

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...

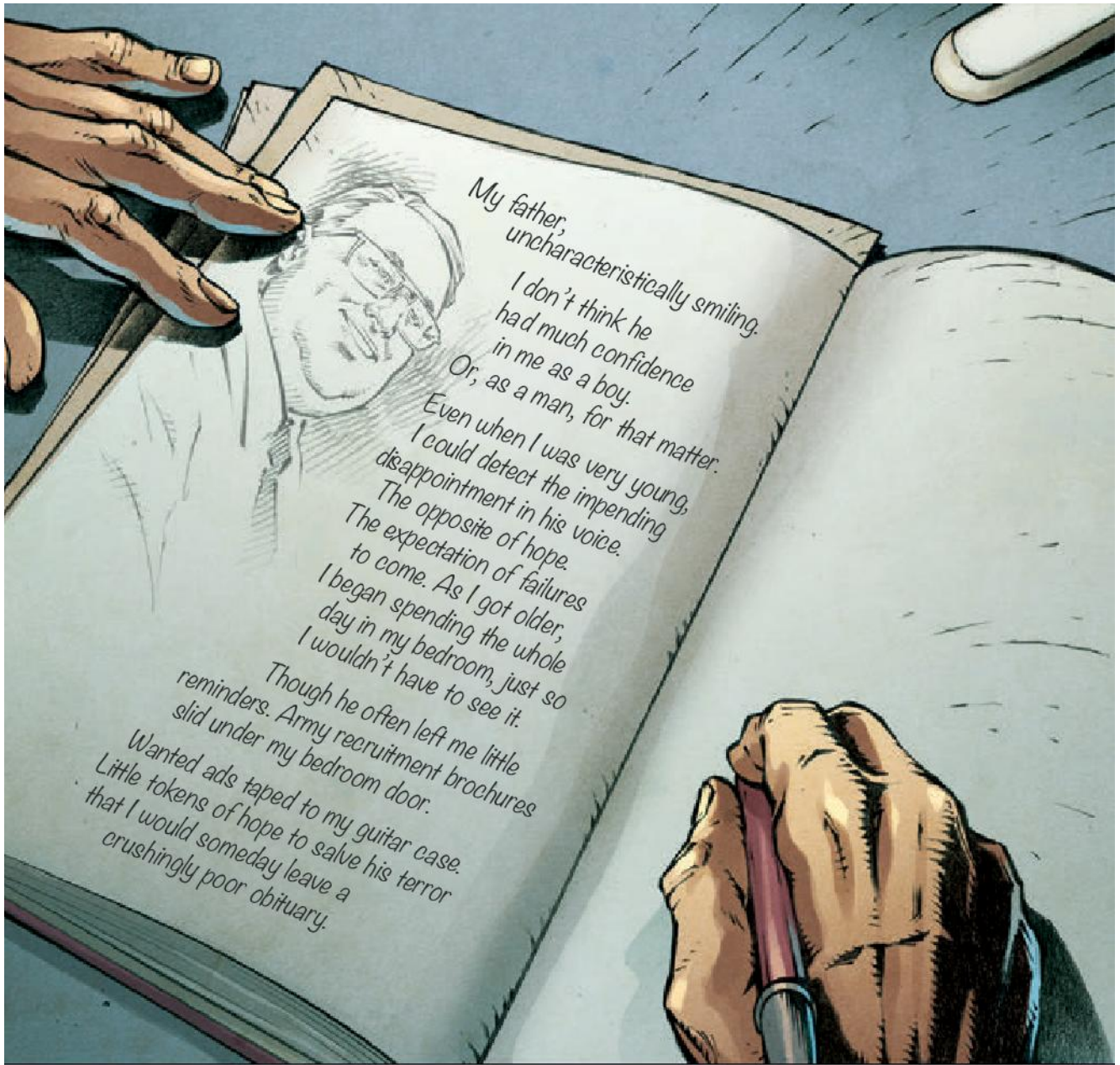
DO YOU?

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.



My father,
uncharacteristically smiling.
I don't think he
had much confidence
in me as a boy.
Or, as a man, for that matter.
Even when I was very young,
I could detect the impending
disappointment in his voice.
The opposite of hope.
The expectation of failures
to come. As I got older,
I began spending the whole
day in my bedroom, just so
I wouldn't have to see it.
Though he often left me little
reminders. Army recruitment brochures
slid under my bedroom door.
Wanted ads taped to my guitar case.
Little tokens of hope to salve his terror
that I would someday leave a
crushingly poor obituary.



And I suppose
he would **know**.

He died of **herpes**
after a **monkey** bit
him at the zoo.

Now there's
an obituary you
don't want.