There is a nurse-practitioner, an

X-ray tech, three medical students, a woman in a wheelchair being pushed by a nursing assistant, a cafeteria worker, a surgeon.

A little girl with a white bandage across one eye (ocular-muscle repair?) waits with her mother by the elevator to the parking garage. I go and stand next to them, then look down at the girl and smile the smile I know works with sick children, and her lips turn up a bit at the edges. When the elevator comes, I hold the door for her and say, "After you, sweetie. You've got to move quickly with these hospital elevators. And make sure you hold Mom's hand."

I am a doctor again. R

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Laugh Lines

MY FUNNY VALENTINE



I love Valentine's Day. When you're a kid, everyone gets a valentine. It's like, "To Tim: Nice pants! Love, Scott."

MIKE BIRBIGLIA

What I find most disturbing about Valentine's Day is—Look, I get that you have to have a holiday of love, but in the height of flu season, it makes no sense.

Comedian LEWIS BLACK

If you have a good date, it's nice to text afterward to say thanks. But if the person was totally lame, it's fun to text "unsubscribe."

@CAPRICECRANE

I can't wait to get married and communicate my disdain solely through aggressive dish washing.

@CHARSTARLENE
(CHARLENE DEGUZMAN)

Being a good husband is like being a stand-up comic. You need ten years before you can call yourself a beginner.

JERRY SEINFELD

Nothing takes the taste out of peanut butter quite like unrequited love.

CHARLIE BROWN

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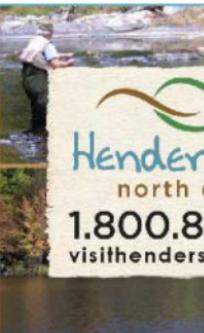


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My Bad Genes

BY MICHAEL IAN BLACK

FROM THE BOOK NAVEL GAZING

An actor tries out a genetic-testing kit and finds himself caught in the shallow end of the pool

ONE OF THE unfortunate by-products of conducting genealogical research about yourself is cataloging all the various and sundry ways in which relatives met their ends. Here be congestive heart failure. Here be polio. Here be industrial accidents and lightning strikes and diseases of the spleen. Each ancestor's death is like a fun house mirror asking, "Will you, too, be felled by the French pox?"

Yes, medical advances have lessened my odds of contracting the plagues of yore, but I have been conditioned to accept the fact that my time here on earth is apt to be brief and horrid.

Because I have bad genes.

The poor quality of my family genes was an oft-discussed topic in our household while I was growing up.

On what felt like a nightly basis, Mom would remind me and my brother, Eric, that our medical futures looked bleak, her words delivered with the weary resignation of a tarot reader who'd just flipped over the death card.

Cancer runs thick and greasy through my family blood. Mom had uterine cancer, which I think I am safe from due to my lack of having a uterus. My family's real bogeyman is colon cancer. In a bit of grim familial symmetry, my father's mother and mother's father both died from it.

Yet despite Mom's relentless fear-mongering, it never occurred to me to question whether my genes were, in fact, "bad." Until I ordered a genetic-testing kit online.

The company I ordered my test from uses a process called genotyping, by which computers match your genome



against a control genome. The discrepancies between the two are genetic abnormalities that can be linked to your specific health risks.

When the kit arrives, I assume there will be an assortment of science gizmos, including a hypodermic needle, a high-speed centrifuge, a DNA sequencer, safety goggles, and a tabletop laser. Not so. The box contains exactly one (1) plastic

spittoon and one (1) mail-in envelope. *Hmm.* Shouldn't the process for untangling my personal double helix be a bit more *Star Trek*-y than filling a plastic cup with spit?

A couple weeks after mailing off my spit, I receive an e-mail informing me that my results are ready for viewing. On the website, I find information broken down into four categories: "Health Risks," "Drug Response,"

"Inherited Conditions," and "Neanderthal Ancestry." Whoa, whoa, whoa. Neanderthal ancestry? Everything else would now have to wait.

Here's the deal: I am 2.9 percent Neanderthal. That may not sound like a lot, but it is a full .2 percent above the norm. In other words, I am nearly 10 percent more Neanderthal than the average person! This was the manliest thing that had happened to me since getting hit in the eye with a pitch during Little League. I rush to tell my wife the good news.

"I'm a Neanderthal!" I tell her, showing off my test results. I expect her to whip off her clothes and make passionate love to me then and there.

"That explains why you look like that," she says.

"Like what?"

"You have a Neanderthal brow."

She's right. I do have a heavy brow. It overhangs the rest of my skull like a buzzard on a tree limb. How did she manage to transform my cool genetic idiosyncrasy into a jab about my physical appearance? Damn her and her more highly evolved *Homo sapiens* brain.

Deflated, I return to the website, turning to my lines of ancestry, which are a total letdown. As it happens, I am exactly what I have always believed

myself to be: 100 percent Ashkenazi Jew, which is characterized by European roots, a long history traced to the original Israeli tribes, and a love for National Public Radio.

Next up, the subject I have been dreading: "Health Risks." I expect to find a giant blinking nuclear hazard symbol informing me that I am already dead. Instead, the page lists a long column of diseases, along with my approximate odds of contracting each.

The disease I am most likely to develop is not, as I believed, colon cancer, but something called atrial fibrillation, which I learn is basi-

cally an irregular heartbeat. I am also three times more likely than the general population to develop "venous thromboembolism," which is a fancy way of saying blood clots.

As it happens, I already knew this, because my aunt nearly died from a venous thromboembolism of her own. My doctor said there isn't much I can do about it other than take a daily baby aspirin, get exercise, and make sure I walk around when flying long distances, all of which I now do, except for the part about walking around when I fly long distances and exercising.

Some other stuff I am at elevated risk for: gallstones, chronic kidney

= = = = =
WHOA, WHOA,
WHOA.
NEANDERTHAL
ANCESTRY?
EVERYTHING
ELSE WOULD
NOW HAVE
TO WAIT.

disease, rheumatoid arthritis, macular degeneration, and lung cancer.

Lung cancer??? My lung cancer number is legitimately scary: 11.6 percent. That's a lot of percent. How can it be that high? I have never used any tobacco products, although I do confess to thinking that hookahs look kind of cool. Can admiring hookahs elevate my risk of lung cancer?

