Bed & Bored #005

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Bed & Bored #005 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 so affectionate to your Aunt Cookie and Aunt Rita; Reep, thank you for allowing me at least half of my meals, except when the meal involves meat; Peep, thank you for being cute, loving, and lovable. 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 (ShelVy) Vick — and special guest Peter Schakel —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: p. 18, Memorial Garden; p. 35, ShelVy nicked it. Quotes are from The Devil's Dictionary by Ambrose Bierce (1842-1914). I'm still working out formatting.

Dateline: 24 November 2011

No trees were injured in the creation of this zine, but a large number of electrons were terribly inconvenienced.

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Friday, 11 November: To all veterans: Thank you for your service and sacrifice.

The Sanity Quorum comprises an interesting group of people. All are bound together by one primary thing: they all care about me. Because of this, they are willing to read over my journal to make sure that my depression isn't too overwhelming and that I don't forget that I do have a sense of humor.

Of the eight Sanity Quorum participants—David Allred, Karen Belcher, Woody Bernardi, Kathi Fitzgerald, Ed Garea, Stephen Herte, Dave Skolnick, and Shelby (ShelVy) Vick—I have actually seen half (David, Woody, Kathi, and ShelVy) with my own two eyes. This negates some of my mom's belief that my "online friends are figments of my imagination" theory; in fact, she knows three of the participants: David, Woody, and Kathi.

I'm planning to invite Dr. S. to join the SQ, but, I'm waiting until between semesters to ask. Dr. S has known me the longest, since Fall 1984, when I started at Hope as an English/Elementary Education major; he had, from my perspective, the fortune of being English Department chair, as well as
specializing in two of my favorite authors. David and Woody have known me the next longest; I stumbled over David in UNLV's library in January 1987. He introduced me to Woody by February of 1987. ShelVy, I would have become acquainted with through writing in 1990; and we met (I think) at the LA CorFlu in 199X or, maybe, a SilverCon. Kathi I met in 2005 when she came out with Marilyn and mom to help Bill and me move.

Of the four I haven't seen, Bill introduced me to Ed first, and Ed then introduced us to Dave, Karen, and Stephen. Ed, I suspect is real, as I have spoken to him on the phone; plus, Bill had actually seen Ed when he was in a coma after his pedestrian-versus-car accident (referenced in B&B #001).

**K** is a consonant that we get from the Greeks, but it can be traced away back beyond them to the Cerathians, a small commercial nation inhabiting the peninsula of Smero. In their tongue it was called Klatch, which means "destroyed." The form of the letter was originally precisely that of our H, but the erudite Dr. Snedeker explains that it was altered to its present shape to commemorate the destruction of the great temple of Jarute by an earthquake, circa 730 B.C. This building was famous for the two lofty columns of its portico, one of which was broken in half by the catastrophe, the other remaining intact. As the earlier form of the letter is supposed to have been suggested by these pillars, so, it is thought by the great antiquary, its later was adopted as a simple and natural—not to say touching—means of keeping the calamity ever in the national memory. It is not known if the name of the letter was altered as an additional mnemonic, or if the name was always Klatch and the destruction one of nature's puns. As each theory seems probable enough, I see no objection to believing both—and Dr. Snedeker arrayed himself on that side of the question.

To quote ShelVy, "Vedly Interesting!" I was talking with Paige this morning and realized that while the three older fur children are still referred to by me as "ours," Peep is strictly "my." Although, she and Bill have communicated: every time I'm sad, she comes up onto my lap and tugs on his wedding ring.

**KILT, n.** A costume sometimes worn by Scotchmen in America and Americans in Scotland.

We actually had snowflakes meandering around today. Nothing stuck, but it was scary to see white stuff falling from the sky.

**KINDNESS, n.** A brief preface to ten volumes of exaction.
Reep's definitely acting like a mouse. Kacey made quesadillas ("Mom's making Kasey-dillas for dinner, Aunt Laurie!") and Juan brought me down one for dinner. I finished all but two pieces and set the plate to the side. I noticed Reep moved to the right on the bed—away from the food—and thought nothing of it. I should have realized that he had planned to circle me and get to the food. He very subtly inched to where the plate was, reached out, and knocked the plate to the floor—food side up!

I was cursing him out as I lowered the bed and used the Unger to both slide the plate to me and jab toward Reep as he was trying to grab a quesadilla piece off the plate.

I successfully retrieved plate and food, put the slices in an empty bowl, and then put the plate on top to protect it.

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**KISS, n.** A word invented by the poets as a rhyme for "bliss." It is supposed to signify, in a general way, some kind of rite or ceremony appertaining to a good understanding; but the manner of its performance is unknown to this lexicographer.

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**SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments**

_The Snapper (JnJ)_

"In the meantime, we will read ShelVy and Laurie Kunkel's gargantuan attempts to push the mailing's page count over the 100 page mark, and contemplate our own failings."

Attempts? Wait a minute, what attempts? We succeeded! The mailing had 161 pages; together, we had 107! ShelVy, is this another challenge or am I misreading this?

ShelVy: Sounds like a challenge to me, Laurie! As you know, I have 27 pages BEFORE getting to Comments...

