

US GRANT

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My Life as a vegetable.

Published by Karl Wallace,
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Epigraph

The life of a vegetable is short but more often than not exciting beyond common notion. Documentation describes vegetable ascents of Everest (assisted of course) and deep sea immersions (although none of those unfortunates are known to have survived).

- Anonymous

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Introduction

Intro text here.

Book Title Here

Explain what the book is for – who should be interested – what you expect to show or prove.

May be written by the author, but is usually written by someone else.

Name of Introduction Author

Chapter 1



ABOUT US GRANT

My name is Ulysses S Grant a banana squash. I'm presently a star at Who BU video where I sit on a kitchen counter, a kitchen counter and taunt whatever vegetable, fruit, or unlucky edible that gets set near me. I heckle the other guy with questions and crack lame jokes. I cackle at them in a shrill voice until, tragically, a human hand slices my new friend with a butcher knife before everyone's eyes, and then is eaten by the cook or maybe a dozen humanoid eggs watching in horror from their carton as a human crack and fries an egg. In another, an animated pumpkin, who sported a face supplied digitally, felt a new one being carved on his backside, Halloween like after the guts seeds, and rime were suddenly sucked out in a swoosh. Before the end came, I pester the other food character on the counter to set up his adolescent jokes. "Hey, Apple! You look fruity." If there's no other fruit or vegetable around, I sit on the counter top lamenting how bored I am, rolling my tongue around, and making faces. Children love it, the food Channel Comcast 402 gets a high Nielsen rating, and I earn a good living.

Following after my program there is Kitsch-and-Tell program called "Garden Variety Love." Kitschy items twitch to life only when the humans aren't looking, which seems to be most of the time. Those humans, life in attached houses at 2B and not 2B, Verona Drive, Stratford-Upon-Avon. Unbeknownst to these rival

gardeners, their hideous lawn decorations perpetuate their feud in fierce lawn mower derbies and midnight guerrilla operations. Although the Montagu side wears blue and the Capulet side red, the color coding can only go so far in helping identify characters, many of whom are not properly dressed, and the overpopulated the 3-D is barely noticeable.

Still there is lots of fun to be found in this goofy riff on Shakespeare and the cheery, silly music background “The Crocodile Rock.” Also, shoe horned into the background music is “Don’t Go Breaking My Heart, and one new song recently added called, “Hello, Goodbye,” which sounds almost exactly like the Beatles giving it a cheeky campy tone. True to their porcelain identities, the lovers, who first meet by accident while in disguise, are not typically sleek sweethearts. Juliet, lives atop a fountain pedestal to keep her from being chipped, is wholesomely pretty.

The funniest character is Juliet’s best friend a long lashed frog, hopelessly romantic with a lascivious ear to ear smile, who goes all gushy at any notion of doomed romance. The most poignant character is a pink plastic flamingo, Jim, with a Cuban cigar and accent who is liberated from a shed in an overgrown garden. Romeos (Gnome’s) snobbish mother Lady Bluebird is a hot-tempered bully with a gangster attitude.

Some of the funniest bits involve an online expedition to purchase a monstrous lawn mower, the Terrafirmaerracator whose arrival in the red side garden leads to a climactic battle, in which the lovers are buried in a pile of bubbles. The discombobulated grab bag of

jokes, and characters that have little emotional resonance, takes Gnome and Juliet from tragedy to whimsy.

This true story, however, is about my life at home, after work. I live at Hill Air Force Base in Roy, Utah in Hanger 210 in a faraway back room. I like the museum gift shop's part time cashier Pat (Patsy) Curtis, who also moonlights as a secretary to Dick, the National Republican Party fund raiser Chairman of the National Republican Party. Hanger doors and the side doors are closed at 5 p.m. That's the time I can start having fun after every one leaves. The building is loaded with World War I and II vintage planes that date all the way back to Kitty Hawk, the Wright Brothers and beyond. It is home to the best Air Force fighter plane of World War II, The American P51 Mustang

My wife Passion was dressed in a conservative black skirt and jacket with white trim last Sunday when we went to church. Nobody lays a knife on her. I am a native squash, retired, love airplanes. The hanger doors and the side doors are closed at 5 p.m. That's the time I can start having fun after the visitors leave. The building is loaded with World War I and II vintage planes that date all way back to Kitty Hawk, the Wright Brothers and beyond. It is home to the best Air Force fighter plane of World War II, the American P51 Mustang.

