

*JUNE 23RD, 2048.*



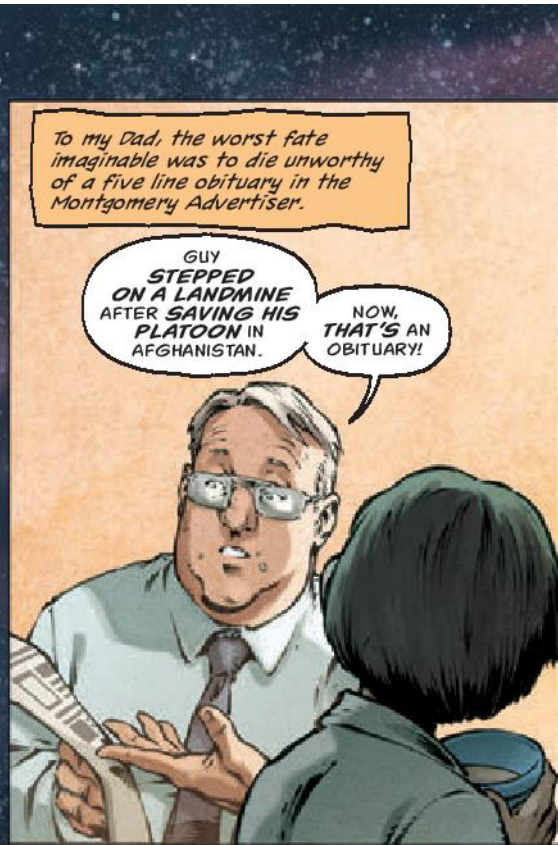
*Of course, a lot has changed over the past week.*





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.

