

Bears and Mountain Lions and Spiders, Oh My!

Senedi Kimtop, Ace Reporter

Ashburn, VA—"Committing multiple murders on the second day of our vacation wasn't a part of the itinerary," Denise Timpko reports. "But circumstances warranted it. I can't imagine jurors finding us guilty when no doubt they would do the same."

"The case is never going to make it to a jury," her husband Chuck Timpko points out. "In fact, it's not a case. We've not been arrested, nor will we be. The real problem here is that working in a law enforcement organization this past year has confused your thinking process."

"Working at Immigration and Customs Enforcement hasn't confused me at all," Denise protests. "I now know stuff about money laundering, contraband smuggling, and human rights violators. On a good day, I can even explain how the black market peso exchange works!"

"Committing multiple murders on the second day of our vacation wasn't a part of the itinerary."

"That's good," Chuck says, "But my point is that you're overexaggerating the importance of killing the visitors in the Mayo's basement."

"You didn't think so at the time."

"Of course not. They were menacing."

"That's for sure. I was going to kill the last one—the one you didn't see because you were in New Mexico. The last one was going to get in bed with me."

"That's better," Chuck reflects, "than what I was facing."

"You weren't facing anything. You just heard stories. Scary, awful stories, but nothing you actually experienced."

"Would you have been comfortable if you had heard such stories that you knew were actual recent events?"

Denise looks off in the distance. "Well, no."

She scratches her nose. "The problem, I think, comes down to the fact that we're just Easterners. We get out West and freak."

Looking at her new brilliant blue and green cane with its sinuous curves, she admits, "But we did have a good time. We saw friends we hadn't seen for years; did touristy stuff; and went to the world science fiction (SF) convention in Denver where we bought books, gifts, my cane, and art. We

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A giant blue bear peers threateningly into Denver's convention center where the world SF convention was held

Happy Birthday, Mr. President!

Nesied Potim, Roving Reporter

Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, NY—Not everyone is as enamored with Theodore Roosevelt as Marcelle Timpko is. So, when Marcelle, Chuck, and Denise Timpko arrived at Sagamore Hill, Teddy Roosevelt's house, on October 27, 2008, his 150th birthday, Marcelle felt the timing of the visit was Heavenly ordained.

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The Goddess Speaks

An annual column written by your own hostess, the goddess Denise

This year the goddess, who is tied to a human form to experience first hand the sensations of all things human, resumed one of her past-times: gossing.

"Gossing," she explains, "Is slang for the goddess tossing her divine cookies. Humans who do the same may use the slang *cosing* (cookie tossing) and pets might be said to be *possing* (pets tossing cookies). It is extremely important to use *gossing* when referring to goddesses. Remember, we are not just anybody."

Human women who experience regular migraines are less likely to get breast cancer.

One of the weaknesses of the goddess's human body is tossing her cookies at inappropriate moments and places.

"This year," the goddess says, "we annointed the trashcan in our cube at work. Fortunately, it was after hours.

"We hoped the forced exodus of our gallbladder three years ago," she continues, "Signaled the end of inelegant moments such as frantically looking for a plastic bag or other such container. But that was not to be. Apparently, when one has perfected the art of gossing, one must expect to practice the art thoroughly and frequently whether one wants to or not—even in a trashcan in one's cube at work.

"Fortunately, no one on the staff noticed. Their ongoing conversation was moderately loud. Also, who wants to notice gossing? Even if they noticed, they perhaps deemed

it unwise to bring humility to the goddess, a wise decision."

The causes of gossing are many. "Viruses, flu, gallbladder disease, and a host of other diseases, surgery, car sickness, simulator rides, vertigo, pain, migraines, food poisoning, spinal taps, anesthesia, and side effects of medicine come to mind." The goddess says. "Our in-depth experience of gossing has introduced us personally to all of these causes.

"It is obvious," she remarks, "That our test of all things human is quite thorough."

But what was the cause of the 2008 gossing?

