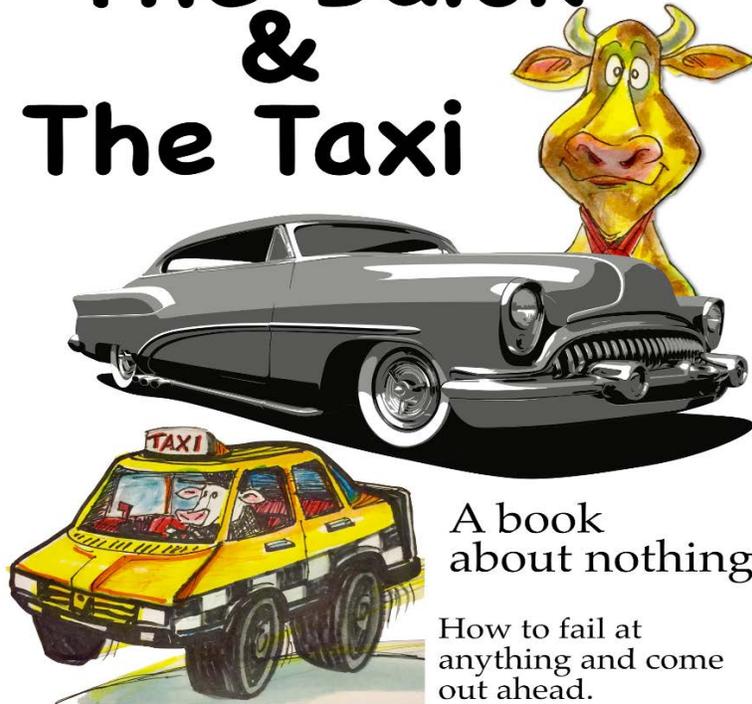


The Cow The Buick & The Taxi



A book
about nothing

How to fail at
anything and come
out ahead.

By Emmet Drallid

THE COW, THE BUICK & THE TAXI

A book about nothing. The story of the failure in all of us.

WARNING:

This book should probably be banned...

Like "To Kill a Mockingbird" because it has the N Word in it.

(Not this book. To Kill A Mockingbird has the N Word in it. And is being banned)

Heck, as long as we're banning books that have the N Word, should we start banning all books with words that begin with the letter N? Aren't they all the N word? If every word with "N" should be banned, the ___ should ___ 't we ba ___ the letter ___?

No... seriously, this book should be banned as it will cause some or all of the following:

Christians will be furious and tender mercies may be offended.

Atheists will want to burn it.

Muslims will call a Fatwa on the author for his love of bacon.

Jews will try to figure out how to make money off me.

Buddhists will want to... oh hell, good Buddhists will just say, "We'll see."

Snowflakes will scream. What else, right?

Conservatives will want to drone me.

Leftists will call out Antifa to surround me and beat me to a pulp to show that I'm a Fascist.

Feminists will hate me. I'm a man. Why not?

Transgender.. ers.. will want to ... change me?

Those that are politically correct should stop reading now. Though it's probably too late.

Trump supporters will laugh at me.

Hillary supporters will NOT have me suicided. I beg of you.

Best of all... this is not a religious or political book.

It's a book about nothing. So by default it can be about anything.

Kind of like life.

Probably a lot like your life.

So lighten up, and hopefully discover something about the people around you before we nuke each other.

OK??????? McFly? Are you listening?

INTRODUCTION

Most people **don't want to know the truth**. They just want reassurance that what they believe is the truth. Now, I know what you're thinking, "That's not me..."

This book is about truth. And the truth is sometimes funny; really, really funny. Just like life. And the truth is almost always debatable, unfortunately. And just like your life, this book is packaged in a series of seemingly unrelated anecdotes that have been selected and placed in an order for you to read from beginning to end, with great purpose. The chapter numbers were kept the same for a very good reason. And there are many more chapters not included in this book. So if you're ADD you're going to love the number order.

You haven't heard of me. You don't know me. I am not a highly marketable entity. This, however, **does not** diminish the potential of my value to you and your life at this point in time. It does make it nearly impossible in the Internet Age to get a reputable publisher. Today, to get published, your book can be crap but if you have an audience you get published. It used to be that books were assessed on their literary value and the marketing push came from and through the publisher. Not any more. Thank you Internet.

The good news is I don't care and this book should have value for you whether or not you are Donald Trump or any of those chicks* on The View. (I'm fairly certain that the continuum of humanity would have Trump on one end and those "chicks on The View" on the other, with the other 7 billion of us in between.) Even though I am an incredibly ordinary man, I have had an equally incredible and unique life. But, it's hard to get around this one simple, incontrovertible fact, when penning, i.e., electronically encoding, a book: I am an unknown.

So why write a book? Well, to cease being an unknown seems like the logical reason to me. But why should you even care what's in this oddly titled book?

The Cow, the Buick and the Taxi hold the key. I think. But let me give you a brief example of why you may want to care about what this book can do for you. This is so profound.

It was the mid 1990's. I drove my car off the highway as my lower stomach and gastrointestinal system was about to explode from whatever I had eaten that had obviously decided to start a violent overthrow of the normal peaceful and predictable processes of eat it, process it, eventually poop it. I looked for a fast food restaurant knowing that they usually kept their restrooms fairly clean and in order.

I spied a Golden Arches and shot into their parking lot with the speed of Usain Bolt. I had very little chance of making it from car to porcelain throne as the gurgling was causing every muscle in my lower intestines to clench in order to stop the perilous, impending attack on both my trouser legs and pride. I ran into the bathroom. There were two stalls and I chose the smaller, non-handicap stall. I managed to undo my belt, drop my pants to the ground and land on the seat and release the pressure.

Let's come out of this story for a second. Is this the worst beginning to a book that is supposed to convince you of it's value for you and your life? It's horrible! But it's pretty damn funny too. Have a little faith.

Back to the story...

Anyone that has had this happen - the sudden clench of everything connecting stomach to exit holes - knows the feeling of pure, unadulterated relief that moment of release finally brings. That

feeling can only be eclipsed by one and only one feeling - at the other end of the emotional spectrum - a feeling of sheer terror.

The feeling you get when you reach for the toilet paper, after having had a violent and prolonged attack of diarrhea, sitting in a strange restroom in an unfamiliar suburb of an unknown Texas town only to discover: NO TOILET PAPER.

“No problem,” would be your next and almost simultaneous thought. You’ve read or heard about how fast your mind will work in times of disaster, how your adrenaline kicks in, and speeds up everything in your mind so that everything in the real world seems to slow down. As Harvey Korman’s character in the epic 1974, Mel Brooks film, “Blazing Saddles” said, “My mind is aglow with whirling, transient nodes of thought careening through a cosmic vapor of invention.”

