

## Day of Horror

There is no doubt that  
on September Eleventh  
God sat down and cried.

“I worked hard...”

Bach was prolific:  
One thousand compositions  
and twenty children.

“...and so did I.”

Prolific Euler:  
Eight hundred eighty papers  
and thirteen children.

Us

Girl. Boy. Sparks just flew.  
And thirty-eight years later  
we're still going strong.

Secret

Tell me life's secret,  
he asked. Is it having more?  
No: just wanting less.