

Bed & Bored #004

(Part A: 01-10 November 2011)

Bed & Bored #004A (01-10 November 2011) is produced for the 63rd distribution of SNAPS by Laurie Kunkel (email: ElfKunkel; snail mail: 5359 Nicole; White Lake, MI 48383; 248/742-9118 (for area code 702 denizens: 702/258-4529) with varying assistance from our my beloved children, Typographical Error, Esmerelda, Reepicheep, and Peepiceek. Typo, thanks for riding herd on your younger sibs and giving me a sanity break; Esme, thank you for being predictable enough that I can save your younger sibs; Reep, thank you for allowing me at least half of my meals, except when the meal involves meat; Peep, thank you for "typing" on the iPad and making me reread everything at least twice a day. To all four of you, thank you for NOT killing me off, despite trying really hard; may this trend continue. I'd like to thank The Sanity Quorum—David Allred, Karen Belcher, Woody Bernardi, Kathi Fitzgerald, Ed Garea, Stephen Herte, Dave Skolnick, and Shelby Vick (ShelVy)—for generating a variety of topics to explore. Some of the typos are made by me, and the rest by our my boys and Peep; please use your discretion to determine who typed which. Picture credits: Page 26, Amazon; Pages 37 & 38, Wikipedia. I'm still working out formatting.

Dateline: 12 November 2011

Tuesday, 01 November: How did it get to be November already? This month's ending quotes—actually, almost all of the quotes—will **not** be about Thanksgiving, but will, instead, be from *The Devil's Dictionary* by Ambrose Bierce (1842-1914). There will be Thanksgiving quotes, but much, much closer to the day; thus, I'd look in **B&B #004C** for holiday appropriate quotes.

ShelVy: *The Devil's Dictionary*! Now that is AWESome, Laurie!!! Haven't read much yet, tho.

I'm glad you're pleased, ShelVy. I was happy to find *The Devil's Dictionary* at Project Gutenberg; it was like finding an old friend. No rush on reading, I just figured sending it out more frequently makes commentary easier.

06 Nov: Stephen: ... the quotes are wonderful (I really must read some more Ambrose Bierce - He was mentioned several times by H. P. Lovecraft, whom I named a dahlia

after, after reading everything he wrote.) A lot of it sounds like stream of consciousness - haven't been there since the sixties, a period in which I wrote 100 sonnets.

ABNORMAL, *adj.* Not conforming to standard. In matters of thought and conduct, to be independent is to be abnormal, to be abnormal is to be detested. Wherefore the lexicographer adviseth a striving toward the straiter [sic] resemblance of the Average Man than he hath to himself. Whoso attaineth thereto shall have peace, the prospect of death and the hope of Hell.

Carrying over the query for November from **Bed & Bored #003C**: *Important Note: ShelVy and I decided we needed to take up the implied challenge in the October OE message: "... We almost hit the 100 page mark this month, thanks mostly to Laurie and ShelVy." So, our goal was to write 100 pages between us. On the 30th, we established that B&B 3C had to reach 15 pages, given that we were so close—85 pages completed (B&B #003A, 32 pps; B&B #003B, 32 pps; NAG #12, 21 pps)—before I started this piece. Surely we could—and did—natter on for 15 pages. So, what will we do for November?*

31 October: ShelVy: Started to suggest 'the most photos/jpegs', but I have the edge on that. I'll think about it...

06 Nov: We did put the mailing over 100 pages. So, ~~Pinky~~ ShelVy, what shall we do for the next ish?

ShelVy: We have our work cut out for us. Soon, mebbe even tonite, I'll send you a PDF of where I am so far...

How so? The bulk of the mailing is mine and well, I think we commented on it to death....

07 Nov: ShelVy: The NEW bits in #62, Laurie - That is, what OTHERS have on their minds.

Oh yeah...just call me clueless in the morning. Actually, I think I'm sick.

ShelVy: Get to feeling better, dammit! (Yeah, yeah; blame it all on Laurie.)

Well, yeah, who else you gonna blame? Although, it's not just me. Kacey's not feeling well, Juan's complaining about a brain tumor—oh, wait, a headache—and Em's stomach was bothering her this morning—of course, she has a math test today, so we have to put a hold on her until after school.

ShelVy: Sounds contagious, Laurie ... or, with the others, the power of suggestion ...

ACCOMPLICE, *n.* One associated with another in a crime, having guilty knowledge and complicity, as an attorney who defends a criminal, knowing him guilty. This view of the attorney's position in the matter has not hitherto commanded the assent of attorneys, no one having offered them a fee for assenting.

Regarding formatting changes as per the early voters—also known as The Sanity Quorum—input. Rather than single spacing, I've decided to go with line spacing at 1.25; it gives the eye a less strangled

read, I think. I've also changed the indentation on other people's comments, suggestions, and etc. to a full inch, rather than three-quarters of an inch, while my replies/comments/etc. go the full width. Any other input is gratefully considered.

Karen: Excellent! [The 1.25 line spacing] makes it very easy to read, thanks!

05 Nov: Stephen: Sorry for being so late to pop in and comment, but I love it. The spacing is great ...

06 Nov: ShelVy: The colophon layout bothers me, Laurie - How about this? <snip>
Better?

ShelVy: That's it, Laurie!

AGE, *n.* That period of life in which we compound for the vices that we still cherish by reviling those that we have no longer the enterprise to commit.

How loudly does Peep purr? She woke both Reep and me. I thought it was the motor of the hospital bed, until I noticed Reep staring at Peep. He gave me a "What did *she* eat?" look, shook himself to clear the cobwebs, sauntered down the steps, and plopped on the living room recliner. Esme even came out of the bedroom, climbed the steps, looked from her little sister to me, then strolled back to the bedroom.

Karen: We used to have a very small black cat that purred very loudly. She could be the sweetest thing when she wanted to, but could also be a super nut job. That's why we named her Luna (short for Lunatic). :)

Being sweet and being a nut job are not mutually exclusive; Speckle was both a sweetheart and a nut job, and I hope Peep will remain the way she is. Beatnik and Esmerelda, on the other hand, was/is both a bitch and a nut job.

ASPERSE, *v.t.* Maliciously to ascribe to another vicious actions which one has not had the temptation and opportunity to commit.

Kathi just called; Marilyn had called her to tell her that mom made it through surgery with flying colors. So, Kathi decided to make sure that I knew. She also asked if she could come over and visit tomorrow. I told her yes, of course.

I decided letting Jimmy know was the next order of business. He hadn't known today was the surgery, at least, not until he read about it in **B&B** #003C; he had thought the surgery was next Tuesday.

We chatted a bit about family and I learned that mom had never told Jimmy that dad was terminal. Both Bill and I—who were at the doctor's with dad and mom—had volunteered to tell Jimmy, but were told by mom, "I'm his mother; it's my responsibility." Well, yes, but she never told him, thus explaining why he was puzzled that I was coming over every day for a little over 12 hours a day—and was so devastated when dad died: he hadn't known dad was terminal. ::sigh:: Now I know why Jimmy wants to get **Bed & Bored**: he wants to know what is going on with our family. (So do I, but I think *what* we want to know are two different categories.)

APOLOGIZE, *v.i.* To lay the foundation for a future offence.

"I didn't know **Doodlebug** was a fanzine; I liked it a lot." (James Yates, b. 1973) ::snort::

Dan, the lawn man, came by to see if I thought the lawn needed mowing one last time, and we decided that it—at 3" high—was good for winter. He's going to come back down to fix the downspout that is off and cover the air conditioner either tonight or tomorrow. He's also going to bring some of his homemade chili and bread bowls—which were really good last year—tomorrow; he crockpots it for 24 hours on low. I told him that I would have him do a last yard clean up (**09 Nov**: \$30, plus checking the gutters; good thing he did: he emptied out 25 gallons of leaves), and that we needed to come to a price for regular snow removal (\$150 from first snowfall to last, same price as last year)—not that Juan wouldn't do it, but since it's supposed to be a heavy winter, Juan will have enough outside work to do.

11 Nov: Karen: I wish Dan the lawn man lived near here. They want a fortune to do anything here. Cost me a thousand just to get a tree cut down a few years ago.

Plus there's the little things he does for free: plugging in the heat tape; covering the AC unit; noted that there were wires hanging, so he taped them in duct tape and hung them to the subfloor; putting Bill's hammock, a terra cotta flowerpot, and a rain barrel in the shed; finding my treeman's eye; and heaven knows what else.

I also noted his face, and asked, teasingly, who beat him up. He said that he didn't know the guy's name, or really what he looked like, as he was busy dodging the baseball bat the guy started swinging when Dan refused to hand over his wallet. He said the real insult came from the WLPD: "Sir, you're older and you need to take more care with your safety." Dan was gobsmacked. "Since when, Laurie, is 56 old???" I asked which officer it was, and he described one of the rookies who checks on me. I observed that Koehler is only in his mid-twenties, and just graduated from the academy in May, so to him, I'm old at

45. (Heck, the first time he met 27YO Kacey, he called her "ma'am"; she turned around to see who he was speaking to!)

AMBIDEXTROUS, *adj.* Able to pick, with equal skill, a right-hand pocket or a left.

Gads, I am hurting so much. I called Dr. Idiot's service looking for some relief, but so far, I might as well be back on Aleve and Tylenol.

I did get the Lyrica (Pregabalin) prescription—75mg twice a day—which is a good start, but considering that the neurologist had me on 150mg twice a day, we're not even close to getting me out of pain. Also, according to the pharmacy, I can't have the prescription until the doctor's office calls Humana, and they answer what other drugs have been tried. ::ARGH:: I must say, either Dr. Idiot missed or is ignoring this bit of info on the [PubMed Health](#) site: "Your doctor will probably start you on a low dose of pregabalin and may gradually increase your dose during the first week of treatment." So, I called today to beg for some relief. I'll find out—on Friday, at 4:45PM—if I can have anything.