Panicked, I take an online "lung cancer risk test" that asks me a bunch of questions, primarily about my smoking history (none), whether I have ever worked with asbestos (no), and if any work I do or have done with mustard gas was performed with adequate protection (yes, all my mustard gas work was done with adequate protection). After I submit my answers, the test informs me I have a "much below average" risk of contracting lung cancer.

Phew. Mentally, I adjust my odds of getting lung cancer from the 11.6 percent figure to 0.0 percent, because of all the medical strategies known to humankind, denial is the most effective.

But wait—where is colon cancer? I'm supposed to get colon cancer. Mom said so. Nowhere on my "elevated health risk" list does it mention anything about colon cancer. So I jump to my "decreased risk" section, where I learn I am at lower risk than the general population for

contracting prostate cancer. That's good news. After all, the prostate and the colon are physically very close to each other. I think they may even share a cubicle.

The last list is where I finally find my colon. It turns out I am almost exactly average in terms of risk for colorectal cancer. Average risk! This is a huge relief. My colon is run-of-the-mill. Boring, even. It's the kind of colon you wouldn't even look at twice if you passed it on the street.

I'm going to live forever! I celebrate my good news by not getting a colonoscopy.

A few months after receiving my test results, I read that the Food and Drug Administration has forbidden my genetic-testing company from continuing to sell their product, expressing concerns about the "validity of their results." How can that be? The validity of their results is the only thing separating them from a company that sells overpriced spittoons. Maybe everything they told me is a lie. Maybe my genes really are bad.

Maybe, but I'm not going back to worrying about that stuff. I can't. It's too exhausting. I'll just do what I can do. I will get my colon checked out—soon, I promise. I will continue taking my daily baby aspirin.

But I will no longer freak out over a future I cannot control. After all ... I. Am. A. Ne-an-der-thal!





On vacation in Cancún, Nicole Moore went for a dip after a game of beach volleyball. What she didn't realize was that her quick splash would attract deadly attention and lead to a harrowing medical battle to save her life.

The Shark in

the Shallows

BY PETER JENNINGS AND NICOLE MOORE
FROM THE BOOK SHARK ASSAULT: AN
AMAZING STORY OF SURVIVAL

NICOLE MOORE was walking around in waist-deep water at a beach in Cancún, Mexico. It was the last day of January 2011, and the 39-year-old nurse was vacationing with friends from her exercise group from Orangeburg, Ontario, a small town north of Toronto.

But at that moment, she was alone. She'd just finished playing beach volleyball, and while the other guests headed back up to the hotel for lunch, she enjoyed the warm water and splashed the sand from her body, the result of some dramatic volleyball saves. She didn't realize it, but this simple action was creating a disturbance in the sea.

Nicole looked up and glimpsed two people on Jet Skis waving at her and yelling in Spanish. She waved back and laughed, thinking they were having fun.

What she didn't know was that they were calling for her to get out of the water. They'd seen two bull sharks, and they were trying to warn her while attempting to scare *los tiburones* back into the deep. One shark did leave, but the other proved more persistent. Instead of turning out to the boundless ocean, it veered in toward the shore.

The Jet Skiers yelled once again to Nicole. Only then did she realize something was wrong.

Nicole pivoted toward the beach and began to wade in. She felt a bump. What was that? Then realization. Before she could react, the shark ripped into her left thigh, its barbed teeth tearing into her flesh, down to the bone. The shark yanked away more than a foot of skin and muscle from Nicole's leg. The water was instantly ablaze with billowing, bright red blood.

Though Nicole felt no pain, she knew how much trouble she was in. She needed to get out of the water. But the shark had destroyed her left leg, leaving it useless. She started using her arms to propel herself to shore, strug-

gling to move forward in the water.

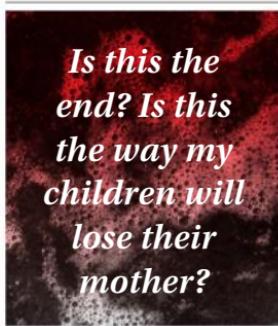
As she did so, the shark circled her, then lunged, clenching her left arm in its jaws. "No!" she screamed.

The shark had her entire arm locked in its mouth, and it started to pull her underwater.

Is this the end? Is this the way my children will lose their mother? That's what flashed through Nicole's mind.

She caught a glimpse of her attacker's lifeless black eyes. So penetrating, so indifferent. The massive head looked at her, gums pulled back, teeth showing.

Summoning whatever strength she had left, Nicole raised her right fist and smashed it down on the shark's





Nicole, far left, and friends on the beach in Cancún (above); bull sharks (right) patrol populated shoreline areas.

nose. The shark let go and swam away.

Nicole was left flailing in a sea of blood, suffering from shock and trauma and in danger of losing consciousness. Her left arm was hanging, barely there. Her left leg wouldn't move.

One of the Jet Skiers accelerated toward Nicole, who was close to slipping beneath the waves. He reached out for her. Grabbing her right hand, the Jet Skier gunned his machine and towed her to shore, leaving a trail of blood in the water.

The Jet Skier beached his machine, jumped off, and pulled Nicole onto the sand. A crowd formed, talking in Spanish and English. Nicole, still conscious, took medical inventory of herself. She pushed at the sand and



raised her head and shoulders ever so slightly to look down at her leg, then her arm. "Help me," she gasped as her head fell back to the sand. All she wanted to do was surrender to her exhaustion. But her medical training told her not to give in to a slumber that might be her final goodbye.

"Talk ... to ... me!" she appealed in a fading voice. "Keep me awake ..."

She'd lost so much blood that breathing was nearly impossible. Her heart couldn't pump enough to her lungs, and if blood didn't get to the lungs, the oxygen exchange wouldn't happen, which would cause respiratory distress. A stream of blood squirted from her leg, jetting a foot into the air every time her heart beat.

One bystander, an American, dropped to his knees and reached around her leg. He applied pressure to the artery with his big hands, restricting the spewing blood.

"My arm ..." Nicole gasped. "I need a tourniquet."

Two young women—nurses—yelled out: Does anyone have a string? A man ripped the tie string out of his shorts and handed it to one of the nurses, and she created a tourniquet for Nicole's chewed-up arm.

A bystander whispered, "She's going to die. You don't lose that amount of blood and survive."

