

**I** NEVER thought I'd be saying this, but here goes: Bring back Kathie Lee Gifford!

When God handed out the numbskull genes, Kelly Ripa was the first in line. I don't know how Regis can stand that lamebrain sitting next to him day after day, simpering and fawning all over him.

"Oh, Reege, you're so funny. Oh, Reege, your muscles are so big. Oh, Reege, your hairy rear end is so easy to kiss."

Barf, barf, barf. I'm puking here.

Even though Kathie Lee is a shameless name-dropper, thinks she's the greatest thing since Midol and has an ego the size of Texas, at least she doesn't pucker up and smooch Regis' butt.

Here's my actual made-up transcript of one of the gaggy exchanges between brown-noser Kelly and Regis on their show:

**REGIS:** My wife Joy is such a good cook. She made my favorite meal last night, tuna noodle casserole.

**KELLY:** Oh, I love tuna noodle casserole! It's my favorite! I eat it every night! I bathe in tuna noodle casserole! Here! I have some in my bra right here for you to eat for breakfast. And that Joy, she sure is a beauty. And she's so lucky to be married to such a manly man like you. You're so macho.

**REGIS:** Finally I'm getting the respect I deserve. Take that, Kathie Lee.

**KELLY:** Can I sleep with you? Everyone knows I would tap dance on a granny's face for my own talk show even though my brain is 99 percent helium and 1 percent BS.

And what's with Kelly's get-ups? She doesn't even know how to dress. The skintight miniskirts she wears look like she's stolen them from a streetwalker on the way to the studio.

And here's a message to you, Kelly: You sit like a truck driver.

Another thing, Kelly Ripa tries to act so much like Kathie Lee that it's pathetic. She yaks about her little rugrats like she's mother of the year. I think she's even ripped off some of Kathie Lee's stories!

Another one of my actual made-up examples:

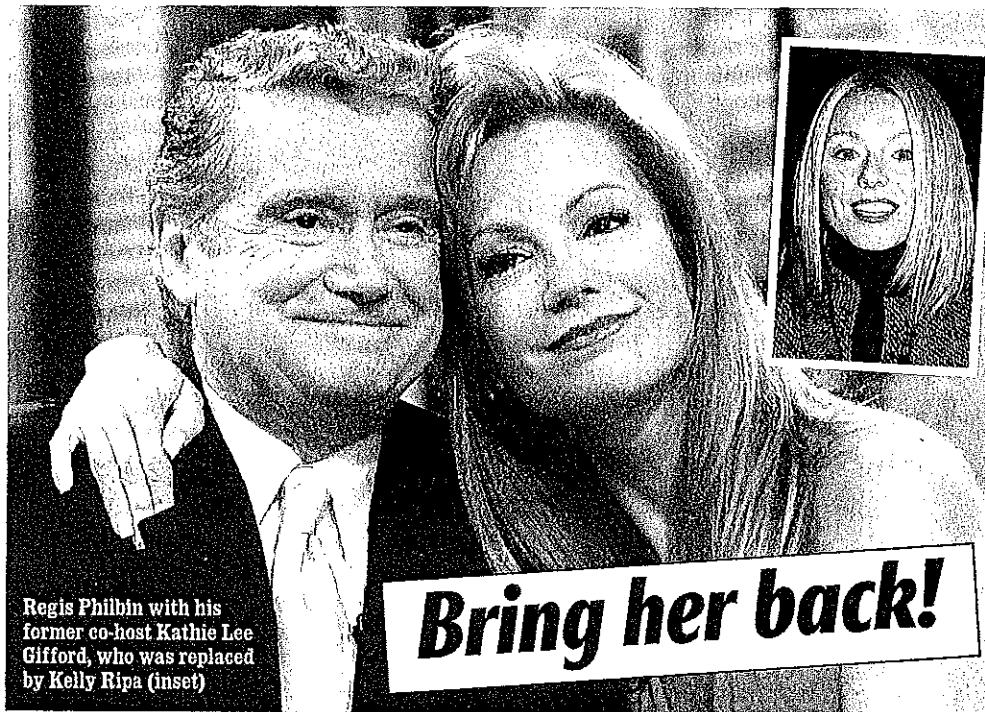
**KATHIE LEE:** I was potty train-



# Wendy Storm

*Here's what I think*

## I MISS KATHIE LEE!



Regis Philbin with his former co-host Kathie Lee Gifford, who was replaced by Kelly Ripa (inset)

