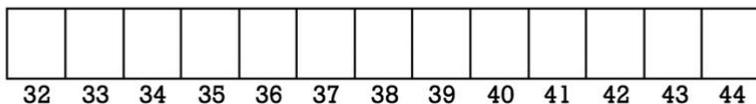
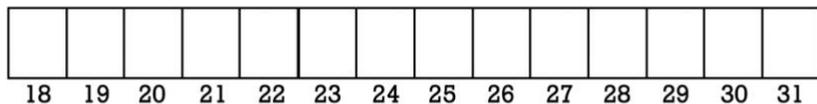
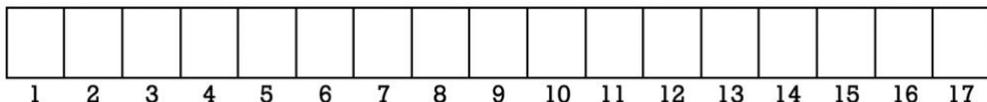
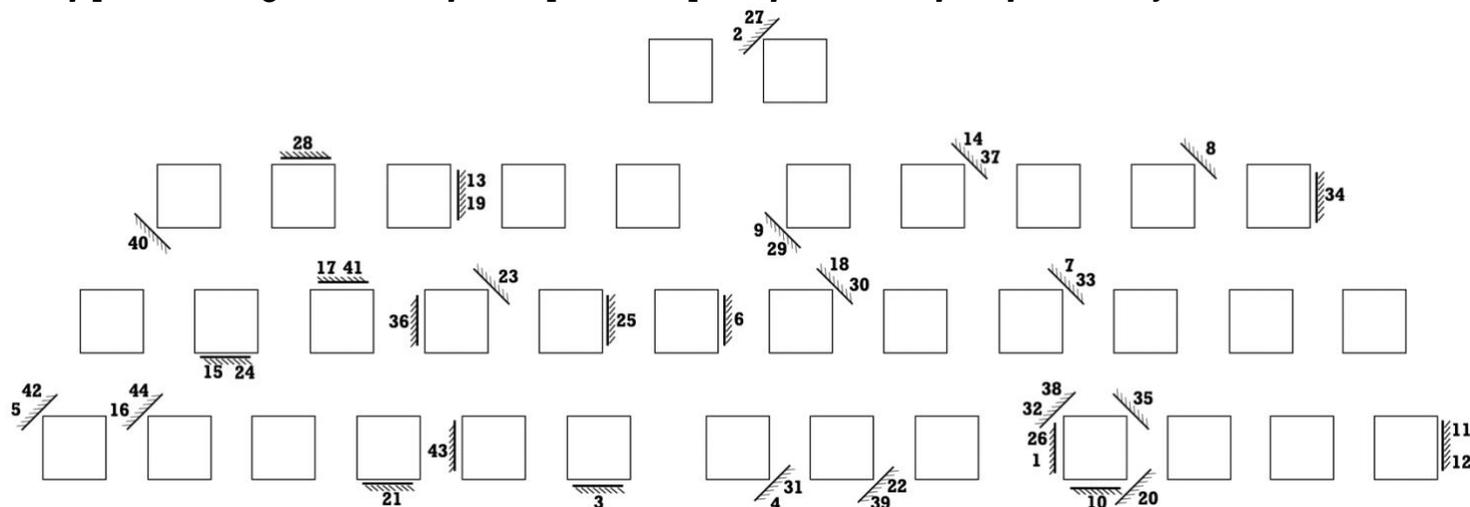




# META: UMMM... HAVE A GREAT LIFE?

Well.. That dreaded moment has finally arrived, when that geeky girl from homeroom (what's her name: **Peggy? Penny? Cody??**) comes up to you with her senior yearbook and an assortment of bright colored pens and asks you, "Pleeeeeease will you sign my yearbook?"

Truth be told, if it hadn't been for what's-her-name, you never would have passed senior physics – especially that unit on light and optics. That D- got you through, so you feel like you owe her something. So, you **pick a pen** and just **go inking** away. Of course, your hand-writing is a **complete mess** as you nervously try to come up with something clever and original, but you feel completely **stymied** and all you can think to scribble down are the four solutions to the puzzles she just showed you this morning. Apparently, she had gone to some nerdy meet-up last Tuesday and was so proud of her answers, she just had to show you. But wait a minute... you stop... look down at the page and **reflect on what you've just written, flipping in your mind** through the memories, holding a **mirror** up to all your high school experiences, from every possible angle. Suddenly such profound poetry comes to you, you know just what to write.



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Robert Becker (St. Louis, MO)