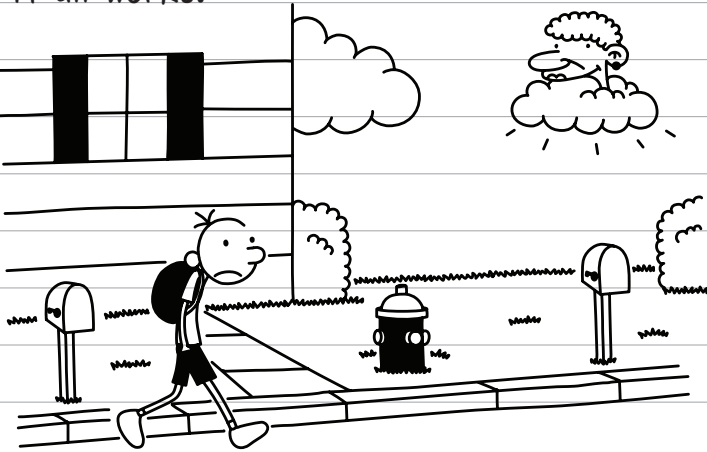
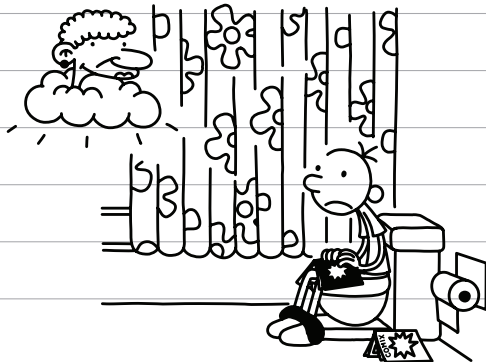


Mom's always saying I'm lucky because I've got my grandmother, Nana, watching over me from heaven. I guess that's supposed to make me feel good, but I have a lot of questions about the way it all works.



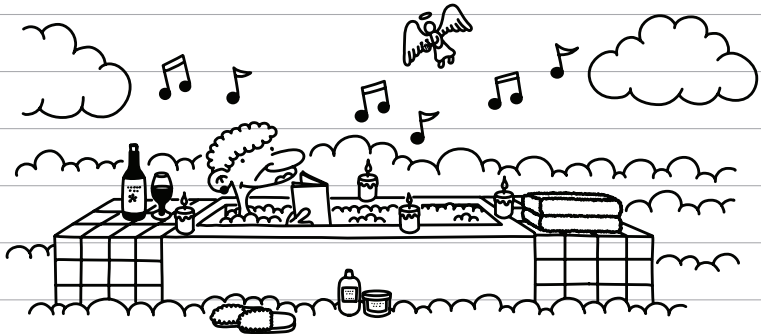
I'm fine with Nana watching over me when I'm crossing a busy intersection or doing something where I could use a little extra protection. But there are other times when you just need some privacy.



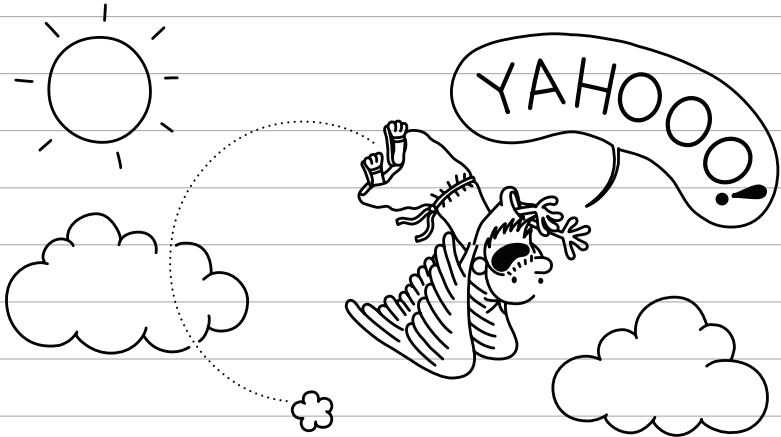
The thing that worries me is that when Nana was alive, I was kind of an obnoxious little kid. So if I was her, I wouldn't really CARE if something happened to me.



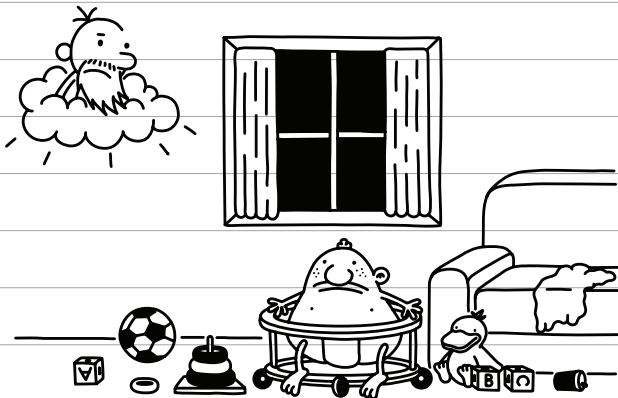
I actually feel kind of BAD that Nana has to keep an eye on me all the time. She worked hard all her life as a nurse, and the way I see it she should be relaxing, reading romance novels, not watching some middle-school kid doing his homework every night.



