



This is the last will and testament of Cornelius L Tasselbaum, resident of Minneapolis, MN, hereby revoking all previous wills and whatnots and saying yes, backwards and forwards, this here is the real deal. To preface the traditional stuff, I have a request. In the event of my untimely demise, I want a Panamanian flag tied into my casket, or whatever receptacle you plan to stuff my insides into. Not loose either, no no, tie it on. Attach it right to the center of the casket for me.

Now that that's over with, to the relinquishing of my items. I have an eye for knowing who is in need of what, and what lies at their center.

To the good middle management staff inside St. Valley's Hospital on Canal Street, I bequeath my set of scalpels. That'll make those nurses run for their money.

To my dear beloved ex-wife: I leave you my heartfelt regret. I've lived as a devil, and I've lived as an angel. But mostly, the devil one. What can I say? I get my kicks out of sending elite teams of hospital-related super spy agents to their likely deaths at the hands of master puzzlers. That's just what happens. People get hurt. Also I leave you the house and all inside it, to the letter.

Here's the part I have to put in here. To my most trusted ally, one The Professor, I leave all of my misbegotten fortune. Every penny. I do this because of the faith I have in his endeavors, though at their center they are usually spooky and cryptic and loosely academic-themed. However, with every tenet of my being, I believe he is an honest man.

Is there anything else to say? Not a ton. But I ought to stipulate that, in the event of a horrible betrayal by any of the above named beneficiaries, especially the nurses, that all of their items should instead go to, let's say, The Gardener.

One of the things I've learned masquerading as one mastermind of enigmatic medical mysteries, AKA The Doctor, the man with the plan, is that when it comes to people (and everything), it's what's in the middle that truly counts.

And one final request. This is for my nemesis, The Driver and his dirty grease monkeys. I leave them the contents of my refrigerator, if indeed that is possible. Those racecar goons will have earned my rotten leftovers.

Signed in presence of my lawyer, Arnie Greenbach

C. Tasselbaum *.* *AG*