I immediately knew there was another stall next to me. I peered under the wall between the stalls which for some inexplicable reason was designed to not reach all the way to the floor but at this moment I understood why - so if you run out of toilet paper, you could peer under the wall to check for pant covered shoes in the stall next to you.

Voila! One mystery of the universe solved. See how much value this book is already delivering to you and we’re still in the freaking introduction. The reason why those bozo architects that designed men’s restroom toilet stalls built the walls between the stalls so that they did not go all the way to the floor was finally understood: (try and read this next line with the sound of an echo to give it the right amount of emphasis) SO YOU you you, CAN can can PEER peer peer UNDER under under the STALL stall stall to SEE see see IF if if there is SOMEONE someone someone IN IT it it it!!!!

There was no one in the stall. AHA!!

All I had to do was, step one, flush one more time to mercifully try and help reduce some of the smell in the men's room at the Golden Arches off Highway 59 northeast of Houston, Texas. Then, step two, partially pull my pants up so they didn't drag on the floor as I quickly shuffled my feet so I didn't trip and hit my head on the tile floor and just quietly and unobtrusively slide into the stall next to me. You, like me, would first peer through the crack in the door to make sure no one else was in the restroom.

And just as I made my first reconnaissance, peering out of my cell's thin aluminum framed particle wood door, the restroom door from the restaurant flew open as a huge Texas man stomped into the bathroom.

You like me would sit quickly back down, hoping that you could keep from making a bigger mess.

The next thought too is universal, "Please please please don't go into the stall... use the urinal... use the urinal...."

The stall door next to me swung open in slow motion as a John Williams score played dramatically in the background. I heard the pants being undone. I heard the belt buckle hit the floor. I heard the gaseous explosions of some Texas Redneck male who had just eaten seven or more Egg McMuffins - and had seven more waiting on him at his table, his three kids each staring at the feast, too afraid to take one of daddy's daily 14 egg mcmuffins.

That smell was made much worse by the thought that he too may discover there to be no toilet paper in his own stall.

Finally, a little relief as I heard the familiar clunk-de-clunk of a metal toilet paper holder rolling inside an aluminum housing as he spun toilet paper from the spool. What a joyous sound that was. This man had the good stuff. It was there, just three feet and one three-quarters to the floor wall away.

Clunk-de-clunk came the sound. Again and again and again and again. Flush after flush after flush.

“Please God, please God... Please let him finish so I can get back on the highway.”

I am not making this up.

This guy rolled toilet paper off that roll over and over and over and over like he was searching for clues to a hidden treasure. Flush after flush after flush. I felt the hair on my beard growing as time marched on.

I sat, trousers on the floor in a paperless stall, my heart dropping lower and lower as I heard each clunk-de-clunk followed by the shifting sandpaper sound of you know what followed by yet another power flush.

He finally got up, clanked his belt buckle back together, pushed the door open, washed his hands and left.

I quickly shuffled into the stall. I sat down, I reached for the toilet paper and God as my witness, he had used every last bit of paper. And from the sound of it, there had been at least three full rolls in his stall. Now, as I sat there, staring ahead into the bleak paperless future awaiting me, the realization that there was no toilet paper had become a stark reality. There was none. Zilch. Nada. Bupkus. NOTHING.

Calculate the odds of this happening. I dare you.

The next thought is: Paper towels!

I opened the stall door and of course there was a big, metal container on the wall. And it had a big button to blow lots of warm air onto my wet, clean hands.

No paper towels - just a blower. The thought of how to contort my naked rear into a position so that the blower could possibly blow dry me clean had not occurred to me at all. I had my dignity.

What next? Let's just say at that particular moment in time, I was happy to know that Burger King had long employed a real estate and location strategy built on the simple fact that McDonald's spent a ton of money researching to find the perfect location for its franchisees. And if it was good enough for McDonalds, it was good enough for Burger King. But the drive across the road, trying not to sit on the seat like a jockey on a thoroughbred in the Kentucky Derby was almost as difficult and humiliating as the episode that preceded it. And the walk into the Burger King bathroom, fearing that this too would have no toilet paper and a blower on the wall was equally anxious - which was almost as humiliating as the carefully and awkward shuffle of steps from my car up the curb and in the Burger King door as all eyes trained on the man with the obvious stilted walk, making a beeline for the Burger King men's restroom on the outskirts of Cleveland, Texas in circa 1990. There was no hiding the fact that I, a grown man, had poopy pants.

I can only imagine how obvious my walk and my destination were to everyone sitting in the Burger King that one fine day. If I had seen a man walking like that, I would have spit out my food with laughter because I would have known one thing about a man walking that way, beads of sweat pouring down from his brow, red-faced with embarrassment, "That man just pooped in his pants!!!!"

Thankfully, the story of the Cow, the Buick and the Taxi had already touched my life and I knew that this was life. This was

how it goes. You have to laugh at it. It is unpredictable. It is also unfair. And that's supposed to be the fun part of life, if you understand it the way you're supposed to.

The biggest lie, in my opinion, in America today isn't that Trump hates all women because he was recorded saying something almost every man has said and then followed that up with the gall to defeat Hillary Clinton in the elections. No, the biggest lie is that if it isn't marketable it isn't valuable.

Marketability does not equal value.

And no, this book isn't about politics. But I mention the word Trump to create the response in you that has been conditioned by the media, against your will. The media does not exist to deliver you to the truth or vice versa. And remember this is a book about truth. They, the media, exist at the behest of a corporatocracy that has an agenda. This is not a political book. This is not a religious book. But I am a political and religious person - and not very good at either. I cannot separate who I am and what I like and what I believe from the context of my life - as unbelievable or disagreeable as you may find it to be. If you choose to knee jerk react to words because there are words you've been conditioned to react negatively to, then so be it. That's your business. Good luck with that free thought exercise the rest of your life.

If you believe, for example, the FDA, the Food and Drug Administration exists to make drugs safer for American consumers and not to protect the profits of the Pharmaceutical and Chemical industries, that's your choice. But I would ask you why they continue to build more and more hospitals. Why are we seemingly getting sicker and sicker? Why do more than 100,000 people a year die from properly prescribed medicines?

See? It's possible to be intently interested in truth but also have fun at the same time. Stay with me. I promise you'll laugh out loud at some point - if not already.

Since the pharmaceutical industry is joined at the hip with the insurance industry and together spend countless billions on advertising, do you really believe the corporate media is going to allow anything to harm that cash cow?

