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**I Was Deceived:** When I was five, my mother woke me one morning when it was still dark. As she helped me get dressed, I asked, “Where are we going?” “Uncle Louis is picking us up,” she answered. I hope you notice that my question didn’t get answered. Instead my mother substituted a true statement. I didn’t pick up on that technique at the time, but since then I have known many people to employ the same tactic on many occasions.

Uncle Louis dropped us off at a large building. In the next remembered scene, we sat in an office before the desk of a stranger to me, who discussed the incomprehensible with my mother. Presently, a lady in a white dress took me to another room, where I was layed upon a table, and a smelly rag was placed over my nose and mouth. By then I was resisting with all I was worth. Four ladies in white, one on each limb, held me in place, while the fifth applied the smelly rag.

When I regained consciousness, I was in a large bed, and my throat hurt worse than ever it did before. My mother was in a chair next to me. “You can have ice cream,” she said gleefully, which I recognized even then was supposed to make me gleeful of my situation and how I got there.

So that is how my tonsils were removed.