I would be a good marketing chairman for a customer advertiser corporation as I can talk with most humans anywhere in the world. Additionally, I can also accurately communicate with black birds. I don't like dogs, hate dogs, but I do enjoy talking with cats. I am an intelligent Squash, if I do say so, and I can accurately communicate with beasts and plants...

Chapter 2

KINFOLKS AT THE DESERTED CABIN

When I first began to understand crow language correctly, there was an incident that happened across the street in a log house that sits on the rise just above the Weber River in Weber County, Ogden, Utah. The log house has been empty ever since a neighbor the owner on his way to a job interview, shut the door, closed the curtains. As best I remember, it has a plank roof, nothing between the plank roof and a dirt floor. Just one room no more, and big red Army Ants inside and out.

In the exuberantly dour room, the spotted ant bird is to stare at the dirt floor. A Hand tip to remember is if they see you tuck in your pant legs, because the ants will start streaming across the room toward you. You know trouble is afoot on many, many feet actually. You know this partly because seconds after stepping into the room you'll see a raiding column of female ants on the hunt for prey. Trailing behind are the male inceptions. Clearly this is not going to have a happy ending. These are predatory ants, fast numerous, and they are living a purpose driven life; the purpose being to kill some termites for lunch. Sure enough within a few minutes hundreds of termites bite the dust. Next up on the ants list is Soybean Aphid scouting, chiggers, ticks most anything will do. Protection against these ants is absolutely necessary or you end up a color plate in the textbook of dermatology. At all hours you can step into a swarm of the Red Army ants boiling

out across the floor and even underneath the floor in the Nazis style goose-step march.

Step back out of the swarm, and start looking for the characteristic flitting and popping of the thrush-size Ant Bird, listen for its vibrato peeee-ti peewee, because whenever there are big red army ants out on a hunting raid, puckish Ant Birds are sure to follow, they have good binoculars watching and recording insects with their camera eyes making orphanage thereafter never seen in church, crossing a landscape. Life in a gutter thrives in less than pristine urban water, including the Hornworm, which is exactly what it sounds like. In the entry way a horrifying number of parasitic wasp larvae, tiny translucent wormy things can be seen tunneling through the skin of their host, a tomato horn worm, a large green caterpillar that if it hadn't been eaten from the inside out, would have grown up to be a Carolina sphinx moth. Man, this is really a weird gig; weirder still is the fact that the gig isn't even a live action movie but rather animated reality. No music is necessary for all of this to ruin your lunch but the cheery Latin Brass and Drums Rancheros music does somewhat enhance the pageantry of parasitic infestation.

If you stumbled upon this cabin site by mistake, of course, the availability of an exterminator might be comforting. The Ace Exterminator Company does promise same day service. You might hire the exterminator to take out the Armadillos. Armadillos transmit the pathogen *Mycobacterium leprous*. Ant Birds skim off a percentage of the ant's labor by snatching up grasshoppers, beetles, and other leftovers of the predatory red ants. It's the reversal of the commonly held notion of parasites being

little tacky things that plague large poorly dressed hosts. Here the big vertebrates are being killed off by insects a fraction of their size. And the parasitic strategy is so irresistible that according to research in the Bug Journal the Spotted Ant Bird antics, may be taking it professionally all the way to the Hall Of Fame. Whereas, the species has traditionally opted for a mixed approach, filching from ant swarms and also finding food on its own. It is increasingly dependent on army ants to scare up it's every meal.

From the beginning the cabin has had quirks, like an outhouse, a three setter with a mini hole for a child, and a knot hole in the center of the roof where you could dangle a hand down in it and scare the heck out of guests.

