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The Murder of **HARRY D**

On the morning of his 40th birthday, Harry D. woke with a start. It was 4:00 a.m., still pitch black, and he was sitting on the side of his bed trembling with fear. A voice had come in a dream, whispering,

"Someone is trying to kill you, Harry."

With shaky hands, Harry lit up his first cigarette of the day and pondered the situation. His wife was now awake also, so he shared the horrifying message with her. "It's too terrible to think about," she said. "Let's have breakfast instead." But Harry couldn't shake his concern as he salted his fried eggs and carefully mopped up the bacon drippings with his buttered toast. "Who would want to kill me?," he thought, as he stirred sugar and cream into his coffee and lit another smoke.

He continued to ponder the question on the drive to the office. But weaving through lanes, beating stop-lights, and shouting at other drivers was too frustrating to maintain concentration. Nor could he find time at work. Meetings, decisions, deadlines, phone calls...everything always piled up.

It wasn't until he was rapidly inhaling his cheeseburger and fries at lunch that the terror of his position became clear to him. It was all he could do to finish his chocolate shake.

He worked until 7:00 p.m. as usual.

Drove home fast as usual. Had his two cocktails as usual. Ate a hearty meal as usual. Studied business reports as usual. And took his usual two sleeping pills to get his usual six hours sleep.

As time went on, Harry began to take comfort in this routine. Apparently, he was out-foxing the would-be murderer. "Whoever is trying to kill me," he said proudly to his wife, "hasn't gotten me yet. I'm too smart for him." "Yes, you are, Harry," she replied, while slicing his second helping of prime rib.

The months turned into years...

and Harry continued on, certain that he was outsmarting his murderer. But, as it must to all men, death came at last.

Harry D. was 51 years old. It came at dinner while he was watching Monday Night Football, the closest Harry ever got to exercise. He simply fell over into his fettucini Alfredo.

His grief-stricken wife demanded a full autopsy. It showed coronary artery blockages, elevated cholesterol and triglycerides, emphysema, ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver, hardening of the arteries, pulmonary edema, obesity, and a touch of lung cancer. "How glad he would have been to know," said his widow, smiling through her tears, "that he died of natural causes."

*Type "A" Test***SELF-ASSESSMENT**

The following scale represents a range of emotions from 3 to 24. Find yourself on each scale and record your score. Then total your score to find your Personality Type.

3 6 9 12 15 18 21 24

You have a variety of interests		You're a workaholic
You do things at a slow or moderate pace		You're fast in all things - eating, talking, actions
You do one thing at a time		You do many things at one time
You seldom feel pressured or rushed		You always feel behind schedule
You are not competitive		You're highly competitive in everything
You describe things with words		You describe things with numbers
You're casual about appointments		You're never late

TOTAL

SCORE

120 and over
106 to 119
100 to 105
90 to 99
Less than 90

PERSONALITY TYPE

A-plus
A
A-minus
B-plus
B