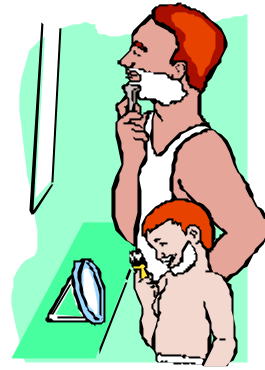


FATHERLY ADVICE

Your mother and I aren't talking, son.
I'm in the doghouse again, it seems...
Last night's row was quite a bad one;
I yelled, she screamed; we really let off steam.



All I said to your Auntie Dawn
Was that there was a mix up in delivery
At the hospital where you were born.
As it turns out, you're not my son at all!



We tried to keep it from your mother,
But Auntie Dawn had to go and blab.
She told your Ma that you belong to another...
You were just wearing the wrong ID tag.

My son, heed these words of caution:
When you have a well-kept family secret,
Tell no woman, if you expect to keep it,
Lest the truth be blown out of all proportion.



- *Adrian M. McGlinchey*