Which makes this book a "word" out of my experience with the Cow, the Buick and the Taxi that you will understand later - Dain-Jer-Ous. "Dain-Jer-Ous" will make sense later on.

Of course anything that seeks to throw into negative light the biggest cash cow of American media - the Big Pharma Big Insure Complex - is not going to get the opportunity to promote itself. And yes, that's censorship at its ugliest and most obvious. At least until all the major Internet platforms got together to ban radio host Alex Jones. Is this really America? We're banning journalists for their opinions and people are happy about it? So let me get this right... Pornography OK? Alex Jones, bad? No. What happened to Alex Jones is he helped Donald Trump get elected. That's the reason he's banned. The things they say he did wrong are the opinions he and guests espoused years ago. Matt Drudge told him two years ago this was coming. Don't be fooled. You don't have to like Alex Jones. Just don't be so stupid. Freedom of Speech is important. And once you let people decide what is and isn't hate speech they will use it to do one thing: Silence anyone they don't like. You voted against me? That's eventually going to be classified as hate speech. Book it.

That the Media Industrial complex controls so much of what we are now allowed to see and hear doesn't matter anymore, because no one cares, since immediately following the drug commercials, you'll get more NBA, more NFL, more Dances With the Stars.

See? Is that stuff really valuable? No. But it's highly marketable. As George Costanza once said, "Because it's on TV."

In my opinion, we have degenerated as a society into an abyss where marketing is both king and god and it worships at the altar of a political reality that is dictated to it by the powers that be. The media, which is supposed to champion the truth at all costs, is the biggest victim. It's called journalism but it's really not. It's marketing. Whoever controls the media also decides what is of value - decreasing the need for effective marketing simply by virtue of owning the microphone. It's a powerful concept and it's one few pay attention to any longer.

As the late, and in my opinion, murdered, journalist Andrew Breitbart originally opined, "Politics is downstream from culture." Put another way, whoever controls the direction of culture controls the direction of the country, and that should scare the hell out of you - that our country has gone from Washington and Jefferson to CNN, Facebook, Twitter, Google, the NFL and FOX. Be afraid, be very afraid.

Nothing could be more wrong or more misleading than marketing - because the person with the most money wins in that game. Whether you agree with President Trump's attack on media outlets such as CNN or not is based on one thing: Whether or not you are for or against what Trump stands for. Trump is neutral. He's no threat at all. But the ideas he champions. Now, those are dangerous. They challenge the status quo. Why does that make them dangerous? Think for a blistering second. If the mainstream Republicans and all the Democrats are against Trump's ideas, then how could he possibly be the establishment? He's not.

But.., "People don't want to know the truth, they simply want to be reassured that what they believe is the truth." And what you are for or against is based largely on what you've been taught to believe by the very same media Trump is against - if you even bother to

read or watch that corporatist crap at all. A “mainstream media” that has an approval rating just above diabetes (apologies to diabetes) has only the value it trumpets for itself - pun intended. Which does not make me “pro-Trump” by the way. It makes me logical. It means I’m awake. I love the conversation between Merovingian and Morpheus in Matrix Reloaded, as Merovingian brags to Morpheus that there is only cause and effect. Morpheus argues that there is also free will, i.e., choice. Merovingian smirks, “Choice is the illusion given by those with power to those without.”

You have free will. This book is meant to help you free it up. I do not care what your opinions are. I do not care who you vote for. I only care that there is toilet paper in every stall in America.

“I haven’t heard of it... Google doesn’t say anything about him... He’s not in Wikipedia... Therefore it’s not valuable to me what he has to say. Snopes said it isn’t true.”

This logic is wrong. I promise. All of those sources are 100% controlled and manipulated by one perspective.

How do I know?

Partially because I’ve led the most extraordinary life inside an incredibly ordinary result which makes me an expert of the highest order on one thing important to you and everyone else - perspective. Proper perspective usually equals truth. But most of all because I have NOT succumbed to “marketing equals value” as my god.

I live in a country that elected Donald Trump President. Donald Trump? The world is much more violent, angry and mean than it was when I was growing up in the 1960’s and 1970’s. And that was a world where a black man couldn’t get a decent job and couldn’t walk down my street in Shreveport, Louisiana, without

being stared at and/or removed by the police - but usually peaceably removed to the “proper” part of town.

I didn't like the things that were wrong then and I especially don't like the things that are wrong now. And no, we cannot even agree on what is wrong. I think the whole trans-sexual thing is wrong. This too renders this book unmarketable in the mainstream media because there is an agenda to support all things transgender now. And to come out against it will sooner or later be like following Martin Luther King, Jr.'s famous “I have a dream” speech on the Mall in Washington D.C. by saying you're in favor of slavery. It's my opinion. Why is it such a threat? Find out what the cow has to say, if you want to know why. (That should make sense later.)

Take it from this 61 year-old father of three: The world is a much angrier, meaner, divided, hateful, lustful, hypocritical place than it was 50 years ago. And Donald Trump didn't cause this degeneration. And pointing that out doesn't make me a Trumper.

I'm for freedom. I'm even for freedom at the expense of security. Not the other way around.

I'm here to help you remember to laugh more and to give you a better perspective on the world I share with you - for my sake! I believe my life is going to make a difference for someone reading this book. In fact, I know it will.

I've read a ton of success books and been through many seminars and webinars from Covey to Demmings to Robbins to Oprah to Osteen and beyond. They all have the same common thread. They show you how people that are wildly successful made it. There are always principles and laws and ways and methods and processes and clever sayings and memorable anecdotes.

This ain't that.

I've noticed most of us fail more than we succeed even though for many, failure ends up manifesting itself in a passive, matrix-like acceptance of life's seemingly unavoidable inevitabilities. We eat, we work, we sleep, we die. And hopefully we poop within range of a fresh roll of TP.

Overcoming failure is usually just persisting, right? Someone asked Einstein how he got so smart. His answer? "I'm not really smarter than anyone else, I'm just willing to stay with the problems longer than most people." (paraphrased)

So persistence, I do believe, can deliver success. But, the real question that you have to answer in the middle of each failure is the only one that matters, "Why am I here?" Did you ever ask yourself that question? Know your purpose and you will escape the almost mindless existence of TV, overeating, and putting in your 40 hours a week until you die. I was talking to my oldest son's ex-girlfriend once, who worked 70 hours a week cutting hair, "I'd do it for free," she said. She knew her purpose.

Jealous?

