



*Our time has come.  
A plan/proposal for  
world peace.*

## **Stink Book**

by Mark Anthony Cook

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*Stink  
Book*

*Mark Anthony Cook*

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# 1

## WHAT'S UP?

The human endeavor. The plight of humanity. The eternal journey of the eternal spirit – live in action! In the flesh, baby. Perhaps reincarnated – lifetimes – culminating toward the very purpose we collectively share, here and now.

Now ... There is no greater time than now! Now is the time! Perhaps it is only now, when humankind has matured enough, to both personally and collectively improve upon our ways – considerably.

I'm laughing at the entrance of this chapter, because it's always difficult for me to take even my own self that serious. Although, as I begin drafting notes together for this chapter, I'm listening to Pink Floyd's *Wish You Were Here*, which has me feeling seriously good while I do my thing. Before this book concludes, you will learn just how much of a positive effect Pink Floyd has had on this guy throughout the years. You as well? Then I know what you are about to do before you continue reading.

Where were we? We've been to hell and back. And around and around we go. Where it all actually started and when it all truly ends, nobody really knows. Many people strongly believing that there shall be life after death, in a better place called Heaven. Again, nobody knows for sure. All the same, nobody really knows the extent of the actuality, as exact as it can be defined.

What makes me so sure about eternal life? One way is nature's countless clues, in sync with perfect timing of thought, as mere coincidence chimes during occurrence, time and time again, as the circles of communication repeat. More on that later.

It's been said we need a new religion. No. Recognizing the common philosophy extracted from religion, as we come to embracing our most likely shared truths, will, in effect, help enable refreshed ground and a new adventure for humankind, as we of course mature in ways we are only now just becoming collectively capable of. Yes. Continued deduction/discussion, furthering comprehension in ways that suit us best (more to our liking). Time to clarify/update our shared beliefs in our best interests (get realistic).

## WHAT'S UP?

The idea that life on Earth for each of us is temporary, with only one go around, before we are then judged to determine if it were to then become much better or worse, is an ancient scare tactic – at best, no offense. Centers too much on a all or nothing reward system requiring unnecessary sacrifice, ultimately creating unreasonable complications. A primitive way to keep people in-line (fear mongering).

We live in a well-educated, yet suffering world, and that damning sort of view creates an unnecessary guilt complex deep in the psyche – let alone the effect regarding immediate behavior, resulting from the imperfect beings that we be. Only dogs need walk with their tail between their legs.

Same as most of you, I've come to trust in my heart before I trust in another person's written words, and it should go just the same with this book for any of the many readers to come.

Ultimately, there is no need to prove a greater truth, when recognition of more reasonable and likely potentials were to enable better quality of life, all the way around, here and now, from here on. Outcomes convincing us of greater truths, all the while revealing greater potential – lending confirmation – solidifying confidence.

Considerations ... Contemplation ... Connections. Welcome to the realizations! We are who we are. We do what we do ... It is what it is. I am who I am. You are (indeed) whom you are – like it or not.

Human history is mind boggling. Our species and earthbound act has to be the wildest thing going on anywhere! What are the odds? As the story unfolds ... It's likely that we are only just getting started, and on that note, it's about to get way better for many, many people.

“It” doesn't wait for you. We need to recognize when “it” comes and climb on board.

No doubt about it. The diversity of climate, ecosystems and the abundant variety of life that this incredible blue jewel hosts is beyond fucking phenomenal. The human experience takes the prize. Has to be the most amazing thing going on anywhere. The love. The brutality. The capabilities ... Unbelievable, to say the least.

Could very well be that our entire race is on the verge of ceasing war, even as we now trek deeper into our darkest hours. Just imagine

if we were to unite in new understanding, inciting new ways of operating, as we truly meet the needs – on a personal level – reflective on a global scale. It's possible. And it's no longer unimaginable. We can realize greater potential.

As most of you would agree (I'm sure of it), too many of our problems are due to a severe lack of funding, while on the other hand, the powers that be print money out of thin air – in order to fund exploits and takeovers. Never mind that it's offensive and rather insulting to the most of us, but more importantly, it's high-time we do something about the many problems that are actually crippling us. Suppressing us.

Abuse of power. Failure to set the better examples capable of, notwithstanding the secretive ideas of the type of thinkers truly in charge, undermining governments, and stripping otherwise good people of every remaining shred of integrity. Sigh ...