**Bring her back!**

## Who knew Kelly Ripa would be so much **WORSE?**

ing my little boy and he did a whoopsie right in front of my dinner guests, who included the King and Queen of Sweden, Prince Charles and the ghost of Princess Diana. Of course, Martha Stewart got right down on her hands and knees with her special celebrity cleaning solution that only works on rich people's carpets.

**KELLY:** I was potty training my little boy and he did a whoopsie

right in front of my dinner guests, I forget their names. It was last night, you know. And then ... oh, I forget. Your muscles are so big and bulgy, Reege.

So, in conclusion, I would like to propose you join my Come Back Kathie Lee Campaign. Together we can get rid of that bleach blond bubblebrain Kelly and get back the power hungry egomaniac that we once loved to hate. If I have to

watch an overly ambitious witch claw her way to the top, it might as well be someone who doesn't need cue cards to introduce herself!

To join my crusade, drop me a note with the following code words: Bring Back KLG!

*You can reach Wendy Storm by writing to: Wendy Storm, National EXAMINER, 5401 N.W. Broken Sound Blvd., Boca Raton, FL 33487*

**W**HAT'S the deal with this celebrity fad of pairing up, having a baby and then getting married later? Or not even getting hitched at all?

Where I come from, when you get knocked up out of wedlock you're a big SLUT and your mom cries and your dad yells a lot. Oh, but when famous women do it, it's fashionable and cool. And they're darn proud of it.

Take Madonna. First she has a daughter with her exercise guy, then decides she doesn't like him after all. So she takes the kid and splits to London. What is this guy, a sperm donor? Then she meets a second guy — some British dude — gets PG, has another kid and then decides OK, she'll marry this guy. Mighty big of her.

OK, maybe Madonna's not such a great example, because everyone knows she has the morals of an alley cat.

How about Catherine Zeta-Jones and her happy hubby (who's old enough to be HER father) Michael Douglas? She gets pregnant and then waits for the wedding until after the kid is born so she can get skinny enough to look really nice in a pricey designer gown. Come on. Is that the vainest, most egotistical bull you've ever heard? She cares about clothing more than she cares about what her child thinks when he's able to read his own birth certificate.

Not only do these people put the horse before the cart, but they think it's so darn cute to parade the kids around at the nuptials as part of the ceremony! Let's invite our kids to our wedding. Oh, there's a hot plan.

And what about Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell, Farrah Fawcett and Ryan O'Neal, Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon? They just figure they'll raise a few illegitimate kids without the inconvenience of marriage vows that make them feel too "obligated" to each other. Poor babies. We wouldn't want them to feel put out. As if having a child together is no obligation at all! Like buying a hamster at a pet store. Having a baby and raising a human being isn't a responsibility that ties you together? Apparently not. Their kids have to go through life wondering if their appearance wasn't important



# Wendy Storm

*Here's what I think*

2/20/01 EX 8

**HEY...  
HOLLYWOOD  
MOMS!**

## HOW ABOUT HAVING THE WEDDING *BEFORE* YOU HAVE THE BABY?

enough for their parents to get legally bound. Bet that makes them feel real good.

Aren't these people supposed to be role models for OUR children? They know they set the moral standards for the new generation and it looks like they could give a hoot in hell about that. They're saying the traditional route of falling in love, engagement, marriage and then kids is stupid or totally unhip. Oh, get over yourselves!