11 Nov: Karen: Did you ever get your Lyrica? [**Me:** Nope, not yet; it's "in process."]

Meanwhile, my migraine is beating a wonderful staccato; light hurts, sound hurts, and Kacey's trying to meet my request of "only wanting food without odors." Nausea may well be the death of me. I'm trying to decide what hurts more: my feet, my hands, my back/neck, or my head. Actually, to be honest, I don't think it matters—just stick a fork in me, I'm done.

Karen: Sorry about the mess with your meds. Sometimes I think doctors should all be forced to take annual courses in listening and following directions. Idiots.

I wish doctors would listen ... I just have little faith in that.

02 Nov: ShelVy: My wife used to have severe migraines, Laurie - Many years before she died, we found - by accident! - that dilantin was a sure-fire relief! It was by accident becós she had a few seizures and her doctor prescribed dilantin. It gets into the brain to treat the seizures...and she had no migraines while taking it. (Migraines were, at that time, occurring every few days. Often so bad I'd have to take her to the ER for a shot.)

Well, she told her doctor about the lack of migraines and he said it made sense. The dilantin gets into the same area of the brain that generates migraines, he said. After that, she had migraines completely under control! Check with your doctor.

I will! Thank you, ShelVy!

ABRACADABRA. *n, v.* By Abracadabra we signify/An infinite number of things./'Tis the answer to What? and How? and Why/And Whence? and Whither?—a word whereby/ The Truth (with the comfort it brings)/Is open to all who grope in night,/Crying for Wisdom's holy light.

Whether the word is a verb or a noun/Is knowledge beyond my reach./I only know that 'tis handed down./From sage to sage,/From age to age—/An immortal part of speech!

Of an ancient man the tale is told/That he lived to be ten centuries old,/In a cave on a mountain side./ (True, he finally died.)/The fame of his wisdom filled the land,/For his head was bald, and you'll understand/His beard was long and white/And his eyes uncommonly bright.

Philosophers gathered from far and near/To sit at his feet and hear and hear,/Though he never was heard/To utter a word/But "Abracadabra, abracadab,/Abracada, abracad,/Abraca, abrac, abra, ab!"/'Twas all he had,/ 'Twas all they wanted to hear, and each/Made copious notes of the mystical speech,/Which they published next—/A trickle of text/In the meadow of commentary./Mighty big books were these,/In a number, as leaves of trees;/In learning, remarkably—very!

He's dead,/As I said,/And the books of the sages have perished,/But his wisdom is sacredly cherished./In *Abracadabra* it solemnly rings,/Like an ancient bell that forever swings./O, I love to hear/That word make clear/Humanity's General Sense of Things.

Wednesday, 02 November: Is it possible to die from a migraine? My vision is blurred, my ears are hearing things not included in the Feline Daybreak 500—a much nicer name than Bill's Elephant's on Parade—and, well, I feel like I've been tied up and run over. That my head feels like a broken coconut is actually minor in comparison.

BACCHUS, *n.* A convenient deity invented by the ancients as an excuse for getting drunk. "Is public worship, then, a sin,/That for devotions paid to Bacchus/The lictors dare to run us in,/And resolutely thump and whack us?" (Jorace)

Did anyone watch the series premiere of *Grimm*? I found it fascinating. I also was impressed at the risk NBC was willing to take. Putting this show on Fridays in primetime means more younger viewers

(including 8YO Emilie) will be willing to try it out, and I suspect that parents will see the title and not look at the content.

Karen: Yes, I saw and enjoyed it very much. I also tried to watch *Once Upon a Time*, but just could not get into it. I will continue watching *Grimm*.

Not sure what you mean about the risk NBC is taking though. Horror and fantasy are pretty popular, especially with the younger demographic they try to go for, and the producers are the same ones who did *Buffy & Angel*.

I'm watching *Once Upon a Time* right now with an 8YO and a 5YO.

Karen: Well, it's not on till 9 - parents ought to know that all the true kiddie oriented shows are on in the 8pm hour. After 9, they really should check out the shows, no matter what the title. Though I'd say the title ought to make them all the more careful, considering how violent those fairy tales are. ;)

IMO *Once Upon a Time* is even less suited to little kids than *Grimm*, but then I didn't like the show at all.

Apparently, Em was the only girl in her class to not see *Once Upon A Time*, so she asked me if, as her October DD, could she watch it, since the other girls were just being terrible to her and telling her that she was a baby, since she didn't get to watch it, and, "Aunt Laurie, you just don't **know** how terrible girls can be!" ::snort::

So, Kacey and I did some research and we watched the pilot and determined that there wasn't anything she hadn't been exposed already, and if I could tolerate watching it again, it was fine with Kacey.

03 Nov: Karen: Well, the problem I have with *Once Upon a Time* is that it's presented much less as fantasy and more real looking than *Grimm*, with evil adults plotting against innocent families and children. The part that I disapprove of the most is the constant child in danger theme. I really don't think it's good for little kids to watch shows like that.

Stephen: I think it depends on the sensitivity of the child watching. If you look at it from the other side, Henry (really not a child at all - he's the evil queen's most beloved) has all the knowledge in *Once Upon a Time* and is a great advocate for the "Just say no." campaign. Whereas the Mayor (the evil queen) still doesn't know what's going on. She got caught up in her own spell. It's almost like a soap opera, but better acted.

Karen: Probably, but I still think parents should be far more careful about this more real kind of theme than ones that are far more obviously fantasy. There's a visceral fear there that I think could be very difficult for children to deal with, possibly working at a

subconscious level that wouldn't be immediately apparent. Yes, the magical spell is fantasy, but that's really in the background, and not what's the most obvious.

With regard to this show in particular, I think the dual roles don't work well, and result more in a garbled mess than the fascinating viewing one would hope for. It annoys me more than anything else.

BELLADONNA, *n.* In Italian a beautiful lady; in English a deadly poison. A striking example of the essential identity of the two tongues.

The real fun today was Soph: "Sophia! If you don't get your stinky feet the heck outta my face, I'm going to smack you hard on your butt!"

"MOM! Emilie swore! She said the S-WORD!!!!"

"Soph, you're wrong on a few points: First, I'm *not* your mom. Second, Em said three S-words: your name, 'stinky,' and 'smack'; which one was swearing? Third, your sister has permission to smack you *if* you continue putting your feet on her face."

"But, Aunt Laurie, she said a bad word, really!"

"What did she say, Soph?"

"Heck!"

"That's not a bad word, and it starts with an H, not an S."

At this point, the Blonde Tornado's waving feet spun out of control, and her left heel boinked Em right on the bridge of her nose, and Em smacked Soph on the rump very hard. Soph started to complain, then saw my finger pointing at the time out stool, and she subsided.

Dave: Your story reminds me of one of my own. I was at my in-laws about six years ago, my girls were 11 and 8 at the time. They watched a stupid cartoon called *Brace Face*. Well, good ol' Brace Face goes on her first date and isn't feeling well. Her date takes her to the hospital and we learn Bracer just had her first period.

Neither of the girls knew what a period was and I was in no position to explain it to them. They didn't say anything and after the episode ended I said we should go do something, which we did.

I thought I escaped having to explain what a period is as it seemed to go over their heads. Not that knowing what one is is a bad thing, but that's the kind of thing E. is in a better position to discuss compared to me. About a month passes and E. calls me at work.

"S. just asked me about having her period and would she have to go to the hospital when she gets it like *Brace Face*. Do you know anything about this?"

"Uh, um, why are you asking me?"

"Well, she said the two of you and L. watched *Brace Face* and she had her period."

"Oh, yeah, I remember that now. That was a while ago. I figured if I turned off the episode it would attract interest and questions so I played it cool."

"Nice job, Mr. Cool." And it was on that day that my daughters learned about their periods.

03 Nov: Stephen: Talk about reminders! I'm taken back to the sixties when my sister and I were playing Scrabble with two friends from the neighborhood (before it became a "hood") on a warm summer evening and my friend Tom put down V.A.G.I.N.A., and my sister asks what that was. Well N. grabs her, takes her to the back of the yard and whispers. Slightly red-faced, my sister returned to the game.

Back to the topic at hand, I would like to see *Grimm*, but I'm always out on Fridays. *Once Upon a Time* intrigues me because you have to keep two characters in mind for each actor. I'm always explaining it to my Dad (never mind that he keeps falling asleep on it). But I like the concept.

Great stories, guys! Dave, way to be a fantastic dad! Stephen, I'm guessing that you still kid your sister about Scrabble. Check out Video OnDemand for *Grimm*; that's where the girls and I watched *Once*, and I thought I saw *Grimm* there.

Dave: I try to deny everything, but I get the blame - even when it's not my fault just because I'm the only male in the house.

I did find the dual-roles interesting. Em actually picked up on it about two scenes faster than I did, leading me to question the school's assertion that Em has ADD—ghoddess knows that every test *I've* done with her has shown no indications of ADD. I'm thoroughly beginning to believe that Em is fully capable of tracking, but, if the event doesn't interest her, that she opts to not track.

BRAIN, *n.* An apparatus with which we think what we think. That which distinguishes the man who is content to be something from the man who wishes to do something. A man of great wealth, or one who has been pitchforked into high station, has commonly such a headful of brain that his neighbors cannot keep their hats on. In our civilization, and under our republican form of government, brain is so highly honored that it is rewarded by exemption from the cares of office.

Thursday, 03 November: On 31 October, I had sent a note to the Classic Gaming Expo guys—specifically, Joe—to see if I could gently press for a huge favor: Joe, at some point in 2012, but not even close to anytime at the beginning of the year, I may need help tackling Bill's office. Actually, let's be honest, I will need help. I mean, I can't even look at his laptop closed, so the office will take time ... and drugs, lots of drugs. If I come up with a way to pay for your trip, do you think you might be able to come out, help me value some of the items, and take some back for the Museum?

