On February 16, 2005, Hunter S. Thompson was sitting in his home in Woody Creek, Colorado. Football season had just ended, which always left him morose, but he was also suffering from surgery-related pain in his hip and back, which made walking difficult—to say nothing of his favorite activities, swimming and blowing things up. Instead, the then 67-year-old author composed a typewritten note addressed to himself: No More Games. No More Bombs. No More Walking. No More Fun. No More Swimming. 67. That is 17 years past 50. 17 more than I needed or wanted. Boring. I am always bitchy. No Fun— for...