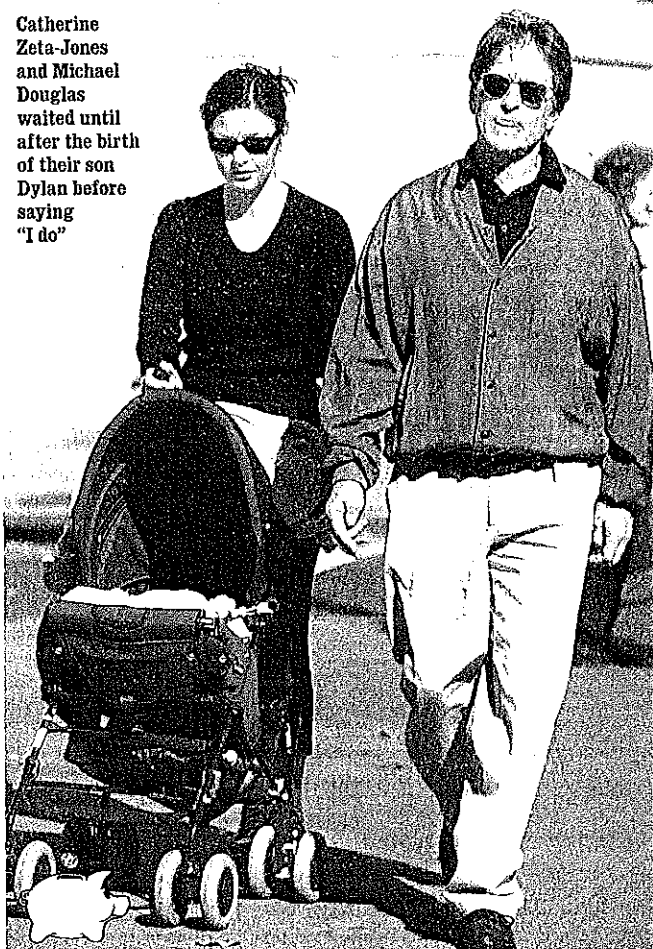
There's lots of really cool stars who faced the altar before making a family. Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, for example. Even Melanie Griffith, who's had three kids with three different guys, at least got married while she was expecting. At least she tried.

There's nothing wrong with a few old-fashioned values. I'm not saying that we have to cruelly ostracize women like they did to Ingrid Bergman way back when she got in the family way with that Italian director. But let's have a little class, and a little less selfishness.

Marriage is a pain in the butt a lot of the time, but I'm tired of these me-me-me stars who are more worried about how they'll look in a dress than in their child's eyes. I now pronounce you sickening.

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Catherine Zeta-Jones and Michael Douglas waited until after the birth of their son Dylan before saying "I do"





Mary Jane  
with her  
owner  
Gene Baker

Photo: WBTV-News



# Wendy Storm

*Here's what I think*

## WHAT DRUGGIE ROBERT DOWNEY JR. NEEDS IS A STIFF DOSE OF TOUGH LOVE!

**W**HAT THE HECK has Robert Downey Jr. got on those judges out in Hollywood? Whatever it is, it must be good!

Every week, it seems as if there's a new story on how the Academy Award nominee has been picked up in some filthy alley strung out on drugs, violating his parole, staggering into some neighbor's bedroom, curled up in a fetal position in a hotel room, holding a gun in one hand and a cocaine spoon in the other, etc., etc. The list goes on and on.

And does he keep winding up in a cold, hard jail cell? Nah, it's "let's give that rehab thing one more shot — and this time we really, really mean it."

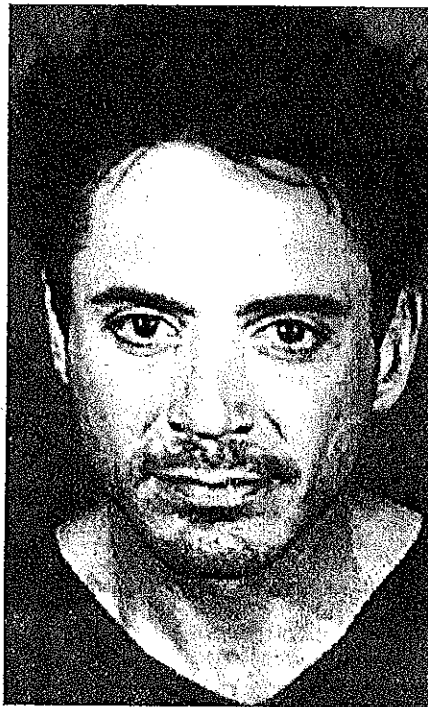
Believe me, if you or I decided to pull half the illegal shenanigans Robert Downey Jr. or any of these spoiled rotten stars get away with, we'd be locked up in a state prison cell and praying we wouldn't drop the soap when shower time came around.

