

Dear Reader,

My name is Dr. Horatio Pahnee, and I am a mental health professional. My area of expertise is the juvenile mind, a mind I know more intimately than any other type of mind, including my own.

Take, for example, Q., a young female patient who wondered what might be causing her late onset bed wetting. I explained to her it is not actually bed wetting if you have dreams about wetting the bed but don't actually wet it, and that in any case the dreams were probably connected to her fear of the ocean. Not of the actual ocean water, but of the ocean floor, and all the "yucky stuff" one might step on. In this way, I cured her.

But M. is different. M. is just nine years old but has an active—active and indeed, overactive—imagination. M. believes strongly that his father left him (M.) and his (M.'s) mother to join the Army and go to Iraq. His lovely mother believes strongly that his father left them, but not to join the Army and not to go to Iraq.

What is certain is that wherever the father is, he's no longer in the family home. What is also certain is M. is a bit of a liar. According to his mother, M. learned to be a liar from his father, who learned to be a liar from Frederick Exley, a writer I've never heard of who wrote a book I've never read. But I know that M. is a liar. I know this in my bones, even though I, as of yet, have no proof. Because when we say we know something in our bones, we mean we don't know yet how we know what we know. This is what we mean by "bones."

Warm Regards,

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