"Indirectly, migraines. Apparently, our human body encourages migraines to take up nearly permanent residence. In fact, since New Year 2008 to this date (December 8, 2008), it invited 70 of them to visit. Too many."

The goddess sighs. "Even goddesses get desperate. On the day of the gossing, we were taking a new medicine for preventing migraines. The day before we took the first dose, but it prevented us from thinking. We goddesses must, after all, think. On the second day, we took half of the prescribed dose, but half was too much. This body rebelled and instigated the gossing. Obviously, we decided against taking any more of this medicine. At any rate, we asked Chuck to take us home, because navigating the Metro seemed unwise in our current state.

"As it turns out, the Metro itself provides a trigger for our migraines. The stresses of godhood reside in the muscles of our neck, arms, and

shoulders, and the jerkiness of the Metro upsets their delicate balance. This human-goddess bond proves problematical."

She rises imperiously from her throne and claps her hands. "But the goddess wins. On October 11, 2008, a friend, whose field is biochemistry, mentioned recent research revealed that some people with migraines suffer from a lack of magnesium. He suggested we take daily magnesium supplements to see if they reduced the number of migraines we experienced. We began taking the supplements October 13. Since taking them, days go by without migraines. In fact, only six migraines occurred between October 20 and December 8, a remarkably low number. Experimentation with the dose leads us to believe that we may eliminate migraines entirely. Gossing may become an antiquated and unused term!"

She notes, "Since October 20 we stopped riding the Metro because our work in DC ended and we now drive to work in Fairfax. What will happen when we next ride the Metro? Is the goddess powerful enough to brave this challenge? Will this be the ultimate test of the Magnesium Experiment?"

For those interested, *if any*, in reading stories about tossing one's cookies—that is, gossing—check this column in next year's *Chez Timpko*. No doubt the goddess may answer this question and reflect upon her heritage as Supposed 41st great-granddaughter of Malcolm II of Scotland and 75th great-granddaughter of the Norse God of Prosperity and Winds Njord. §

Chuck Timpko Visits Emergency Room

Nesdie Miktop, Cub Reporter

Ashburn, VA—"Denise, would you help me please?" Chuck Timpko called to his wife from the kitchen. "I've sort of cut myself."

Wondering why he couldn't just take care of it himself, Denise Timpko reluctantly got up from her chair in the family room.

"So, what have you done?" she ungraciously said as she walked to the kitchen sink.

Chuck held the paper towel away from his left forefinger, revealing the rather deep bleeding cut.

"How did you do that?"

"I was using one of the Japanese Global knives you gave me for Christmas to cut off the packaging on the other knife, and it slipped."

"Didn't your mother teach you not to play with knives?" Denise exclaimed, sure that his mother had but that her husband had closed his ears somewhere early in the lesson. Guys, she shook her head.

"What do you think we should do for it?"

The cut looked deep and her first thought was go to the emergency room, but Denise hesitated. Was it that bad?

"I'll call Karen," Denise said, referring to her friend who moved in next door. "She had sons. She might have good advice."

They followed Karen's advice and wrapped Chuck's finger with gauze, Denise realizing that she wasn't really qualified for nursing. In a half hour, Chuck unwrapped his finger to see if it was still bleeding.

"Well," Denise said as they looked at his finger. "We're off to the

emergency room. Only this time, it's me taking *you* to the emergency room, not vice versa."

As Chuck checked into the emergency room, Denise took her unaccustomed place in the waiting room. Eight or nine other people sat watching the various TVs, reading, or looking bored. Denise played solitaire on her cell phone and then tried to read. It was late, and she was ready for bed. Sometimes, being in the waiting room is as bad as being the patient, she thought. No, that's not right, she corrected herself, thinking about the TV shows she watches on the Discovery Health channel, much to Chuck's dismay.

Chuck surprised Denise when he walked out of the trauma rooms with Hulk-size wrapping on his finger and hand.

"What can I say?" she tells him when he expresses his disgust with all things medical. "For me, knowing as much as one can about health issues makes me more objective. Of course, as a technical writer I actually find health issues fairly interesting. One can think about the issue, not so much about how that issue is affecting one personally. It's my technique for distancing myself from potentially upsetting topics.