Given his astonishingly quick reply—as he had to talk to his two partners and the assorted family members—I was extremely impressed:

Laurie, We'd be happy to come out and help. Give me some idea of what days, weeks, times of day etc. work best for you and the three of us will see which of us can best accommodate you.

Thanks for contacting me. John and I attended Bill's memorial in NY a few weeks ago and really learned a lot more about the man. We respect him more than ever.

Thanks to Woody, I had known Joe and John were in attendance, so I wasn't surprised by the information. I think Woody was surprised at how many of the 45 or so people there that he knew, or at least knew of. He, too, is willing to come out when the CGE guys are here, if not before.

Joe, Given that I'm going to be in Vegas April 19-22, and it will be both a physical and emotional pleasure/drain, I'm not even considering Bill's office until May 2012—(2015?). If anyone wants an approximate time-table of how long it may take, well, I offer you my Saturday, 08 October journal entry.

12 Nov: Scary note: I haven't heard from him since sending that day's write-up ... Maybe because the three guys helped Bill pack up his office when we moved cross-country.

CYNIC, *n.* A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be. Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision.

Friday, 04 November: ::sigh:: The migraine is not going away. I did manage to get off two emails today. One to ShelVy and one to Dave. Content was mostly the same, but Dave's had an extra request attached: Dave, Would you mind letting Karen, Ed, and Stephen know that I'm not ignoring anyone, but that for the last day, my migraine (which started Monday, but was under slight—very slight—control until I ran out of meds on Wednesday morning) is making living difficult.

In desperation, I called the ER at Huron Valley Hospital to find out what they gave me last year that killed my migraine from hell; answer: Dilantin (funny how that drug resurfaces...). So, I placed a call to another call to Dr. Idiot to see if she would agree to prescribe it; that was Wednesday. Still waiting ... so, it's coming to either adventure to the ER via ambulance (damn my mom for keeping the ramp money!) and once they see that I'm dehydrated, they keep me again (!), or, stay here in the warm, dark, quiet bed wishing my head would just freaking implode already.

I had chosen Dave as his email address (another AOL-ite) was easy to type, and he's usually online.

05 Nov: Dave: I was out for the night yesterday, which is a rarity, and when we returned at 11:30 I was exhausted and went to bed.

Dave, No worries at all; you are allowed a life, my friend, such as it can be in ::shudder:: Ohio.

DAWN, *n.* The time when men of reason go to bed. Certain old men prefer to rise at about that time, taking a cold bath and a long walk with an empty stomach, and otherwise mortifying the flesh. They then point with pride to these practices as the cause of their sturdy health and ripe years; the truth being that they are hearty and old, not because of their habits, but in spite of them. The reason we find only robust persons doing this thing is that it has killed all the others who have tried it.

Talk about making Michigan a target, yeesh! The full bill—which *passed* the state Senate—can be found [here](#). For more on the coverage of the story, check out Friday's [Countdown with Keith Olbermann](#).

The all caps is in the original: (8) THIS SECTION DOES NOT ABRIDGE THE RIGHTS UNDER THE FIRST AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OR UNDER ARTICLE I OF THE STATE CONSTITUTION OF 1963 OF A SCHOOL EMPLOYEE, SCHOOL VOLUNTEER, PUPIL, OR A PUPIL'S PARENT OR GUARDIAN. THIS SECTION DOES NOT PROHIBIT A STATEMENT OF A SINCERELY HELD RELIGIOUS BELIEF OR MORAL CONVICTION OF A SCHOOL EMPLOYEE, SCHOOL VOLUNTEER, PUPIL, OR A PUPIL'S PARENT OR GUARDIAN.

So, as long as a bully *believes* that what s/he says is in a "good book," it's all right. ::sigh::

DULLARD, *n.* A member of the reigning dynasty in letters and life. The Dullards came in with Adam, and being both numerous and sturdy have overrun the habitable world. The secret of their power is their insensibility to blows; tickle them with a bludgeon and they laugh with a platitude. The Dullards came originally from Boeotia, whence they were driven by stress of starvation, their dullness having blighted the crops. For some centuries they infested Philistia, and many of them are called Philistines to this day. In the turbulent times of the Crusades they withdrew thence and gradually overspread all Europe, occupying most of the high places in politics, art, literature, science and theology. Since a detachment of Dullards came over with the Pilgrims in the Mayflower and made a favorable report of the country, their increase by birth, immigration, and conversion has been rapid and steady. According to the most trustworthy statistics the number of adult Dullards in the United States is but little short of thirty millions, including the statisticians. The intellectual centre of the race is somewhere about Peoria, Illinois, but the New England Dullard is the most shockingly moral.

Saturday, 05 November: I ended up sending an irritated email to Jimmy, just because he should know what my plans are. I'm irritated, not with him, but with our mother.

J: This is just a head's up: if I cannot get mom to give me money for my wheelchair ramp from the account that she and Bill co-opened with *our*—his and my—money by the end of the year, I will have no recourse but to file a small claims suit.

The ramp I want *is* expensive, but has the advantage of being moveable and is *much* cheaper than an ambulance round trip anytime I have to go anywhere. Plus, since the park and township are currently in

a pissing contest over permits—Township: "We'll happily issue you a permit, once we have a letter from Cedarbrook." Cedarbrook: "We'll happily write a letter, once we approve the Township's permit."—I can avoid that!

I know mom wants to "keep the money safe for me after Kacey and Juan rip me off, and I have to move into her dining room and put down all of the kids but Esmerelda," *but* if Juan and Kacey were going to do anything, why didn't they do it while I was delirious and Bill was stoned out of his mind? Since Kacey has had both my and Bill's bank cards since February 2010, she had *plenty* of time. She and Juan call me for every expenditure over \$25.00—I can't get mom to show me the damn receipts from the food for Bill's memorial service. (Reasoning: *she* paid for \$500 worth of food from Bill's and her joint account, so it is *her* money, and thus, her receipts.) She hasn't put a fricking *dime* of *her* money in the account. Bill opened it with her as we had talked about it that morning, and *she* was giving him a ride to the credit union; had anyone else been taking him, he would have opened the account with that person.

Am I pissed? Yes. Bill *told* her that the money in the account was for emergencies and medical expenses in the event that he was out of town if I needed springing from the hospital. Well, I need springing from the *house*. Going to a pain management doctor cannot happen without a ramp. Going to someone for my migraines cannot happen without a ramp. Going to get my dentures relined cannot happen without a ramp. Going to get my glasses redone cannot happen without a ramp.

I mean neither the WLPD nor WLFD were pleased with my plan to scoot down the stairs by sliding out of the wheelchair on the deck, rolling the wheelchair down the stairs, and then trying to slide down the stairs to the wheelchair: (yes, I should have realized they were across the street, but I tried going out the back door and didn't think to look before backing out the door)

WLPD: "Well, at least you were going to go down the back stairs and land on the grass..."

WLFD: "Yes, but that wouldn't have stopped her from hitting her head on the AC unit."

WLPD: "Yes, but it's better than breaking bones on the driveway!"

Kacey was just coming over to fix lunch, when she stumbled into the mess. "Really, Aunt Laurie? You had to try this without me here?"

Me: "Would you have let me try it?" (All seven of us: me, two WLPD cops, and four WLFD personnel—two paramedics and two firefighters—looked at her, very curious.)

K: "About as quickly as I'd let Soph play in the middle of M-59." (The six professionals are still waiting for an "actual" answer.) "No, gentlemen, I do not allow my five-year-old to play in traffic, let alone permit Aunt Laurie to swan dive off the deck."

The decision was reached that if I need to go someplace urgently, the WLFd will send people out to get me down the stairs once every three months until I get a ramp. And, miracles of miracles, the WLFd carries Dilantin on their rig!

ShelVy: LOL!!! Yeah, yeah, it wasn't funny at the time, but the way you tell it certainly is! Kinda reminds me of the first dilantin shot my my wife got at the ER. When I started home with her I asked, "Did that take care of the pain?"

She said, "No, but now I don't care. Let's party!!!"

12 Nov: ShelVy: I goofed, Laurie - Again. When I mentioned that, after a shot at an ER, where my wife said, "Let's party!" I said it was a shot of Dilantin. Wasn't dilantin.

Don't know WHAT it was. Her introduction to Dilantin was as a pill, and it was pills that - when she discovered the results - she continued to take.

Dave: Glad to hear you got your Dilantin, even though it wasn't the way you expected.

Karen: That ramp looks great! And I'm glad you have 2 short term solutions, between them coming every 3 months, and the medics being able to give dilantin.

Have you tried showing that to your mom and telling her it's what you need the money for? Yeah, I know it's not likely to succeed, as it would require that your mom be reasonable and rational ... but at least it would be one more thing for you to use in court.

Though really, the only thing the court should be interested in is proof that it's *your* money. Her claims that someone will cheat you, or what you want to use it for, should be totally immaterial.

Way to offer advice, Karen! I called her to check on how she was doing and said that when I figured out how to pay for a ramp, I'd come over and see her, since I know how visitors can brighten one's day. Her response? Well, I guess you might be able to get a ramp with money from Bill's and my account; it's that moveable one, right? So we wouldn't have to worry about building one when you move into the dining room. ::shudder::

Karen: LOL! Hey, as long as she gives you the money for the ramp, let her dream. Just because she wants it, doesn't mean she'll ever get it, thank goodness!

Stephen: So I guess the score on the is home front, Laurie - 1, Ramp - 1. Congratulations.

