

WHY CAN'T LIFE BE LIKE PIZZA?

By Andy V. Roamer

Excerpt Chapter 1 - 3

Chapter 1

A New Life

The world is a cruel place. We all know it's true, but when you're a kid in the womb they don't tell you that. "Oh, my darling, I can't wait to hold you and kiss you," says Mom, putting her hands lovingly on her swelling stomach. "He's going to be a real go-getter," says Dad, putting his hands on Mom's stomach too. "He'll be in The World Series. Or maybe the first man on Mars." "I don't care what *she* or he accomplishes," corrects Mom, putting Dad in his place. "We will love *her* or him whether *she* or he goes to Mars or not."

"Oh, wow!" the kid thinks. "I can't wait to be born. The World Series. Going to Mars. The world is a cool place."

Wrong. First of all, my parents don't talk about the World Series or Mars, like many American parents do. My parents are immigrants. They are trying to make a better life for themselves in the United States, so they don't have time to worry about such trivial things as sports or space travel. They are concerned with serious stuff: politics, war, communism, fascism, and the fact that they survived turmoil and jail so I-better-be-grateful-I'm-not-miserable-like-kids-in-other-parts-of-the-world.

Grateful? Ha! As far as I'm concerned, life is pretty miserable already. Instead of thinking about the World Series or Disneyland, I worry about terrorists down the street or the dirty bombs that the strange family around the corner might be building.

I don't know why I worry about everything, but I do. It's probably in my genes. Other guys have genes that gave them big muscles or hairy chests. I got nerves.

And then there's my name. RV. Yeah, RV. No, I'm not a camper or anything. RV is short for Arvydas. That's right. "Are-vee-duh-s." Mom and Dad say it's a common name in Lithuania, which is the country in Eastern Europe where my parents were born. A name like that might be fine for Lithuania, but what about the United States? Couldn't Mom and Dad have named me Joe, or Mike, or even Darryl? My brother, Ray, has a normal name. Why couldn't they have given me one?

I even look a little weird, I think. Tall, skinny, with an uncoordinated walk because of my big feet that get in the way and make me feel like a clod. Oh, yeah. I've been getting some zits lately, and I wear glasses, since I'm pretty nearsighted. Not a pretty sight, is it? At least the glasses are not that thick. Mom and Dad don't have a lot of money to spend, but they did fork up the money to get me thin lenses, so I don't look like a complete zomboid.

What can I do? I try my best, despite it all. I'm lucky because I've done well in school, so at least my genes gave me a half-decent brain. Hey, I'm not bragging. It's just nice to feel good about something when most days I feel pretty much of a loser at so many things. When I was in grammar school, there were enough days when I came home from school and cried because some big oaf threatened me or I got hit in the stomach during my pathetic attempts to play ball during recess.

Mom always tried to comfort me. "*Nesirūpink*," she would say. "*Esi gabus. Kai užaugsi, visiems nušluostysi nuosis.*" We talk Lithuanian at home Translated, that sentence means, "Don't worry. You're smart. When you grow up, you'll show them." Actually, not "you'll show them," but "you'll wipe all their noses." Lithuanians have a funny way of expressing themselves. Not sure I aspire to wiping anyone's nose when I get older, but that's what they say.

Whatever. I'm determined to put all that behind me. I'm starting a new life. My new life. Today was the first day of high school. I'm going to Boston Latin School. You have to take an exam to go there, so it's full of smart kids. Besides smart kids, it has heavy-duty history, too. It was founded in 1635, a year before Harvard. They already gave us a speech about that.

And about pressure. The pressure to succeed with all this history breathing down our necks. Pressure, ha! Doesn't scare me. I know all about pressure. I've gotten pressure from cretinous bullies at school. I get it from cretinous Lithuanian a-holes, who Mom and Dad keep pushing me to hang around with because they say it's important to be part of the immigrant community. And I even get pressure from cretinous jerks in the neighborhood.

Cretinous. A good word. That's something else about me. I like words. Real words and made-up words. There's something cool about them. Yeah, yeah, I know what people would say. You think words are cool? Kid, you've got more problems than you thought.

Well, I'm sorry. I do think words are cool. There's something fun about making them up or learning a new one. Kind of unlocks something in the world. And I like the world despite all my worrying. It can be an okay place sometimes.