Yet the nurses kept talking to Nicole, trying to keep her awake.

For Nicole, time slowed down. She thought about her two young daughters. She'd never see her kids, her husband, her father again. She saw a pure bright light. Enveloping. She was getting ready to die on the beach, covered in sand and sweat and blood.

Then a siren blared.

By the time paramedics rushed Nicole through the hospital's emergency doors, her vital organs were shutting down, she'd lost consciousness, and she was no longer able to breathe. The ER staff took over, racing against the clock to keep Nicole alive. During an eight-hour operation, the team inserted a central line directly into her heart and pumped in unit upon unit of blood and blood product to keep her heart working.

A List of Troubles

WHEN NICOLE regained consciousness, she was lying in bed. She was on a breathing machine and had a tube



Nicole, after the attack. She had lost so much blood that paramedics struggled to get a blood pressure reading.

down her throat. Nicole would learn that the chunk the shark had ripped from her thigh had been found on the beach, brought to the hospital by her friends, and surgically reattached to her leg. But the procedure had been completed without attaching the flesh to a vein that could provide blood flow, which meant it would inevitably die off. Her arm was also badly torn, and on the second day, her hand was beginning to turn black.

Her list of ills continued: She had so many toxins coursing through

her body just from the trauma itself. She was dehydrated, with an awful headache. She felt heavy, lethargic, fatigued. And she was in agony. But she was alive, and soon the breathing tube would be removed.

A friend had called her husband, Jay, and father, Alberto, in Toronto shortly after the attack, and now they had arrived. When Jay entered her room, he fought back tears. Then, to lighten the moment, he told Nicole, who'd been pestering her reluctant husband about getting a puppy for the girls, "OK, you can have your dog!"

Dangerous Days

ON FEBRUARY 5—day six of her ordeal—Jay arranged for Nicole to be flown via medical jet to Toronto, where she would be treated by Dr. Laura Snell, a respected specialist in plastic and reconstructive surgery. She was joined by Dr. Andrew Fagan, a self-confessed "surfer dude" who had a special interest in the case. "What amazed us was seeing the teeth marks on her bones," he said.

The doctors removed her bandages and saw the decay—and even some seawater and sand mixed in with the bandaging. The smell of pus and bodily fluids was overwhelming. The fact that the flap attached to Nicole's

leg had no blood supply and was simply rotting away shocked the doctors. And the discolored fingers did not bode well for saving her arm.

In the operating room, the two doctors debrided the wounds, removing dead, damaged, and infected tissue.

They were disturbed to see that there was no blood supply to the arm past the point where most of the injury was. The medical team removed the dead flap sutured onto Nicole's leg and replaced it with a large dressing. Then Dr. Snell released the sutures in Nicole's arm in order to relieve some of the pressure from

necrotic tissue. It took gallons of saline to wash out the wounds, just to get rid of the sand and debris.

Nicole was in bad shape, and Dr. Snell was surprised that she was able to sit up and talk soon after the operation. More impressive, Nicole's mood was extremely positive. No matter what bad news Dr. Snell threw at her, she'd reply, "OK, what do we do next?"

Meanwhile, Nicole's two children, Tia and Ella, ages seven and six, were with Jay's parents. One snowy day, they brought the girls to see Nicole. "I was worried it would be too traumatic for them," Nicole later recalled. "But they walked in, and it was, 'Mommmy! Big hugs.'





Nicole's remarkable recovery allowed her to compete in the 2015 Warrior Dash, a grueling three-mile obstacle course race.

Within an hour, they were in bed with me, snuggling.”

On February 8, Nicole went into the operating room for the third time since arriving in Toronto. During a ten-hour operation, her doctors took tissue from her right leg to cover her left femur. The surgical team was pleased with the outcome. But they knew a graft could be rejected.

Usually a rejection comes within the first 48 hours. And so by day three, hopes were high. Day four came and went. So did day five.

But then day six arrived. There was

no circulation in the affected part of the leg. Nicole went back to the operating room, where doctors spent hours trying to save the transplant. But the doctors had to face a disquieting fact: The operation had failed.

Time to Move On

THE BAD NEWS finally broke Nicole's spirit. “I was devastated, crushed,” she recalled. “And I just thought, ‘Can anything else go wrong?’ I cried and cried and said I didn't want visitors anymore. ‘Just leave me alone,’ I told everyone.”

The next morning, she awoke with a heavy heart. She gave herself a pep talk and considered all the people helping her, encouraging her, propping her up. “When I couldn't carry myself, it was other people who lifted me up,” she later said. She saw the photos that friends had sent her on the walls, the scrapbook pages from her kids, cards, angels, and lots of art. One friend had brought her a huge container of candy sharks, and it had become a ritual: Visitors had to eat—or attack—one of these sharks when they came.

On February 22, the doctors did another tissue transplant on Nicole's leg in the hope of keeping infection at bay and nurturing tissue growth. They addressed her arm once again and saw more tissue rotting away. They concluded that amputation was inevitable.

Nicole remained calm. “This is my injury,” she said. “I have to get better.”

On March 4, Nicole's arm was amputated. Shortly after that, she began tentatively walking with a crutch. Soon she was able to get to the bathroom and have a shower. And then she was pushing to go home.

On March 25, she was discharged from the hospital. But before she could get home, she had one more stop: a rehabilitation center. In six days, Nicole was weaned from her pain medications. She started to walk with a cane and learned to climb stairs. Nicole still had a hole in her leg and a painful left-arm stump. But finally, 60 days after the shark attack, she was ready.

Surprise at Home

APRILOOFS' DAY. When Tia and Ella got home from school, Jay said he had a surprise for them and sent the two off to search for it. They eagerly ran in and out of various rooms, following their dad's clues. But they came up with nothing.

"April Fools!" Jay finally called out. "Oh, man," the girls responded in

disappointment. "We thought you got us the Nintendo we wanted."

And then the girls headed for the kitchen, where the real surprise awaited them—their mother. "It was," says Nicole, "one of the most precious moments of my life."

Nicole went on to face a strenuous rehab routine and endure several more operations to repair her leg. Like most amputees, she suffers from phantom pain, which so far has prevented her from wearing her prosthetic arm.

