

With the release of this issue, *Wag's Revue* celebrates its first birthday. While we're busy enjoying our rented ponies, streamers and sheet cake, we're also making sure to take a healthy slice of humble pie. As a little research has taught us, many endeavors far greater than ours didn't share the good fortune of lasting a full year.

Two American presidencies—those of James Garfield and William Henry Harrison—did not endure as long as *Wag's* now has. Nor did the reigns of scores of monarchs you don't care about, like Sultan Jamshid bin Abdullah of Zanzibar, King Teia of the Ostrogoths and Lady Jane Grey, the Nine Days' Queen of England. The Republic of Benin was a sovereign state for just 24 hours; the Labin Republic, an ill-fated coal miners' nation in Italy, survived 37 days. Eleven Popes served for five weeks or fewer. The eternal bonds of holy matrimony between Pam Anderson and Kid Rock, Renée Zellweger and Kenny Chesney, and (shockingly) Carmen Electra and Dennis Rodman—all were severed inside of a year.

The much-lauded Judd Apatow high school sitcom "Freaks and Geeks" aired a mere twelve episodes before its plug was pulled. Apatow's next television venture "Undeclared" was also deprived of a second season, though, perhaps to compensate, the second half of *Funny People* seemed to last about a year. "Blondies are a Swirl's Best Friend," "From Russia with Buzz," and the 1987 reactionary release, "Economic Crunch," are among the dozens of Ben & Jerry's flavors whose batch was available for a very limited time only. The lifespan of a fruitfly, New Coke, the musical reign of the Baha Men, "Change We Can Believe In"—time, as we know, waits for nothing and no one.

But what of our small enterprise? Well, since our rude birthing last March, we've spent no small portion of our time on this earth rubbing our eyes, playing with toys and soiling ourselves. We've also done some exploring, though, and we've learned a good many things—all too often the hard way. But, after a few wobbles, we now stand firmly on two feet.

With our non-profit status recently secured, *Wag's Revue* is ready to go into its second year on a growth spurt. We plan to develop our website, build our readership, and most importantly, pay our writers well. As we've said since our opening manifesto, our mission is to establish a respected source for quality literature on the Internet. We've taken baby steps toward that aim, and competitive pay for our writers will go a long way further. If you believe in this mission (and let's be honest, you're here, you're reading, you must), then please join our nascent fundraising campaign at our Donations page. Even the most modest contributions will be met with soaring gratitude.

In the grander scheme of things, this past year has only strengthened our resolve, bolstered our belief in the need for a place like *Wag's*. Print continues to hemorrhage, belts continue to tighten, and more and more writers and readers turn to the Net as a place for good lit. If the announcement of the iPad taught us anything (besides the few tampon jokes we read online), it taught us that even the great technoracle Steve Jobs believes the future of reading lies in a format awfully similar to that of *Wag's Revue*.

So we continue after our mission. Hardened by a year of life, steeled against its challenges, we march forward into Year Two—hopefully the second of many. During our research of “stuff that we've outlasted,” we stumbled upon one daunting phenomenon that really put our tiny existence in perspective: the world's longest-maintained erection. A retired handyman named Charles “Chick” Lennon spent not one but *ten whole years* standing at attention, a ready-for-business decade he blamed on a penile implant gone wrong. Mr. Lennon, we at *Wag's* salute your iron will. We only dream of someday lasting as long as you.

—The Editors, *Wag's Revue*