Well, one fine Sunday day morning I was out sun' with Cry Baby in my yard with, named her after my X. I was takin' in the sun, looking at the beautiful orange colored Wasatch Mountains, listening to the quakes rustling leaves, a few blue hazy clouds hanging above the mountains, and thinking of my childhood home yonder in Denver, when suddenly a crow came flying by out of the blue. He lit on the roof of the abandoned house and says to me, "Hello, my name is Doug Allen. I reckon I've struck something."

As he spoke, a walnut dropped out of his mouth and rolled down the roof, but he didn't seem to care, his eyes were glued on that knot-hole in the middle of the roof. Soon He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye and put the other to the hole looking like a cross-eyed raccoon peeking down a chimney. Then he glanced up with bright eyes, gave a wink or two and gave his wings a

little flutter which means satisfaction in crow language.
Then he says,

"It looks like a knot-hole, it lies like a knot- it must be a knot hole."

Then he cocked his head down and took another gander, and then he glances up, perfectly joyful. He walks around the knot-hole three times to the left one eye on the hole, then flapped his wings, glided down to the ground picked up the walnut and hurried back then dropped the walnut in. All of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening countenance, and the queerest look of surprise took his face.

"Why, I didn't hear that walnut hit the floor."

He cocked his eye again at the hole and took another look, while scratching the back of his head with his right foot. Then he says,

"Well, it's too much for me, that's for sure...must be a might long way down. However I haven't got time to waste, I'll go fetch another walnut so as to see what's what."

Again he dropped a walnut in and tried to flit his eye to the hole quick enough to see what become of it, but once more he was too late. He held his eye there as much as five minutes, then raised up and sighted at the sky again, and says,

"Darn, I don't seem to understand this thing no how, but, I'll try her again. "

He fetched another walnut, and did his level best to see what become of it, but he couldn't.

"Well I never seen a hole like this one, must be a new kind."

About this time his feelings began to get the best of him, and he broke loose cussing and stomp'in about on the rim of the roof. When he finally settles down and near had control of himself, he walks up to the hole and peers in again for a minute or two.

"Why, I know how to take care of this little problem. You're a long hole, a deep hole, a singular hole all together. I've started in to fill you and I'll be dammed if I don't fill yu even if it takes a hundred years."

With that said, away he went for more walnuts. You never seen a bird work like that! He laid into it like an illegal Mexican with a family to support back home. He threwed walnuts in that hole for four whole hours or more never even stopped for lunch or took a break. He'd just hove'em in and go for more.

At last, he couldn't flap his wings. He was all tuckered out. He slid off the roof on his back, exhausted, falling to the ground, sweating like a sun-burnt midget in the out-back, and to top it off was sitting on medusa head. Medusa head started popping up around here about 30 years ago. It is a spiky, grass like plant inedible for livestock and wildlife. Now, it's all over the place and causing big problems, getting terrible. Crowding out native grasses and grazing land. It is spreading across Western states having come from the Mediterranean in the 1880s. The rate of spread is doubling every five years now, in Weber County. It is quickly spreading, replacing prime grazing land with weedy wasteland. To help reduce the spread controlled burning, and grazing during the annual weed's early life helps slow its spread. It is a silica

rich weed which forms thick mats after dying. It stays on the ground for years posing a wildfire risk besides, a losing battle all over the West, I would say.

Doug was still sitting on a medusa head pad and he barely, had enough strength to lean back against the log house. Then he mumbles, "I'm going to need some help."

Just then another crow was going by, Stan Jacobson. He noticed Doug lying there half conscious. Stan hurried a landing and asked if he needed a doctor. The suffered told the whole circumstance.

"There yonders the hole. If you don't believe me go look you yourself."

So Stan flew up and took a look, then comes back and asks,

"How many did you say you put in there, Doug?"

"Not less than two ton."