Many people wonder why they are here. Some venture to wonder how. I'm 61. I'm overweight, graying, married and the father of three. I swear I now have nose hairs that average about 1 inch of growth per evening - many of which I'm convinced have aspirations to meet up and marry my eyebrows and produce ear hairs as offspring. I've got more gas now than Exxon. The other night in a restaurant I couldn't help it and my age, I believe, made me not even care. I farted sitting at the dinner table at a loud restaurant. Of course I did not take into account the fact that it was a wooden chair and the resulting rat-a-tat-tat sounded like a machine gun had just been fired. I didn't even care enough to turn around to see the reaction of the people behind me.

I look down to see my shoes and I see my belly. I look in the mirror and wonder who the hell I'm looking at!

I started writing this book over eight years ago after I had been through a number of life changing events that had left me diagnosed with a possible brain tumor (misdiagnosis discovered later), killed my business partner, mother, father and beloved nephew, had the FBI and IRS sitting in my office at the same time, lost everything, had 12 computer crashes wiped by the Feds remotely, hit three times in car wrecks totaling two cars inside of 6 weeks, couldn't walk for awhile so I had to crawl to my pool and flop into it just to get relief from the back pain and a few other things. That was one year of my life. It built some character to say the least.

I have to say that when I look critically at the first 61 years of my life, I'm left with many more questions than answers. In fact, I think my life could be summed up in the scratch-your-head, "Wow... I've never seen that before." Implicit in that statement are the questions "how?" and "why?" How did this happen? How did I get here? Who am I? Why am I here?

I have finally stopped and reflected on my life.

Many have told me, an unknown, "You need to write a book." So I finally did. I think being told you need to write a book is like telling a good cook they need to open a restaurant. Running a restaurant is 1% food quality and 99% a living hell. So having an interesting life is no reason to write a book.

And yet here we are.

My whole life has been one amazing incident after another where the people who got to witness each incident in each phase of my life were left with a silly look, a crooked grin directed at me and

the exact, same, puzzling verbalization of what they just witnessed, “Maaaaan... I’ve never seen that before.”

“Maaaaaaannn... I’ve never seen that before,” has followed me around.

One morning in January 2017, while driving to work, I decided to take the unknown path, a small, more serene back road through the country. I passed a house, down the narrow two lane country road and on top of the house were over two dozen, large turkey buzzards, with their 7 foot wing spread - wings spread out, frozen stiff. It wasn’t cold. They were just sitting there. It was bizarre. It seemed a little ominous, to say the least. They were just sitting there - a living frozen still-life, wings fully out, lined-up across a house roof gable and sitting in trees, looking at me. I was the only one on the road. I stopped the truck. I parked. I got out of the truck and screamed to scare the birds. They didn’t budge. The buzzards stood still, wings spread, staring at me, defiant, waiting on me to die. No other car came down that country road while I was there. Why?

Driving to work in 1988. I went to the grocery store back when they had black mats on the floor to hide the pressure sensitive triggers that opened the automatic entry/exit doors. You had to step on in order to get the door to open automatically. I stepped and stepped. The door would not open. It just bobbed and jerked, teasing me with each twitch. There was another exit but on the other side of the store opposite where my car was parked. A manager came over to me, “What’s the problem here?” He fiddled with the door. He fiddled with buttons. He moved the mat, then he looked at me and said, God help me, “Wow... I’ve never seen that before.” After finally leaving the grocery store, I drove my Toyota van to the toll road. This was the pre-electronic eyes and toll tags era and I stopped to give the lady in the toll booth a quarter. She took the money, said, “Have a nice day!” and I inched forward waiting on the arm to raise which of course it did not. It

just started bouncing up and down. I waited a few seconds then honked my horn. I rolled down the window, “Hey... It’s not...” She interrupted, “I got it sugar...” People in Texas back in those days called one another Sugar and Honey a lot. For what it’s worth, she was black and I’m white and people were a lot nicer to each other then than they are now. Why?

We’ll answer that later.

She fidgeted inside her toll booth for awhile as the arm just bounced up and down. Cars came in line behind me. She exited the booth. She came over to the support structure for the toll gate arm. She fidgeted with it for a few seconds and then looked at me and said, verbatim, “Wow... I’ve never seen this before.” I finally got through the gate, exited the toll road, went down another road where I had to – wait for it – cross the railroad tracks. As I approached the railroad tracks, the lights started flashing and the bells rang loudly, so I stopped. There was no train. The arm came down blocking my path. It bobbed up and down as the lights flashed and the bells rang. So help me God. There was no one else around. I had to say it, “No one would believe me if I told them.” This is crazily incredibly typical of my life.

I’ve met and done business with some amazing people. Joel Osteen, the most recognizable televangelist in America is a friend and I got to help him starting out after his dad died. Dr. Hector Garcia Molina was an inventor of Google’s algorithm and the Director of Bill Clinton’s Presidential Advisor Committee on Technology and he came on the Board of Advisors for a business based on a unique idea I created. There are many more connections I could give you that may or may not impress you.

But as I stated, this is not about my marketability because if you haven’t heard of me, I’m not marketable, but as I mention people you have heard of, I become more marketable, gain in credibility and seduce you into valuing what I have to say.

That's such a lie. Don't buy that. At least, not now.

Here is the truth - again. I believe I can make a difference in your life with this book. Ok, I know, that's not the truth either, it's just a hypothesis. Still, I hope to make a difference in your life through the extraordinary moments in my life.

I believe they will give a piece of meaning and purpose to your life and here's how. The net effect of these many and varied events that have dotted an otherwise incredibly average life, have forced me to ask of myself much more than your average Joe the question of "why" – especially over the last few years. I'm now awakening to something that I saw in a movie with Steve Carrell, "Dan In Real Life," where his character summed up his lifetime advice for his three movie daughters, "Plan on one thing in life. Plan to be amazed."

Our differences should not pit us against each other, they should unite us. The people in the earth with real power spend extraordinary amounts of time and energy behind creating the circumstances that will most easily divide us. If they divide us, we are much more easily controlled. This is easily proven and seen but it is not the purpose of this book.

I fight that sinister divide and conquer strategy with everything that is within me. And I choose to do so with a short refresher course on how to be amazed!

That is me. I am amazed and I have led an amazing life with incredible events and amazing people that has resulted somehow in an incredibly ordinary person. And now I will begin to share these stories one by one - some funny, some sad, almost all amazing in their own right.

I have not led a safe life. I was not bred to live a safe life. Therefore, I've been further "out there" for longer periods of time than most anyone you know – whoever you are - which has allowed me a unique perspective on life in general and my life in particular. Most of my friends respond to things I say with, "You're so sick. You're crazy. That's insane." But why do those things seem so normal to me?

Some of these stories will resonate more than others with you but it is their collective effect on who you are and why you are here that has compelled me to give them to you. It's not the money or the fame that comes from writing a book, because as I write I already know there will only be a few 100 that ever read it - if that. The ROI on this book is not tied to my happiness. My happiness is about the truth, about making people seek after their purpose and about unmasking the lies that seem to blanket most of western culture.