It's alright. There is no changing our past. That much we know for sure. Yet, much like individuals who eventually get their act together, same goes for when we get our collective act together. When we like what we see in the mirror, clearly understanding how our past was part of developing who we truly are as nations of people. A race of people (family).

Takes time to mature. Takes forgiveness to let go of a grudge. Fuck resentments. We will of course have our share of disagreements throughout the ages, and God knows, people won't always get along. But, my God, our future is looking quite bright from where I'm now standing, and has come the time where all that has been written in regards, has now made its way to you, in the form of a book. A fucking book. Can you believe it? A book can be a lot of things, and a lot of things can make for a great book – if you're lucky – somehow managing to play your cards right.

Again, by way of book provides for an effective and lasting communication. A good method. Didn't need permission, or approval to write. Just willpower and persistence. No hoops to jump through. No need for bright lights and loud supportive crowds to help fuel the fire. Just raw/pure determination. Free of censorship. No deadlines. No need to buy a vote, or compromise a stitch of integrity. Belief.



And the ability to self-publish. Simple. Effective. The best way to connect with an entire world of people on the down-low – hands down.

Eh ... It's not too good to be true. Simply an offer too good to refuse at this point in time, is the number one goal with this opening book release. Even so, nothing becomes published until I'm convinced it contributes toward achieving the collective objective – peace among mankind.

If I'm not all that convincing, it's only one mind to soon be forgotten – among the madness and insanity that will likely get much worse before it gets better around here. This writer needs to be perfect, the way we people expect others to be. I'm far from perfect and I realize not everyone who comes to read is going to like or agree with what's being written. Perfect. It's to be expected. Nobody is that good at anything – ever. But, you can become good at what you do, and these days, I feel immense gratitude – for just the responsibility of it alone.

Rather than be judgmental, condemning and highly critical of other people, perhaps we can instead strive to become more nourishing and supportive? Less destructive and instead, more creative? The effort to truly improve upon the self and our collective way is calling our name ... Love is the way. There's no two ways about it. Love.

Perhaps if you and I were having a conversation over some lunch, you might ask, *What were you thinking when you first began writing?* Good question.

Long story short, was around 1995 I think, and I was a trainer at a very popular restaurant where I was waiting tables. Was rewriting the training program and found myself thinking about how I didn't want to go the management route. Mostly because the pay wasn't worth all the extra hours and the additional headaches. Besides, I then lacked maturation.

Back then, my mind was entering decision-making time (mode) and the considerations overwhelmed me one day, while lounging in the shade of a palm tree, while at the beach. I had a “religious moment.”

Thought about the years gone by and how I had spent money and time foolishly and recklessly. Thought long and hard about a major career change. Considered going to school. Wasn't calling me. Thought about becoming a personal trainer, but realized I like to party more. Then the voice in-mind I've grown to love and trust asked me about what I know ... *I wait tables*, I thought to myself.

I soon began to realize that maybe writing about my line of work may actually turn out to be my golden meal ticket – replacing gratuities with royalties. Maybe share some stories and a little expertise. Why not? Seemed like the smart/logical thing to do at the time.

Looking back, freshly excited about what the future may hold, was incredibly uplifting, to say the least. Write a book? I could do that. Maybe. At the time, I was already knee-deep in a training mindset. I quickly realized that, if successful, a book publishing could free-me-up considerably, potentially opening new doors. All I had to do was keep adding to the notes already being written and keep at it. See it all the way through.

Procrastinated for a few years until I became freshly inspired by a bigger picture – excuse included for why I couldn't write a waiter book (I'll be right with you) just yet.

Personal problems. Issues. Lack of commitment to grow and improve, etc., etc. As I was coming face to face with a major obstacle (me), it suddenly dawned on me one early morning during breakfast ... How the hell am I going to teach other servers how to make more money and have more fun at work, if most of them don't have their shit together to begin with? And how then was I supposed to help other people get it together, if I didn't even have my own act together? Dilemma/conundrum. Not really that big of a deal. But still. Was wishful thinking.

As be with many of you, I've learned how not to waste time by jumping into something too fast, but lucky for me, I had begun thinking more constructively. Besides that, something far more powerful than me was moving me along, as I now reflect.

