



My name is Roy Livingston.

Self portrait

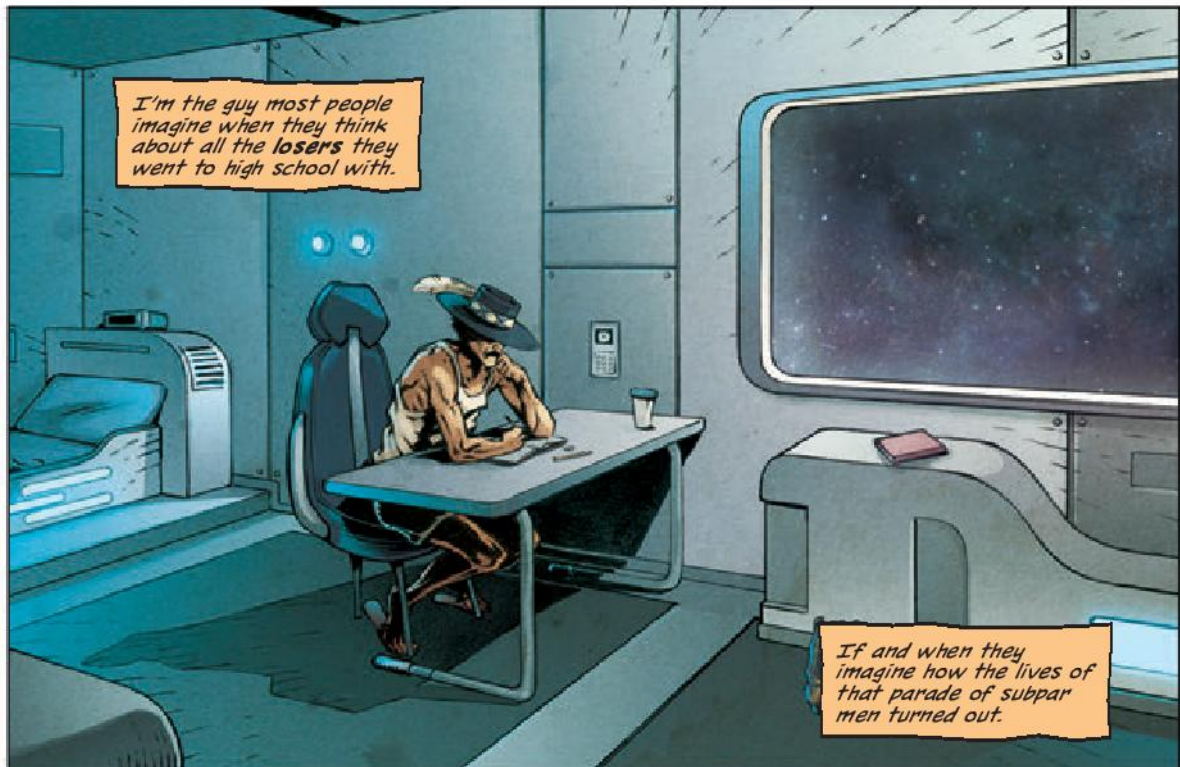
My name is Roy Livingston.



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.



So how does one go from being the manager at the third largest pet store in Southern Alabama...

VIDEO SCREEN.
SHOW ME EARTH NEWS.



**ALABAMA MAN
BECOME FIRST TO
SET FOOT ON MARS.**

**ENERGY RIOTS
CONTINUE FOR THIRD
STRAIGHT WEEK**

**MARKET FALTERS
AS ENERGY STOCKS
IN FREEFALL**

...to being the most famous human being on the planetz

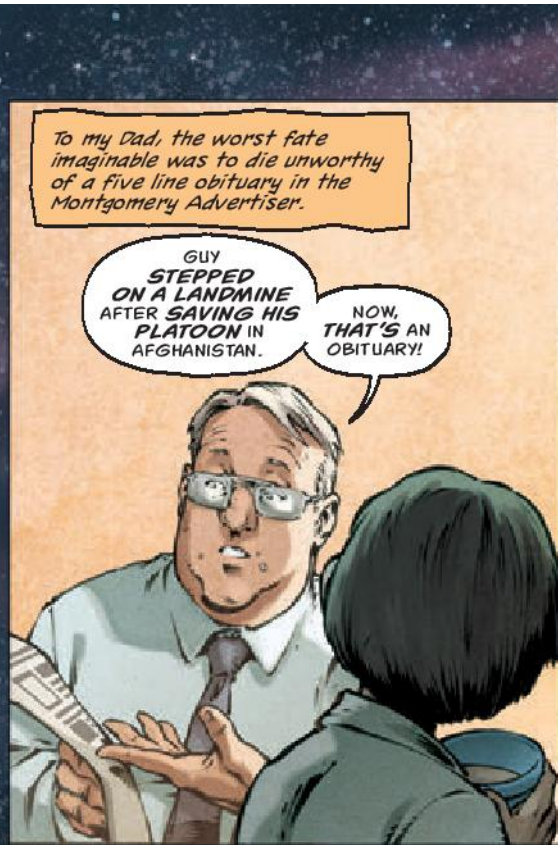


Well, I suppose that's the story I'm hoping to tell here.



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.