I of course want you to be entertained, enthralled, moved and embarrassed for me by one or more of the enclosed stories. I want you to see me walking down the street or on some TV Talk Show where the host is amazed at this book I've written and the impact it's had on the world, but not for my sake.

And that's not because I've bought the big American lie - When it becomes marketable it will have value.

In the immortal, incisive words of my grandfather, "Screw that crap." He also is the one that would get a good card in any card game, scream out a frightening shriek, laugh maniacally, then place the card into his hand in a manner that left the card sticking out above the rest of his cards and while laughing declare, "Ha ha she cried and waved her wooden leg in glee..." as he pushed the card down level with the other cards using the elbow on his opposite arm.

This was normal in my life growing up. Not your average grandfather. Not your average reaction to a good card. This is not your average heritage and it is also why I'm delivering this book to you at this point in time. How's that for massive ego indulgence?!

What I want you to discover is what I've titled this book about – it's the story of the failure in all of us. And, to borrow from the TV show, "Seinfeld", it's a book about nothing. It is one person you most probably have never heard of. This does not make the story of my stories any less valuable to you, I hope. It simply makes the product, as stated, less marketable.

It's time to stop the madness. If it's marketable, it's most likely crap. Look at Coca-Cola. Their brand equity alone is worth billions of dollars - just the brand value- which has nothing to do with product and buildings and trucks and people. Look at every commercial break on American television today and you will see another drug being advertised. Do you know what's in those drugs? Have you ever looked up the ingredients in the flu vaccine Flulaval, by chance? Have you even looked at the label where it even says it's never been tested for influenza in infants? And yet the ubiquitous marketing push to get a flu vaccine every year is unavoidable. If the flu vaccine was so great, why the hell do we still have the flu after 30 years of vaccine propaganda? "Because there are still people who don't get the vaccine!" Really? Have you not seen the study showing which percentage of those who get the vaccine actually still get the flu?

Or sunscreen? If sunscreen is so great, since its invention more than 40 years ago, why has the skin cancer rate more than doubled? (Some say it's up more than 1000%) And why is it higher with indoor workers than workers who work outside? Understand too, that if by some strange chance I got invited on a talk show to discuss the out-of-nowhere success of this book, the first thing they would do would be to produce a stack of research showing me how much the flu vaccine helps people and how much

sunscreen prevents cancer. I'm not buying it. Talk shows are there to legitimize opinions of marketers. And for that matter, so is research.

You can believe what you want about any product. I'm not denying your right to think Coca Cola which is great for cleaning car batteries is a great refreshment as well. By the way, do you realize, just by pointing this out, that most "Mainstream Media" outlets will not be allowed to sell this book or host me to discuss the book? Why? Because, as I already stated, when you criticize big advertisers, you lose in America today. I've already unmasked the Pharmaceutical, Medical and Insurance industries - the largest advertising dollars in the world - and I'm not even out of the introduction! (MARKETING DOES NOT EQUAL VALUE)

You want to believe that Donald Trump, who all the politicians loved as long as he was giving them money, is suddenly the worst person in the history of the world, go ahead. I noticed that the Bushes hate him. The Republican Senators from Arizona hate him. The Clintons hate him. The Obamas hate him. The pope hates him. The heads of France, Germany and Britain hate him.

I think anyone who can unite the world so quickly is at least an amazing person. And of course he isn't. And, use your mind a little, it's not Donald Trump they all hate. Remember, it's the ideas he champions. Donald Trump is neutral and a non-entity with no threat quotient whatsoever to the political power elite without an idea.

The same people who tell you Coca Cola is great, flu vaccines save lives and sunscreen makes you safer are the same ones that tell you Donald Trump is the devil. That's a bit of a red flag for me.

And they're the same ones making hundreds of millions in ad dollars from the companies that produce those products. Sarcasm Warning: So I'm certain they're out to champion the truth and I'm

certain they'll give a book that challenges the veracity of the system and culture of "Marketability = Value" a lot of free promotional time... Don't you? Well, I'm not holding my breath for that miracle, just so you know.

Truth is, I don't think we need the Mainstream Media any longer in order to create value in our society.

If Andrew Breitbart was right and politics is downstream from culture, then culture starts in our ability to relate immediately to many, many people via our own phones and social media and especially through the alternative media that is in the crosshairs of the establishment since the election of Donald Trump. And remember, the Ryans, Flakes, McCains, Romneys, Kasiches, Bushes and many more "Republicans" were and are against what Trump stands for.

Just by airing these opinions, I am likely cutting myself off from people who would love to read this book but have instead been conditioned to hate all things "Trump".

What has happened in America?

I am unavoidably left to wonder why should a person's collection of stories, true stories of someone you have never heard of, be relevant for whoever you are – Muslim, atheist, Christian, Jew, successful, failure, illegal alien, alien, mom, son, daughter, father, ditch digger, garbage collector, coach, professional athlete, CEO of a Fortune 500 company - be of any threat to the system or of any value to you?

Danny Rubin did a short film called 12:01PM that was later made into a 1993 movie starring Bill Murray, Groundhog Day. Prior to that film's release, Groundhog Day was February second, both my father's birthday and my step father's birthday. It was the day that winter either continued or not depending on a large, furry rodent's

ability to both see and communicate the whereabouts of its shadow. Growing up in Shreveport, Louisiana, with the humidity and heat, winter was a blip on the radar screen either way. Punxatawny Phil and Groundhog Day had zero relevance.

But Groundhog Day, the movie, speaks to the importance of the Cow, the Buick and the Taxi in your life - no matter who you are. If you watched Groundhog Day, you saw that Bill Murray's character, weatherman Phil Connors, was stuck in a time warp - living the same day over and over and over and over.

Who does that not speak too?

Aren't we all living the same day over and over and over?

Only we deal with both the reality and the myth of time's beginning and end as a daily calculation – a measurement stick - in each of our lives. The question is how do you find meaning when you live the same day over and over?

I don't think we're supposed to. And that's the good news. Because the meaning isn't in the day, it's in the moments. In fact, it's in the moments of the people we know and don't know. We are all connected and there is no escaping this reality. Which is why, I believe, so many seek to escape it with mind altering drugs, perverse sex and "alternative lifestyles" which were once considered taboo and are now being heavily marketed as normal. Remember, the news is not news any longer. It submits to the almighty advertising dollar.