Okay, okay, I'm getting off track. I want to write about my first day of school. Mom and Dad gave me this new (used) computer for getting into Latin School, and they keep after me to make good use of it. So I've decided I'm going to write about my new life. My life away from cretins—Lithuanian, American, or any other kind.

The first person I met at school today was Carole. Carole Higginbottom. She's in my homeroom. She was sitting in the first row, first seat, and I was sitting right behind her. We started talking. She's from West Roxbury, too, which is where we live.

West Roxbury is part of Boston. You have to live somewhere in Boston in order to go to Latin School. West Roxbury is a nice neighborhood for most part with houses, trees, grass, and people going to work and coming home. Kind of an all-American place, I guess. We used to live in a different, tougher part of Boston, but Mom and Dad moved away from there because they said that neighborhood was getting too rough. They promised I wouldn't get beat up so much in West Roxbury. I don't know. West Roxbury is better, but I still have gotten more than my share of black-and-blue marks with "made in West Roxbury" on them, so as far as I'm concerned West Roxbury isn't any perfect place, either.

Carole lives in another part of West Roxbury, near Centre Street, which is the main street in the area. Kids like to hang out there. Mom

says that part of West Roxbury is a little dicey. (Mom thinks a lot of neighborhoods are too dicey. Maybe that's where I get my worrying from.) Anyway, Carole sure doesn't seem dicey. As a matter of fact, Carole's a little goofy. She's tall and skinny, with red hair, red cheeks, and a million freckles. And she has a really sharp nose that curves up like those special ski slopes you see in the Olympics. But I get the feeling she's smart. She says she likes science. That's good because I might need help with science. I'm better with other subjects like history and English.

Our homeroom teacher is Mr. Bologna, Carmine Bologna. He's a little scary with slicked back dark hair and even darker eyes that stare at you forever. He looks like he's part of that organization we're not supposed to talk about—you know, the scary one from Italy that's into murder, racketeering, and drugs. Two guys were horsing around in the back of the class and Mr. Bologna came right up to them, said a few words under his breath, and just stared at them. Boy, did they settle down fast. Not that I'm a troublemaker, but I'll really have to watch myself. Don't want to deal with that Bologna stare if I can help it.

Today was mostly about walking around, learning about our subjects, and meeting teachers. Besides all the regular subjects, I have to take Latin. I don't have anything against it per se, but is it really necessary to learn a dead language? And then there's the teacher, Mr.

Aniso. He's kind of light in his loafers. That's another new phrase I learned recently. It refers to gay guys, and Mr. Aniso is so gay it hurts. I just hope he can't tell anything about me. I don't wave my wrist around the way he does, do I?

Yeah, that's something else I have to come to terms with. I might be heading in that direction. Yeah, me. I can hardly believe it. Me! Why? It can't be true, can it? I've been praying to God all summer asking Him not to make me gay but I don't think He's listening. If He exists that is. Maybe that's why He's not answering because He doesn't exist.

I don't know. People on TV and in books say being gay is OK. There are gay mayors and other gay people in government. That's fine for them, but they don't live with my family. Mom's a heavy-duty church-going person. Dad's a macho, what-me-cry? kind of guy. And my younger brother, Ray, well, Ray probably doesn't care one way or another, but he doesn't count anyway, since he hates everybody. And then there are all the Lithuanians, that community that's so important to Mom and Dad. I don't think being gay would go down well with them.

Not that I am gay for certain. I'm just saying it's crossed my mind because... well, because I think about guys sometimes. And I notice them. Notice how they look when they're coming down the street.

Notice their eyes or their hair or if they look back at me. Just notice them.

I try to notice girls, too, but there's something about guys that's different. I think about them a lot and I want to be with them. Is that normal? What's normal anyway?

Dealing with all this is just too much. To be nervous about things the way I am. To be speaking a language that most people haven't heard of. To have a strange name. To wear glasses and look nerdy. And now I might be gay? I might as well start on anti-depressants, or something stronger, right now.

But no. Like I said, I try to look on the bright side of things. Take Carole for instance. She seems normal and nice, and maybe we'll be friends. And if she likes me, I can't be that weird, can I? I guess I'll find out. I better not think about it. There's enough to worry about without thinking about that. I just have to take a breath and focus on my homework. Yeah, we got homework already. At least that's one thing I'm good at.