"Also, I prefer to be informed. If I'm ever in a car accident and find myself in an emergency room, God forbid, I'll know it's quite normal for the trauma team to cut off the patient's clothes if it speeds examination."

I would far rather be in the waiting room than be receiving a shot of a local anesthetic directly into the wound, Denise thought, as Chuck is probably getting right now. Pool guy! Admittedly, it was fairly stupid for him to try to use a knife to open the packaging around the other knife, but yuck!

An hour later Chuck surprised Denise when he walked out of the trauma rooms with Hulk-size wrapping on his finger and hand.

"My, God," she said, "Your finger is twice its original size, or it looks that way."

"It's being held straight against the splint while it heals."

"No kidding!" How did I miss a

health show that shows splints for sliced fingers?

Denise thought. I saw a trauma show where a guy comes into the emergency room alive and talking with an axe in his head, so how

could I miss one about sliced fingers? Amazing.

"I've got to get the stitches removed in 2 weeks," Chuck reported.

"Hmmm. How was the shot?"

"Painful."

They reached their car.

"I'll drive home," Chuck said.

"Are you sure?"

"My right hand is perfectly fine."

"Well, okay."

"By the way," Chuck said as he pulled out of the hospital parking lot, "those knives you gave me are pretty sharp."

"You think?" she said sleepily. §

BEARS AND MOUNTAIN LIONS / CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1
 also flew first class to Denver and back thanks to Chuck's frequent flyer miles."



Cricket and Jerry Sabolik

"After we landed in Denver, we rented a car. To my dismay the car turned out to be a van. I would rather rent a more gas-efficient vehicle. However, about 15 minutes after leaving the car rental company as we followed the interstate through Denver, a rock flew directly into the windshield and created quite a hole. Chuck wanted to return the car immediately to the car rental company to avoid possible problems to which I agreed but only if we could eat lunch first. Unfortunately, migraines result by my not eating on time and it was past time.

So after lunch at Mimi's Café in Denver, we headed back to swap cars. That evening, in a more gas-efficient car sans holes, we finally arrived in Colorado Springs, our first destination."

After dinner that night, Chuck investigated the travel brochures displayed in the restaurant and found one for Rosemount Museum in Pueblo, a 35-minute drive

from Colorado Springs. He also found one for Manitou Springs, a town west of Colorado Springs. So the next morning after breakfast, Chuck and Denise headed for Pueblo, Colorado.

They found Rosemount, a 37-room mansion, in the middle of the oldest part of Pueblo. A prominent Pueblo businessman John A. Thatcher and his wife Margaret built the house between 1891 and 1893 of rhyolite, a pink granite stone. The house is 24,000 square feet, providing enough room for their five children and servants. Nearly everything inside the house is original. Of all the houses Denise has toured, she found Rosemount one of the loveliest.

The Timpkos' interest was particularly piqued by the paintings displayed on the third floor of the

house. Chuck pointed out to the docent that one of the paintings was a Jean-Leon Gerome, a painting the city, which owns the house, might want to insure. After lunch in the mansion's adjacent Carriage House, the Timpkos left Pueblo.

"I lived in Pueblo," Denise told Chuck, "when I was 5, but I don't remember visiting Rosemount."

"So you haven't been back here for 50 years," Chuck said mischievously, focusing on the fact as he always does that she is older than he by 3 and a half years.

"You're right. It has been 50 years," Denise said, ignoring Chuck's



The Waltons: (back row) Robert, Shirley, Karen, Warren (front row) Jeffrey, Amy, Anne

dig. "The reason I didn't go to Rosemount then was because the last Thatcher—Raymond—willed the museum to Pueblo after his death in 1968. I lived Pueblo in 1957."

After leaving Pueblo, they headed to Manitou Springs, which is named after nine mineral springs and was considered sacred by the American Indians who lived there originally. At Manitou Springs one can choose to take a train up Pike's Peak or visit the Garden of the Gods, both of which Chuck and Denise did on a trip to Colorado 16 years ago. Having seen all the local sights on their earlier trip, they simply wandered through the many interesting gift shops in the town.