EDITOR, *n.* A person who combines the judicial functions of Minos, Rhadamanthus and Aeacus, but is placable with an obolus; a severely virtuous censor, but so charitable withal that he tolerates the virtues of others and the vices of himself; who flings about

him the splintering lightning and sturdy thunders of admonition till he resembles a bunch of firecrackers petulantly uttering his mind at the tail of a dog; then straightway murmurs a mild, melodious lay, soft as the cooing of a donkey intoning its prayer to the evening star. Master of mysteries and lord of law, high-pinnacled upon the throne of thought, his face suffused with the dim splendors of the Transfiguration, his legs intertwined and his tongue a-cheek, the editor spills his will along the paper and cuts it off in lengths to suit. And at intervals from behind the veil of the temple is heard the voice of the foreman demanding three inches of wit and six lines of religious meditation, or bidding him turn off the wisdom and whack up some pathos

O, the Lord of Law on the Throne of Thought,/A gilded impostor is he./Of shreds and patches his robes are wrought,/His crown is brass,/Himself an ass,/And his power is fiddle-dee-dee./Prankily, crankily prating of naught,/Silly old quilly old Monarch of Thought./Public opinion's camp-follower he,/Thundering, blundering, plundering free./Affected,/Ungracious,/Suspected,/Mendacious,/Respected contemporaree! (J.H. Bumblehook)

Kacey and I both agree that notes/paperwork sent from/to school regarding/for the girls, should be discussed with them. So, on Thursday night, Kacey was handed a survey by Em that had been given out to the oldest/only of the family. Kacey noted it had to deal with discipline in the home, and decided that we would fill it out on Friday evening after dinner and showers.

Last night, after showers, two pajama-clad young ladies sat on either side of Kacey. One wriggling with excitement, since this was her first school form and first *real* family meeting (I was curious as to what the meetings were that we've held the first Friday of each month for the last four years, but then decided that ignorance can be bliss); the other curious, but not willing to be as uncool as her sister.

"Disciplinary Questionnaire," Kacey reads aloud.

Soph: "What's dicsiplain?"

Em: "Dis-sip-lin, Soph. It means how you punish your kids, right, Aunt Laurie?"

Me: "Gold star, Em." Em decided to move over to my lap, since Soph's feet were back in play.

The first question caused lots of debate: "How often do you discipline your child/ren?"

Soph: "Every time I breathe!"

Em: "When we need to be."

Kacey: "Can you both be right?"

Em and Soph look at each other and then agree: "Yes!" So, Kacey wrote down both answers.

"Next question: How do you punish your child/ren? Put an 'X' in each box that applies: verbal reprimands; time outs; taking away items/activities; physical reprimands; rewards for good behavior; and other."

Soph: "What's a 'reprimand'? It doesn't sound fun."

Em: "It isn't ... it's like when mom's eyeballs look like they're going to pop out of her head. But, what's a physical reprimand?"

Kacey, who's trying so hard not to laugh: "A reprimand is when an someone corrects bad behavior of someone younger than the person doing the correcting. For example, Soph would have a hard time reprimanding you, Em, but Aunt Laurie may reprimand both of you."

Juan: "And us."

Kacey: "And us."

Em: "So, who reprimands Aunt Laurie now that Uncle Bill's not here?" The three adults look at each other, biting back the laughter that was bubbling up just thinking of Bill trying to reprimand me.

Me: "My mom."

Em: "Oh, that makes sense. So what's a physical reprimand?"

All three adults: "A spanking!"

Em: "Okay, put down the verbal reprimand, time-out, and taking away stuff; but don't put down that you sometimes spank us, because the adults at school will start checking us for bruises, and well, they wouldn't get that I have a bratty sister who hits *hard*. And, besides, what happens at home should stay at home; if you or Juannie get too nuts, I'd rather tell Aunt Laurie than the adults at school or CPS."

The three adults look at each other again, and this time I took the lead: "Em, you do know the difference between an adult and a dolt, right?"

Em nodded. "An adult is over 18 but a dolt is an adult who is stupid. Uncle Bill said all dolts are adults, but not all adults are dolts."

I looked at Kacey and Juan and said she was correct enough. Kacey noted that I didn't tackle the part that was foremost in *her* mind.

"I was getting there. Emilie and Sophia, if someone—anyone, even if it's Juan, mom, or me—hurts you physically, you do know you have to tell someone, right?"

Em: "Well, yeah, Aunt Laurie! We're young and Soph's a blonde, but we're not stupid!"

Me: "Good enough, Kacey?"

Kacey: "Good enough!"

ELYSIUM, *n.* An imaginary delightful country which the ancients foolishly believed to be inhabited by the spirits of the good. This ridiculous and mischievous fable was swept off the face of the earth by the early Christians—may their souls be happy in Heaven!

Sunday, 06 November: ::sigh:: The little black kitten that began visiting the day before Peep arrived is now—sort of—in the house.

It's not entirely my fault. It was hungry, so I opened the window to give it some cat treats, since the food was in the pantry. I didn't think about it climbing the screen and crawling in, as I was tossing the treats out the window opening, until the stinker was on my back, purring.

I placed a call to Kacey, who was amused and came down to remove the home invader to the pantry until it can be taken to the vet tomorrow.

ShelVy: Cats are masters of subterfuge, Laurie!!!

07 Nov: Called and booked a vet appointment for the little invader for tomorrow; Denise asked what its name is. I said I hadn't named the little invader yet, since I didn't yet know if it was staying. Denise's reply sounded ominously like ShelVy's: "Of course, you're going to keep Invader, or it wouldn't be in your pantry." If—and it is still an **IF**—I am going to need a different name.

08 Nov: Nope, **she** is not staying. By the weekend, Elizabeth Lake Animal Rescue will come and get her and take her to the Oakland County Pet Adoption No-kill Facility.

FAIRY, *n.* A creature, variously fashioned and endowed, that formerly inhabited the meadows and forests. It was nocturnal in its habits, and somewhat addicted to dancing and the theft of children. The fairies are now believed by naturalists to be extinct, though a clergyman of the Church of England saw three near Colchester as lately as 1855, while passing through a park after dining with the lord of the manor. The sight greatly staggered him, and he was so affected that his account of it was incoherent. In the year 1807 a troop of fairies visited a wood near Aix and carried off the daughter of a peasant, who had been seen to enter it with a bundle of clothing. The son of a wealthy bourgeois disappeared about the same time, but afterward returned. He had seen the abduction been in pursuit of the fairies. Justinian Gaux, a writer of the fourteenth century, avers that so great is the

fairies' power of transformation that he saw one change itself into two opposing armies and fight a battle with great slaughter, and that the next day, after it had resumed its original shape and gone away, there were seven hundred bodies of the slain which the villagers had to bury. He does not say if any of the wounded recovered. In the time of Henry III, of England, a law was made which prescribed the death penalty for "Kyllynge, wowndyng, or mamynge" a fairy, and it was universally respected.

How to make Fan Eds sweat, Part I:

From JoHn and Jacque regarding this month's—*sorta late*—mailing:

Ahhh, crap. So, if you just got a SNAPS mailing, please disregard in favor of another, BETTER, one, coming real soon (as soon as we can compress the ghu-damned thing down to a mailable size). If you did not receive a SNAPS mailing, that's because your mailbox bounced the 24 megabyte file as being too large. Never fear, the one you didn't get didn't have Robert Lichtman in it, and the one you WILL get WILL have Robert Lichtman in it. Got it? Good. JnJ

::giggle, snort:: Hmmm ... why do I feel a bit guilty?

ShelVy: **Just a wee ... teensy ...** tiny ... bit, Laurie - After all, haven't they been asking for more activity?

And they *did* challenge us!

ShelVy: True, true ... Wait'll they see what happens next. Got lots already done (well, 13-14 pages) with more NEARLY ready to add, and then there'll be Comments.

And I'm on page 18 ... ::giggle::

FELON, *n.* A person of greater enterprise than discretion, who in embracing an opportunity has formed an unfortunate attachment.

How to make Fan Eds sweat, Part II:

ShelVy: I'll hold onto the first one and Wait ...

Dian Crane: I obediently deleted mine AND emptied the trash. I thought it was a little strange not to see Robert in the distribution.

ShelVy: Kept mine. Laurie Kunkel said she didn't get it at all, and I tried to forward mine to her - and she didn't get that one, either!

08 Nov: Even more frightening? The forward ShelVy sent from his Gmail account to my AOL account on *Sunday* arrived today at 4:42AM. I wonder whose cyber-eyes may have left eye prints.

FOOL, *n.* A person who pervades the domain of intellectual speculation and diffuses himself through the channels of moral activity. He is omnific, omniform, omnipercipient, omniscience, omnipotent. He it was who invented letters, printing, the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, the platitude and the circle of the sciences. He created patriotism and taught the nations war—founded theology, philosophy, law, medicine and Chicago. He established monarchical and republican government. He is from everlasting to everlasting—such as creation's dawn beheld he fooleth now. In the morning of time he sang upon primitive hills, and in the noonday of existence headed the procession of being. His grandmotherly hand was warmly tucked-in the set sun of civilization, and in the twilight he prepares Man's evening meal of milk-and-morality and turns down the covers of the universal grave. And after the rest of us shall have retired for the night of eternal oblivion he will sit up to write a history of human civilization.

Youch! ShelVy successfully sent me the mailing (sans *Vegas by the Bay*) via my Gmail account—I had started filtering through Gmail when Randy Cassingham sent out a recent update on his *This Is True* blog piece: [How I Beat Spam](#)—as Mailing 62 loaded, though, I wasn't prepared for a Billo (as he and then-3YO Soph renamed his cartoons, after calling them "Potshits" got her in trouble). Hey, without Robert, we still hit 151 pages?????

ShelVy: ...Mmmm... Hadn't noticed that...

We did well! Frighteningly, I guess I could have used a warning that a Billo was on the cover—I started crying again and can't stop. ::sigh::

ShelVy: Your loss was totally different from mine, Laurie - Because of Alzheimer's', she was dying before my eyes for over three years. In one way, I guess you could say that is worse, having her gradually pulled away from me on a daily basis. On the other hand, it gave me three years to prepare for it and, in fact, to look forward to it becous Suzie, like me, had often said there was nothing worse than losing your mind....