Had that initial procrastination for two years before I developed better ideas for where the writing needed to begin, and then another

## *WHAT'S UP?*

two and a half years would come to pass, as I got some more of the craziness out of my system. Late nights and awesomely good times, and then there came a day like no other, toward the end of a heated summer, late 1999 ... I was ashamed of myself. I realized that I took a lot for granted – squandering true potential.

To answer the question, I was thinking about how I desired to help other people suffer less at their own doing and expense – as I would do so for myself, and write about it.

As it all comes back to me now, I remember how exciting it was to believe in something with meaning, and the actions put forth had me feeling pretty good about myself – enthusiastic and beaming with confidence! Nothing could rattle my cage. Yep ... Just when we think we are in control of our destiny and are blushing with a sense of purpose, along comes a greater truth.

What that ensuing, mind-blowing experience was all about, is a story for another time. There's much ground that need be covered first. For now, in short, there were events and instances that opened my eyes to the possibility of reincarnation, if you can believe that. Then there occurred numerous timely instances – enabling me to realize that there was a much bigger picture, the unrealized potentials pulling me forward into new territory.

As much as I felt as though I was helping someone besides myself (as I wrote daily), I was haunted by the fact that something needed to be done about the ways of the global operation, if there were to be a fair chance at true and lasting personal happiness (sound logic).

My resolve back then was somewhat uncertain, as my simple daily approach toward potentially making a meaningful contribution was no longer satisfying enough. That's when my whole world soon became turned upside down. God opened my eyes and helped me make some incredible connections. As you already know, we're talking astounding revelations, to say the least. God was inventive and amazingly clever. I immediately understood that I would never, ever give up on the thinking that got me started. Crazy or not, things started making sense.

Was the second manuscript drafted, back in 2001, titled: *The Awakening*. Not to ever be published unless the first few books send ripples across the entire pond.

Soon ... people will no longer go to bed hungry. It's just one thing. Some food for thought. Meaning, the days of dirt pancakes are soon over for the children born into suffering (for example).

Also, most likely, as you now read, and when I wrote, will be the only time you and I get to spend any time together. And, in an effort to slow things down and put things into a more proper perspective (regarding current realities and future potentials), I instinctively feel that it's better we laugh together, rather than dwell on the misery. Know what I'm saying? We already know about the various tremendous sufferings on this planet and most of us know why it's happening. The question remains as to whether or not we are even capable – even if we could figure out what we need to do. And my relaxed approach is in no way meant as an insult in regards to the seriousness of the situation. It's like how I have to often remind myself not to ache over other people's pain. It's unproductive to share in misery. I already know that I care deeply. And the construct of this book is the way I believe we can rise together and change the ways of this world more to our liking.

There's a lot of tension out there. If you are stressed-the-fuck-out, not a damn thing is funny. Yet, if you are sometimes giddy as shit like (*South Park*) Mr. Hanky the Christmas Poo? Bravo!

Before continuing (heads up), I want you to know that I normally do not resort to any name-calling. But, in this particular setting, it's fun. I'm sure most of you will understand. Do you know any better words for differentiating scumbags, assholes and douche bags? Me neither.

Early on, anger prevented me from practicing restraint at all times. Besides, I just couldn't bring myself to start editing-out all raw and pure emotionally driven material. I have to do my best to keep it real.

## DYSFUNCTION-ALLY DISTRACTED

Got to do what you got to do. Right? In part of providing a sufficient back story, I will continue to set the stage, before getting into what I've learned and now have to contribute, not withstanding my highly anticipated opinion regarding critical matters (wink).

The clowning around and goofing off usually starts at a young age, as most of us already know. Lack of interest in the classroom, is one way of diagnosing the easily distracted, I suppose. Not respecting school structure and failure to apply one's self to all of the proposed academics outlined within the curriculum, is usually a sign of a natural-born comedian (funny or not). Either that or a good indicator of severe learning disabilities – parents praying it's just one and not the other. My poor parents got both rolled into one nightmare – made even worse by me thinking I was funny, even though not all that funny.

The aforementioned is not an excuse, but merely a heads-up – explaining my natural approach regarding a plethora of rather serious matters. Having a better feel for my approach, will make it easier for you to detect when I'm being facetious, even when I don't fess-up to the fact that I'm simply being facetious. Goes along the lines of reading between the lines, I suppose, if you know what I'm saying. As with just about anything, I highly recommend a second and even third opinion. Maybe at least five in this case. The more the merrier.

