

agent Amy Rennert	for absolutely everything.
collaborators Ruby Western and Kayla Ginsburg	for everything that led to here.
colleagues Emily Snyder, Nick Gage, Brian Stojak, and Baize Buzan	for everything before that.
corn bread	for how amazing you smell baking in the oven. Sometimes I don't fully notice until I step outside to grab the mail and walk back in.
friend David	for saying the following after I texted you a photo of me standing in front of our old hangout: <i>Hey—could you do me a favor while you are there? I accidentally left something right around that spot a while back... my youth. If you could look around for it, that'd be a big help. It was last seen in baggy jeans, smoking a cigarette, and making big plans.</i>
man at the corner of Ashland and Addison	for what you did on Saturday, February 15, 2014, at 7:45pm. Jason and I were walking to meet some friends for dinner. It was a cold and snowy night. Foolishly hatless, I was walking down the street covering my ears with my mittened hands. While waiting for the light to change, you approached us and asked, <i>Ma'am, would you like this hat?</i> as you pulled off and offered your own.

Krouses Ann, Paul, Beth, Joe, and Katie	for <i>glorious, glorious</i> .
offspring Justin, Miles, and Paris	for R's.
mate Jason	for ever.
receptionist at doctor's office	for saying, sure, I could listen in. (When I was checking in for my appointment, you were starting to tell the other receptionist about a crazy dream you had the night before.) You dreamt you were dying. Your boss was throwing you, literally and morbidly, a going-away party. Your coworkers made you a cake. Suddenly you realized that your mom was a no-show. You couldn't believe she bailed on your farewell lunch. Then your boyfriend said to you, <i>Well, the coroner's here. You better jump in the bag now</i> . You woke up, crying. You immediately called your mom to confirm that if she knew you were dying, she would totally meet you for lunch.
taxi driver who took us to the airport	for being so cool and understanding when we finally tracked you down on the phone and told you it wasn't until we were checking in at the ticket counter that we realized we had mistakenly grabbed your briefcase, thinking it was Jason's. You and I decided the only solution at this point was for your briefcase to accompany us on vacation.

tech company OneReach	for bringing the texting component to interactive life.
web developer Zac Davis	for building the book's online home.
Jill, Ruby, Kayla, and Merrill	for being word-Smiths.
team Dutton	for believing in, bettering, and publishing this book.
philosopher Wittgenstein	for saying this: <i>The aspects of things that are most important for us are hidden because of their simplicity and familiarity. One is unable to notice something because it is always before one's eyes.</i>