And yet, as beat up as she was, Nicole has not stopped moving. Today, she works with several organizations, both to support survivors of shark attacks and to conserve the world's dwindling shark populations. She is back at work as a nurse, and she has run in the Warrior Dash, a challenging obstacle course race through swamps and across mud-caked back roads.

"I believe that we have the choice as to how we face life. Live it or sit back and let it pass you by," she says. "I, for one, say bring it on." **R**

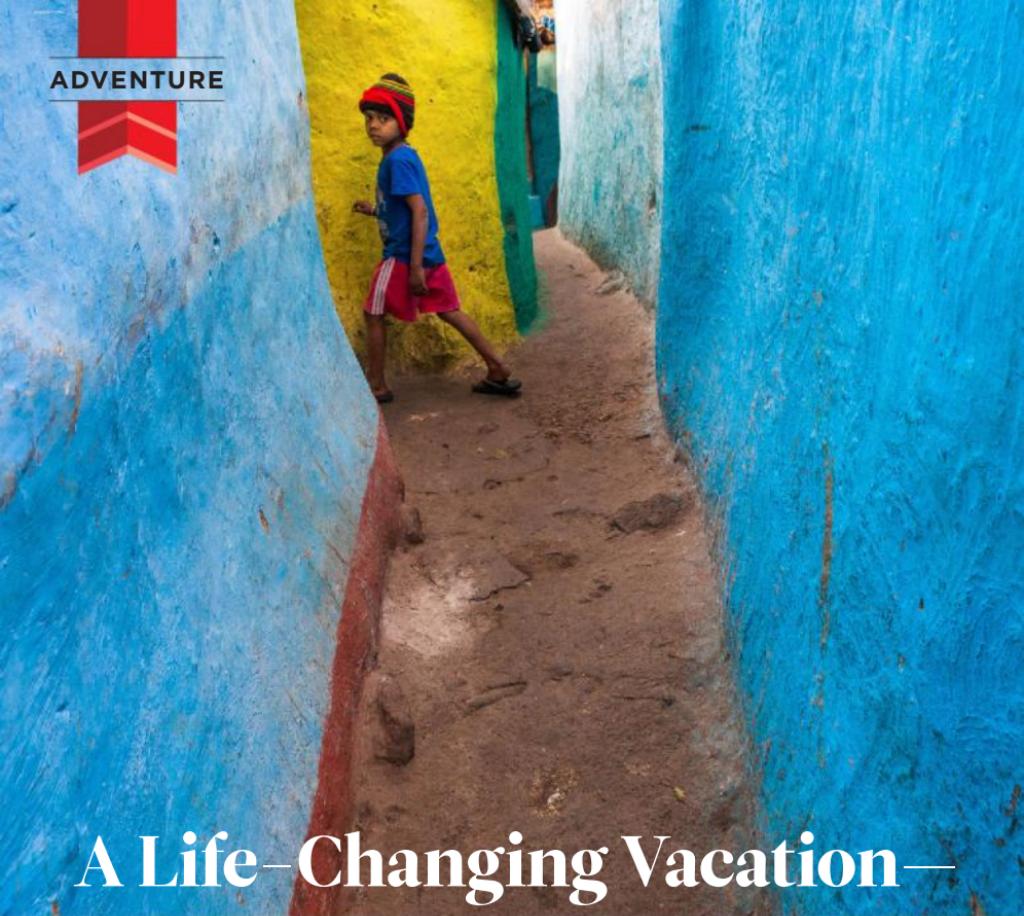
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LIFE ADVICE FROM TWITTER

If you want your dreams to be as fascinating to other people as they are to you, don't mention it's a dream until the end of the story.

• @THEWOODENSLURPY (ALEXA)



A Life-Changing Vacation— To the Slums

BY LEON LOGOTHEΤIS FROM THE BOOK *LIVE, LOVE, EXPLORE*

Leon Logothetis swapped his office job for a trek across America on five dollars a day, but even after his trip, he felt unfulfilled. That was when he met a motivational speaker he calls Naasih at a party. Before long, he had accepted a challenge to join Naasih on a voyage through India designed to revitalize Logothetis's spirit.

AFTER TWO STOPS and too many hours, we landed in Delhi. I expected we would go to the nearest hotel to take a nap and freshen up. Freshening up was not on the agenda. What was on the agenda was an early morning trip to a slum.

Naasih and I arrived in the slum just as the sun was breaking across the smoggy Delhi sky. It seemed as if the shanties stretched for miles, an ocean of tin roofs and laundry lines. Naasih led me down so many passageways, I was sure we would never find our way back out. I hadn't slept in 30 hours, I hadn't eaten anything since the plane, and I was beginning to wonder whether the brightly colored shacks we were passing were part of a strange dream.

Finally, Naasih stopped and turned to me. "Give me your bag," he said.

"Excuse me?" I asked.

He gestured to the small knapsack I had been allowed to bring on the trip, repeating, "Your bag."

I handed it to him.

"And your shoes and socks," he added.

I had agreed to go along with this man. I had promised to follow his directions, and in return, I was hoping to find whatever I thought was missing from my life. I reached down, took off my shoes and socks, and handed them to him.

"And now your shirt," he commanded. I pulled off my shirt, leaving myself

in only the jeans I had worn on the plane. Naasih looked around and said, "I'll meet you back here at sunset."

"Where are you going?" I asked as he began to walk away.

He laughed. "Oh, I'm heading back to the hotel. Time for a nap."

Thanks, buddy.

I began to walk through the streets. Oddly, no one paid too much attention to the tall, bald lunatic walking in their midst. My throat was dry, my stomach growling with hunger. My head was spinning from the heat and the people and the sheer, terrifying exhaustion of landing in India and finding myself in the middle of one of the most impoverished places on earth with no one to help me.

And then I saw it. A small shanty with a large blanket that read *LA Lakers* covering the opening. I rapped softly on the tin that comprised its walls. A young, skinny man, no older than 25, came to the "door."

"Hello," I began. "I noticed your ... door, and, well, I'm visiting from LA, and I was hoping you might be able to help me."

"Ellll, ahhhhh?" The man drew out the letters.

"Yes, and—" I tried to continue.

"Koooooh-beeeee," he interrupted.

"Yes, yes, Kobe Bryant. I mean, I'm not Kobe Bryant, but I have been to a game, and ... well, you see, I am in a bit of a bind."