They arrived at their friends Cricket (Jeanette) and Jerry Sabolik's housing development at Monument late that afternoon. Located near a mountain, Cricket and Jerry's house sat on a couple-acre lot that bears frequently visit. Denise could not help thinking of the difference between this house and the house in Alexandria in which they once lived. This house, she thought, is quite spacious and, although near, is somewhat isolated from their neighbors. When Jerry was transferred to Colorado, their children, now young adults, were

and Candy Mayo's new house, Chuck, whose energy level amazes Denise, was tired. After hellos and it's great to see you, Denise and Chuck retired to the lower guest floor at the Mayo's house where they met the largest, ugliest black spiders of Colorado who were staging a mass invasion of Loveland homes. Many died that night when they met Chuck and his it's-you-or-me philosophy.

In their previous lives, Candy and Denise worked together as writers at Satellite Business Systems in the early 1980s. In the late 1980s, Candy and Mike decided to escape the Washington, DC, area and move to Loveland, a rather gutsy move with no jobs lined up. Candy

they arranged to spend the entire weekend with her. Chuck, who accompanied Denise on an earlier trip to Loveland, set off the next morning to visit family friends in Raton, New Mexico.

So, while Candy, Mike, and Denise attended the county fair in Loveland, Chuck drove south past Denver, Monument, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo to New Mexico. While Denise played Wii with Candy, Mike, and one of their friends, Chuck arrived at long last in Raton to visit the Waltons, a family who Chuck and his parents



An inside view of the grizzly who is peering into the convention center

knew in Alaska when Chuck's father was stationed at the Air Force base when Chuck was 10, 11, and 12. The next day they visited Santa Fe, where he found wonderful jewelry and art. When Denise had dinner with Candy and her friends, Chuck spent time with Robert and Shirley Walton and their children Ann, John, and Warren and his wife Karen, who are Chuck's age, and their families. When Denise eyed several black spiders who decorated the wall in the guest suite, Chuck heard true stories about a bear that broke into a

In Denver Chuck and Denise visit Molly Brown's house where they discover she was never known as "Unsinkable" or "Molly" as the films would have us believe.

young and the additional space was greatly appreciated.

After a tremendously enjoyable visit and dinner with Cricket and Jerry, Chuck and Denise proceeded to Loveland, a city about 50 miles north of Denver. By the time they arrived in Loveland and found Mike

is now the Executive Director of the Ft. Collins Habitat for the Humanities and Mike heads up security in the Denver Public School System. The Mayos entertained Denise on her several visits to Colorado in the past, but this trip was Denise's first in 9 years and

A Long Friendship Ends

Paul Nicholas Parsons: In Memoriam

Denise Harlow Timpko, Managing Editor

Twenty-eight years ago, Denise Harlow sat in a ballroom in the Hospitality House Motor Inn in Crystal City, Virginia. A movie would soon begin. It was May 23, 1980, and she was attending a local science fiction (SF) convention called *Disclave*.

Behind her, Denise heard a man suggest that his wife, who had vision problems, sit directly behind where Denise's boyfriend would sit when he returned. Denise turned around.

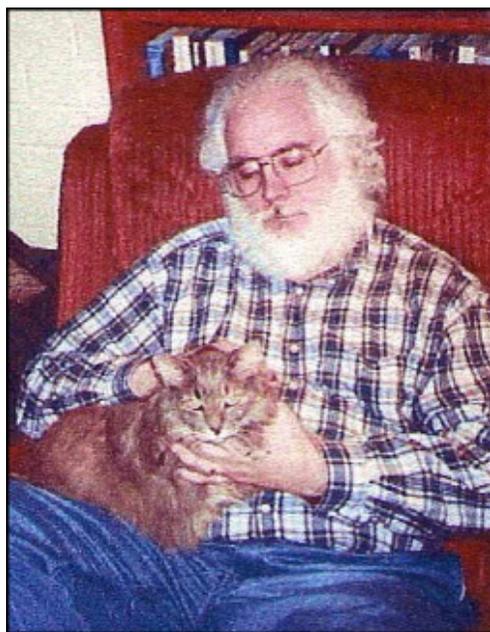
"Why don't we change rows?" she said. "My boyfriend's height will block you from seeing the screen at all."