I'll tell you this: If I get to heaven, I'm gonna spend all my time swimming in a giant pool filled with jelly beans or doing loop-de-loops around the clouds.



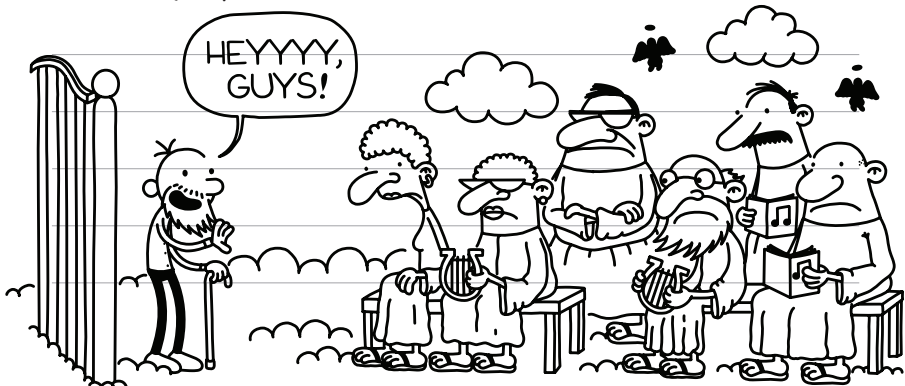
There's no chance I'm gonna get stuck watching over some great-grandkid I hardly even knew.



Recently, Mom told me it's not just Nana who's watching over me, it's ALL my relatives who've passed away. I kind of wish she hadn't told me that, because now when I copy off of Alex Aruda's paper during a spelling test, I feel extra guilty.

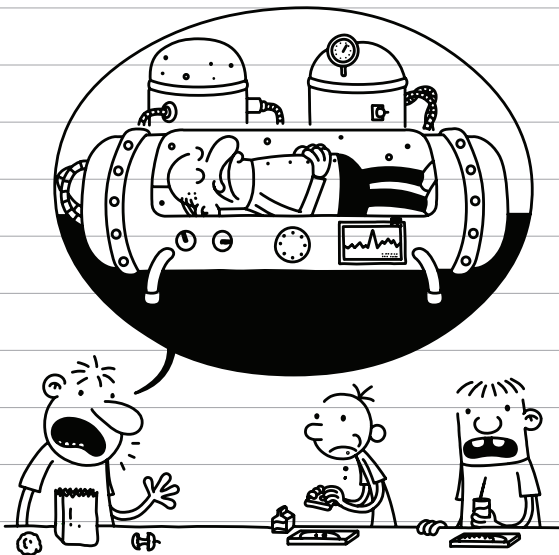


I'm not really comfortable with all these people looking over my shoulder. If my relatives see me every time I pick my nose, it's gonna be pretty awkward when we all reunite later on.



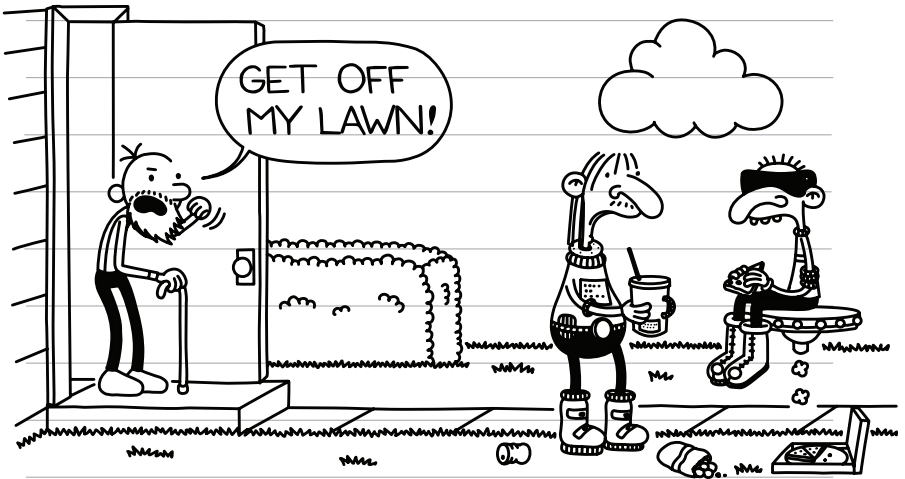
I don't plan on joining them anytime SOON, though, and here's the reason why.

At lunch yesterday, Albert Sandy was telling everyone about this old billionaire who paid a ton of money to freeze himself, and then, in a hundred years, he's gonna get UNfrozen. He's betting that by then they'll know how to cure every disease and he can practically live forever.