Why are they mollycoddled? Because they're rich and famous.

And we're supposed to praise them as being so brave, facing their drug problems again ... and again ... and AGAIN.

Then stars write books, give interviews and make movies of their heroic recoveries. Let's be so glad for Robert Downey Jr. because he's stopped injecting heroin and cocaine speedball cocktails for a few months and is actually earning the millions they pay him by working.

Let's give him a big, high-paying job on a prime-time show like *Ally McBeal* because we're so blissful he's not taking illegal substances for a few minutes. They even presented him with a Golden Globe



Award. And guess what? All that happy horsepoop didn't do that poor sucker any good!

A couple weeks later, his life was back in a dumpster.

Any mother will tell you, it's not good to reward naughty behavior. It just encourages the person to do it again.

And what about the millions of out-of-work actors who have NEVER done drugs?

Does anybody ever congratulate them for staying straight?

Where is the glory they should be getting for not trashing their privileged lives?

Why are we acting like Downey and other drug addicts like him (baseball star Darryl Strawberry, for instance) are different from ordinary junkies the cops on NYPD Blue rough up in the street?

They're not.

But you watch, he'll get out of rehab and then get a great movie role and an Oscar. And the L.A. crowd will cheer and cry because he's such a hero.

Ha!

The law either needs to get tough on Downey and lock him away until he can toughen up and snap out of it, or they need to leave him alone and let him commit suicide.

But the road they're taking now — acting like he's some kind of tragic victim — is setting a bad example for everyone in this country.

And it's not doing Robert Downey Jr. any good, either.

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### GROUP DISBANDS LACK OF SIGHTINGS

The British Flying Saucer Bureau has closed its land-  
held for good because re-  
of extraterrestrials have  
up.  
one time, the 50-year-old  
nization was receiving  
alerting them to 30 UFO  
ings a week. Nowadays,  
hone never rings.  
under Denis Plunket says:  
numbers no longer justi-  
continuing operations."

**U**GLY-FACED singer Rod Stewart says that marriage licenses should be renewable every year like dog licenses because there is NO WAY to stay with one person for life.

"I think the vows should be changed," says His Big-Nosedness.

"They've been in existence for 600 years (note: almost as old as Rod) and that was back when people used to live until they were only 35.

"So they only had to be with each other for 12 years, then they would die, anyway.

"But now, it's a big commitment because you're going to be with someone for 50 years. It's impossible.

"The vows should be written like a dog license that has to be renewed every year."

Haw, haw, haw. Oh, Rod. You're just so cool and hip and happening.

What a jerk.

This guy is going around making a mockery out of the institution of marriage and laughing his stupid '70s shag haircut off about it.

And he thinks he's hysterical. All the people who are celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary this year should invite him to the party.

And then they should laugh their butts off at him.

This guy is an A-Number-1-Total-Pig.

No wonder that nice-looking Rachel Hunter took their two little children and left him to wallow in his own filth.

Rod is supposed to be such a ladies' man, chasing big-breasted blondes around. That's why Rachel blew him off.

"I wasn't ready for that," he confesses.

"It was so unexpected. No one had ever left me before. I was ill-equipped for it."

Poor darling.

And he's so good-looking. Puke, puke.

I can see a man talking this trash if he's handsome and suave like Robert Redford or Paul Newman. But just ugly Rod Stewart with his



# Wendy Storm

*Here's what I think*

6/12/01 EQ24

## JUST WHAT WE NEED... MARRIAGE ADVICE FROM RAUNCHY ROD STEWART!

whiney voice, giant honker and spindly little body?

Come on!

What does he see when he looks in the mirror?

It certainly isn't his own 56-year-old reflection.

He has two kids with first wife Alana Hamilton, who lasted five years. And he has a daughter with another super-duper model, Kelly Emberg.

So this brings up another point. If a guy wants to play it fast and loose with his marriage vows, then don't have kids and leave them in the dust.