The man's smile broadened even further before he uttered the words

I needed to hear so badly: "Welcome home, Koooh-beee!" Welcome home.

As I soon found out, the Lakers fan in front of me was a recently graduated university student who had left his family and his home near the Kashmir border in order to pursue a dream of success in the big city. Instead, he had found work in the back of a restaurant.

Sankar took me to meet his cousin.

I had started the morning in fear and exhaustion, but I was ending the day connected to something much larger.

After the game, Sankar and I walked to Rata Road, where Naasih had left me. We shook hands.

"You tell Kobe he has big fan in Delhi. He come visit sometime," he suggested.

"If I ever meet him, Sankar, I'll be sure to let him know," I said.

“It seemed as if the shanties stretched for miles, an ocean of tin roofs and laundry lines.

Shiva was married, and as his wife prepared us a hearty lunch filled with rice and curries, I told them how I had ended up at Sankar's home. "You gave the man your shoes?" Shiva asked through his laughter.

"Well, yes," I replied, beginning to realize how ridiculous all this was. Why would I give up my easy American life to be left half-naked in Delhi?

Finally, I realized. "I guess it was so I could meet you."

After lunch, Sankar took me to play cricket with a group of children in a trash-filled field down the road. The sun was beginning to fall as the hollers and laughter of the cricket game echoed across the slum. I had been so caught up in my day with Sankar, I had nearly forgotten about Naasih.

As I watched him walk away, I could hear a slight chuckle coming from behind me. There stood Naasih. He said, "You're glowing, Leon." Not really the kind of compliment a man wants to receive, but I understood. I was glowing. I had been knocked entirely off balance and out of my comfort zone, and I felt that wild burst of life that had been so sorely missing from my own.

R

*LIVE, LOVE,
EXPLORE: Discover
the Way of the
Traveler, A Road
Map to the Life You
Were Meant to Live*
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Ask the Expert

HOW HYBRID™ HEARING IS DIFFERENT

Straining to hear certain sounds each day, even when using powerful hearing aids?

Feeling frustrated and sometimes even exhausted from listening? Hearing some sounds but still not being able to understand them can impact your ability to communicate with others. If you struggle to understand speech, especially in noisy environments, hearing aids alone may not be enough.

Hybrid™ Hearing¹ is a new hearing solution that works differently than hearing aids. The system uses acoustic amplification to improve the hearing you still have, while taking advantage of cochlear implant technology to restore access to the hearing you're missing.

Q: How is Hybrid™ Hearing different than hearing aids?

A: Hearing aids help many people by making the sounds they hear louder. Unfortunately as hearing loss progresses you're not able to understand words and high pitch sounds like the voices of women and children. With Hybrid™ Hearing you use the hearing you still have using amplification technology of a hearing aid, and get back what you're missing with cochlear implant technology designed to provide you with improved clarity and speech understanding.

Q: Is it major surgery?

A: No, not at all. In fact, the procedure is often done on an outpatient basis and typically takes just a couple hours.

Call **1 800 836 2905** to find a Hearing Implant Specialist near you.
Visit **Cochlear.com/US/RDigest** for a free guide.

1. The Acoustic Component should only be used when behavioral audiometric thresholds can be obtained and the recipient can provide feedback regarding sound quality. The Hybrid L24 Implant is approved in the US for adults ages 18 and older.

2. FDA Panel Sponsor Executive Summary, Nucleus Hybrid L24 Implant System [Internet]. 2013 November 8 [cited 2014 June 5]. Available from: <http://www.fda.gov/downloads/AdvisoryCommittees/CommitteesMeetingMaterials/MedicalDevices/MedicalDevicesAdvisoryCommittee/EarNoseandThroatDevicesPanel/UCM373793.pdf>.

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Bruce J. Gantz, M.D.,
Cochlear Medical Advisor

Dr. Bruce J. Gantz, a Hybrid implant surgeon and medical advisor to Cochlear answers questions about Hybrid Cochlear Implants and how they are different from hearing aids.

Q: Are cochlear implants covered by Medicare?

A: Yes, Medicare and most private insurance plans routinely cover cochlear implants.

Q: How do I know Hybrid™ Hearing will work for me?

A: When compared to hearing aids alone, Cochlear Nucleus Hybrid Cochlear Implant System recipients reported 2x better hearing in both quiet and noise and 10x increase in overall hearing satisfaction.² Hearing aids are worn first and for those who cannot hear up to 50% of words in sentences a Hybrid™ Hearing solution is considered. Be sure to discuss your options with a Hearing Implant Specialist in your area.



If You Paid for Provigil® or Generic Versions of Provigil® (Modafinil)

You Could Get Money from a State Attorney General Settlement

A proposed Settlement has been reached in a lawsuit regarding the price that individuals in 48 states and the District of Columbia paid for Provigil® and generic versions of Provigil®. The lawsuit asserts that Defendants Cephalon, Inc., Teva Pharmaceutical Industries, Ltd., Teva Pharmaceuticals USA, Inc., and Barr Pharmaceuticals, Inc., (all collectively, “Defendants”) violated antitrust laws relating to the sale of the prescription pharmaceutical Provigil®. All Defendants have denied any wrongdoing. Provigil (modafinil) is used to treat excessive sleepiness caused by sleep apnea, narcolepsy, or shift work sleep disorder.

If you purchased Provigil® and/or modafinil between June 24, 2006 and March 31, 2012, you may be entitled to a payment from the Settlement Fund. If you purchased Provigil® and/or modafinil through July 28, 2016, your rights will be affected, whether you act or don't act.

No question is raised about the safety or effectiveness of Provigil® or modafinil.

Who is eligible to make a claim?

You are eligible to make a claim if you fit the definition below:

- Purchased and/or paid for Provigil® or generic versions of Provigil® (modafinil), including co-pays and coinsurance,
- Purchased between June 24, 2006 and March 31, 2012,
- In Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming and the District of Columbia,
- For consumption by yourself or a family member,
- Residents of Louisiana and California are not included.

Specifically, you purchased and/or paid for Provigil® or generic versions of Provigil® if you were:

If You Paid for Provigil® or Generic Versions of Provigil® (Modafinil)

You Could Get Money from a State Attorney General Settlement (CONTINUED)

- (a) An uninsured consumer who paid all of the purchase price of the prescription; or
- (b) An insured consumer who made a co-payment or other partial out-of-pocket payment, or paid the entire cost because you had not met a deductible amount under your health plan.