I saw my mother 5 days before she died. She was depressed. I knew, as she sat in that catatonic state, depressed with the pain of aging, but otherwise perfectly healthy, that there was one thing she loved more than any other. And no it wasn't land. It was her piano. As she stared off into the distance blankly ignoring all stimuli, I said, "Well, hell mom, I need some cash so I'm going to

go sell your stupid piano.” She shot up from the reclined position in her hospital bed and glared at me, “You better not sell my piano!!”

I knew what was going on. I had seen it many times before. It was perhaps the reason the Cow, the Buick and the Taxi had intersected so supernaturally in my life some years earlier.

She was fine. And yet, five days later she was dead, after they gave her the wrong drug. Tragic? Perhaps. But I don’t think so. Not because of some eternal belief. I don’t think we have any tragedies at all.

The moments tell us something different than do the events.

Some of my moments you may find unbelievable, but I assure you I have witnesses for almost every moment – except the first one - the story of the Cow, the Buick and the Taxi. You decide if this is something I could make up, but I assure you that it is 100% the truth. I believe that it’s these types of moments that give even the most meaningless life real meaning.

The names of many of the guilty and the innocent have been changed to protect the guilty and the innocent. The names of those who were indifferent we failed to decide on.

I now give you... The Cow... The Buick... and the Taxi.

Enjoy. I’ll tell you what this is really about, once you read it and let me know what you think this book is about.



THE COW, THE BUICK & THE TAXI

A book about nothing. The story of the failure in all of us.

CHAPTER 1. The Cow, The Buick and The Taxi.

I had completed my Masters degree in 1986. I was in Dallas, Texas, 250 miles north of my home in Houston, Texas. I was there to interview for jobs in the advertising business. For those of you in the advertising business, asking, “Why am I here?” makes a lot of sense to you, I’m quite certain. The ad business of TV-world, Bewitched, has long been dead. It began to die about the time I got out of LSU (Louisiana State University) in 1980. “Wow, I’ve never seen that before... in the advertising business...” became the call from every office and every meeting as a once proud industry that typified the post World War II capitalist expansion of America, began to implode in the early 1980’s.

It was the collision of desktop computers, advertisers who no longer needed an ad agency to get the best cost from a TV or radio

station and, in Texas, a real estate depression and oil industry bust that was disrupting a once fluid, predictable industry. It is also what had me looking for work much longer than someone with my education and portfolio would have to go through had it been just 5 – 10 years earlier.

Still, I went to Dallas to interview and interview I did. My first wife was pregnant with our second son in Houston. We only had one car and I was borrowing my sister-in-law's Buick Regal. The Regal was a dusty maroon color that vibrated as if the lug nuts were going to explode off the wheels when it reached a speed anywhere between fifty and eighty miles per hour. Solution? Drive 49 MPH or drive 81 MPH. On Interstate 45 which runs north and south between Dallas, Texas and Houston, Texas, that meant 81 MPH even though the speed limit in 1986 was an unbearably slow 55MPH. You can thank the Saudis for that - not really. That has more to do with Richard Nixon's Petro-Dollar than anything else.

While in Dallas, a call home revealed that my grandmother, Sissy, was ill at my mother's home in Shreveport, Louisiana, 180 miles to the east along Interstate 20. Sissy is what I called her as a 29 year-old grandson looking for work and it's what I called her as a four year old, in her home in Birmingham, Alabama. She had always been called "Sis" by her sister and the name stuck so well that even as her grandson, I called her Sissy. She was about 4'10" tall and wore the most obvious wigs, never leaving her bedroom without one. She was a very proud Southern woman who had immense dignity and grace.

It was late at night and I decided, based on what my mother was telling me regarding Sissy's declining health, that I should get to Shreveport immediately. I left Dallas for the 180-mile trip around midnight.

Between Dallas and Shreveport there are a few towns but the drive is marked mostly by gently rolling hills, ranches, big rolled bails of

hay, a few oil wells and livestock. I filled the car with gas and took off. My grandmother had been the only person who always believed in me. She was very important to me. She never said anything negative to me. She was always for whatever I wanted even when she knew it was stupid and unnecessary. Everyone should have someone that believes in them no matter what when they are growing up. This type of person has been eliminated in most everyone's lives as a result of the destruction of the family as the basic building block of American society.

That is the problem with most of America today. Without a father and mother in the home, children are left to the mercy of a one parent household where the parent that stays - usually the mother - is so overwhelmed with the task of getting to the end of each month, that there is little left in the emotional tank to help their children.

That is not the way it was back in the 1950's and 1960's - no matter what color you were. What happened? The short version is simple. According to the founder of feminism, Gloria Steinem, the CIA and the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations funded the feminist movement with one purpose: destroy families and move children from being nurtured by mom and dad to being indoctrinated by state run educational facilities.

You can doubt this but that's what she claimed and that's exactly what happened.

But the point is this: I had someone who always believed in me, my grandmother and I was worried about her.

About half-way through the drive, which seldom got below 85 MPH, the car began to vibrate even more than it normally does at 49MPH or 79MPH. As the car began to pull violently to the right, I realized I had a flat tire on the front right side of the car.

At this point, it's important to know that changing a light bulb is like having Hillary Clinton tell the truth or Donald Trump being humble.

I am not good with plumbing or electrical or anything in the "fix it" category. So the prospect of a pre-cell phone era flat tire in the middle of nowhere on a dark, overcast Friday in what has since been determined by the U.S. Geologic Society to actually be THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, at 2:30AM was not leaving me with the feeling of an exciting challenge. I wasn't brimming with manly do it hormones. I had seen the movie, "A Christmas Story," where the dad got excited about changing the flat tire on the family Oldsmobile and was self-challenged to change the tire in a record time. Unfortunately, I identified much more with the son in the movie who, at his mother's insistence, in trying to help his dad change the tire, had instead accidentally knocked the lug nuts to the tire into the bank of snow on a dark night on the shoulder next to a busy highway. "Never seen that before."

As I pulled to the shoulder of the road, I knew that I was going to have to change the tire. There was no cell phone and no mechanic. There was no moon and no stars. It was dark. It was 2:30 in the morning. I was in the middle of nowhere.

What was about to happen really happened. I wish I could make it up. And no, there were no aliens. I think.

The first thought that goes through one's head at this point is universal, "Do I have a spare tire and does it have enough air to get to the next town?" I had a key to the trunk. I opened the trunk and quickly found a jack and a spare tire filled with air. I had changed tires before and felt I could quickly pull off the hubcap, unscrew the lug nuts, jack up the car, take off the tire and put on the spare. This was not going to be hard.

I located a place to steady the jack under the car. I took the blade shaped end of the lug nut wrench and began to pry the hubcap from the tire. As I did so, I heard something that caught my attention.