Little boys and girls don't give a rat's hiney if their daddy is a bigshot celebrity. They just want him around to read them a bedtime story.

But not Hot Rod.

He thinks marriage should be like owning a dog.

"I don't want to urinate on the party," says the class act best known for his hits Maggie May and Do Ya Think I'm Sexy? (No). "But it's such a rarity for people to stay together that 68 percent of marriages fail. One must consider that before getting married."

One also must consider that you're an egomaniacal geezer who thinks he's still a teenager.

Grow up, Roddy!



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**E**VERY time my husband yells: "Hon, come look at this!" my jaw locks, steam blows from my ears and I force myself to put down anything that could be used as a weapon.

I mean, I'm not a brain surgeon, but I still do important stuff I'd rather not have interrupted. Like when I'm washing the dishes or mopping or changing the kitty litter or beating my head up against the wall because my life is so pathetic.

But I know, just like every other woman who breathes air, that if I don't drop everything and go stare at what he wants me to see he'll just keep calling until I do. So it's better to get it over with while I can still get out the words "that's nice" like I give a belch in hell.

Believe me, it's always something I could live a fulfilled life without. A dog in our back yard making whoopee with another dog, a disgusting operation with lots of blood and exposed muscles pinched together with sharp metal instruments on The We-Make-You-Hurl-Surgery-Channel (TWMYHSC) and — this is the most boring, stupid thing of all — a sports guy on TV.

Either Bertie wants me to see the slo-mo repeat of some great

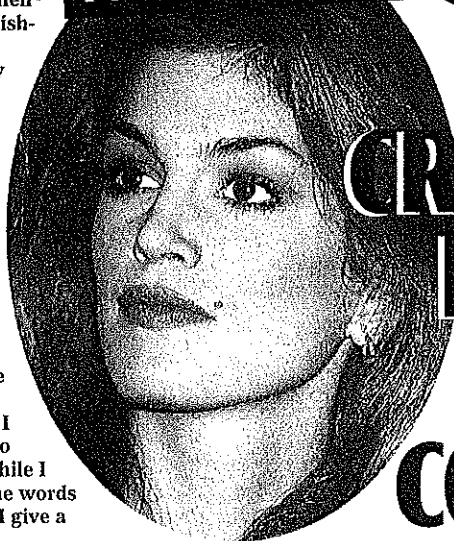


# Wendy Storm

Here's what I think

1/9/01 (EX 02)

**HEY, LOOK AT THIS...**



## UGLY OLD CINDY CRAWFORD LOST HER REVLON CONTRACT

Buckingham Palace and a gold baseball while I'm dragging the garbage to the curb for the six trillionth time.

And speaking of overpaid, useless people, I have two words for that beast Cindy Crawford: Nyeh, Nyeh. Oh, and Nyeh. Revlon dumped her from her big cosmetic contract because she's too old! They need a younger woman. Hardy-har-har. I can't stop laughing. She thought she was so hot.

Well, welcome to the real world, Cindy baby. I think they canned you because they finally realized you're UGLY. Are people blind? Everywhere you looked, there she was sticking that ugly mole into our faces. That's right. That thing is no beauty mark, it's a mole. A big, hideous, witchy-lookin' deformity like my Aunt Hildegard has. And judging from what happened to Hildegard, Cindy may wake up one morning to find a few wiry, gray hairs sprouting from it.

"Hon! Come look at this," Bert will call.

I'll drop everything and run in to see Cindy on the TWMYHSC having her mole removed. Oh, and a face-lift. Hee. Hee. Hee. Life is good.

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catch, fumble, kick, throw or bat, or he wants me to take a look at a guy that makes a lot of money.

"Wendy, can you believe it?" he starts out, spittle and pork rind morsels flying across the room onto my blouse. "He gets \$10 MILLION a year for hitting a ball with a bat. That's so ridiculous. What the hell? He's a jerk, too. Look at him. Can't even be bothered to cut his hair. What the hell? Wendy. Look at him."

No, you look at him. Fact is, I re-

ally hate to say it, but I do agree with Bert on this one. These salaries are out of control. Some jerk just signed a contract for \$250 million to play baseball? I mean, really. Like Bert says: What the hell?