What do the settlements provide?

The Defendants will pay a total of \$35 million into a Settlement Fund to settle all claims in the lawsuit brought on behalf of consumers.

The Settlement Fund will be distributed *pro rata* to consumers who file a valid Claim Form. The amount of money you are eligible to receive will depend on how much you (and other consumers) paid for Provigil® or modafinil.

How do I get a payment?

You must submit a Claim Form by **April 13, 2017** to be eligible for a payment. The Claim Form, and instructions on how to submit it, are available at www.StateAGProvigilSettlement.com or by calling 1-877-236-1413.

What are my other rights?

If you purchased Provigil® and/or modafinil through July 28, 2016, and you do nothing, your rights will be affected. If you do not want to be legally bound by the Settlement, you must exclude yourself. The deadline to exclude yourself is **April 14, 2017**. If you do not exclude yourself, you will not be able to sue the Defendants for any claim relating to the lawsuit. If you stay in the Settlements, you may file an objection to the Settlements by **April 14, 2017**. The Court will hold a hearing on July 25, 2017 at 10:00 a.m. to consider whether to approve the Settlement, the proposed Plan of Allocation and any other issues the Court thinks are necessary. You can appear at the hearing, but you don't have to. You can hire an attorney, at your own expense, to appear or speak for you at the hearing.

For more information and/or to obtain a claim form:
Visit www.StateAGProvigilSettlement.com
or call 1-877-236-1413.

WHO ? KNEW

Win at Rock, Paper, Scissors (And Other Sly Gimmicks)

BY ANDY SIMMONS



Hey Now, You're a Rock Star

Let's start with the basics: Rock (fist) beats scissors (index and middle finger forming a V), which beats paper (flat hand), which beats rock. Now here's how to outwit your opponent, according to Neil Farber, writing in *Psychology Today*. Winners tend to stick with success, so if they just won with scissors, expect them to throw scissors again, which means you bash them with a rock. Losers will generally try a new strategy, and they'll likely follow a specific, and predictable, road map. If they lost with rock, expect them to try paper next (so you should slice 'em up with scissors). If your opponent is the aggressive type or a nervous rookie, rock will be the weapon of choice, since it evokes power. Conversely, a seasoned player will probably avoid rock—it's too obvious and heavy-handed. (Get it?)

9

Coin-Toss Cheat

First, make sure *you* pick the coin, *you* flip it, and *you* make the call. Now feel the coin. Which side is bumpier? (It's usually heads.) Then do this:

1) Toss the coin; 2) catch it; 3) in one quick motion, feel the top of the coin while flipping it over to the back of your non-tossing hand. If the top feels bumpy (heads), call tails—remember, you're flipping it over. If the top feels smooth, call heads. If your foe shouts, "Call it in the air!" quickly swipe your finger across the top when the coin lands in your palm. If it's smooth and you called tails, announce, "Tails! Pay up, loser!" But if you called heads, flip it over onto the back of your palm and say, "Heads! Pay up, loser!" If you don't control the toss, be sure to call it—and call the side facing up pre-flip. Studies have found that the side facing up has a 51 percent chance of landing faceup again.



Pick-a-Number Fiend

This method works if a friend asks you and another person to pick a number between one and ten and the guess closest to the correct number wins. Be sure to let your rival go first. Say he or she picks seven. Then you pick six. This gives you a 60 percent chance of winning. If he smugly shouts, "Three feels lucky," you counter, "Four feels luckier!" And it should, since it gives you a 70 percent chance of winning. Should he or she put everything on five, you put it all on six. At least your odds are 50-50. R



Sources: *Psychology Today*, *Wired*, the *Daily Mail*, everything2.com



Hail to the Chief's Doodles

BY BRANDON SPECKTOR

THE PRESIDENT'S PEN signs bills into law, affirms declarations of war, and, on occasion, draws happy little fishies. Like anyone else subjected to long, boring meetings, the Big Boss doodles. Here, from the book *Presidential Doodles* by historian David Greenberg, are six essential executive scribbles.

1. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, father of six, routinely drew "picture letters" for his kids when not busy running the country. In this 1904 dispatch, he depicts daughter Ethel dispensing "necessary discipline" to her youngest brothers, Archie and Quentin.

2. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT doodled what he loved, from ships to stamps to his own family tree. He drew this trio to cap a nine-day fishing cruise in the Gulf of Mexico in 1937.

3. DWIGHT EISENHOWER painted every week and doodled through countless meetings. This buff self-portrait adorns Ike's notes about the 1954 coup in Guatemala.

4. LYNDON JOHNSON apparently saw all White House letterhead as unfinished art. His address became the foundation of flags, pagodas, and three-faced thingamajigs, like this one.

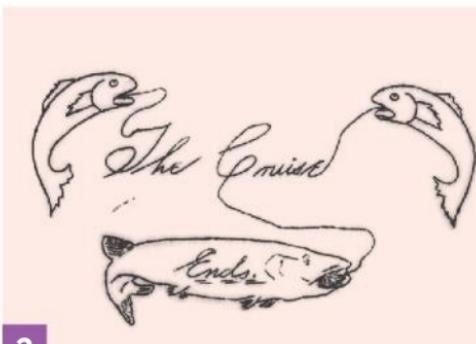
5. RICHARD NIXON admitted that during missile talks in 1972, he tried to deconstruct Brezhnev's doodles for negotiating tips. Maybe that's why Dick's own art was so inscrutable. He called himself a "square doodler."