And so began her friendship with Paul and Aly Parsons. It was the Parsons who introduced Denise to Chuck Timpko on April 17, 1981, at Balticon, a local Baltimore SF convention. Aly and Chuck briefly worked together at the National Endowment for the Humanities in 1978. On May 18, 2008, Denise and Chuck's friendship with Paul Parsons ended when Paul died suddenly of a massive heart attack at age 55.

When Aly's message entitled "Paul" arrived in her e-mail, Denise knew its contents before she read it—not where, when, or how, but what had happened. She immediately called

Chuck. Unable to leave a coherent message on his phone mail, she forwarded Aly's message to him instead. The practical side of her thought, "Here's another advantage of the internet, one I hope to never use again for this purpose."

Denise and Chuck attended Paul's memorial on June 21. Because Paul was very well liked, many friends and neighbors came. Several previous work associates from the EPA, where he had been an environmental protection specialist and from which he had retired 2 weeks earlier, also attended. Several people spoke about Paul, including his younger sister Leslie who explained what a wonderfully protective older brother he was. She also talked about his fascination from a young age with geology. Collecting rocks presaged his later book collection, which outnumbered that owned by the Timpkos.



Paul Parsons and Morgen, Paul and Aly's cat, in their home in Silver Spring, Maryland, a DC suburb in which Denise lived for many years

Paul died in Dillsburg, Pennsylvania, returning home from an archaeological symposium. For all he knew, his entire retirement lay in front of him. He planned to continue his memberships in blues societies and the Pre-Columbian Society, visit Native American burial mounds, and attend blues festivals. He would remain Vice President of the Potomac River Science Fiction Society, continue to read voraciously, and be a fascinating conversationalist. What a wonderful future he had in front of him.

His death was sudden and instantaneous. All that Denise finds consoling is that his future looked so bright and his death was so quick. He would not suffer through a long illness, hospital stays, or repeated trips to doctors. He would not accurately predict his death 6 months before as he lay dying. He would not lose basic human dignities. The sadness and suddenness of his early death brings tears to Denise's eyes, but there is comfort in that his suffering was minimal.

The Timpkos travel through Dillsburg on their way to and from visiting Chuck's mom. For all the years they travel through Dillsburg, they will always remember Paul's last trip.

But what they will remember most—no matter where they are—is seeing Paul at SF conventions, the Potomac River Science Fiction Society picnic, and parties. They'll remember Paul's cheerful smile, sly comments, wicked sense of humor, and informed discussions about books and anything else. It was a very rewarding thing to know Paul Nicholas Parsons, and Denise is very, very glad to have switched seats with Paul and Aly all those years ago. §

"He was a wonderful president, a wonderful man, a wonderful father," Marcelle explained to her son Chuck and his wife. "He did absolutely everything."

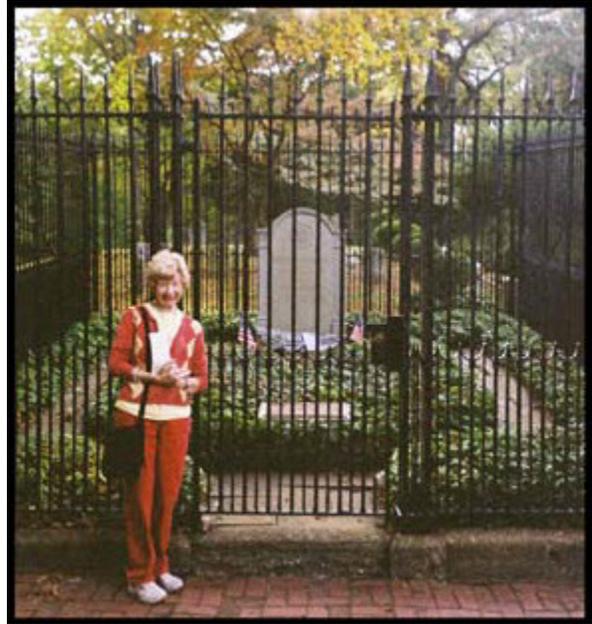
In truth, in his 60 years on this earth, Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the United States, seemed to live several lifetimes in one: He was a professional historian, naturalist, explorer, hunter, author, and soldier. In addition, he was governor of New York and then vice president and the youngest president of the United States. (He was only 43 when he became president.) Scholars rank him as one of the great U.S. presidents. He was the first American to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1906 for negotiating the peace in the Russo-Japanese War.