And then every time one of them retires because of old age (like 18), we're supposed to cry the blues. Oh, boo hoo, I should feel sorry for a guy who still wears Spiderman underwear and never has to work another day in his life. He'll probably be getting a private tour of

## Happy birthday, honey! I confess, I killed you!

**A** RETIREE shot his wife of 37 years to death because she wouldn't give him sex, then confessed to cops on her birthday, say authorities.

Edward Heckman, 64, a retired airline worker, buried Janet Heckman, 58, in her own garden beside their house in Jonesboro, Ga., say cops.

"He had asked to have sex and when she said no, he got a hunting rifle and shot her twice as

she lay in bed, once in the head and once in the chest," says Clayton County police Sgt. Johnny Robinson.

About a week before leading cops to the corpse, Mr. Heckman reportedly called his wife's sister in Chicago, asking: "Have you seen Janet?" The sister said no, then recalls Mr. Heckman saying: "She should be on a plane to see you."

The sister became suspicious and called the

police after Janet Heckman didn't appear for several days. Investigators grilled the husband, a retired airline employee.

"He finally broke down and said: 'I did kill her. Come outside and I'll show you where she's buried,'" says Robinson.

Mrs. Heckman would have turned 59 the day her husband confessed. He's been charged with murder, but has not pleaded or been set for trial yet.





# Wendy Storm

Here's what I think

## Hey, Britney: Is this any example to set for America's little girls?

**O**H, BABY, baby — how did Britney Spears start looking like such a SLUT? This is a singer who started out as a wholesome Mouseketeer. Now she's turned into a shameless stripper who goes on TV in front of millions of little girls who idolize her, rips her clothes off, shakes her boobs like a prostitute on a street corner and dances around like she's looking for men to put dollar bills in her G-string.

Shame on you, Britney Spears. How dare you act like a cheap, two-bit floozy with so many impressionable young females watching every move you make? You know they try to dress, act, sing and breathe exactly like you do, but obviously you don't give a rat's butt.

And she's got the nerve to give out advice about sex, schoolwork and drugs to our daughters. That's right. This stupid bimbo is going on the BBC's Web site with words of comfort to troubled teens. Ha! What a joke. One poor girl turned to the singer when a guy tried to rape her on vacation. "I can't sleep, eat, go out alone, stay home alone... please help me," begged the victim.

This is the LAST female you'd want to call on for help. What would her solution be to stop men's advances? Go around half-naked and stick your boobs in their faces?

And where's her mom and dad? If I dressed like a tramp when I was a teenager, my father would have chained me in my room. We weren't allowed to go out with lip gloss on, let alone a blouse no bigger than a Band-Aid.

And she's only 18. Come on. I have bras older than her. She's way too young to be so sexually suggestive.



Teen queen Britney Spears

And her audience is made up of BABIES. These tiny tots who adore Britney are now begging their mothers for trashy, belly-baring halter tops and hot pants. And that's for church. They're throwing their Winnie the Pooh underwear away and asking for thongs and bustiers.

They're even asking for plastic surgery. Don't tell me those breasts Britney has are real. They don't move. I know she's 18 and real young and firm, but I know a real boob when I see one.

We're also supposed to believe she's a virgin. Right. And I don't fake my orgasms. In the new Elle magazine with her skeezy body on the cover she says her favorite show is HBO's raunchy Sex And The City.

"All the things that they talk about are so true," Britney says to the mag. "Like one show was talking about guys can have sex without love, so women can do it, too."

Hee. Hee. Hee. Britney, you're so clever. Thank you very much for giving preteen girls your so-called advice. In case you haven't heard, casual sex could get you pregnant or even kill you. Why don't you get your mind out of the gutter for a few minutes to see what kind of message you're sending out? If you don't have any self-respect, at least have some for your audience. That's my advice.

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**P**AMELA ANDERSON is a skank and a pig. I mean, come on. This is a woman who has all the money in the world, and yet she goes around in public looking like a prostitute — and not a very sanitary one, at that.



# Wendy Storm

Here's what I think

x18 5/1/01

**HEY,  
PAM!**

WASSUP with that getup? Didn't her mother ever tell her not to go out in public with her body parts hanging out? But I guess that's how she got so famous in the first place. It certainly wasn't her big, round, watermelon-shaped brain.