6. RONALD REAGAN wrote fan mail to Charles Schulz and considered a cartooning career. This jock joins a page of portraits that includes a horse, a baby, and a gal resembling Nancy, who kept it framed on her desk. R

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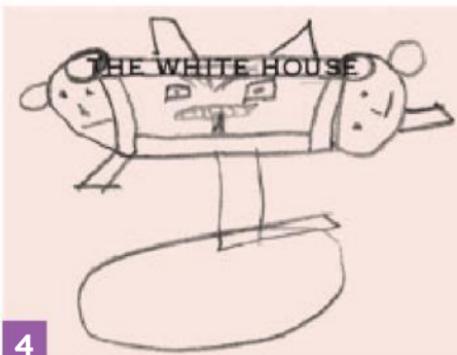
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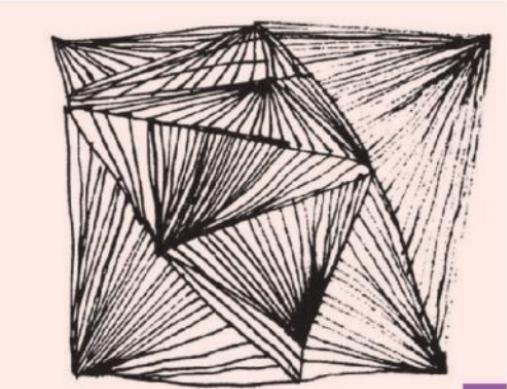
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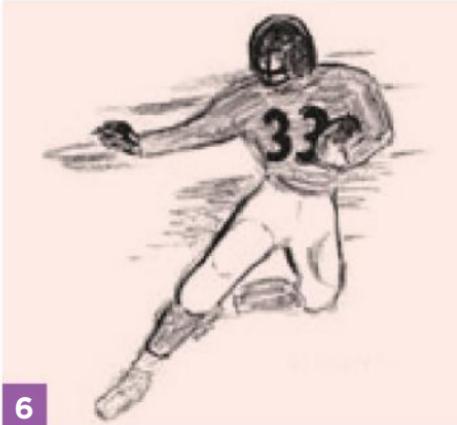
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5



6



CHRIS BURKARD / MASSIF



LOOK
TWICE ...

Turn the page ➔

What do you see?

- A)** Roots in a petrified forest.
- B)** A river of fire and ice.
- C)** The underside of a mushroom cap.



CHRIS BURKARD/NASSIF



LOOK TWICE ...

← Turn back

Answer: B. With its gargantuan glaciers towering above and volcanic hot spot smoldering below, think of Iceland as a sandwich of nature's fury. Glaciers cover more than 10 percent of the island's surface, but as many as 11 billion tons of ice melt away every year from seasonal swells. Water from that enormous runoff gouges twisting paths through the landscape, scraping the sediment of ancient bedrock into multicolored streams like these. When photographer Chris Burkard says, "This image was long in the making," he really means it.



IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

What do whiz kids, fish sticks, miniskirts, and film critics have in common? Their only vowel is the letter i. So grab your skim milk, put on your string bikini, and hit this list. Then try hitchhiking to page 134 for answers.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

1. grissini (grih-'see-nee) n.—

A: Italian breadsticks. B: carved inscriptions. C: figure skating jump.

2. dirndl ('dern-duhl) n.—

A: needle for darning. B: full skirt. C: spinning top.

3. limpid ('lihm-pihd) adj.—

A: hobbling. B: perfectly clear. C: like a mollusk.

4. schism ('skih-zuhm) n.—

A: separation. B: pithy quotation. C: deep hole.

5. kimchi ('kihm-chee) n.—

A: logic puzzle. B: throw rug. C: pickled dish.

6. skinflint ('skihn-flihnt) n.—

A: scam artist. B: penny-pincher. C: fire starter.

7. insipid (ihn-'sih-pihd) adj.—

A: bland. B: just getting started. C: undrinkable.

8. fizgig ('fihz-gihg) n.—A: plan

that fails. B: large swarm of bees. C: hissing firework.

9. jib ('jihb) n.—A: sharpened

pencil point. B: bird's beak. C: triangular sail.

10. philippic (fih-'lih-pihk) n.—

A: international treaty. B: charitable gift. C: tirade.

11. viscid ('vih-sid) adj.—

A: sticky. B: transparent. C: wickedly cruel.

12. krill ('kril) n.—A: tiny crustaceans. B: peacock tail feathers.

C: knitting pattern.

13. pippin ('pih-pihnn) n.—A: apple.

B: migrating songbird. C: thumbtack.

14. pidgin ('pih-juhn) n.—

A: trapshooter's target. B: toe turned inward. C: simplified language.

15. niblick ('nih-blihk) n.—

A: comic routine. B: iron golf club. C: pocket flask.

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

If You Bought or Leased a New Vehicle, or Bought Certain Replacement Parts for a Vehicle Since 1996

You Could Get Money From Settlements Totaling Approximately \$604 Million

Twelve defendant groups and their affiliates have agreed to Settlements resolving claims that they fixed the price of certain vehicle components. This may have caused individuals and businesses to pay more for certain new vehicles and replacement parts. These Settling Defendants deny any claims of wrongdoing.

Am I included?

You may be included if, from 1996 to 2016, you: (1) bought or leased a qualifying new vehicle in the U.S. (not for resale) or (2) bought a qualifying vehicle replacement part (not for resale) from someone other than the manufacturer of the part. In general, qualifying vehicles include four-wheeled passenger automobiles, cars, light trucks, pickup trucks, crossovers, vans, mini-vans, and sport utility vehicles. Visit the website or call for a full list of Settling Defendants and applicable time periods and to determine whether you are included.

What do the Settlements provide?

The Settlements, totaling \$379,401,268, are being presented to the Court for approval. The Court previously approved settlements, totaling \$224,668,350. The Settlement Funds (minus expenses, attorney fees, and other costs) will be used to pay consumers and businesses in 30 states and the District of Columbia. The Settlements also include non-monetary relief, including cooperation, and agreements by certain Settling Defendants not to engage in certain conduct for a period of 24 months.

The 30 states are: Arizona, Arkansas,

California, Florida, Hawaii, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

How can I get a payment?

You must submit a Claim Form online or by mail. There is no deadline yet to submit a claim. You can get a Claim Form at the website or by calling the toll-free number below. At this time, it is unknown how much each Class member who submits a valid claim will receive. Payments will be based on a Plan of Allocation, which is available for review at the website.

What are my rights?

Even if you do nothing, you will be bound by the Court's decisions. If you want to keep your right to sue, you must exclude yourself by **March 16, 2017**. If you do not exclude yourself, you may object to one or more of the Settlements applicable to the Settlement Class in which you remain by **March 16, 2017**.

The Court will hold a hearing on **April 19, 2017** to consider whether to approve the Settlements. Settlement Class Counsel may also request reimbursement of costs and expenses as well as attorneys' fees of up to 27.5% of the Settlement Funds (minus costs and expenses). You or your own lawyer may appear and speak at the hearing at your own expense.