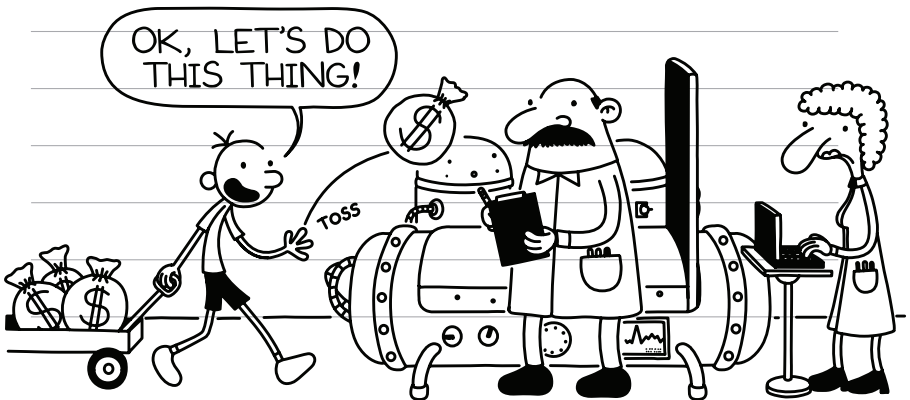


This freezing thing sounds like a great plan to ME. If I strike it rich one day, I'm gonna do the EXACT same thing.

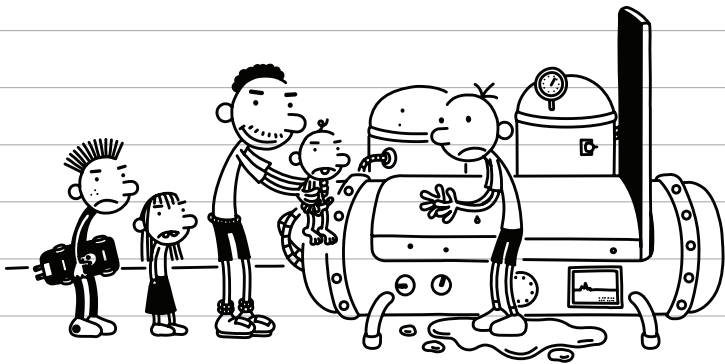
But I'm not gonna wait till I'm old like that billionaire, though. The way I see it, if you freeze yourself when you're too old, then when they unfreeze you in the future, you're gonna be too grumpy to have any fun.



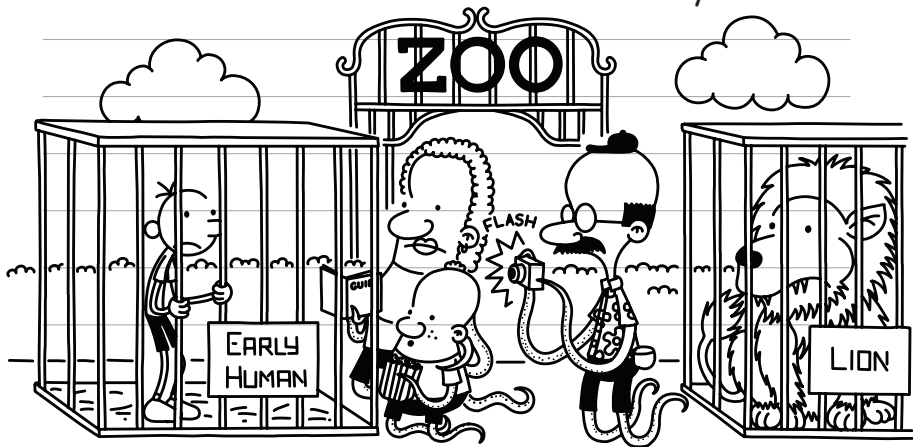
So if I win the lottery or something in the next few years, I'm gonna buy myself a one-way ticket to the future.



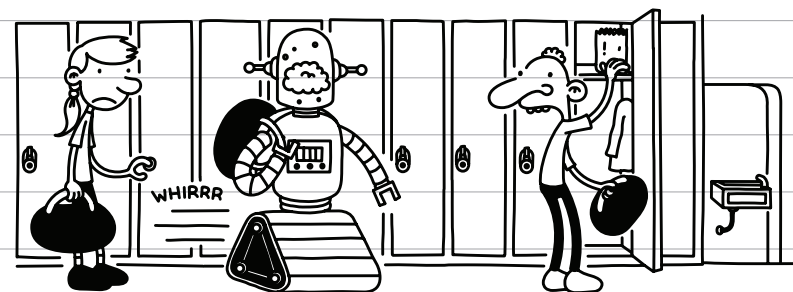
I'm not sure if a hundred years is far enough to go, though. In a hundred years I'll probably have a bunch of great-nieces and nephews who need babysitting, and I'm not spending all that money just so I can change a bunch of dirty diapers.



I'm planning on staying frozen a lot longer, like a THOUSAND years, because by then things will be REALLY interesting. But I'm not willing to go much further than that, because who KNOWS how much human beings will have evolved by then.



If I DON'T win the lottery in the next few years, I guess I'm gonna have to find a cheaper option. Albert Sandy said that people who can't afford to get their whole body frozen can probably just freeze their BRAIN, which they'll put into a robot body.



But if I can scrape together enough money, I'm going with the full package. Because whenever you go with the cheap option, you end up regretting it.