Stan went and looked again. He couldn't make it out either so he gave a few loud caws and five crows came. They all stood around in a circle list nun while Doug told the whole story. Then all the crows discussed it Roberts Rules of Order like, and each one got off as many knuckleheaded inconsistent opinions as incumbents do. A motion on the floor to accept the majority vote was made by Bill Arnold, and seconded by Glen Anderson. The majority vote decided to caw in more crows to gather walnuts. Soon the whole sky was black. There must have been 10,000 crows brawling, jawin, disputin, cussin, and making my place a pooppy mess. For two whole days they dropped walnuts in the knot hole trying to fill it, but had no success.

At last one old wise crow by the name of John Stone started snooping around. The door was standing a crack open caused by all those walnuts inside. As he happened to light on the rusty door knob he took a look in. Of course, that solved the sixty-four dollar question right then and there.

“Come here,” John says, “Come here everybody.”

They all come swooping down, and as each lit around the door, they took a glance at the half-filled room of walnuts and army ants. The whole absurdity hit home. John fell over backward almost suffocating with laughter and the lady crow next to him. There's no sense in saying a crow doesn't have a sense of humor, or crows aren't on an equal to squash, except they have feathers and don't go to church.

Two days later, while everyone was still fun'in, down the street came a neighborhood butter cup squash Nosey Mary who lives in Dirt City just a few blocks up the road, as does other critters, one of which is, Rango, who has a chameleon type personality on the surface, a quirky but lovable hero of the town critters of Dirt. Rango is a topnotch citizen. He offers free services at the Western Bands Showdowns, investigates corrupt mayors, and helps prevent water shortages. When Rango lived in Portland Organ, they had no fluoridated water supply. Portland earned the distinction as the biggest city in the country to just say no. Many Portlanders treasure their city's quirky distinctiveness; others said its had some of the worst tooth-decay problems in the nation. Thanks to Rango's, excesses Portland is florided, the new endeavor was long overdue. This is not an issue for the faint of heart Rango told Randy Leonard, the public safety

commissioner, we have some business to make up from the 20th century. The politics of fluoride have always been complicated. In some places in years past, opponents saw Communist plots. Opponents said the science on fluoride, despite more than half a social policy and health policy melded as residents and elected official debated whether the liberal social goals that the city had become famous for, sometimes to parody. Fluoridation is to be put into effect in only about 18 months, which could make a public ballot challenge difficult.

The commissioner of public utilities, Amanda Fritz, a former nurse, said that “Some complaints about the council’s work on the issue is valid, including those of neighboring communities that said they were not consulted. The way we get there does matter, but she added that everything in her background as a nurse and mother combined with what she had learned in preparing for the vote, convinced her that fluoridation was the right course. Boosting the level to around 0.7 parts per million, has been found by numerous studies to help protect teeth from cavities. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention has called the introduction of fluoride in municipal drinking water after World War II one of the 10 greatest achievements in public health of the 20th century, up there with vaccination and motor vehicle safety improvements some audience members held signs on their laps for the cameras, in vigils of mute protest. “Public water public vote!”

Normally, animation removes all the bumps and warts of reality, but with Rango, the audience feels like he was shot with a camera, not much objective, realism, just a bad school play. Nosy Mary is chairman of the Animal

Liberation Association, and President of the High Country Hike Club. This time of year, a lot of us squash head up to the snow parks for backcountry adventure. Snowshoeing along groomed tracks and leave some hikers yearning for something a little more primitive. The Cook and Green Pass trail in the heart of the Siskiyou does provide the wild adventure squash look for, minus the crowds. The Cook and Green Pass Trail No. 969 starts from the Mid Fork-Applegate River and ascends 8.2 miles to the Siskiyou Crest, where it feeds into the Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail.

Other than a few logs felled by winter's fury, the trail is in good shape and clear. We'll start out with an easy, winding ascent through mixed forest. After about .5 miles the trail crests a genteel ridge and continues in a southwest direction. Continued hiking east, at Two Miles Pass there is a shallow brook. This clear, free running drainage is the headwater of Cook and Green Creek. You'll notice the backbreaking rock work that went into the original construction of this trail. Giant pine and fir trees capture a lot of attention and camera click along this roadless area adjacent to the Red Buttes Wilderness. If you look deeper and notice the abundance of golden chinquapin trees, a rare type of chestnut. Some of the fir trees have fallen victim to the Dwarfed Mistletoe, a parasite. Affected trees can be identified by their witches' brooms, and large masses of excess twigs and foliage.