Anyhow, I was easily distracted during those early school days and much hasn't changed other than now actually accomplishing something of importance. Mostly not listening. More interested in entertaining other kids. Was held accountable and forced to repeat the second grade. During the school years, I learned more about social interaction than about what was being taught in the classroom, on almost any given day.

Speaking of social interaction, I've heard that recess is disappearing from schools, due to injury liabilities and budget shortfalls. Give me a break. That's just wrong! In today's fucked-up world, those are the best years most people will ever have! Let

children be children! Outdoors! Fresh air! Most people undoubtedly agree.

I really did enjoy those school days, especially when not being bullied. Different: Weird = Beating. Shit ... The first time I did second grade, I was a student at a Catholic school. The Nuns (I angered) got to me first. On a few occasions (cannot for the life of me remember why), I was taken into a supply closet – lights out, and beat with map pointers. By not just one Nun. It took an extra person to hold me in position. A couple of the church's heavenly sister's really had it in for me that year, and when my mom noticed the welts on my backside, my parents elected to enroll me in a public school for the next several grades, until I was once again back in a Catholic school for the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades, prior high school. I put an end to getting bullied that first year in Junior High.

From the start, I couldn't read well. Couldn't write right. Write, right. Math would make my little mind go blank. When my mom would do her best to try and help me with my math homework, it would only become worse for me. One plus one equals? I know that one, but I can't remember right now.

Mental comprehension for me at that young age resembled that one kid trying to hit a baseball in the movie *Bench Warmers*. I spent a lot of time walking around with my mouth open and looking somewhat confused. Well into the 5<sup>th</sup> grade! And the writing problem wouldn't go away. Didn't graduate high school. Was short a half mandatory credit. Second semester senior English. I failed to complete any writing assignments. Can you believe it?

Was too busy palling around with my best friend Steve Cady. Skipping school, and did what some juvenile males did back in those days when skipping school. Raced around town in a muscle car, got stoned, skipped town, and went to the mall to chase like-minded girls skipping school too. There was the new attraction of the arcades providing for added distraction. After lunch at the mall with our newly acquired dates, Steve and I would then go to the park, play Frisbee, smoke some more pot, hang-out, make-out (with the girls), and just enjoy the beauty of the day – when playing hooky most of the second half of my senior year. Those were the days (I'm grateful).

When I showed up at the graduation party, the first person I bumped into at the keg (class president Joe Albright), asked why I wasn't at graduation. My response? "I didn't graduate." Joe and I were classmates with the Daniels twins when attending Sacred Heart before high school, and I missed attending the class reunions Joe has organized over the years. Heck, I no longer possess year books because the boxes I left my stuff in (when I took the bus to Florida), vanished from the garage it was being stored in. My sketch pads, paintings, favorite books, favorite Hot Wheels cars, marble collection, rock collection, leaf books, two mounted (five pound) Large Mouth Black Bass, one (eight point) deer rack, and other memorabilia – gone. All of it. Thanks for the memories!

The lost art stung a little. Still stings a little. Although, some unfinished paintings left at school were sent home with a sibling and I recovered that art work from my mom several years ago. Just some unfinished work from the second semester of my senior year.

Irresponsible or not, those were some of the most enjoyable years of my lifetime – those final two years in high school ... The stories many of us could tell about our years in high school.

We all start out so young and innocent. We grow and we grow, even as young adults – having no idea how much more room there is for continued personal growth. But, as far as growing up enough to learn about what's really going on in the world? Can be rather heartbreaking. A pain that is quietly overcome, little by little, by way of the daily gradual acceptance. It was disturbing to learn about just how awful people can be toward other people. That Dahmer freak of nature opened my eyes. Even if not entirely sick in the head, people can still be heartless monsters. No getting around the track record and there's no sanity in the rosy pictures.

Before anybody can help anyone see themselves in better light, it's important that our delusional self first see our (current) self in correct light – both on a personal level and what's being reflected collectively on a global front.

Yeah ... it should be noted that while many of us were fucking off in school, the powers that be were busy fucking over most of the world. All of us, just getting started back then – the powers that be –

cloaked in Christianity – right under our nose, and many of the rest of us, just walking around and picking our nose ... with not a care in the world. What about the secretive experimentation on human beings that is now known to have occurred over the years – then unbeknownst to us? Influencing us. Complicating existence. Expediting death.