I won't insult you by saying that time heals all wounds (but does time wound all heels?) becous time just enables you to prepare for it happening again.

I'm sorry; I didn't mean to whine. I'll get it together.

ShelVy: You were not whining, Laurie - Just expressing reality and true feelings.

Thanks, ShelVy. I'm not always certain if I am whining, which is why I need people to pre-read **B&B**.

FRIENDLESS, *adj.* Having no favors to bestow. Destitute of fortune. Addicted to utterance of truth and common sense.

How to make Fan Eds sweat, Part III:

John P.: I have it saved for now to a file. Waiting with semi-belated breath for the updated disty. Hard to believe there wasn't a contribution from Robert. Whow!

For a moment, I wondered if he hurt his hand with the ditto machine, but then realized that my brain was playing with me...

ShelVy: Enjoy the playful brain, Laurie - Regard it in the same way you would a playful kitten!

Gee, Shel, I have two of those at the moment—one in the pantry and one on my lap. So, whaddy think, should I keep the little home invader?

ShelVy: Do you really think you have a choice? <g>

I don't? I am concerned...it's been awfully quiet in the pantry. I think for the first time in almost two weeks, it's warm, fed, and feeling safe, and thus, sound asleep.

FRIENDSHIP, *n.* A ship big enough to carry two in fair weather, but only one in foul. The sea was calm and the sky was blue;/Merrily, merrily sailed we two./(High barometer maketh glad.)/On the tipsy ship, with a dreadful shout,/The tempest descended and we fell out./(O the walking is nasty bad!) (Armit Huff Bettle)

In a nod to Bill Maher: New Rule: Juggling a large pizza, an iPad, and a kitten on one's lap guarantees that at least two of the items will not do well.

ShelVy: True, so true!

Karen: Uh-oh! Hope the iPad survived! My favorite Bill Maher line from this week: He pointed out the three Republican candidates who say that God told them to run, and then said, "If God really did tell all 3 of them to run, you know he's got to be f*cking with two of them."

The iPad's plastic sleeve protected it from the cheese and tomato sauce on Peep's foot.

Yes, I'm still RotBL at that Rule.

Stephen: So I guess the score would be; iPad - 1, Peep - 1, Pizza - 0?

Pretty close...iPad: 1; Pizza: 0; Peep: -1 (she wore it, but didn't get to eat it [0], **and** got a bath [-1].)

FRYING-PAN, *n.* One part of the penal apparatus employed in that punitive institution, a woman's kitchen. The frying-pan was invented by Calvin, and by him used in cooking span-long infants that had died without baptism; and observing one day the horrible

torment of a tramp who had incautiously pulled a fried babe from the waste-dump and devoured it, it occurred to the great divine to rob death of its terrors by introducing the frying-pan into every household in Geneva. Thence it spread to all corners of the world, and has been of invaluable assistance in the propagation of his sombre faith. The following lines (said to be from the pen of his Grace Bishop Potter) seem to imply that the usefulness of this utensil is not limited to this world; but as the consequences of its employment in this life reach over into the life to come, so also itself may be found on the other side, rewarding its devotees: Old Nick was summoned to the skies./Said Peter: "Your intentions/Are good, but you lack enterprise/Concerning new inventions.

"Now, broiling in an ancient plan/Of torment, but I hear it/Reported that the frying-pan/Sears best the wicked spirit.

"Go get one—fill it up with fat—/Fry sinners brown and good in't."/"I know a trick worth two o' that,"/Said Nick—"I'll cook their food in't."

Speaking of death, mine might be ShelVy's plan for November. He sent me his current—**NAG** 13—ish, and didn't warn me that eating, drinking, or breathing while reading was not advised.

ShelVy: Seventeen pages so far, Laurie - At the moment, Comments is all I see to add. ...But we'll see.

RotBLMAO! I'll get back to you when I can breath!

ShelVy: I'm in left field with texting, Laurie - All I could come up with was 'Right off the Bat, Laughed My Ass Off' Of cuss, the 'laugh' bit could well've been influenced by what I WANTED to get...

Actually, it's a play off an Internet acronym: RotFLMAO (Rolling on the Floor Laughing My Ass Off); however, since—after Feb 2010—the floor had bad connotations for me, I subbed Bed for floor.

ShelVy: ...well, I wuz CLOSE! Now I have a decision to make: Am I gonna get back to Serious Writing, or start in on Comments? ... The way things are going, I think I'll try Writing. This weekend I can pull up SNAPS and start Commenting ... (Doesn't mean I won't add more to **NAG**. Already added a leetle bit more, not yet worth sending.) Or, speaking of Serious Writing, there's sumpin' else I'm gonna look up and send later.

I am puzzling out one (well, more than one, but one to start) of ShelVy's assertions: "... The big difference between **B&B** and **NAG** is that I just throw things that interest me into **NAG**, with no overall purpose, no real aim, just - throw it in. ... Laurie, ..., is painting a vivid picture ..."

Wait a second! Is the implication that **B&B** has a purpose, ShelVy? Really? I'm still figuring out its purpose, beyond that I am in BED and I am BORED! (Even more so now without Bill; I mean, I'm resorting to kidnapping kittens for ghoddess' sake!) Can a vivid picture be painted if one is recording all but the most incredible minutiae of time from eyelids popping open until they close?

ShelVy: Okay, Laurie; okay - Serious Writing can wait a bit. I'll lift and replace (where's my butterfly/typo net?) the typo, correct the Bold on Soul Searching, etc, then send the revision to you so you will see the bit I added.

Yeah, **B&B** DOES have a purpose, seems to me. It gives us a look into your efforts to adjust and adapt to what life throws at you. Which, to my admittedly limited analytical abilities, gives it a Purpose.

So there! Now to edit NAG and send you the results.

"...adjust and adapt to what life throws at [me]." Are we talking my being sick, being whatever I am now, or having Bill die on me? I'm still really, really mad at him, and I know I shouldn't be because he was ::almost:: doing everything he was supposed to be doing but I just seem to be either yelling at him or crying. Yeah, I know that's not too coherent.

ShelVy: It's general rather than specific, Laurie - That is, 'whatever' really means 'whatever'! Anything, everything life throws at you. That's back to me remarking on your strength of character. And what's 'coherent' got to do with it? <g>

I know I *am* a character, but do I *have* character?

FUNERAL, *n.* A pageant whereby we attest our respect for the dead by enriching the undertaker, and strengthen our grief by an expenditure that deepens our groans and doubles our tears. The savage dies—they sacrifice a horse/To bear to happy hunting-grounds the corpse./Our friends expire—we make the money fly/In hope their souls will chase it to the sky. (Jex Wopley)

Monday, 07 November: I just got in an interesting email from Em and Soph's elementary school:

Test of the National Emergency Alert System - November 9, 2011

The Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) wants everyone to know about the upcoming Emergency Alert System (EAS) test and how it may impact them. The test is scheduled to take place on November 9, 2011 at 2 P.M. The public will hear a message indicating that "This is a test." The audio message will be the same for both radio and

television. It may last up to three-and-a-half minutes and may not include a typed message on your TV screen reminding you that this is only a test.

Really? This test requires a soothing of the waters from Em and Soph's school? (And a second notification from the school district a mere 90-minutes later?!) I must admit that I am flummoxed that this is the *first* national test; I would have thought they would have gone national back in 1997, when EAS superseded the Emergency Broadcast System (EBS), which itself had superseded the CONELRAD System. In addition to alerting the public of local weather emergencies such as tornadoes and flash floods, the official EAS is designed to enable the President of the United States to speak to the United States within 10 minutes, but the nationwide federal EAS has never been activated.

On 21 December 2001, *The New York Times* ran an article—with a correction printed January 3, 2002—that stated: "No president has ever used the current [EAS] system or its technical predecessors in the last 50 years, despite the Soviet missile crisis, a presidential assassination, the Oklahoma City bombing, major earthquakes and three recent high-alert terrorist warnings. ... Michael K. Powell, the then chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, which oversees the Emergency Alert System, pointed to 'the ubiquitous media environment,' arguing that the system was, in effect, scooped by CNN, MSNBC, Fox News Channel and other channels ... [FEMA] activates the alert system nationally at the behest of the White House on 34 50,000-watt stations that reach 98 percent of Americans ... Beyond that, the current EAS signal is an audio message only—which pre-empts all programming—so that viewers who were watching color images of the trade center on Sept. 11 would have been able to see only a screen with a generic text message along with a presidential voice-over, if an emergency message had been activated."

ShelVy: It really puzzles/annoys/irritates me, Laurie - These tests are routinely held time after time; why is THIS one raising such a ruckus???

Because the others are regional, but this is *national*...

ShelVy: AHHH! That makes sense. Thanx!

09 Nov: Yeesh! I forgot that all of the Emergency Siren Alarms also go off during a EAS. Talk about a headache!!

11 Nov: Karen: I still don't understand why the NATIONAL EAS test made any difference - it shows up the same on your tv whether it's national or local. If they didn't spend so much time telling us this one was national, no one would have know the difference.

I'm puzzled too.

GNOME, *n.* In North-European mythology, a dwarfish imp inhabiting the interior parts of the earth and having special custody of mineral treasures. Bjorsen, who died in 1765, says gnomes were common enough in the southern parts of Sweden in his boyhood, and he frequently saw them scampering on the hills in the evening twilight. Ludwig Binkerhoof saw three as recently as 1792, in the Black Forest, and Sneddeker avers that in 1803 they drove a party of miners out of a Silesian mine. Basing our computations upon data supplied by these statements, we find that the gnomes were probably extinct as early as 1764.

ShelVy: Noon news in the background, Laurie - There was a local hold-up. Newsman said, "The only description of the robber was that he was five-eight, five-nine, and had a gun." Now, ain't THAT a lot for the police to go on?