“Moooooooooooo.” Now, I recall the comedian Gary Shandling on the old Johnny Carson Tonight Show, circa 1980, saying, “Who hasn’t looked at a cow and gone, ‘Moooooooooooo’? As if the cow is going to perk up and say, ‘Hey, is that a cow over there…???’”

So of course with no one around, I returned the greeting, “Moooooooooooooooo…”

I turned to look behind me and as a truck drove by on the same side of the interstate, its lights flashed so I could see a cow. One cow. There were no other cows anywhere around. Thousands of acres of land and one single, solitary cow. This stopped me as I found it a little bit unusual at first. There was one cow. I looked at him and he posed in a living still-life portrait at the fence pointed directly at me. Not only that, the cow, which was mostly brown with splashes of white was staring at me. I swear. He was looking right at me.

I stopped to look at him. “Mooo,” came the short, abbreviated announcement from the cow. He didn’t blink. He didn’t move. It wasn’t a prolonged “moo.” It was short and straight to the point, “I’m a cow.”

It was so unusual. One cow in the middle of thousands of acres standing in the one spot next to my sister-in-law’s car and pointing directly at me, his eyes fixed on me. What are the odds? I could see this cow with each passing truck and car’s headlights splashing across the landscape.

I turned my attention back to the hubcap. I began to stab at it from all angles. I bent it. I hit it. It was not budging.

After wrestling with the hubcap for about 15 minutes, I decided to look for an owner's manual. "Mooo."

I looked at the cow. The cow looked at me. I got into the passenger side of the car and quickly found the owner's manual in the glove compartment. I pulled it out and reached up behind me to turn on the interior dome light. I flicked it on and it popped on. Then quickly off. Yes. The dome light was burned out.

This meant I had to turn on the headlights to the car and sit on the ground in front of the Buick while trying to read the manual, which I did. "Mooo."

'Yes. I know. But I still don't understand or speak 'cow.' '

I sat down in front of the car's headlight on the passenger side. The gravel was loose but hard on the part of the shoulder I was sitting on. Now, those of you who have ever tried to read an owner's manual by the light of the headlights to a car, any car, know that there is way too much light focused way too far down the road to serve as a reading lamp.

I'm sure there are millions of people that have done this... Right? Anyone? Anyone at all, besides me?

That explains why reading lamps do not have the size or luminescence of Buick headlights. Right? Mystery solved.

Still, you try to move the manual in areas of light where it's not too bright and not too dark. As I began to move the manual around, a drop of water hit the manual. Then another drop. Big drops that did not look like cow spit. Yes, that's spit.

Within a few seconds, there was a deluge of rain. I tried to tough it out on the ground but there was no way. I had to retreat to the unlit, front passenger seat of the Buick.

“Mooo.”

That’s right, the cow was so stupid, it didn’t even move when it started raining. And I swear to you, he kept staring at me. The cow did not move. And he repeated the same short “mooo” at different times. I do not respect the mental capacity of a cow. I think they taste good, I love milk and cheese but other than that, cows are stupid.

But this cow, especially in retrospect, seemed different somehow. This was a magical cow. I was beginning to understand something cosmic about this chance encounter with a representative of the Bovine universe, probably temporary and possibly the result of a time warp which had brought this cow to this point in time just for me.

OK. If you were reading that thinking I was serious at all, then...

As I sat in the borrowed Buick, and a car or truck passed by in either direction about every 3 – 5 minutes, the rain beating down on the roof, I looked over at the cow with each passing car’s flash of light. The cow was not moving.

Yes, in the spirit of full disclosure, I mooed back at the cow from inside the Buick. After all there was no one around and I was somewhere between bored and fearing that my skeletal remains would one day be found in a borrowed Buick next to a sinister cow from another planet. And if you drove a Buick from that era, you know that “Buick” was much more depressing than “borrowed,” and much more depressing than “coffin.” I was also not planning on writing about the cow some 30+ years later. So, yes, I mooed. But it was only a joke.

I looked in my duffle bag in the back seat and found a jacket thinking I might could sit on the ground, ignore the soaking through to my underwear, use the jacket to cover my head and the owner's manual and possibly find out why the hub cap to this uber-Buick would not budge.

I got out of the car. The cow stared at me. One cow. Thousands of acres. I cannot tell you how much this one cow was beginning to weigh on my conscience. And still does to this day.

I struggled to find light from the headlights and keep the jacket in my left hand simultaneously over the manual and my head while holding the manual with my right hand. I tried turning pages with my chin, then my nose. I tried positioning the manual with one hand as I held the jacket in the other hand. The light was either too bright or too dark. When I would find "tires" in the index of the owner's manual, the jacket would fall down or the manual would slip and I would see the pages turn with the momentum that would pull the manual completely closed. I tried this enough times that I am certain that I proved the old adage, "Doing the same thing over and over expecting a different result, is the definition of insanity."

"Mooo." YES! I KNOW! Forget the ice bucket challenge. I want to see all of America sitting on roadsides trying to read their car manuals by the light of their car's headlights.

I retreated back to the car. I was soaked. I was past being exasperated. This was not happening. It seemed surreal. I pulled out the lug nut wrench and went back to the hubcap. I decided brute force was all that was lacking. I beat the crap out of that hubcap.

It didn't budge. I was so wet and now I was also sore from fighting a hubcap. This hubcap was superhuman as was the cow.

IT WAS THAT DAMN COW. The Buick... The Cow...
UNREAL!

I would bend it ever so slightly all around the edges but I had yet to even catch a glimpse of a lug nut. Buick made a crappy car but one helluva hubcap.

Once again I retreated to the passenger seat.

The cow continued to stare.

I realized that my Christianity was all I had left. Those of you who are not Christians should understand that I was one of those Christians that believed in miracles. I believe most atheists want to see a miracle - in fact when I YouTube atheists, I'm impressed by them for a variety of reasons. But most of all I'm impressed that the main reason many give for not believing in Creation, is because they don't see how a loving God could sit there and watch the enormous evil occur. That's a really good reason for not believing in a Creator.

The reason I believe they're atheists is in part because they don't believe they've ever seen any evidence of a loving God. And, after about 60 minutes of trying to beat a hubcap in a downpour next to a single, mind bending super cow, I was ready for a miracle or to become an Atheist - there was no middle ground left! I had no other choices. I was out of options. I deduced that this was exactly what the Almighty was asking of me. He wanted me to believe.

I prayed, "Please God, help me get out of here..."

I probably said a little more than that, but what was to happen next, you would not believe even if you were there. Some 30+ years later, I still wonder if what happened, really happened.

