

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Warning - Long-time BobAnon Member Struck Down by Virus *She Thought She was Immune!*

Read this cautionary tale of one of our members who got infected after almost six years of constant exposure. Be ever vigilant – there is no immunity! This could be you!

Confessions of a BobAnon

In the 7th year of our marriage, my husband developed a serious affliction. During a pack trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness (*The Bob*) he caught a terrible virus "*Inflicturn Marshallictus*" that has changed our life forever.

With the support of my friends in BobAnon (a self-help group for friends and family of Bobaholics), I am able to cope with the hardship this serious addiction introduced to my life, and manage to maintain a happy family life for long periods of time. While I was always able to cope with life during the active part of my husband's addiction, when he presented extreme signs of acute infection, i.e.

- purchase of land near *The Bob*,
- moving close to *The Bob*,
- inverted day count,
- hanging with Level 3 carriers,
- sighing, grinning into the void when his day count reached the low teens

I was relieved when I was allowed to return to the safety of the East Coast with all its industrial and architectural wonders.

Still, even with limiting my own exposure as much as possible, there always remained the danger of infecting myself during our annual visits to the Seeley Lake area, a particularly severe breeding ground for this disease. After five-plus years of repeated high-risk exposure to Level 3 carriers, I became careless. My attendance at BobAnon Meetings became less frequent and I became complacent. I even chanced three consecutive days of fishing with a Level 3 carrier. I was convinced, I could not get infected and would forever remain immune to the virus!

I was wrong!

In my sixth year of exposure I was struck down by the bug. I was helpless, as the infection spread from my brain to my heart and into the very fiber of my being. It happened like any true addiction, cunning baffling and insidious.

One minute I dreaded the annual trek into *The Bob*, mentally preparing myself for the tremendous suffering I had experienced in previous years: the sleeping on the ground, the bugs everywhere, the lack of bathroom facilities, endless hours on horseback, saddle sores, smoky campfires at night, too much fresh air during the day, and worst of all, the idiotic grin of other trip participants at the sight of the boundary sign "Bob Marshall Wilderness".

The next minute I found myself with a soaring heart contemplating the beauty of the land, sitting quietly in a meadow filled with flowers, enjoying the sight of game grazing in the early morning light, breathing the cool mountain air, feeling a sense of loss and bereavement at the mere thought of having to eventually return east.

For the first time, I appreciated the urges that my husband had been victim to for so many years, his desire to own land near *The Bob* made perfect sense, if anything, it was too far away and not enough. His need to be near Level 3 carriers all the time, his grasping at any chance to re-enter *The Bob*, the melancholy that befalls him every time he has to leave, the loss of appetite, his general moping and yearning – it all not only made sense, but it resonated in my heart.

Now not a day goes by that I don't dream of being back in Montana. It seems to me, that a part of my heart remained there and I am just passing time until I am able to return.

I have tried to start a BobAnonymous Meeting in Manhattan, with monthly trips to Toledo and New Jersey, but so far have not been able to find members with a desire to stop going into *The Bob*, which is the only requirement for membership. I have consulted numerous doctors, healers, and therapists to find, if not a cure, at least a remedy to alleviate my suffering. To no avail.

At present there is no hope!

I have heard rumors that a new treatment went into Phase 3 testing. A trace element, well known in certain German circles to cure love-sickness in teenagers, is said to relieve the worst of the Bobitis symptoms, i.e.

- sleeplessness,
- loss of appetite,
- inability to tell time,
- signs of obsessive compulsive behavior.

Following up on these rumors during a recent trip to Germany, I contacted the Coven of Wise Women and Holistic Healers. So far, I have not been permitted to participate in these trials, since I flatly refused to give up future trips into *The Bob*.

My name is Beate, and my day-count is 140!