Chapter 2

What's My Heritage?

Being Lithuanian is a big part of our lives. I had to go to Lithuanian school on Saturdays until last spring, when I finished 8th grade. Every Saturday for 8 years, except during summers. That's a big chunk of my life.

Makes you think about how precious life is. And you don't want to waste any of it.

Maybe that's why Ray is so bent out of shape so often. He still goes to Litsky School, as we call it. He probably thinks he's wasting his life even more than I did. And now that I don't have to go anymore he's jealous.

Well, too bad. I put on my time, and he has to also. Besides, it's not like I don't have to do other Lithuanian stuff. The whole family often goes to Lithuanian church on Sundays. As I said, Mom's really into the church, and she even sings in the choir, so she makes sure we all go, practically every Sunday.

There are a whole bunch of other "Lith" events, too: picnics, parties, dances, lectures, visits from people in Lithuania who give talks and perform. That's fine, some of these things aren't so bad. But some of them are for the birds. And they usually happen on Sundays. A great way to spend your half your weekend.

Whenever Ray and I grumble and ask why we have to go to yet another Lith event, Mom and Dad always say one thing. “*Čia jūsų paveldas.*” Because it’s your heritage.”

Heritage. If I’ve heard the word once I’ve heard it a thousand times. Heritage. Heritage. Heritage. What does it mean? The dictionary says it’s your inheritance, your birthright. What does that mean? Mom and Dad use that word as an excuse for a lot of things: They don’t want us to talk English in the house. They want us to have more Lithuanian friends. They make us go to Lithuanian school and Lithuanian church. They feed us strange Lithuanian food. Where is it all going to end?

I understand history and all that. Mom and Dad came here a few years after Lithuania freed itself from the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union was run by communists, and Mom and Dad didn’t like living under the communists. Even when they were my age, they marched and protested and went to jail, trying to get the communists to leave. When they finally did and Lithuania became free in 1990, Mom and Dad still weren’t happy. They said the capitalists who took over the country were almost as bad as the communists. So they moved to America for a better life. (My parents have since learned there are a lot of capitalists here too, but they say American capitalists are better than Lithuanian ones, though not by much.)

Even though they went through a lot to get here, I'm not sure Mom and Dad are any happier to be here in the U.S. They complain about this country constantly. Especially Dad. This thing isn't good in the U.S. or that thing was better in Lithuania. If he's not happy here I'm sorry. What am I supposed to do about it? Am I stuck with his heritage? I have my hands full managing my own life. I have my own heritage, don't I?

If you tell Mom and Dad you want a life of your own, that maybe you don't want to go to some stupid event, they don't like to hear it.

"Look at the So-and-So," they tell us. "Their kids aren't sitting at home in front of the TV." Except of course they say it in Lithuanian, referring to snooty families with kids who got good marks in Lithuanian School and are active in a bunch of Lithuanian organizations. Super Liths, I call them. Mom and Dad, especially Dad, want us to be Super Liths, too. Too bad if we're just regular Liths. Sure we watch TV. But no more than the average all-American kid.

But that's just it. Mom and Dad always seem to be afraid we're turning into regular Americans. What's wrong with that? I don't know why, but the idea scares them. "You're not just Americans, they keep repeating. "You're *Lithuanian*-Americans."

With an emphasis on Lithuanian.

"We were born here," my brother likes to remind them, speaking in English.

“If you born in barn, you horse?” Dad replies in his wonderful English.

You just can’t win. So we go to all those events. And keep our mouths shut. At least I do, even if Ray keeps grumbling.

Mom understands our frustration a little more than Dad. Even though being a Lith is important to her, I think she likes being an American, too. She has a lot of American friends, and goes to movies and shows with them when she can. Dad doesn’t do any of that. I don’t think he has any friends who aren’t from the old country. If he wants to have fun, he goes to the Lith Club.

Ah, the Lith Club. How often have we been dragged there? The Lithuanian Club is in South Boston, which is where a lot of Lithuanians settled when they arrived in Boston a long time ago. It’s an all-purpose club. Upstairs is a hall where we hear concerts, see plays, and listen to boring speeches about Lithuanian politics and history. Downstairs in the basement is a pizza joint. The cool people escape there and have some of the delicious Lithuanian food they serve besides pizza: like potato dumplings with sour cream and bacon. Or soup from beets with more sour cream. Really good for your arteries. The pizza is about the healthiest thing there.