A wolf in shepherd's clothing. The entity of power over all other nations, behaving as a false god. For the record (note to historians and scholars), what could be considered the anti-Christ, in itself. Not a singular person or individual. It's the power that has been dictating direction – until something changes, as far as we mere citizens are concerned. We're talking the exact opposite of loving one another. Not a pretty label. Not a pretty history. The truth regarding numerous matters has been out for some time now, and of those who know, it's just a matter of ... now what? It's come down to this: solution.

It's part of the real juicy stuff and there's plenty more to come, regarding these “end of days” and “the great tribulation” – that we are all part of – right now. If you are mentally and emotionally linked to the Holy Bible, the time has come to close a very long and dark chapter.

Okay. In part of closing out this chapter, the best thing about waiting tables over the years? It's not what I've overheard (until more recently that is), but rather instead, it's about having worked with a lot of dysfunctional natural-born comedians. Joking around on the job with co-workers is the best thing about going to work on any given day, for me personally. Connecting with costumers and co-workers over the years has been a gift in itself – the entire experience being a wealth of sorts, not measurable in descriptive terms.

Maybe take a break from reading and allow for what you've read thus far some time to gel, taking the necessary moment to allow for the gravity of the situation to sink in. This is really happening (LOL).

If you are a person already eager for a little direction, because you just so happen to be a little dysfunctional and desperate for a lot less self-destruction, I have something for you, right now. Eliminate the excess. Whether it be a few drinks too many or one more eight ball too many. Or always having to be first, or needing to have the



*DYSFUNCTION-ALLY DISTRACTED*

last word. Maybe you're running your knees into the ground, or you're overeating yourself to death. Anything. Anybody. Anywhere. Anytime. Forever. We're all in now. Are you game?

### 3 UPBRINGING

Born on the second day of summer, during the year of 1963, I'm the eldest of seven. My dad, Irish, English, and Cherokee. My mom Polish. Two boys and five girls. All siblings born an average of two years apart. Unfortunately for my parents, I was born a colicky baby. Had I been born a Neanderthal, this baby would have been tossed into the pit, along with the rest of the babies that were born not quite right. Eh, maybe it was just gas.

Either way, the unexplained crying episodes have long since come to pass. Even the adult whining, for the most part.

I was about four years old when our young family moved from Chicago to the suburb Streamwood. We will revisit this history again later, when reflecting on memory relevant to the story and lesson of example.

Was about eight years old when our growing family moved north to Wisconsin, where, like one of my mom's sisters, we became dairy farmers. A horse, cows, pigs, chickens, guinea hens, cats and dogs too. The farm sat on a hill, just to the northeast of a town called Lunds, in Shawano County. Shawano is less than an hour west of Green Bay. Green Bay is where my buddy Steve and I went when we skipped school. "The big city."

Until I grew up and learned about the bigger world out there, I had no idea just how fortunate I was, able to live a good four to five years on the farm. Parents went into debt and pretty much bought the farm. After that, rented at a farmhouse, then a house near the Cloverleaf Lakes, and then finally, in the town of Shawano, my parents purchased a home a couple of blocks away from the Wolf River and the Shawano Lake outlet, where this dwelling would serve as the family home for a good fifteen years or so.

It's beautiful country up there and I'm fortunate to have had a Midwestern upbringing. It's not just about there being a certain kind of people, as when compared to the types of people known to be of common character from other places. Living, and in that gorgeous country as a young boy, was a non-stop adventure. Experiencing the

## UPBRINGING

joy of being alive and discovering. Exploring the deep forests thriving with abundant life. Fishing the fresh cold waters. A dream come true. The stories I could tell.

You know how it is when you get your driver's license. Mine was a strict Catholic upbringing ... Got our asses whipped and I would soon (fast) discover what effect that sort of upbringing was to have on me.

In school, up to my junior year, my grades were average – on average. I was a good kid. Didn't start trouble or make problems. Kind. Helpful. Definitely not mean-spirited or ever acting out of control. Creative. Loved to draw and paint. I would stay up late on weekends watching movies. Was in sports while in school. Wrestled and played basket ball while in junior high. In high school, track and field in the spring. Football was my first choice for fall sports, yet when I didn't get to start quarterback, I joined the cross country team. Would have preferred football, but that's not the way my life was meant to go, I guess. I could throw the ball well enough for a kid, but I was too dumb to play that position.

