

Doctors find cure for "Free Time"

Before you start reading this, are you sitting down? If not, I suggest you get yourself a drink, and have a seat (if someone's in the kitchen, have them bring something in for you). Take off your shoes and put your feet up. Use an ottoman or a large, sleeping dog if one is available. Comfortable? Good! Now continue reading.

We extend to you all the joy and happiness that is the holiday season! Even if you are a Bush supporter. This is the season to be jolly, after all, regardless of your political affectation.

You may have noticed right away, a certain theme for this issue. I knew I couldn't get it past you. You see, we have experienced events this past year which have changed the course of our lives permanently. The expense alone is staggering. That, combined with all the preparation, waiting, doubt, and uncertainty (not necessarily in that order), we seriously wondered whether or not it was going to work.

That's right, I'm talking about painting the house. The walls had to be painted before the baby arrived! Did I forget to mention there was a new baby involved? Silly me. We welcomed to the staff our new cub reporter Lauren Gentry Burnham on the morning of August 6, after a grueling game of "I'm gonna push you out / I'm not comin' out". The doctor and his scalpel had the final say in the matter. Lauren was in no position to argue; besides, she had other things



Miracle baby transforms a frightened, unprepared man into a frightened, unprepared father.

to worry about, like *breathing*, for one thing.

As I was saying, we finally bought new furniture, now it was time to decorate. There was no getting around it. To simplify things, we decided to paint everything the same color. Naturally, the first room I painted revealed we had chosen the wrong tint. Not just a small patch, not just a wall, but the whole room. Total jelly-side down. But we were so close! We turned to Martha Stewart, who generously loaned her name to a line of paints, in which found *the* color. Now if we can only find *the* blinds to go in *the* front window. Martha?

By the way, I would like to inform Jeff Noce we sold the *Tennessee-built, pine-framed, flat-wooden-arms-you-can-set-your-beer-down-on, sagging-cushion, living-room-set-he-didn't-have-to-schlep-to-New-York-because-I-bought-it-from-him* furniture. I hope he didn't want to buy it back...



Cub Reporter Joins Staff

When I first arrived here at *Burnhamish*, I said to myself, "Hmm. Interesting color they chose for the living room." I really hoped they were more creative with the nursery.



My name is Lauren Gentry Burnham, and I am proud to have been accepted into the *Burnhamish* family as a reporter. I was born August 6, 2000 and started here on August 9th. I have the distinction of being the youngest staff member, as well as the shortest one with opposable thumbs. At least I'm not the furriest.

I may be young, but I have observed a lot from my bouncy seat (not the least of which is whoever painted the living room needs to start drinking *decaf*). My unique perspective will allow me to get to the heart of what matters to the little people. I think you will agree. And let's face it, I'm just darn cute.

Lauren is interviewed by resident creative genius John Burnham on page 2.

Alligators and Hot Dogs and Mimes, Oh My!

An interview with Lauren Burnham
by our Creative Director

It's a cold and wet December day as we touch the ground at JFK. It will be two hours until my connecting flight to Omaha, so we decide to stop at Doug 'N' Louie's New Yawk Grille for a hot dog and root beer. Lauren is occupied alternately with a colorful stuffed alligator and a group of mimes at the newsstand across from us.

J: Is this your first trip to New York?

L: Yes. Interesting place. What's this about big apples? I was hoping to see one from the plane. What are those funny men doing over there?

J: I think they think they're pretending to be eaten by a large animal.

L: Like an alligator? (She waves the toy menacingly in the direction of the mimes)

J: Hard to say, they're not very convincing. The newsstand guy looks amused, though.

So, this is your first time in New York. Have you had any other chance to travel since you arrived in August?

L: I had been to three other states before I was even three months old! However, this is the first time I've flown. Usually, I'm in a car, going someplace. What are those guys do-



ing now?

J: Judging by the police, I'd say they are resisting arrest. (Lauren again shakes the alligator at the mimes.)

L: Rowrr! Silly men. Did you know you look a lot like my father? He drives a yellow car. I understand there are a lot of yellow cars in New York. Maybe I will see him in one.

J: Maybe. Is he a cab driver?

L: No. Why do you ask?

J: No reason. What you hope to contribute to *Burnhamish* as their youngest cub reporter?

L: For one thing, I hope to liven up *Burnhamish* a little. Have you read the last few issues?

J: Actually, no.

L: Bor-ring! And not funny. I can spit up and get more yuks. The addition of color, however, was a step in the right direction, but those logos! Who designed *those*?

J: As a matter of fact, I did.

L: Great logos! Probably saved the whole business. Color, logos. Good call.

J: Thanks, I thought so. What do you have in the works for the next issue?

L: I was thinking furniture reviews. I picked up on a sub-theme in the last couple issues and I think I can expand upon it with some new perspectives on adjustable, washable, portable plastic seating for persons of my age and stature.

J: As in babies?

L: Of course! I am uniquely qualified, being one myself.

By the time we finish our hot dogs, the mimes have been placed in custody, the alligator has lost its novelty for the day, and my connecting flight boarding has been announced. I send Lauren off in the hotel shuttle bus and make my way to the gate.

As the plane leaves the ground, I wonder what great things Lauren will accomplish. Will she learn to type? Will she finger paint? Will she master an Etch-a-sketch? As I drift off to sleep, I wonder if she was pulling my leg about the logos.



FOCUS ON CAROLYN

What do you enjoy most about your job?

Free movie passes and being able to watch TV at work.

What exactly do you do?

No one is really sure. But generally I try to convince advertisers that my television station is a good place to spend their money.

If you had not gone into your current occupation, what do you think you would be doing?

I would be someone at a remote outpost staring into telescopes looking for extraterrestrial life. Or a pastry chef.

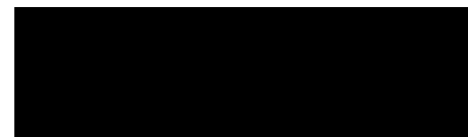


Let's say you were stranded on an island with Abe Lincoln, Abe Vigoda, Ghandi, and Martha Stewart. You have limited supplies, and could probably survive long enough to be rescued if you teamed up with one person. Who would you team up with and why?

That's easy, Martha Stewart. I am sure she could build an entire hut out of a few vines and palms and we would be dining on gourmet meals made from coconuts and obscure roots. I would be better off with her on my side. Besides, Abe Lincoln and Ghandi are dead, and Abe Vigoda (www.abevigoda.com) wouldn't last five minutes against Martha's tyranny.

What advice do you have for someone thinking of going into the television industry?

STAY OUT! It's a snake pit. Get yourself therapy for even thinking such things.



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Favorite Sandwich: Fried egg on toast