RotBL ... Uh, yeah, that narrows it down ... "the thing about robbers is that they look like all the rest of us!"

ShelVy: Well, they did say 'he'! That narrows it down a bit... <g>

GRAMMAR, *n.* A system of pitfalls thoughtfully prepared for the feet for the self-made man, along the path by which he advances to distinction.

Tuesday, 08 November: Okay, I'm feeling a bit ... concerned ... how close is that asteroid supposed to pass by Earth? My mom called at 8:07AM—and woke me up. (So much for her "A polite person never calls anyone before 9AM, unless it's a dire emergency" credo. I've always wondered what the difference was between an emergency and a dire emergency; I asked when I was seven, but just got a smack on my leg and told "Don't be a smart ass!")

The world must be ending. I know this, as mom's call was to tell me that she was closing out Bill's and her account and depositing the money into ~~our~~ my account as I'm little more than an ungrateful bitch of a witch, and to not call her when I'm left naked on the kitchen floor in an empty mobile.

08 Nov: Apparently, this decision was made after my mother had a long talk with Ghod. In her discussion, Ghod told her to wash her hands of me. I wonder if Ghod *really* got to participate in the discussion or if She only got to listen.

She then asked if I knew why she could print but not write with her left hand. I told her because she had used her left hand to help me form letters in educational workbooks when I was four, since using her

right hand was awkward. (I've decided that having a discussion with my mom is going to always be an exercise in random.)

So, party today folks, because, well, I'm a bit nervous about what may happen next ... of course, it could be something totally innocuous, like Ohio imploding. <evil grin in Dave's direction...>

Dave: Just give me advanced warning.

Gee, Dave, advanced warning of what?

HABEAS CORPUS. A writ by which a man may be taken out of jail when confined for the wrong crime.

I just got off the phone with Social Security; the question was, I thought, simple: given that Bill is no longer able to contribute to the household income, and none of our children seem to have employable skills, how much money could I earn via freelance without losing my disability?

Okay, so it really wasn't a simple question; long before I reached a real person, I felt that I was getting attitude from the recording, especially when I made the mistake of saying "no" instead of "yes" or remaining silent. It could—maybe—be me, but, I don't think so.

HASH, *x*. There is no definition for this word—nobody knows what hash is.

The TIVO list was having fun today. Dave, who rarely enjoys any movie over 90 minutes long, actually surprised us by saying that he was "taping *My Fair Lady* (it's almost 3 hours and better be good) as well as *The Bailiff*."

Karen: *My Fair Lady* is very good. I liked it in spite of its being a musical. :) I think you'll like it.

I think I've seen every version made of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, including the ones that had different names. It must be a very strong story, because I enjoyed them all. :)

I'll second Karen's opinion on *MFL*...hmm, initials look decidedly not right. In fact, I could even go a step further: Bill, who treated most musicals to his own *MST3000* treatment, didn't do that, and even *gasp* rewatched it!

Dave: Wasn't there a Chris Rock remake recently under a different name? *Heaven Can Wait* is very entertaining with an exceptionally good supporting cast.

Karen: If there was one with Chris Rock, I missed it. Maybe you're thinking of *The Preacher's Wife* with Denzel Washington? But that was a remake of *The Bishop's Wife* - both of those were very good movies, too.

No, Dave's likely thinking of Chris Rock's 2001's *Down to Earth*.

Dave: *Down to Earth*, 2001, is the movie. He's a comedian who's killed too early. I haven't seen it.

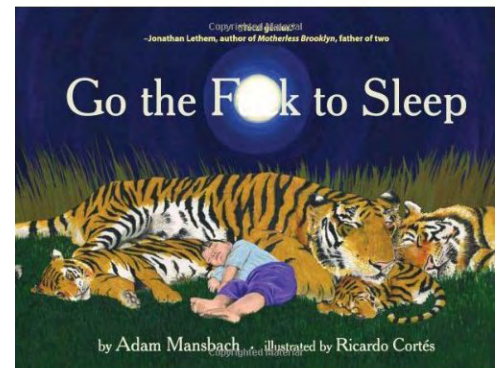
I **am** a mind reader! Of course, reading Dave's mind is like reading a kid's picture book.

Dave: Hey, I'm right here!

You're right where? I don't see you! (That could just be me, though, since according to my mom all of my online friends are imaginary because I'm taking drugs, and not the good pharmaceutical kind. BTW, Ed, your "accident" was an excuse for Bill to get away from, and to cheat on, me. I did agree that **you** never saw Bill. But that, if she wanted to be difficult, I could prove that **you** exist.)

But, back to Dave: Or were you challenging the reading material? Would you have preferred "trashy romance novel"?

Speaking of kids' picture books, though, check out Adam Mansbach's newest one, *Go the F**k to Sleep*; here's the [Amazon](#) write-up: *Go the F**k to Sleep* is a bedtime book for parents who live in the real world, where a few snoozing kitties and cutesy rhymes don't always send a toddler sailing blissfully off to dreamland. Profane, affectionate, and radically honest, it captures the familiar—and unspoken—tribulations of putting your little angel down for the night. Beautiful, subversive, and pants-wettingly funny, *Go the F**k to Sleep* is a book for parents new, old, and expectant. You probably should not read it to your children.



I have the Kindle version. I'm getting Juan the physical book closer to Kacey's due date. According to him, his son is going to be well-mannered and no problem, as opposed to Em and Soph. I pointed out to him that—since Kacey hasn't yet seen an OB and she's only seven weeks along—counting gender before it develops isn't a smart idea.

HEART, *n.* An automatic, muscular blood-pump. Figuratively, this useful organ is said to be the seat of emotions and sentiments—a very pretty fancy which, however, is nothing but a survival of a once universal belief. It is now known that the sentiments and

emotions reside in the stomach, being evolved from food by chemical action of the gastric fluid. The exact process by which a beefsteak becomes a feeling—tender or not, according to the age of the animal from which it was cut; the successive stages of elaboration through which a caviar sandwich is transmuted to a quaint fancy and reappears as a pungent epigram; the marvelous functional methods of converting a hard-boiled egg into religious contrition, or a cream-puff into a sigh of sensibility—these things have been patiently ascertained by M. Pasteur, and by him expounded with convincing lucidity. (See, also, my monograph, *The Essential Identity of the Spiritual Affections and Certain Intestinal Gases Freed in Digestion*—4 to 687 pp.) In a scientific work entitled, I believe, *Delectatio Demonorum* (John Camden Hotton, London, 1873) this view of the sentiments receives a striking illustration; and for further light consult Professor Dam's famous treatise on Love as a Product of Alimentary Maceration.

ShelVy: Have you had any luck with *Out of the Dark*?

Yes and no. I've edited out 200 words, but, that was just on my first editing read-through. I had to deal with my mom today. Did you know that you are a figment of my imagination?

ShelVy: Boy, you have an ACTIVE imagination!

Signed,

Figment

LOL...you know, for someone who's imaginary, you do keep me entertained!

ShelVy: Your 'figment' wants sumpin' else - Still under the head of 'Problems with Serious Writing'. I've slashed that 2500-word fairy tale to 953 words; still 53 too many, but I wanna see if there's really anything left of it. Read it and lemme know whatcha think.

Figment

Now I can't find the fairy tale market!!! I'll try again tomorrow, as I'm about to go to bed.

G'nite

Figment

HEY!!! The market might be Figment Jr!

ShelVy: By the way - does me being an adult make me guilty of adultery???

I thought you were only guilty of adultery if you play at being an adult.

ShelVy: That's me!!! I've been playing at being an adult for over sixty years...

HEAVEN, *n.* A place where the wicked cease from troubling you with talk of their personal affairs, and the good listen with attention while you expound your own.

Morning, Dr. S., If you slide down to 06 November you'll read the justification for my unhappiness with Lewis. How could he have only named *two* mice when I may need another name?

Dr. S: Yes, I see exactly why you are unhappy with Lewis. Very understandable. Couldn't you give the new child the name of one of Tolkien's mice? I can't recall any, but surely in all those volumes of *Lost Tales*, etc. there must be one mouse with a name, right???

Actually, since it's a year old female, I'm overjoyed that (since she's the same size as almost 5MO Peep) that I've found a home for her, and either Lynn or Ellen from Elizabeth Lake Animal Rescue is going to do the transport by Friday. But, she's currently snoozing in the pantry. (Since she has ear mites, she can't join the zoo.)

HOMOEOPATHIST, *n.* The humorist of the medical profession.

HOMOEOPATHY, *n.* A school of medicine midway between Allopathy and Christian Science. To the last both the others are distinctly inferior, for Christian Science will cure imaginary diseases, and they can not.

"The 10 Most Sleep-Deprived Cities"

Amanda Chan, *The Huffington Post*

First Posted: 10/26/11 09:20 AM ET

Updated: 10/26/11 04:35 PM ET

Who's the sleepest?

A new ranking, using data from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention that was compiled by the mattress company Sleepy's, shows that some U.S. cities have it worse off than others when it comes to sleep deprivation.

The ranking, compiled from survey results of 350,000 U.S. adults, takes into account the percentage of time that a person doesn't have enough sleep or rest, as well as the percentage of people who say they don't get enough sleep more than half of the time.

Sleepy's found that residents in many California cities get the most sleep, including San Diego, San Jose and San Francisco. Other well-rested cities include Dallas, Texas and Richmond, VA.

To find the real city that never sleeps, [keep reading]:

10. **Boston, MA**
09. **Columbus, OH**
08. **Raleigh, NC**
07. **Louisville, KY**
06. **Cincinnati, OH**
05. **New York, NY**
04. **New Orleans, LA**
03. **Oklahoma City, OK**
02. **Birmingham, AL**

And, the most exhausted city in the United States:

01. **Detroit, MI**

I *knew* I was tired!