Within 15 seconds of praying this simple but heartfelt prayer, a car's headlights came over the hill behind me and I could see by the way the lights were moving over my shoulders that there was a car pulling to the shoulder of the highway directly behind me.

Now, even as a person believing in and asking for a miracle, the next thought in my mind was not, "Wow... there's an angel in a car about to rescue me." It was, "I wonder if this is a homicidal maniac ready to hack me to death with his hatchet here in the middle of nowhere next to one witness, a super smart and brilliant cow, who most likely, given the depths of our budding relationship, will be able to claw a description of the murderer in the dirt for the police, if he is able to get away from the suicidal killer." Which was somehow comforting to me.

Remember the Seinfeld episode where George is convinced that God is out to get him, and Jerry says, "I thought you didn't believe in God...?" "I do for the bad things," George answered.

That's the dichotomy of belief with both those believing in miracles and those doubting their possibility. Maybe, if there's a God, He's there to screw with our minds by causing all these crazy things in the world to happen.

The rain was slowing to a drizzle so I stepped out of the Buick and began a careful shuffle towards the car that had stopped 50 yards behind me. It had stopped within 30 seconds of my prayer to God. This is not an exaggeration.

As I stepped cautiously toward the car, it's lights on bright beam, it's wipers flicking back and forth, throwing rainwater to and fro, I could not believe my eyes.

This was a complete and total miracle. Behind me was a taxi. A Yellow Cab of all things. At 2:30AM in the middle of nowhere on

the shoulder of the road, about one minute after I had just asked God to help me.

Still, something didn't seem exactly kosher about the taxi's position and, as a truck passed over the hill behind us, I could see the silhouette of the taxi driver. Steven Spielberg could not have set the scene any better. The taxi driver sat in perfect silhouette, smoking a cigarette, the smoke visible in the reflection of the car's interior lights.

I again proceeded cautiously toward the taxi. Suddenly, the taxi's driver-side door flew open. The driver fell out, holding onto the steering wheel to keep from literally falling to the ground next to his taxi. I could see that he was a black man and he had that look of someone from Nigeria or Somalia. He yelled five syllables with a thick African accent that were incomprehensible. This stopped me. It could have stopped a SWAT team in New Jersey. This guy was not right.

The cow still hadn't budged.

Even though it was 1986, I was a teenager during the seventies as integration had begun in America. Blacks and whites at that time had vastly different cultures, especially in the south. The dialects of the then different cultures made it hard to understand one another at times. But, the societal norm had evolved far enough by 1986 that those of us who wanted to keep things together and harmonious, were willing to struggle through the varying pronunciations of the English language in order to move towards a more harmonious existence. Translation: I was willing to risk being hacked to death by a homicidal maniac at the expense of a positive move toward better race relations.

"I'm sorry...???" I said in a feeble attempt to coax a clearer pronunciation from the Taxi Driver who was, I cannot emphasize this enough, holding onto the steering wheel with his right hand in

order to keep from falling face first onto the concrete next to his taxi.

Again, the five syllables were a foreign language to me, “Ooo aaa aannn uhh uhh.”

“Sorry...???” as I edged toward the taxi even more cautiously. “I can’t understand...???” I made sure that his lights caught the biggest smile on my face possible.

With each passing car going the opposite direction on the other side of Interstate 20, which had at least 50 yards of median between the eastbound and westbound lanes, there was enough light to see a black man whose eyes seemed to be popping out of his head like a cartoon character. He was drunk or stoned or both. And he was about to set a Guinness Book of World Records for his blood alcohol content. I could see this in a drizzling rain, on the shoulder of a highway, at 2:30AM from about 100 feet away.

The same five syllables said slower and louder represented our next attempt to communicate. Imagine the person who talks more slowly and louder so the blind man can hear him better, and that’s what was happening. He was so drunk that he could not possibly enunciate words from the English language that were already a second language to him anyway.

“Mooo.”

I looked at the cow that had not moved. It was still staring directly at me. I stood in the middle of the east-bound shoulder of Interstate 20, about 90 miles east of Dallas, Texas, at the one point in the United States that a dart would have to hit on a map if you were aiming at, “the middle of nowhere.” A cow that perhaps had been sent by aliens or was actually an experiment of the CIA stood watch. It was obviously trying to communicate to me and I was

beginning to think that I was the one lacking in communication skills.

I looked at the taxi driver in the middle of nowhere who arrived within 60 seconds of me asking God to send me some help.

The five syllables came again and I could make out the first word, “You.”

I took another step towards the taxi driver to let him know that I wanted to hear him but I wasn’t so insane as to get close enough to allow his first hatchet swing to catch much of the meat of my arm.

The taxi driver pulled himself up and over the door that he was now fully leaning on. He took a deep breath and spoke ever so slowly, but loud enough to drown out the cow as well as most of the Mack Trucks driving down the road, “You – Are – Danj–Er–Us.”

I got it, finally. “You are dangerous,” was the message from God delivered through a stoned, drunk taxi driver of recent African emigration in the middle of nowhere next to a cow that was possibly from another planet, in anticipation of both my need and my prayer. I like to think that God is ahead of me in thinking and planning, which, by the way, doesn’t require much of God.

It took about 3 seconds for the message to sink inside of me. As I processed this message in the context of a miraculous answer to prayer, I refocused on the taxi driver. The taxi driver fell back into his car. He reached out what looked to be a rubber left arm and latched onto the handle to the car door, pulling it shut with a fierce slam. I could hear him yank the car into drive, the bright beams still on. He spun the tires in the loose gravel without even a glance behind him. He turned sharply to miss me and drove up onto Interstate 20 eastbound, careened across the median, onto the west-bound lanes, shot back through the grassy, wet median, onto

my side of eastbound Interstate 20, sped up and disappeared over the next hill.

As God or godlessness as my witness, that happened just as I have related it to you. It's the truth and it's not embellished in the least.

The cow had still not moved an inch in all of this. I was left to ponder the meaning of the taxi driver and his message in the context of my expected miracle tire inflation, which, by the way, had not yet occurred. I stood on the shoulder of an interstate highway at about 2:30 in the morning, incapable of removing a hubcap, numb from a message from a taxi driver I no doubt would never see again, in a borrowed Buick, "You are dangerous." A cow was staring at me the entire time.

What did this mean? You are dangerous....??? Dain-Jer-Ous??

The chapters of this book have numbers that are not in order.

There is a reason for this.

There are many more chapters not included in this book.

So, as you go through the book, follow the pages.

Do not let the chapter number order confuse you.

There's a really good reason for this diversion from normalcy.

Want to know what happened with the cow? The Buick? The taxi?

I'm happy to tell you. Just contact me.