

## The Best of Feeble Excuses

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In the September 1, 1992 issue of Dynamic Chiropractic my article "The Ease of Treating Addictions with Acupuncture" brought numerous requests for the ear acupuncture chart which appeared in the April 25, 1990 issue.

As has been my custom in the past, I often offer reprints of previous articles or specific illustrations of certain acupoints when it will assist the reader in understanding the concepts of what I have explained in a specific article.

Concerning several articles, I have stated, "If you were foolish enough to throw the article away, or since the publication of the article you have become an avid reader of Dynamic Chiropractic, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your feeble excuse, and I will see that you receive it. Good excuses receive priority."

Well, as you can imagine, I have received a lot of pretty feeble excuses why readers no longer have a previous article, even though I specifically stated to "keep this article for future reference." However, following the September 1, 1992 issue of Dynamic Chiropractic, I received the classic of all excuses from Dr. Roger Freed of Melbourne, Florida. Allow me to share with you the "Best of Feeble Excuses."

*John A. Amaro, D.C., FIACA, Dipl.Ac  
Carefree, Arizona*

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A Letter from Roger W. Freed, D.C., to John Amaro, D.C.

Dear Dr. Amaro:

I just finished reading your latest article in Dynamic Chiropractic, "The Ease of Treating Addictions with Acupuncture." Making reference to your three-part articles in past issues, after my last patient of the day, I went to my storage facility in the industrial section of town to get the April, May, and June 1990 editions. I found the issues easily as I had properly referenced them not only by date and issue but also by catalog of content, context, and author. Since my library is quite voluminous, 45 minutes of diligent searching produced the desired results at which time I endeavored to go home.

Upon entering my car and leaving the compound, it came to my attention that I had inadvertently placed the issues in question on top of my car roof while I unlocked the door, forgetting to take them into the interior of the vehicle with me. Consequently, no sooner had I reached the main road than a gust of wind, probably latent from Hurricane Andrew, proceeded to strew the copies onto the on-ramp of Interstate 95. As I egressed from my vehicle to recapture my possessions, an 18-wheeler brazenly stating AMA on its sides, proceeded to enter onto the interstate, spreading the three copies onto the

northbound lane. Being older editions, with resulting drying and yellowing of the paper, the force of the wind shear caused the staples to come loose, and subsequently all the individual sheaves became wind blown. The next hour was spent retrieving all of these papers with the assistance of a Florida State Trooper visually helping me, making sure that the \$500 littering law was fully instituted and carried out.

I finally arrived at my domicile and placed the documents in question on the kitchen table as I changed from my professional attire to something more comfortable.

Upon my return to the kitchen, to my dismay I discovered that my wife had attempted to use one single sheet of the DC as a floor wrapping for our new three-month old sun conure. As fate would have it, it was your articles. Needless to say, I immediately retrieved them.

After receiving sustenance at the dinner table, I began to furiously search my abode for the aforementioned articles. Since there was little to no noise coming from the upstairs bedroom, after putting my wife through the third degree to no avail, I decided to explore the unfathomable depths of my children's rooms. Much to my chagrin, my angelic cherubs were there with indelible magic markers coloring in the little circles of the letters e, o, p, q, d, r, a, and b.

While still being able to decipher much of your information, to my desperation, the children had performed a wondrous job on your line drawings to the point where they were undecipherable.

Remembering my Boy Scout/"McGyver" survival chemistry classes, I quickly mixed up a batch of indelible ink remover, which worked remarkably well. So well, as a matter of fact, I am in negotiations with Johnson's & Johnson's. Unfortunately, it did leave me with blank sheets of paper.

My only recourse, at this time, was to return to my storage facility to obtain the duplicate copies that I had there. Unfortunately for me as I got out of my car, my keys fell under the tires as my car slid a few inches backwards. This caused the keys to puncture the tire, and it seems I had no way of getting into the trunk of the car to fix my flat. I also seemed to be slowly forgetting the combination of my storage lock. ...

Which brings me to the point of this letter. Please do not think of this correspondence as an excuse; think of it more as a true life drama. If you could empathize with the first person of this docudrama, would you please send copies of the articles in question as posed in the most recent issue of DC.

Thank you in advance for your time and patients. I eagerly await your response.

*Roger W. Freed, D.C.*  
*Melbourne, Florida*

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