On the ground floor is a bar, which is really good for your liver. Dad goes there. That’s his escape. He says it’s a good place to get away

from life's daily troubles and relax with his friends. I guess these guys feel they went through a lot escaping the Communists, and now they need to escape problems here in this country. But sometimes I feel they spend more time escaping than doing anything else.

Today we had to go to the Lith Club because a chorus from Lithuania was performing. Mom used to sing in choruses in Lithuania when she was growing up, so she loves going to these concerts. Ray escaped the concert as he usually does, disappearing somewhere, probably hanging out with his cool friends at the pizza joint downstairs. I'm not a cool kid, so I stayed upstairs as I usually do. Sometimes I can sneak to the back, find a quiet corner, and read a book. Sometimes I'm actually interested in what's going on. And sometimes I have to hang out with my cousins, the Shalinskai.

Their name is pronounced Sh-ahh-linss-kai. I call them the S-heads, ha ha. They're Mom's relatives who live in Wellesley, a ritzy suburb of Boston. We don't see them much, which is fine by me. They're Super Liths, too, but snooty in polite kind of way, which makes them even harder to take. They have two kids: Jonas, who's sixteen, and Jolanda, who's thirteen. Jonas already knows he's going to be a doctor like his father, who's a surgeon. And Jolanda is going to be a model because she's so beautiful.

Mom's not even sure how they're related. Some distant cousin supposedly fell in love with another distant cousin in the old country. But

I think that's not the whole story. From what I know of history in that part of the world, some Cossack raped some farm girl before bringing her back to meet his folks. That's how they did things in those days.

The S-heads were at the concert today. Jonas and Jolanda were even part of the program, giving a welcome greeting to the singers. Jolanda recited a poem she wrote. Not that I know my way around poetry, but I do know my way around BS, that's for sure.

After he finished with his part of the program, Jonas came up to me at the back of the hall, where I was quietly reading my book. "Hey, RV. So how's life at Latin School?" he asked.

"Ok," I said, shrugging my shoulders. I didn't want to go into any details. Jonas goes to some fancy prep school and his mother keeps bragging how great his grades are.

He looked at the book in my hands. "What are you reading?" I showed him the book, *The Heart of Darkness*. "I'm reading it for school!"

"Oh! The horror! The horror!" said Jonas making a face. "Isn't that what the guy says at the end?"

"I don't know. I haven't gotten to the end yet. But thanks for telling me."

"Oh, sorry RV," Jonas didn't seem concerned. "Don't worry, not much happens. Just say it's about man's inhumanity to man and how

Western countries exploited Africa, and you'll get an A for your book report."

Jonas can be a real snoot. I thought of the unlucky people who would be Jonas's patients. "Oh, you have cancer? So sorry, dude. Go get some radiation and call me in the morning."

I was trying to think of an excuse to escape Jonas when he suggested I go downstairs with him and his friends.

I started to shake my head but Jonas insisted. "Come on, RV," he said. "We don't spend enough time together. You don't want to listen to these boring singers do you?"

He was right on that point. I wasn't much into music anyway, and certainly didn't care about singers from 6000 miles away.

So I agreed.

B-a-a-d move!! We went downstairs to the pizza joint. I didn't see Ray who wouldn't have wanted to hang out with me anyway. I had a pizza with Jonas and some of his friends, which was fine. When he's not being snooty, Jonas can be fun, and I was starting to have a good time.

But then everyone went out back somewhere behind the bar. Jonas took out some cigarettes and a bottle of some kind and passed everything around. I tried to say no at first, but that didn't go over too well. "Oh, come on, RV?" "We won't tell anyone, RV." "You're in high school now, RV."

So I joined them. I don't know much I smoked or how many drinks I had, but by the time I went back upstairs, I was feeling pretty lousy. The singers had stopped singing, and my parents were now sitting around big tables with the S-heads and other friends, eating and drinking and having a good time, which they often do after these events. Just the smell of food about did me in, though, and before I could make it to the bathroom, I threw up all over the floor.

Needless to say, Mom and Dad weren't pleased. I told them I wasn't feeling well, which was true. They looked a little suspicious, but they didn't give me a hard time. They said it was time to go home and found my brother, who reappeared from somewhere. Who knows what he was doing, but he looked fine. How come he can get away with God-knows-what, and I can't?