Got picked on during those younger years, yet as I matured, I began to get along well with all different types before high school was over. Over? Let's throw it in reverse for a sec! Things change. Fast! We're so young at that age, yet we feel so grown up. In a flash, I went from good student to crazy driver. Yes! Sixteen is too young to drive a two ton vehicle that can reach speeds over 100 mph! Eh. Maybe it was just me. It's hard for the dead kids to speak up.

Pedal to the metal! Flying down a two lane highway in a black souped-up Chevelle ('71), smoking a joint with my buddy Steve – both of us singing along to Jimi Hendrix – *All Along the Watchtower Burning* ... The fence line is a blur ... the amazing sounds of Jimi playing guitar pouring beautifully from the stereo speakers (everybody sing along to Jimi's amazing song) “*Come and dig my earth ...*” The weed chills the racing mind, mellowing you all the way into the moment, no longer just making time. I already know Jimi would be cool about singing along to a few of his lyrics in the book – without a doubt.

Ah, the memories. You need to understand that my life has grown rather uneventful, as I've slipped into a more quiet (hermit-like) existence, now just a slave to the pen. Ironically, the pen has freed me more than any of the days I fled from school, when still a boy.

Seriously though, I used to be married. I have three sons, and now two grandsons. So much has happened from the moment I got behind the wheel of a fast car for the first time with a vengeance, up to when I picked up a pen for the first time with purpose. And I was only just getting started with truly living my life with meaning, for a change.

Since this is not to serve as a finely detailed memoir, I'll be sure not to bog down the communication with too many details and stories. Again, just providing a brief back story that brings you up to my change of direction, and then we'll get into what I was learning, while getting my act together and developing.

Yeah man, born in the windy city, grew up in America's dairy land, and then it was time to hit the road and head south to the sunshine state.

I had finished doing a year in the county jail for my fifth license revocation (deemed a habitual traffic offender) and after other numerous stays in the "Crowbar Motel," I was looking for a clean canvas, after leaving the family nest and skid marks all over Shawano and Brown County roads.

A few months went by after my release and I clearly remember the day siblings and friends waved goodbye, as the TRAILWAYS bus I had boarded, exited the parking lot and drove away. When I hugged my mom goodbye, I could see in her crying eyes that this was serious, even though at that time, I was feeling refreshed and fearless. Everything went out the window, as I stared out the window, while the bus surely made its way to Florida.

I went down there with some dude from school. Not a good friend. Just a good idea and he was supposed to have relatives we could stay with while getting our feet under us and settled. Yeah, his uncle's ex-wife's place, herself recently widowed due to his uncle's recent suicide, living with an eighteen year old female friend, her thirteen year old daughter and fifteen year old son, all in a three

bedroom apartment with a kidney shaped pool. Was in Dania, about half a block north of Sheridan and just a block or so west of Federal Highway.

Crazy story short, Brad and I both get jobs pretty fast, we're sleeping on the floor, etc., etc., and after about a month, Brad steals some family jewelry and disappears. Thanks! So, I had to go too, even though we were cool. Awkward. The boy and I would rock out to Ozzie. They were nice people and I am grateful.

It's strange how some things can happen, bringing other things together like magic. I was then washing dishes at a Sizzler Steakhouse, nearby where I was staying, explaining to one of the new managers that I needed to find another place to live, otherwise I may not be able to keep working there. Paul Casey, who had recently moved down from Philly, tells me he just rented a two bedroom in Ft. Lauderdale, and suggests I move in and split the rent. Fucking awesome! Cool dude too. Was once a manager for Foghat, so he said. Paul would be the best man at the wedding, when I married the hot, cool and sassy blonde I connected with while employed during my very brief stint at the ole Sizzler Steakhouse. Bordered Hollywood on the north side. French Canadians loved that place! Aye?

Speaking of restaurants, I'm tired. It has been a long day of writing, and I am scheduled to work a double tomorrow. Besides, I feel as though I'm starting to rush this back story, and since I'm about to begin a new chapter in life (twenty years old and living in the tropics), might as well conclude for the day and start a new chapter on my next day off.

In the event any of you are thinking about writing your story and putting in your two cents, remember these four things:

There's always time.

Stay committed.

Get balanced.

Be rested.



*Our time has come.  
A plan/proposal for  
world peace.*

## **Stink Book**

by Mark Anthony Cook

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