HYPOCRITE, *n.* One who, profession virtues that he does not respect secures the advantage of seeming to be what he despises.

Wednesday, 09 November: Dr. Barna was here today. He cleared me to transfer into/out of the wheelchair, but said that wearing shoes—not the soft boots—is a must.

However, when I asked him if he thought I would ever walk again, his answer was *not* encouraging. I would first have to have surgery on both Achilles tendons. Then, I would have to have at least three months of PT. Then, I'd have to do the serial casting which would be at least a year. Then, at least six months of PT. BUT, even then, since I cannot feel anything from my knees down to my toes—other than pressure, but not to know where the pressure is coming from—he's not sure that I'd be able to walk.

The likelihood for success is, at best, 50%, and I'm trying to figure out if it is actually worth the 24-to-36 months of hell.

Add to that, that the last time I was in surgery I died, I'm not certain that I want to start the procedure.

I gave ShelVy the *Reader's Digest* version when I sent him the story I'd been working on editing for him: ShelVy, if you couldn't walk, and the doctor said that tendon surgery, PT, serial casting, and more

PT would be required to try walking again, but that he said the likelihood for success was, at best, 50%, would you go through the 24-36 months of hell?

ShelVy: I know what happened, Laurie - At least, I THINK that I do. *Dark* was the most convenient message to click. ... Yet, on the other hand, it IS appropriate! Two-three years of physical torture for a fifty-fifty chance of walking???

Mmmm ... It brings me to my current attempts to build back up to my mile-a-day walk ... but there is no pain involved in getting my walking stretched out ... other than muscular pain, that is, and that is really minor.

Let's look at motivation. I'm wanting to extend my walking becous I get next-to-NO exercise as it is. Lifespan will be extended, theoretically. But, as I said, no pain except having to push myself into doing it.

And let's get back to something I may not have mentioned. My definition of 'A good day' is a day where I get up and around by myself with no assistance.

On the other hand, I would imagine your motivation for going thru it all is to return to a more normal lifestyle. How badly do you want that???. How badly would I want it? Are you certain the odds are fifty-fifty? Sixty-forty would be tempting, but ... fifty-fifty???. And two-to-three years of pain as a certainty? All I can say it, I'd really need some strong motivation. Sorry I can't be of more help.

I thought the subject line was appropriate. (I do have to remind ShelVy to not always consider the subject line of an email just because I may not change it.) The 50:50 are the *best* odds. It could very well be 90:10 against.

ShelVy: Hmmm ... In that case, Laurie - I'd wait a few months. Medical improvements are being made all the time. Two-three years of pain for a slim chance ... just ain't that enticing.

But then, that's all from a figment of your imagination ...

Yes, but a *rational* figment!

ShelVy: Watch your language, Laurie! Me? RATIONAL???. In your imagination!

Well, yeah. That's where this started, remember?

ShelVy: Well, yeah ... okay, I'll hafta admit I CAN be rational. Even, in rare moments, intelligent ... RARE moments, I repeat.

LOL! This is one reason we get along so well, ShelVy. Anyone else would have been offended over the figment comment. I would have been offended by the rational, as were you.

ShelVy: "Great minds ..." and all that, Laurie.

I gave the rest of The Sanity Quorum, plus Dr. S, the non-*Reader's Digest* version.

Karen: Very difficult decision to make, but it's at least worth getting a second opinion once you have the ramp and can get out to visit doctors.

Actually, his was the third opinion, and he gave the best odds.

Karen: Ah, well, then I'd have to say that I'd think long and hard before going through all that with so much at risk, and such a small chance of success. But only you can really make the decision.

Stephen: If it were myself, I'd ask myself how patient and determined I can be, and if that was inconclusive, how doggedly stubborn am I to achieve a difficult goal. It is achievable, right?

Karen: Well, that's the problem - the best odds she got was a 50% chance of success, and that was out of three opinions. She didn't say what odds the other two gave her.

Oops, sorry about that. According to the file Kacey gave me from Bill's desk (labeled "Dead Woman *Not* Walking") the first opinion was 90:10 against success; second opinion: 80:20 against; and now the third opinion: 50:50, at best.

10 Nov: Karen: I'm not sure what I'd do in your situation. It would be great to be able to walk again, but there's a very high price to pay, and the odds of success aren't high. I guess it all depends on how much of a gambler you are, and how much you're willing to endure to be able to walk again.

Stephen: Karen's right. I don't even think of gambling with lower than 50 percent odds. I'd go out without an umbrella on a 50% chance of rain day. It comes down to how much confidence you have in the doctor's capability and how much belief you have in yours.

And I am *not* a gambler. The whole reason living in Vegas was feasible was because I wasn't a gambler.

Dave: I'm in agreement with Karen and Steve.

Dr. S: Decisions, decisions indeed. Wow, that's a bleak picture! Best wishes as you sort things out and reach decisions about what to do. I'm glad you have approval to resume transferring into and out of the wheelchair, but sorry the answer about walking is so gloomy.

Woody: Well, I think that I would go through the process if it were me. However, your description doesn't really underscore the prospect of the pain involved in the 24-36 month process. But that is, I think implied.

Are you in a second floor apartment? If so, it seems to me that you would need to move downstairs at some point and to be in a place that is one level. I went through a process this year with not be able to walk very well and being completely immobile for long periods of time just before and after each surgery I had on my knees (one on each knee). I, therefore, have some idea of what you are going through though I knew that my prospects for walking again were pretty much assured. At the very least my odds were the opposite of your odds, in that I had the greater likelihood of walking again as opposed to your prospects.

Anyway, I was living in a 2-story house and was not able to move between floors. Which I meant I either had to be on the second floor where my bedroom and both bathrooms were located or on the 1st floor where the living room and kitchen were located. Therefore I stayed at my mother's condo which has everything on one floor and that made all the difference when it came time to pulling myself out of the recliner and hobble around the room on a walker.

12 Nov: Stu: You have a long tough fight ahead of you, no questioning that. You have to believe you will walk again to be able to walk again. To make the furthest gains in mobility, you need to commit to fighting every day to get back on your feet. No doubt a painful endeavor ahead, but every day to be committed to exercises, no matter if it is 5 minutes at a time. No way you give up hope.....

This is the biggest challenge in your life, and it is about you. You are young enough to fight, and fight you must!

Sound a little too much like a NIKE ad, sorry, but it works. You will get depressed at times, and want to give up, but keep in touch and I will NIKE you up!!

Moms can be wicked people, know it first hand, as you do! Hang in there, Keep up the fight!

Walking has never been one of my better motor skills, and that's not just my low self-esteem speaking, as **Bill** even told people that. At least I'm in a mobile home, so I only have to get over the threshold and down four—five?—steps to the ground.

I asked Dr. B. about whether I would have medication for pain or N-SAIDs. Answer: "Since you're codeine sensitive, we'd have to stay with N-SAIDs because when you're in real pain, we won't have anything we can give you." Now, I dunno, but I think 24-36 months of purposely inflicted pain on top of my already being *in* pain, may tax what little patience I have.

I think I'm going to be in a wheelchair for life. Unless medical science makes some huge breakthroughs.

Woody: Well there you go playing on my extreme sense of empathy. When you put it that way, I can certainly understand why you might decide not to go for it. I will certainly support whatever decision you make in any way I can.

Karen: I'd probably come to the same conclusion, especially when the chances of success are so small.

But there may be hope - did you watch that Mary Shelley episode of *Prophets of Science Fiction* yet? There was some very interesting information about the research on helping paralyzed people to walk again by using electrical charges to the muscles.

Yes, I did watch it and that did catch my attention. Which is why I'll put walking on the back burner—for now—continue doing my exercises and be patient. Given that my 1982 knee surgery (a patella tendon transfer did not work as my tendon didn't behave the way the doctors had predicted) was a failure, when Dr. Barna said "cut the tendons," my brain said "not so much—keep listening and writing, but I'm not going to let you sign your name to any surgical forms." This actually brings me full-circle to ShelVy's earlier comment about medical science.

Karen: Sounds like a good plan. If things advance so you can avoid surgery, so much the better.

I is the first letter of the alphabet, the first word of the language, the first thought of the mind, the first object of affection. In grammar, it is a pronoun of the first person and singular number. Its plural is said to be We, but how there can be more than one myself is doubtless clearer the grammarians than it is to the author of this incomparable dictionary. Conception of two myselfs is difficult, but fine. The frank yet graceful use of "I" distinguishes a good writer from a bad; the latter carries it with the manner of a thief trying to cloak his loot.

Ellen from Elizabeth Lake Animal Rescue came out to pick up Invader. She'll be spayed tomorrow, and then go to her foster home. Ellen had initially called White Lake Animal Hospital to find out where the

cat was there or here; Denise thought for a moment and said, "Oh no, Invader is back at Laurie's." Ellen was still laughing at the name when she came to my window.

11 Nov: Karen: Glad you found a no-kill place to take the kitten.

IDIOT, *n.* A member of a large and powerful tribe whose influence in human affairs has always been dominant and controlling. The Idiot's activity is not confined to any special field of thought or action, but "pervades and regulates the whole." He has the last word in everything; his decision is unappealable. He sets the fashions and opinion of taste, dictates the limitations of speech and circumscribes conduct with a dead-line.

I sent out notifications to some of the loops I'm in about the Science Channel's new series, *Prophets of Science Fiction*.

Karen: Thanks very much for the information! Stephen King is also a big fan of Philip K Dick, and actually used a lot from Dick's themes about alternate worlds in the *Dark Tower* series.

I've read mostly short stories from him, but I enjoyed them very much. *Blade Runner*, one of my favorite movies and my favorite sci-fi movie, is based on his novel, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*.

Yes, he is; Bill, who loved PKD, said it was the first way he saw that King had good taste.

Karen: Did Bill like Clifford Simak too? King also used ideas about parallel worlds from Simak's *Ring Around the Sun*, which is a very good book.

