



*My name is Roy Livingston.*

Self portrait

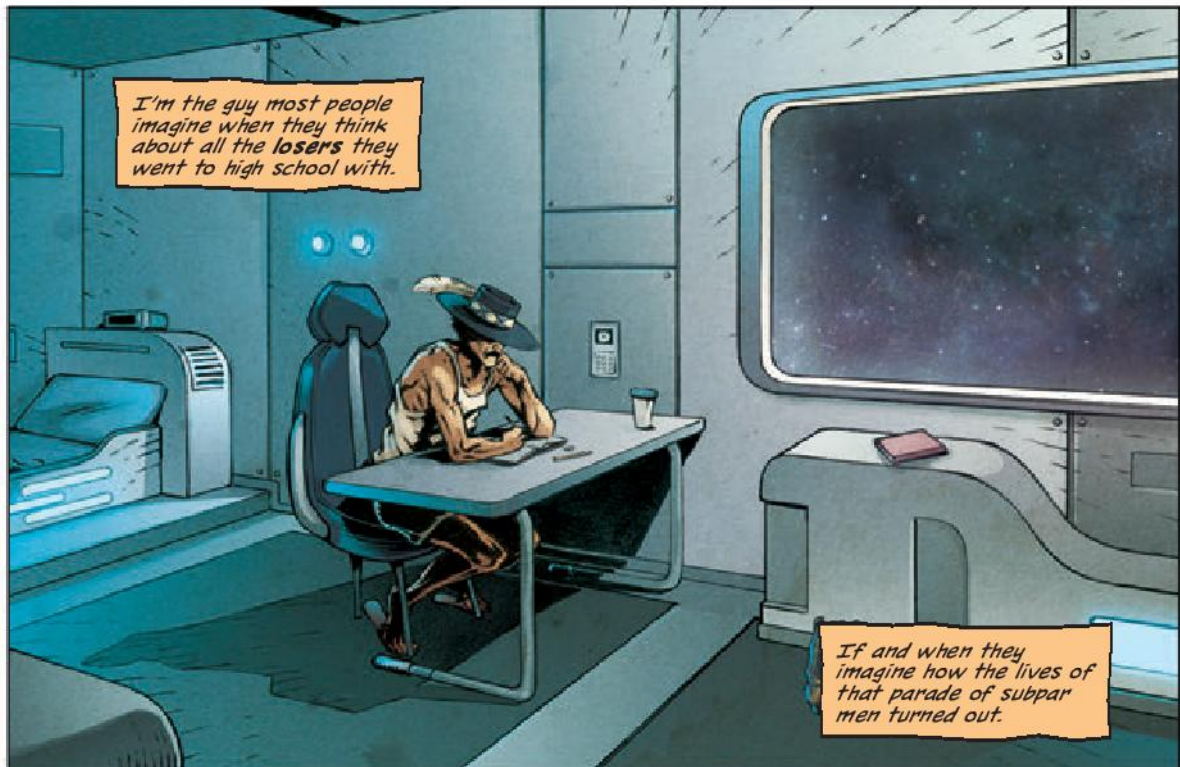
My name is Roy Livingston.



*Wasn't "college material", whatever that means.*

*I'm divorced. And until one week ago, I was the manager of a pet store in Efaula, Alabama.*

*The town where I was born.*



*I'm the guy most people imagine when they think about all the losers they went to high school with.*

*If and when they imagine how the lives of that parade of subpar men turned out.*

*JUNE 23RD, 2048.*



*Of course, a lot has changed over the past week.*





My father was always obsessed with obituaries.

WELL, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?



To my Dad, the worst fate imaginable was to die unworthy of a five line obituary in the Montgomery Advertiser.

GUY STEPPED ON A LANDMINE AFTER SAVING HIS PLATOON IN AFGHANISTAN.

NOW, THAT'S AN OBITUARY!



AND I TOLD THAT TEACHER--NO, I DON'T KNOW THE PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM. BUT I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING WHEN I DIE...

DO YOU?

I grew up believing that the only part of a story that matters is its end.



From that perspective, I suppose I've done pretty well for myself.

My Dad would be happy, if he were around to see it.