As we walked out of the hall I passed by Jonas.

He gave me a fake look of concern "RV. Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

Another person who can get away with God-knows-what, I thought. Everyone can get away with things except me.

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I'm sitting here trying to do some homework, but I can't concentrate. I'm still thinking about the stupid concert. Why did I let Jonas talk me into going downstairs? What was I trying to prove?

Sometimes I feel like I'm made of different parts and I can't figure out how they all fit together anymore. In the beginning of my life, the Lithuanian stuff was the most important. If I left it to Mom and Dad, it still would be. But they'll have to accept that I'm starting a new life and maybe things are changing. The Lith stuff is part of me, but there are a lot of other parts, too. More important parts,

It's good to sit here in front of the computer and let it out. When I do, I usually feel better. Maybe I can catch up on some homework now. Even though it's only the start of the school year, we already have a ton of work to do. I can see a lot of kids at Latin School are even smarter than I thought. You have to work hard to keep up with them. At least I know I can work hard. Maybe that's my heritage.

Chapter 3

Mesmerized

Amo Amas Amat

Amo Amas Amat

I love. You love. He or she loves.

That was us in Mr. Aniso's class today. Over and over again.

Conjugating "to love" in Latin.

We don't have conjugation in English, so some of the kids find the concept hard to wrap their minds around. Lithuanian works the same way, so I get it. And I don't hate that part.

What I do hate Mr. Aniso's way of teaching. He's so big on repetition. He was walking up and down the aisles, making all of us repeat the words over and over again. Like little robots.

If only Mr. Aniso knew what the kids were doing behind his back, maybe he'd stop walking up and down the aisles. Everyone makes faces and hand gestures that you wouldn't want to wish on your worst enemy. I suppose Mr. Aniso is partly to blame. Why does he swish so much? And his wrists are so limp they make spaghetti look tough by comparison.

If I turn out like that I'm going to kill myself. Really. I can't go through life like Mr. Aniso. His voice is another problem. He usually talks very softly, like a woman reading poetry. But when he gets irritated, his voice gets really high and screechy, and you just want to cover your ears and run out of the room.

I can't be gay. I can't be! Not if I'm going to sound like Mr. Aniso. I've been listening to my voice and I think it's getting a little too high for my own good. I'm going to buy a recorder and listen to myself talking out loud every night. Maybe I'll even read a few pages from a book. I think there's a way to make your voice deeper by moving the sounds you make to the back of your throat. I've got to practice that. Words come out a little scratchy, but at least they don't sound like a woman reading poetry.

I've been watching my hand and body movements, too. Not the most masculine, I have to admit. Like the way I raise my hand in class. I

hate the way I raise my hand! Why didn't I ever notice it before? My arm goes up slowly and kind of hangs there, like a wilted flower. It should shoot straight up, fast, like a rocket. And stay there—no wilting allowed. And when I put it down it should go back down with determination, not float down the way it does now, so namby-pamby like.

Sometimes I think no matter how hard I try to change things, the gay part of me is getting stronger and stronger. Like with Richie, Tommy, and Billy. Would anyone who's not remotely gay be as excited about Richie, Tommy, and Billy as I am?

I guess I have to explain everything and just get it out into the open. What good is trying to hide it? It's been happening for the last few weeks, hasn't it? The last few weeks? Ha! It's been happening all summer!

Okay, okay. Richie, Tommy, and Billy are twins. Well, not twins but whatever you call twins when they come in threes. Triplets! They're the Murphy triplets who live next door. I don't really know Richie, Tommy, and Billy very well, since they're older than I am by a couple of years. Being older, they've pretty much ignored me and I've ignored them—until this summer.

OK. This is really embarrassing, but, well... since my room is on the second floor of our house I can easily see into the second floor of the Murphys' house where their bedrooms are. Richie and Tommy share a

bedroom, and their windows are right across the windows from my room. All summer, Richie and Tommy walked around in their underwear. Billy gets a room all to himself. Why, I don't really know. Maybe because he's a jock. His room is a little farther off, so I can see only part of it. But I see enough to know that he likes to walk around in a bright yellow towel and nothing else.