Not that I know of. I know he was sucking up because his anniversary present was going to be all six volumes of PKD's collected stories.

Karen: LOL! So he wasn't that big a fan of King otherwise? ;)

Nope. He read *The Stand*, but I can't think of anything else he read of King's.

Stephen: Much like oysters, King is an acquired taste. I've read all 40+ books he's written and he varies like the Outback Steakhouse chain. I've got his new book *11-23-1963* (JFK's Assassination), it's a daunting 850 pages long, but I will read it. I've always loved Isaac Asimov. Most of his concepts became science fact, like many of Jules Verne's. I haven't read too much Philip K. Dick but Heinlein is one of my favorites.

Karen: I've read a lot of King too, and enjoyed much of it, but I agree with you, he varies greatly.

10 Nov: I count Heinlein as one of my favorite authors. I do want to read King's newest doorstop, though.

IMPOSSIBLE, *adj.* Unable to exist if something else exists. Two things are impossible when the world of being has scope enough for one of them, but not enough for both—as Walt Whitman's poetry and God's mercy to man. Impossibility, it will be seen, is only incompatibility let loose. Instead of such low language as "Go heel yourself—I mean to kill you on sight," the words, "Sir, we are impossible," would convey and equally significant intimation and in stately courtesy are altogether superior.

ShelVy: Occasionally, Laurie - I gather Received and Sent emails into a single file, for easy reference. Do you realize we've exchanged over four hundred emails in the last coupla months?

Hmmm ... that's all? Really? Of course, you're a figment of my imagination, so it is alarming that I'm having that many discussions with myself ...

ShelVy: OOOOPS! Sorry, Laurie - over four hundred in One Month. Wasn't checking dates correctly ...

That does sound much more accurate.

IRRELIGION, *n.* The principal one of the great faiths of the world.

Thursday, 10 November: The *Prophets of Science Fiction* discussion yesterday led me to an interesting writing exercise: if I could only *buy* the books of twenty authors to take with me to a place Amazon access wasn't available, who would I choose? (My list is in alphabetical order, since the order would vary on any given day; also, this list does not include authors I know who send me their books.) My Top 20 19 authors:

Susan Wittig Albert (Mystery)

Lillian Jackson Braun (Mystery)

Jim Butcher (Fantasy, Science Fiction, Speculative Fiction)

Stephen R. Donaldson (Fantasy, Mystery, Science Fiction)

Jasper Fforde (Alternative History, Comic Fantasy)

Joanne Fluke (Mystery)

Charlaine Harris (Mystery, Urban Fantasy)

Harry Harrison (Science Fiction)

Robert Heinlein (Science Fiction)

Carl Hiaason (Crime Fiction, Environmental Thrillers, Satirical Fiction)

Jonathan Kellerman (Suspense/Mystery)

Laurie R. King (Detective Fiction/Mystery)

C.S. Lewis (Christian apologetics, Fantasy, Science Fiction)

Anne McCaffrey (Fantasy, Science Fiction)

Christopher Moore (Absurdist Fiction, Adventure Fiction, Fantasy, Horror, Humor, Mystery)

Greg Palast (Investigative Journalism)

Jodi Picoult (Fiction)

M.R. Sellars (Horror, Occult, Thriller)

Shel Silverstein (Cartoons, Children's Fiction,
Poetry)

11 Nov: Ed called. Now that he knows **B&B** 4A is in his inbox, he said he would be online. He did cause me to modify the author segment a bit: "to take with me to a place Amazon access wasn't available" was added. And he reminded me that Shel Silverstein should have been on the list, which I did know, since Bill read him to me when I was sick. I also thought that he had introduced us to Fforde and Hiaason, but it was Charlene who did. We introduced them to him.

LOL! ShelVy noted that I had some authors he wasn't familiar with. Since he has a Kindle app, I told him to let me know who he wanted to check out, and I would loan him the book through Kindle. His first choice? M.R. Sellars. So, I loaned him the first book, *Harm None*.

JESTER, *n.* An officer formerly attached to a king's household, whose business it was to amuse the court by ludicrous actions and utterances, the absurdity being attested by his motley costume. The king himself being attired with dignity, it took the world some centuries to discover that his own conduct and decrees were sufficiently ridiculous for the amusement not only of his court but of all mankind. The jester was commonly called a fool, but the poets and romancers have ever delighted to represent him as a singularly wise and witty person. In the circus of to-day the melancholy ghost of the court fool effects the dejection of humbler audiences with the same jests wherewith in life he gloomed the marble hall, panged the patrician sense of humor and tapped the tank of royal tears. The widow-queen of Portugal/Had an audacious jester/Who entered the confessional/Disguised, and there confessed her.

"Father," she said, "thine ear bend down—/My sins are more than scarlet:/I love my fool—/blaspheming clown,/And common, base-born varlet."

"Daughter," the mimic priest replied,/"That sin, indeed, is awful:/The church's pardon is denied/To love that is unlawful."/"But since thy stubborn heart will be/For him forever pleading,/Thou'dst better make him, by decree,/A man of birth and breeding."

She made the fool a duke, in hope/With Heaven's taboo to palter;/Then told a priest, who told the Pope,/Who damned her from the altar! (Barel Dort)

Since ShelVy doesn't have the Science Channel, I've offered to dub the shows for him and mail them out as a DVD fills. He then asked if I had watched the first episode yet. I watched the last sixty seconds and while I misheard a word ("... she died of a 'suspended' brain tumor ..."; suspended ... suspected ... it's close.) I did like the rest of what I heard. (I was trying to pry Peep's teeth off the earpiece of my glasses. Why is it that wearing my glasses improves my hearing?)

ShelVy: Huh??? Just the last sixty seconds? Oh, I get it; you have it recorded and didn't want to watch TWICE.

Not that I wouldn't want to watch it twice, but I was watching my DVR of *Dark Matters* which was on Science afterward, and the two shows overlapped taping for one-minute, as I wanted to make sure I get the entire program. (As I write this I can see five clocks and each has a different time: microwave, 4:31; iPad, 4:29; phone, 4:28; oven, 4:27; and cable box, 4:26. For me, time really *is* relative!)

ShelVy: Unnerstand! Have the same - well, similar - thing in my room for time, altho my computer time and TV Cable time are the same (3:49) my wall clock sez 3:48, my electric desk clock sez 3:51 and my wrist-watch sez 11:43. Wristwatch needs a new battery. It isn't even, as the saying goes, right twice a day, 'cos it picks up again sometimes...

The alarming part: I looked at the header of the email about time. AOL says I sent it at 3:28PM, which means that it is on Central Time and agrees with my phone—but when I call time, I get a time a minute faster than my iPad and a minute slower than the microwave.

ShelVy: You just can't trust web time, Laurie For example, I recently updated Internet Explorer. When it started, it said fifteen minutes for download ... but even as I watched, it dropped to 14, 13, 12, 11, 10 in just a few seconds! It finally stopped at seven minutes ... and, of course, the seven minutes stretched into twelve.

Ah, well. Your mom would insist it's all a figment of my imagination...

JOSS-STICKS, *n.* Small sticks burned by the Chinese in their pagan tomfoolery, in imitation of certain sacred rites of our holy religion.

Whoa!!! As I was going through Wikipedia to determine what genre(s) my favorite authors wrote, I got a weird shock. Ross Chamberlain looks like Harry Harrison! In addition to emailing Ross, I emailed ShelVy. He really does, ShelVy!

ShelVy: Hey, you're right!!!

So, since my mom hasn't ever met Ross—my dad did, but not mom—if I showed her a picture of Harry Harrison, and told her that it was



Ross, would that make them both real or both imaginary?

Ross: Can't say that anyone has, though I see what you mean. Maybe more so when I'm 86...



I did get confused once with John Williams (of movie score fame; not the guitarist or the English actor who used to mispronounce Polovtsian in the Longines Symphonette commercial), in Boston, back when he was conducting the Pops, by a server in a deli bar. When I told Joy-Lynd, who was working for the BSO at the time and knew him, she said, yes, she could see it ... but he's shorter.

JUSTICE, *n.* A commodity which is a more or less adulterated condition the State sells to the citizen as a reward for his allegiance, taxes and personal service.

At page 38, time to send this to The Sanity Quorum for feedback; anything over 40 pages sends the mail system into fits wanting me to use iCloud.

Karen: Loved it!

Dave: I like, especially all the references to me!

RoBLMAO! I thought those would be your favorite parts.

Dave: Well, they're the best parts. I'm sure they are everyone's favorites. I'm so damn entertaining!

::snort:: If there's anything larger than Dave's ego running around, I want it shot!" Apologies To Douglas Adams and Zaphod Beeblebrox.

Stephen: Applause, applause, Laurie! This is turning into a Magnum Opus! I love the definition of Hash - similar to the definition of Spam. And ... the Dan the Lawn Man anecdote was great. We covered our air-conditioner last week using a past-its-prime plastic tablecloth (you know the ones with the felt backing?) and duct tape (no women in our house). Also I have to read *Go The F To Sleep*. I love the cover.

BTW, Karen, Dave, Stephen, and ShelVy, Ed wanted to know why he wasn't mentioned as much as you guys in **B&B**. I told him he would have to actually respond to emails to get in.

Stephen: As they say, you've gotta be in it to win it.

Karen: Yes, that would certainly help.

Channeling Charlie Sheen, are we Stephen?

Karen: What does that quote have to do with Charlie Sheen? I couldn't find who originated it, but it's lots older than Charlie. If anything, I'd associate it with a state lottery - they use it a lot in their ads.

I'm sorry—I've now been corrupted to associate "winning" with Sheen. I blame mass media.

Karen: Ah, I see, LOL! But wouldn't that be "winning" in an ironic sense anyway? ;)

We discussed my sense of humor—ironic versus sarcastic—in **B&B** #003.