I never really noticed how truly offensive she was until this year's Oscar awards. Before that, she was just another stupid bimbo jiggling around on Baywatch (a/k/a T&A Watch). The Academy Awards is an annual event that's sacred. Actors and actresses are awarded the highest honors of their profession for their hard work, long hours, endless devotion and talent. They arrive polished and elegant.

Top designers from around the globe are literally pushing their creations in the stars' faces, crossing their little fingers in the hopes that the performer will walk down the famous red carpet wearing THEIR dress.

Actresses who have good taste show up in beautiful gowns and jewelry. Pamela Anderson waltzes in barely wearing a denim skirt the size of a postage stamp and an unbuttoned white blouse. Her boobs were hanging out and you could even see her nips! In my day, if your bra accidentally came unfastened and the unthinkable happened, you would hide in your house for days while packing to move to another time zone!

But evidently, Ms. Pammy wanted people to see all of her.

Even Monica Lewinsky, the official national slut, came in a nice (size 24 from the full-size woman department) gown.

And when someone asked Pammy about

her getup, she said: "It's fun. It's me."

Well, I wouldn't want to admit THAT.

Even a local taxi driver, a person who you'd think would worship celebrities, was disgusted with women like Pam and sleazy pals like Courtney Love.

"They're all in those nasty dresses," he said. "You can see their underwear — YUCK."

Here, here!

And that's just one night of the year! Every day these people are coming out — knowing they're going to be photographed — and wearing rags they should be using to wash their car.

And hey, stars, while you're out there buying a whole new makeover wardrobe (because you care so much about my opinion), stock up on some real maternity clothes.

I know I'm not the only one who goes: "Ewww," when I see a very pregnant woman stuffed into a skin-tight, sausage-skin dress. Motherhood is great and natural, yada, yada, yada, but some things are meant to be kept private.

Not EVERYTHING should be on display. Especially Pamela Anderson's nips. Ewww. Whoever gave her that boob job must've been drinking heavily right before the surgery.

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Anderson  
at an  
Oscar  
night  
party



**A** BUMBLING burglary suspect randed a stuffed safe out the window — to a cop!

## Dumb crook hands safe out window — to cops!

Police had gone to the home of the alleged crook to question him about a supermarket robbery in Leoni township, Mich. When they got there, he was transferring the evidence

from his living room to the front lawn.

"Unknown to him, one of the responding troopers was standing right there when he did that," said a police press release. And

surprise! The safe contained a "large portion" of the stolen dough.

Authorities believe the grocery store heist was committed by three teenagers — one an employee.

**D**EAR Senator Hillary: What the fudge is the matter with you? And I don't mean your fat thigh problem. I'm talking about an even bigger (although it's hard to believe) issue — your husband Bill. How can you stay married to that pardon-peddling, cheating lowlife fast-talker who has humiliated and made a downright jerk out of you in front of the entire world? Either he has:

a. Cast a voodoo spell over you  
b. Bribed you with millions in a Hillary Hush Fund  
OR

c. You have the IQ of Vaseline. Bill publicly admits to playing hide the salami with a chubbo chick with a big butt who's young enough to be your daughter, does some funny business involving a cigar, and you stand by him like an advertisement for the Wife Doormat Company. (Their motto: "We want you to walk all over us.")

And it's not like you hate him but still stay with him (which a lot of us wives can understand). You're always looking up into his squinty little lying eyes, holding his hand, smooching with him. How can you kiss him knowing where his mouth has been?

Come on, Hillary. You're a United States senator. Send that jerk packing. You don't need him anymore. Everyone knows you made all the big decisions in the White House while Bill was busy peeking up little girls' dresses. Are you so desperate for a guy that you'd put up with the likes of Monica Lewinsky? You're not that hideous. I'm sure there are plenty (well, maybe some) guys who'd go out with you.

Millions of young females look up to our country's female leaders as examples of moral and ethical standards. Ha! You're sending them the message to put up with every line of bull their husbands hand them. Is that what you really want, Hill? I don't think so.