The Sagamore Hill National Historic Site includes the house, Old Orchard Museum (the house his son built on the property), and the 80-acre grounds. Although not possible, Denise would have liked to wander through the library and

office, the largest room in the house, where she could see from the entrance interesting artifacts, such as books and gifts from dignitaries of other countries and a trash basket made from an elephant's foot. At the Orchard House Museum, she and another couple of visitors commented on how much like a new age Democrat some of Teddy's politics seemed.

"And that's why the Republicans didn't nominate him for another term," Chuck said when Denise shared her observation.

"And your mother, a Republican, likes him," Denise, the usually Democrat, commented. Denise recently approved of only one of Chuck's political, although probably short-term, decisions.



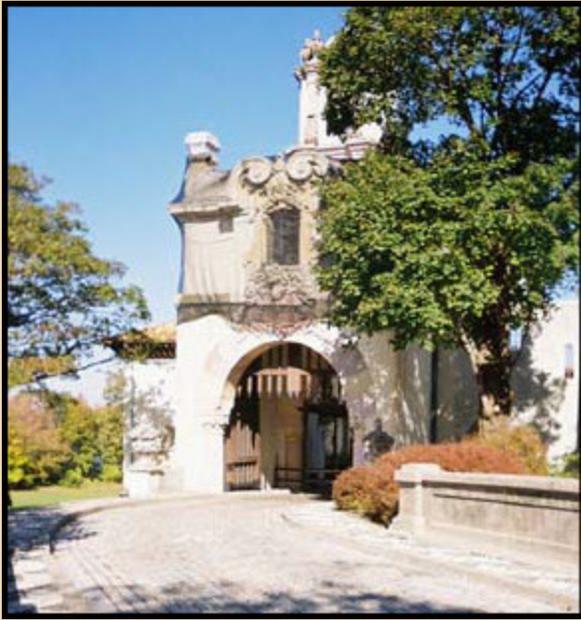
Marcelle Timpko poses in front of Teddy Roosevelt's grave in Oyster Bay, Long Island, a part of her pilgrimage to Sagamore Hill

Next on the agenda, of course, was a visit to Teddy's grave, which is located in a graveyard in Oyster Bay about a mile from the house. After a climb up the hill to the grave, Marcelle was pleased to pose for a picture.

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Side view of Sagamore Hill, home of Teddy Roosevelt and his family from 1886 to 1919



The Suffolk County Vanderbilt Museum, in Centerport, NY, is a 24-room Spanish Revival Mansion built by William K. Vanderbilt II



Walt Whitman's birthplace, built circa 1819 by the poet's father

Tokyo Makes Genuine Belgium Waffles

Tesimdo Pinek, Foreign Reporter Extraordinaire

Tokyo, Japan—Chuck Timpko couldn't help himself. Genuine Belgium waffles, just like they tasted in Antwerp, Belgium, but in Tokyo. He had to have one. Maybe two.

He remembered the first time. On a visit to Belgium over 10 years ago, he and Denise visited Antwerp where they toured the house of the artist Pieter Paul Rubens. It was a cold day in

January, not the best time to visit Europe. They bundled up, left

Rubens' house, and headed for the cathedral. On their way, they noticed a small store—Manneken—that opened on two sides to the street. A number of people stood in front buying warm drinks and something that looked like, yes, a small, but thick, hand-sized Belgium waffle. He and Denise looked at

each other.