After three miles, the trail offers its first clear views of Cook and Green Creek. Depending on the snow levels it may become hard to locate the trail look for a corridor and cuts in downed trees. The trail passes some soggy springs before ending at Nose Me Camp 3,490 foot elevation. The

name may be discouraging to bug despising hikers; dormant larva won't bug you in the snow. Pitch a tent, picnic turn around and go back from whence you came.

The Animal Liberation said, the squash Nosy Mary has an awful lot of the human's hypocrite against the obvious interests of other animals. Animal rights proponents haven't always embrace a brand of utilitarianism, they have generally followed rejection of emotionalism, reserving particular scorn for the sentimentality that allows lavish money and attention on pets while happily eating cows and pigs, which are mammals every bit as intelligent and capable of suffering as dogs and cats, which lead tortured existences before arriving on dinner plates. One Kathy Ruby, of Dolphin World, argues that quarantining of emotion is a mistake. Instead, we ought to use our reciprocal emotional relationships with particular animals as the basis for a new advocacy, one that recognizes that humans are capable of loving animals, and that some animals, at least, are capable of loving back. Humans who have especially intense emotional bonds with specific animals have an important role to play in changing hearts and minds when it comes to the fair treatment of animals. From puppy mills, to ethical eating to scientific research, showing how the introduction of emotion and affect might shift the debate.

The obvious complication is that emotions are subjective. People love their dogs more than they love pigs. If your love is a legitimate criterion for distributing ethical concern dogs will win every time. In other words, an animal advocacy based on emotion would have to be an animal advocacy base in stories. This seems to suggest

that writers, not just theorists, and storytellers would play a central role in such idiocy. If Ruby's change were ever to come about.

Jane Woodall's work with the great apes, which wasn't only scientifically significant but "actual altered human relationship with these animals." She named them. She saw them as a subject with distinct personalities. She cared about their wellbeing. The marine mammal researcher unapologetically also loved Dolphins. These animals dearly and proudly she insists does not get in the way of doing good science in fact say it helps.

Jane seems to be another border crosser, born with an innate compassion for animals. Her most significant emotional attachments are with animals, but she admits she grew up feeling closer to her dog than to her brother. This connection has been central to her study of dolphin cognition "I know that objective scientists' are supposed to be above such motives but when you work closely with sentient, intelligent animals for years, strong emotional bonds are inevitable. If that sounds unscientific to some ears, so be it."

Telling stories about dolphins and video can change the way people treat them and think about them. Dolphins are among the smartest creatures on the planet and they merit not just our attention but our care and protection. . Bubble play dolphins" apparently learned the habit of entertaining themselves by blowing bubble rings from their blowholes bears all the hallmarks of the expression and transmission of culture, one strains hopefully. Dolphins seem to have some grasp of the physics behind the bubbles. Many baseball pictures don't grasp the physics of the curveball's curve. From the earliest

records of civilization, humans have felt a deep affinity with dolphins this affinity reached its zenith in ancient Greece where dolphins were considered closer to the gods than any other creature half divine themselves, and messengers between the human and divine realms. . . . Another animal as far back as the Upper Paleolithic era, some 30,000 years ago, evidence suggests that the bear was no longer considered an animal like other animals, that it occupied a special place between the worlds of beasts and men, and that it may have served as mediator with the beyond. The oldest known statue made by human hands, dates back to at least 15,000 years, depicts a bear, and it seems that bear cults existed throughout northern and western Europe for millennia. As late as the early middle Ages, the bear, not the lion, was considered king of the beasts.

Back to Mary walking her yappy terrier, no dog tag or Dirt City dog license. This is just like her to pay a measly 6 Clams and be legal. Her dog Bengal that died, it was the same thing, died tragically the time Dirt had the flood that went through the beach area. The fact that Skipper was killed at this time, brings attention to the fact that I need to walk over and tell Barney Owl there's a really good eating dinner for the taking at Mary's place? Barney is a male owl. He is a bulky great horned owl weighing in over three-pounds with gravitas and talons soaking wet.