You could boot Bill out of your fancy New York mansion and live there by yourself. New Yorkers are pretty tolerant folks. The Big Apple is a melting pot of every culture, religion and sicko-

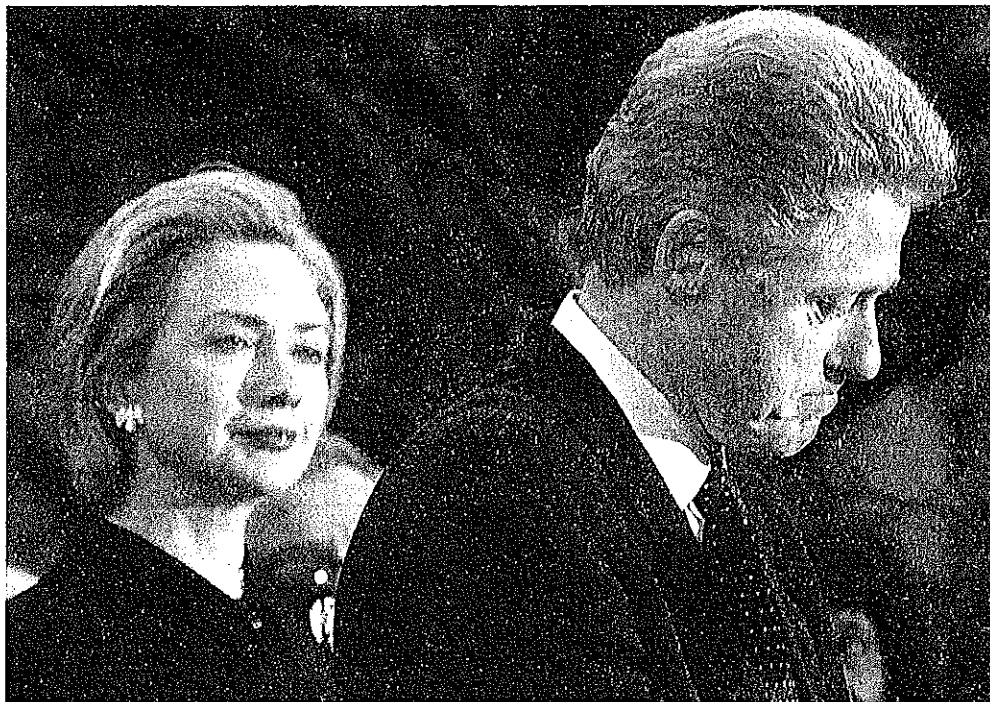


# Wendy Storm

*Here's what I think*

**AN OPEN LETTER  
TO HILLARY**

## WHY DO YOU STAY WITH THIS GUY?



wacko who wants to live there. You fit right in.

Good thing you didn't come to Jersey. Here, the women would just throw you in the ocean and let the toxic waste and hypodermic needles have their way with you. But look, there are lots of guys — and gals if you're really ready to stop living a lie — who like jumbo, cellulite-packed thighs on their ladies. I think you and Rosie could really hit it off if you could just get over that lesbian hangup.

I know me and my girlfriends are just housewives. We're not hot-shot lawyers. We don't know a legal brief from the skid-marked BVDs we're loading in the washer every day. But we do know marriage is hell. And

guys are dogs who will get away with whatever you let them.

So I guess, in a way, even though we don't have any fancy evening gowns, live in luxury, know about any important issues or remember from fifth grade civics class how a bill becomes a law, we are smarter than you. Because we wouldn't put up with that kind of horsebleep from our men. So you can have your big mouth and your law degree and your wealth and all that crap, because you must be miserable.

Don't tell me you don't lie there at night sobbing into your pillow because your husband is a hound dog who thinks you're not enough woman for him. Your husband may have been the leader of the free

world and mine may be a TV rerun-watching loser, but at least he's a true-blue guy who loves me and only me and isn't out running around trying to sleep with everything that breathes.

Come on, Hillary. Wise up. On behalf of women everywhere I urge you to dump that nitwit. We'll help you through it. Or you could just pick up the phone and call Rosie. Come on. What are you waiting for?

Yours truly, Wendy Storm

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