"I'm hungry," Denise said.

"Me, too," Chuck replied, and they joined the line.



Manneken, the store in Tokyo where Chuck bought the decadent Belgium waffles for Denise

HAPPY BIRTHDAY / CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Even on pilgrimages such as Marcelle's trip to Teddy's house, the Timpkos can't just visit only one historical site. The 4-day trip to Long Island included visiting Walt Whitman's birthplace and yet another Vanderbilt mansion. §

A minute later they held the hot wonderful waffles in their hands. Each took a bite.

"Oh, my God!" Denise said. "These are better than Auntie Anne's pretzels!"

She had never had a waffle that tasted so sinful. There was no syrup that she could see. The sweetness, but not cloying, was in every bite.

By the time they reached the end of the street, the waffles were gone. Again they looked at each other.

"Another one?" Chuck asked.

"I could eat 10," Denise sighed. "But we better not have another one."

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After a moment's hesitation, Chuck agreed, and they continued their tour of Antwerp.

And then Chuck remembered when he was in Europe on a business trip without Denise and he found another Manneken. It was Denise's birthday, and he called her.

"I found a Manneken," he said.

"Oh!" she knew exactly what he found.

"And I had a waffle."

"Oh!"

"And then I had another one in honor of your birthday."

"Damn you!" she said.

These memories came to mind as he stood in the store in Tokyo. After consuming two of the warm, sweet, indescribably delicious waffles, he noticed the freshly made and beautifully wrapped packages of waffles. Waffles to go! What a concept! I must buy Denise two of the packages, he thought to himself. I can't tell her about this place without bringing some back to her. She'll be so happy.

And he did. And she was. §

BEARS AND MOUNTAIN LIONS / CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

woman's house and killed and ate her, a mountain lion that killed and consumed a man, and other mountain lions killing and eating pets. The weekend, all in all, was an exciting one for both Denise and Chuck.

On Monday Denise and Chuck met in Denver at the hotel where they stayed for several days while attending the World Science Fiction Convention. They exchanged stories of the weekend.

"The bear ate the woman?" Denise says incredulously.

"Yes."

Denise finally remembers to close her mouth.

Chez Timpko 2008 Menu

<h2 style="color: blue;">Appetizers</h2> <p>Cranberry Meatballs and Sausage Shrimp Tartlets Fillo Crab Cups Roasted Red Bell Pepper and Goat Cheese Bites Champagne Cheddar Spread Apple and Blue Cheese Tart Black Forest Ham Pinwheels Kitty's Deviled Eggs</p>	<h2 style="color: blue;">Side Dishes</h2> <p>Basmati Rice Salad with Currants and Nuts Corn Salad with Hominy</p>
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<h2 style="color: blue;">Entrees</h2> <p>Pesto Lasagna Lasagna Verde Curried Chucken and Rice Salad Heavenly Ham</p>	<h2 style="color: blue;">Desserts</h2> <p>Ginger Cake with Spice Frosting Key Lime Pecan Tart Pumpkin Praline Trifle Chocolate Hazelnut Gateau Ginger-Peach Cheesecake Chocolate Truffle Toffee Cheesecake Peanut Butter and Chocolate Cheesecake Mexican Chocolate Icebox Cake</p>
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"Surely, you must be mistaken," she says.

"No, they were true stories. They really happened. So," Chuck

it saw you coming. You should just use your hand."

"Yuck. That's just gross," Denise makes a face. "Just as well, though,

Rules of the House

- **Touch NOT the books.**
- **Errors in this newsletter are *solely* due to your imagination.**

changes the subject. "Did you kill the last one?"

"The last one? Oh, you mean the spider. No, I was going to crush it with some Kleenex, but it saw me coming and ran like hell."

"I don't know why you want to use a Kleenex. No wonder

I missed it. You know I don't like killing insects, and I will not be a mass murderer."

Chuck shakes his head. "You've got to get over this obsession. Killing spiders is not committing murders."

"Details," his wife replies. §

