

## **Appendix E Ode to Original Title/Earlier Information**

Enclosed in this appendix, one will find a short tribute to the original title, and some earlier information, included in an earlier version of the thesis. Special kudos to Don Bahls, who reminded me to do this. Had he not done so, this might've gone "right off the end of the pier"—a tragedy indeed, as I'm sure you will come to agree.

### **Original Title**

An early stage in thesis writing, a preliminary title of "The Mayan Corncob Conspiracy" was proposed.

It did *NOT* go over well.

:) ;)

### **Earlier Information**

I thought you might appreciate an email, I wrote some time earlier:

Dear Various Dudes and Dudettes:

I wanted to tell you all that I submitted my "final draft" of my thesis, this past Friday. It's anybody's guess as to what happens, now.

This is a pretty big milestone. For the first time in FOUR YEARS, I now have something called . . . free/spare time.

Wow.

Working with Dr. Newby on my thesis wasn't all tedium. Towards the very end of the process, I entered the following, without warning:

#### Butterfly Flatulence

Butterflies have butts. Therefore, it stands to reason that they . . . er, cut the cheese. This could lead to . . . interesting situations/circumstances.

Imagine this: An elf, a human, and dwarf enter a clearing. Around them, myriad, colorful butterflies, floating in a concentration so vast they almost appears as dust motes, the elf possessed of an almost feminine, intrinsic grace. The human bears a large bastard sword, long of limb—and faces life with a courage born of his almost ephemeral existence (when weighed against the longer years of his

companions). The dwarf, squat, low to the ground, powerful, unconsciously effortlessly hefting an enormous axe, grizzled, of a perpetually surly disposition stops—grabs his nose, and proclaims: "Baah! It smells like 100,000 butterflies beefed in here!"

:) ;)

-Thought you might appreciate that. :) ;) I should have more time to like, write you guys, 'n stuff. Party down,

-John/Mike/Whatever - Dude

message: I thought you should know./I should have more time to write now, 'n stuff.