Nosy Mary took a look inside and said, "This isn't funny."

Bye and bye all the crows agreed, and one by one flew back to Mountain Home or from whence they came.

Chapter 3



US GRANT GETS RINGING IN HIS EARS

After a time of less than two weeks, the swarm of crow's chaos, disorder, and lots of loud high pitch cheering across the street, I came down with a furious infuriating ringing in my ears. Precious took me to see Dr. Friden at Intermountain Health Care.

He said, "It could be caused by emotional or physical tension. Emotional tension usually occurs in situations people consider difficult or challenging. Different people consider different situations to be tense. Physical tension refers to a physical reaction of the body to various triggers, as for example the pain experienced after surgery.

"Physical tension often leads to emotional tension, and emotional tension often occurs as physical tension, an example would be stomach cramps. Tension management involves controlling and reducing the tension that occurs in stressful situations by making emotional and physical changes.

The degree and desire to make changes will pretty much determine how much change takes place. It comes on from no center, in chorus with no specific off switch or delete. Tension is in my blood a blue lining in my body that cannot be taught away, but simply slipped from, somehow. Knowing isn't everything, self-awareness doesn't bail you out.

Ok, the muddle of my blood and shot or taught away are excellent but that a small payoff. While the formal achievement of a sentence like this is impressive, it's an empty one. Yes crows have successfully made me feel as I do or did, but that doesn't lead me anywhere interesting. We've been there, done that, all of us. The feeling is as if we've lost momentum and are falling into the nothing at our circle's center, caught in motion for its own sake. These syntactic fireworks need to terminate in an emotional or intellectual experience for the sufferer. If this sounds romantic or transcendent, it is not, or at least mostly not. When the subject is the self and the self alone, it's easy to get caught in recursive loops, and those sections of nothing are frustrating in the way that night time dreams often are self-involved, inward-seeming, and unmoored from the real world.

More successfully, tinnitus takes on another loop, that of pornographic obsession and masturbation, a self-made trap that springs through humor and a brutal self-regard.

In my adolescent a particularly delicious scene starts when I begin lining of my bedroom with stolen bits of porn, the clipped-out bra pages of catalogs, disembodied breasts, sheets of tracing paper, drawn images I copied methodically from my father's adult magazines, when he's not in his bedroom, tearing out pictures of naked African women from Nation Geographic magazines. It's funny too, it creates a psychological space separating past and present self, and in so doing offers a perspective, which pays off in meaning. Consideration of the relationship between self and nothingness is much more powerful, particularly in the section on living with my diminishing father. Here memoirs

work closely with writing to develop ideas and the thinking. The essaying feels fully engaged with world history, ideals and self. If my whole life was as elegantly coded as this paragraph, being would be an unstoppable tornado.

Dr. Friden also said, “Hearing loss is taking its toll not just on you but on everyone’s ears. It’s incredibly common, especially among ageing squash. About 37 million squash in America have some degree of hearing loss and with 100,000 squash turning 65 each day, which number is expected to shoot up. Health Official’s estimate that 25% to 40% of squash over 65 have some hearing loss and 63% of those over 70 had mild to severe impairment.

Hearing loss is more common in men than women, possibly because men are more likely to work in noisy environment such as construction. Incredibly, only about 20-5% seek help. Cost is a factor hearing aids can run \$1,600 m to \$3,000 each or more as well as the stigma of wearing them. Many are living with hearing loss a decade or more without seeking medical help. That was not the case for Karl Wallace, 67 of Ogden. In 2004, while lifting weights, he suddenly lost hearing in his left ear. During the subsequent examination, he also had some age related hearing loss in his right ear. He was given hearing aids for both ears. He shrugged off any suggestion of a stigma; comparing them to eye glasses. No one likes the idea of a device sitting on their nose or poking out of their ear, but on the other hand they are extremely effective. Karl said, “When it comes to hearing there’s not much I miss out on.”

