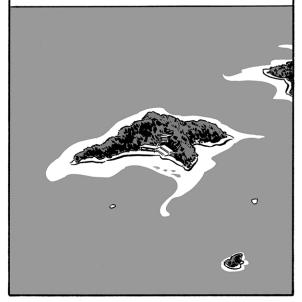




ISLAND

I WANT TOP 40 POP SONG MONEY. I WANT TO BE ABSURDLY, CONFUSINGLY RICH SO I CAN BUY AN ISLAND.



AND THROW A PHENOMENAL PARTY THERE, BRINGING TOGETHER THE MOST COURAGEOUS THINKERS AND ARTISTS OF OUR TIME.



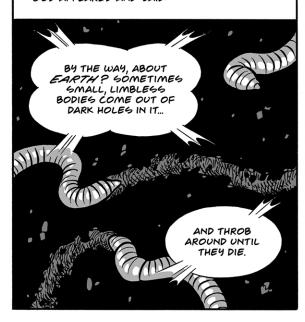
THERE WILL BE HEART-POUNDING MUGIC AND RELENTLEGG, BLIGGED OUT DANCING. AND BY GUNRIGE, EVERYONE WILL HAVE GURRENDERED THEMGELVEG TO AN ALL NEW UNDERGTANDING OF L-O-V-E.





WORMS

OF ALL THINGS, WORMS WERE THE WORST. I WOULDN'T HOLD THEM IN MY PALM. IT'S LIKE GOD APPEARED AND SAID:





WAKING UP TO RAIN FILLED ME WITH AUTO-MATIC ANXIETY. I DREADED FINDING OUT WHETHER THE GIDEWALKS TO SCHOOL HAD SWITCHED TO PULGING MINEFIELDS.





I ENVIED THE KIDS WHO REGARDED WORMS AS DUMB CURIOSITIES, IF AT ALL. THEIR BREEZY, UNBOTHERED NATURE WOULD HELP THEM SAIL THROUGH ALL OF LIFE'S GREAT CHALLENGES.



I DON'T THINK IT WAS A PHOBIA EXACTLY, BUT I'M PRONE TO CATEGORY ERROR. MUCH LATER IN HIGH SCHOOL THERE WAS AN ENGLISH LIT. EXERCISE THAT HAD US WRITE DOWN A MAJOR FEAR ON A PIECE OF PAPER...







VERY RECENTLY I'VE BECOME A FATHER.