I have to admit I like to watch the Murphys in their rooms. I keep my room dark, and I just stand and stare, taking peeks from my window, making sure they don't see me. Richie is short and pudgy, while Tommy is tall and skinny. Billy the jock has big bulging muscles. I just like to watch the different ways they way they move, not only when they walk around, but when they wrestle or jump on each other, or flick towels over their butts.

No. I don't just watch. I'm mesmerized. I can't stop watching, no matter how hard I try. Mesmerized is another good word I learned, although I don't know how good it is in this case. When you're mesmerized, it's like you don't have any power over the thing that has you mesmerized.

And I have to admit something else. I get an erection when I'm watching the Murphys. I just started getting erections recently and don't really know very much about them. I do know it's not something you can ask your parents about, at least not mine, since they're still more

concerned with capitalists and Communists than erections. But does it mean I'm gay? Does it really mean I'm gay?

That's what I've been praying about most of all—my erections. I said I wasn't sure about God. But I haven't given up praying. Just in case. "O God, why do you give me erections when I see guys? Why don't I get them when I see girls on the beach? Why are you doing this to me? Why? Why?"

Sometimes when I pray I throw in other people, too—Jesus, John the Baptist, some of the prophets, even The Virgin Mary. "Guys, I really can't deal with being gay. I'm going to have a nervous breakdown. I don't know if it's right or wrong or in-between. I just know it would make my life even harder. So you've got to change how things are going. Please."

I thought maybe someone up there was listening when I found a new copy of one of those men's magazines the week before. It was outside our supermarket, so someone must have dropped it when they were taking their groceries to the car. One man's trash is another man's treasure! I scooped it up and brought it home before anyone could see me.

I've been looking at all the naked women in it, ever since. It's one of those special retrospective issues, and my favorites are Miss January and Miss July from last year. But as pretty as those women are, my penis doesn't react the way it does with the Murphys. It's so depressing. I just

think of the Murphys and it gets erect. Immediately. But with Miss January or Miss July, let's just say it's a different story.

Can it be true? Can it really be true? I'm one off *them*? There's one more thing I have to get off my chest. When I go back to bed after watching Richie, Tommy, and Billy, I touch myself. You know, down there. Masturbation. The Big M. I started doing the Big M last year, though this summer it's really gotten out of control. Good Catholics, aren't supposed to do the Big M. Yeah, we're Catholic. I said Mom makes us go to church every Sunday, Lithuanian church. I don't know if Lithuanian Catholics are any different from other Catholics, but I do know the priests at our church aren't big on masturbation. Not that they talk about it directly in their sermons, but they do talk about sex a lot, so I'm pretty sure they're not too wild about it.

Besides church, my grammar school was Catholic, too. It was run by nuns. Serious nuns. They brought in Father Flynn to teach ethics and talk about sex. I have to admit Father Flynn danced around the Big M issue when it came up. He said as good Catholics we're supposed to strive for an ideal, which is to get married and have children. "That's the highest expression of sex," he said. But when we pressed him and asked about other expressions of sex that maybe weren't so high but still pretty good, he admitted they existed. "I know we can't always live up to our ideals," he added, not looking too happy, "and that life isn't perfect."

Life isn't perfect? Hello! I could have told you that the minute I came out of the womb. I strive for the ideal, too. Every time I start doing the Big M, I try not think about Richie or Tommy but about Miss January and Miss July. I really do. I make their pictures ten times larger in my mind and even came up with names for them: Loretta and Bonnie. I've started whispering their names for added punch. "Loretta I love you." "Bonnie, kiss me." But it doesn't work too well. Nine times out of ten, when I'm doing the Big M, pictures of Richie or Frankie or Tommy come into my mind, not pictures of Miss January or Miss July.

Does God really hate me for that? Why doesn't He answer my prayers? I feel so helpless. I wish I knew whether He even exists or not. I wish I didn't care. But I do care. Why is life so complicated?

As I said, I haven't given up praying. That's something else I took away from my first eight years at a religious school, I suppose. You have to have faith. I keep hoping things will get clear to me someday. And meanwhile, I try not to get too worked up about my life. One has to keep going, right? Maybe everyone up there doesn't answer me because they're just too busy answering other people. I know there are a lot of problems in this world, so maybe it's just a long waiting line, and we all have to take a number. Whether it's true or not, believing it makes me feel better. So, I'm waiting. I just hope I'll get to the head of the line sooner rather than later.