A common age related hearing loss, known as pre-by-cutis, occurs slowly as tiny hair cells in the inner ear that convert sound energy into electrical impulses to the brain,

become damaged or deteriorate. Once they're damaged, they're gone. That may be difficult to accept.

Hearing aid technology has become incredibly sophisticated, hearing devices cannot compensate fully for the exquisite processing and temporal resolution of the ear. Hearing aids are an aid to hearing. They do not fix the problem. That makes prevention even more important. Turn the volume down and get a hearing test by age 50. Hearing loss beyond what is expected for aging fifty something's, could be related to having spent 30 years listening to Walkman's and MP3s. Noise, particularly when it comes through ear buds]s or headphones that let people blast music w without bothering bystanders, may trump the effect of aging when it comes to harming those tender inner ear cells. In cultures where there is no noise, there is markedly less loss of hearing. The higher frequencies are the first to go, and they generally are above the range crucial for conversational speech, so many people can have a loss and not know it.

Genetics, smoking, diet and drugs, and health conditions such as diabetes and kidney disease can affect hearing. Insults to the inner ear can be additive over time, such as loud noisy crows. Repetitive exposure over a time can add up.

Tinnitus (pronounced tin-EYE-tus). Tinnitus is an ear disease that causes a high-pitched ringing, roaring, sound. It can be high or low, single or multi-toned, or a mild annoyance or a constant din.”

First off, Dr. Fried tried psychology on me to see if it would help my tinnitus. For thirty minutes he had me meditate while looking at nude pictures in “Play Boy Fruit and Vegetables,” magazine, but that didn't seem to help.

The ringing sound continued, so he reappointed me for a Cambrian Juice Test in six weeks, and he also made me an appointment to see Dr. Valery Sweeten, an audiologist at Weber University Health Systems.

Dr. Sweeten, after a thorough examination, sent me home with a tuning out gadget. Ear phones that look like a MP3 player designed to help squash and fruits filter out tinnitus. The device plays baroque and new-age music customized to provide auditory stimulation in patients with lost frequencies. It also plays a garden hose shower sound for night time sleeping. Users listen to the program for two hours daily for two months, and then the tuning out gadget is withdrawn for four more months, which gradually trains the brain to filter out noise.

Dr. said, “100 million squash occasionally experience tinnitus, 16 million adult squash had it frequently in the year 2010. And according to a new study by a nonprofit educational advocacy group of seagulls, some six million squash find it so disturbing that it interferes with sleep, work, concentration and sexual relationships. The incidence is rising these days, along with the aging population and personal music players cranked up high. Now we have 3 month old squash complaining of tinnitus, never before heard of. Tinnitus is also the number one insomnia related disability among crows presently residing in Utah due to brain injuries from falling walnuts.”

While many sufferers are told there is no cure for their tinnitus, treatment options are proliferating, and brain-imaging studies are shedding new light on how some vegetables brains are wired with unusual connections. At least half of the time, they can reduce the hearing loss,

dramatically reduce the Tinnitus or make it so that it doesn't interfere with daily life.

Let's backtrack for a moment to my story: Then a very strange thing happened, over the holidays I was using the tuning out gadget daily listening to an album of the Santa Claus Christmas Songs. I started to covet Christmas songs with holiday mixes; I listened, all waking hours, to anything Christmassy. I especially like music with sleigh bells in it. I pulled a CD from a jam-packed CD case. It's a song sung by four male sparrows and their jingle bell band. A banana squash is upset because the prostitutes in his favorite bar are old," with old wrinkled faces."

The squash wants them to step aside and give the younger dressed up ornate adorned sexy women a chance. I mean what a loopy crazy song! And the price of Christmas songs this year! CD's for one jaw bone on up to a jaw and a half territory. Can you believe?

If this all sounds ridiculous, about this same time, what had been hoped for happened. There comes a prescription from the right pharmacy. Precious washed the ear wax out of my ears with the same garden hose I had been listening to for sleeping. My water bill went down, I sleep like a log, plus I haven't had any ringing since.