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For my birthday, I took a journey to the Mediterranean. I had a personal chauffeur. He was a formal colonel in the army and a history major. This person was like a philosopher. Every word he spoke, I wrote in my journal.

During a speech, I spilled syrup on my shirt. The chauffeur threw me in water where the temperature was cold. Exposure to the cold water current is not healthy. Yes, I was worried by the horror of the circumstance.

He hurriedly rescued me and my dirty shirt. I asked him why he surprised me. He told me that he did not want me discouraged by my dirty shirt. The water cleaned the syrup.

Hip, hip, hooray! Today is my birthday.