Answers

- 1. grissini**—[A] Italian breadsticks. Daryl wished the child at the next table would stop playing drums with the *grissini*.
- 2. dirndl**—[B] full skirt. For her role in the musical, Christina is donning a *dirndl* and learning to yodel.
- 3. limpid**—[B] perfectly clear. The water in the bay was warm and *limpid*—ideal for an afternoon of snorkeling.
- 4. schism**—[A] separation. There is quite a *schism* between your idea of good coffee and mine.
- 5. kimchi**—[C] pickled dish. Annie used to hate Korean food, but now *kimchi* is her favorite snack.
- 6. skinflint**—[B] penny-pincher. Our *skinflint* of an uncle never tips a dime.
- 7. insipid**—[A] bland. No *insipid* love ballads for this band; we're here to rock!
- 8. fizgig**—[C] hissing firework. The wedding reception ended with a celebratory *fizgig* display.
- 9. jib**—[C] triangular sail. Harry is an amateur when it comes to sailing—he doesn't know the *jib* from the mainsail.
- 10. philippic**—[C] tirade. We accidentally goaded Joaquin into one of his wild *philippics* about his ex-wife.
- 11. viscid**—[A] sticky. The massive spider in my greenhouse has caught many a hapless fly in its *viscid* snare.
- 12. krill**—[A] tiny crustaceans. One blue whale can consume up to four tons of *krill* each day.
- 13. pippin**—[A] apple. “Ten bucks says I can knock that *pippin* right off your head!” said William Tell.
- 14. pidgin**—[C] simplified language. Sean isn’t afraid to travel to places where he doesn’t speak the native tongue—he relies on *pidgin* to communicate.
- 15. niblick**—[B] iron golf club. Emma cursed her *niblick* as her ball splashed down in the pond near the ninth hole.

WHY WIKI?

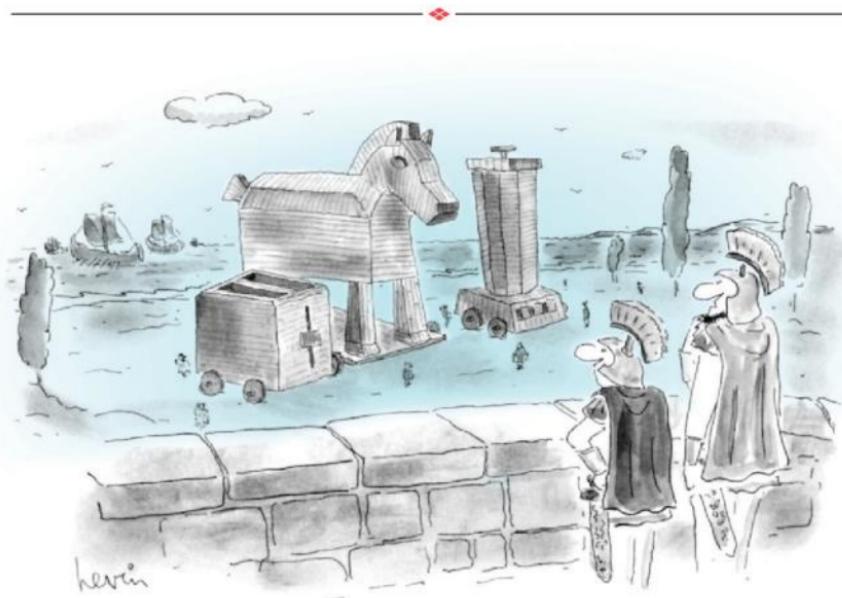
Ever wonder how the reference site Wikipedia got its name? In 1995, programmer Ward Cunningham called a user-editable website he'd created WikiWikiWeb, after the Wiki-Wiki shuttle buses he'd seen at the Honolulu airport. (*Wikiwiki* means “quickly” in Hawaiian.) That was the very first wiki—a site that allows contributions or corrections by its users.

VOCABULARY RATINGS

- 9 & below:** middling
10-12: inspiring
13-15: killing it



Humor in Uniform



"The horse is nice, but we could really use the blender."

MY SON, AN ENSIGN in the Navy, was in New York for a ceremony. As he left his hotel in his dress blues, he walked to the curb and hailed a taxi. Just then, a woman tried to jump in. When she realized she'd cut him off, she stepped back and muttered, "I suppose even the doorman needs to take a cab once in a while."

ELAINE WHITEHOUSE, Sayville, New York

Send us your funniest military anecdote or news story—it might be worth \$\$\$! For details, go to page 7 or rd.com/submit.

THE GUY NEXT TO ME at the barber's was in uniform and had requested a buzz cut. My stylist had to take a call, so another came out. There must've been some miscommunication, because guess who got stuck with the other guy's haircut.

Source: frmlylife.com

THIS HEADLINE in the *Washington Post* is believable either way you read it: "Bear attacks ex-Marine, lives to tell about it."

THOMAS BATCHELOR, Ogden, Utah



Quotable Quotes

“

**A LACK OF PLAY
SHOULD BE TREATED
LIKE MALNUTRITION:
IT'S A HEALTH RISK TO
YOUR BODY AND MIND.**

**STUART BROWN,
psychiatrist**

Curiosity is the gateway to everything you know you want, and comfort is like a beautiful prison.

SARAH JESSICA PARKER, actress

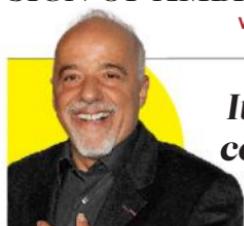


**ROUTINE, IN AN
INTELLIGENT MAN, IS A
SIGN OF AMBITION.**

W. H. AUDEN, poet

We are constantly exhorting people to “come out of their shells,” but there’s a lot to be said for taking your home with you wherever you go.

SUSAN CAIN, author



It's the possibility of having a dream come true that makes life interesting.

PAULO COELHO, novelist

**YOU CANNOT BE
REALLY FIRST-RATE
AT YOUR WORK IF
YOUR WORK IS
ALL YOU ARE.**

ANNA QUINDLEN, author



There is no way to order chaos. It's the fundamental theory at the beginning and end of everything; it's the ultimate law of nature.

**ALEXANDRA FULLER,
author**

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