And I have 39 pages in _B&B_ #004; I just wanted to make sure I wasn't misinterpreting anything. And we did play nice—I warned them:

To: snapsoe

Sent: Sun, Oct 30, 2011 11:23 am

I'm writing 3C as we speak...it's already at 10 pages, and ShelVy's admitted defeat with writing much more (he also noted that he could claim 1/4 of my page count) but our goal was to get SNAPS to the 100 page count AND be entertaining. Any idea what the count is? I have 64 in, with 10 on the iPad, ShelVy thought he was between 15-20, but not positive ...

ShelVy: Yeah, but Comments is all I have left!
RotBLMAO!!! You should be able to hit 30 pages ... although we do need to figure out our November project.

**ShelVy:** —And away we go!!

So, it was time to continue Mailing Comments. And I noticed something very odd in my mailing: almost no images appeared, which made reading NAG rather ... boring. The even odder part? The distribution without *Vegas By The Bay* had all of the illustrations. The rational thing to do would have been to email JnJ, but, as we lightly touched on the r-word in B&B #004, I opted for the irrational and emailed ShelVy: Shel, Do you have a lot of blanks in your correct mailing where there should be illos?

**ShelVy:** In Chopper Jane, for sure. Didn't notice any anywhere else. Will try to correct that before I actually submit it, but it has happened before. Not sure it's fixable. Been busy with two things: Reading *Harm None* (only have it for two weeks) and market research. GOT to get SERIOUS about not only writing, but SELLING.

No, this is in the PDF of the 62nd mailing. Take your time with *Harm None*—I can reloan it to you.

**12 Nov:** ShelVy: OK! I'm afraid I sometimes don't pay enuf attention. Yeah, I OFTEN find a blank page here and there in the SNAPS mailing. By the way - good morning! Slept eleven hours.

Okay ... No problem. Regarding the sleep, I'm jealous; I fell asleep around 5:20AM and woke at 7:45AM.

**ShelVy:** I apologize, Laurie - It sounded like I was bragging, and I really wasn't. My sleep habits aggravate me. Can't accomplish anything while sleeping! ... Well, not exactly true; I've 'dreamed' up some stories - or, at least, scenes that led to stories. But still...

No, I knew you weren't bragging. I am honestly jealous.

**ShelVy:** Truth be known, Laurie - It wasn't all peaches'n'cream. Like, I tossed and turned what seemed like thirty minutes before I got to sleep. Then woke up a coupla hours later and tossed and turned some more. A coupla hours later ... well, you get the idea!

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**KLEPTOMANIAC, n.** A rich thief.

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**Saturday, 12 November:** It's 2:35AM. I wish I could sleep. ... It's now 3:33AM, and I'm finally starting to get tired.

Paige will be over today to work on math. Maybe I should look for some sites to help with percents and military time. If nothing else, it may bore me to sleep. [2:00PM: ::snort:: Fifth Saturday Paige has had to cancel.]

Well, rats. I found sites for Paige, and at 5:18AM, I'm still awake. My left leg is really hurting; the spasming is unbelievable, and no matter how I try to reposition, the leg won't settle down. However, I
have come to one very important decision: since there isn't room in this hospital bed for me, Typo, Reep, and Peep, I have to get back into the bedroom and, most importantly, into our queen-size bed. True, Esme won't likely appreciate the company, but she can always do what she did when I was in the hospital. While Bill and the boys slept in the bedroom, she slept on the hospital bed in the kitchen.

**LABOR, n.** One of the processes by which A acquires property for B.

I sent The Sanity Quorum an email subject-lined: Warning! Warning!

This is just a warning: if I am less than my cheerful sarcastic self today, I do have a reason: Damn Dr. Idiot anyway. The edema—when tiny blood vessels, capillaries, in one's body leak fluid and the fluid builds up in surrounding tissues, leading to swelling—is back. And, natch, one of the causes of edema is N-SAIDs. Which means I cannot take any more N-SAIDs until I notify Dr. Idiot. Which also means that the *slight* pain relief I was getting is now gone.

At least it provided some entertainment when Soph asked, "Aunt Laurie? Is your leg crying 'cause it misses Uncle Bill?" Neither Kacey nor I had noticed the leakage.

*Woody:* I'm sorry to hear that, Laurie, I hope you are able to find some relief somewhere.

*ShelVY:* Warning accepted and unnerstood! Been busy with writer markets and *Harm None* (which I'm enjoying, BTW) and just dropped back in a moment to see what I was missing. Hope Dr Idiot gets with you soon!

Me too! I am glad you're enjoying *Harm None."

*Karen:* That stinks. And with it being a Saturday, I guess there's no hope of any action till Monday. :( Correct on both counts, Karen!

**12 Nov: Stephen:** It's very disturbing when doctors don't take all the factors into consideration and the patient suffers. I remember my former family physician, Dr. Kopet (I called him Dr. Kotex) who diagnosed me as having Rheumatoid Arthritis of the elbow in my teen years and who thought the rather painful draining of the fluid in my elbow (no anesthetic) would help me straighten out my arm. It did, but later that summer, when I went to Jones Beach and somehow got a cut on the same elbow, a bone chip popped out through the cut and my "Rheumatoid Arthritis" was cured and never came back. I must have banged my elbow somewhere, chipped the bone and the excess calcium in my body (which my dentist noticed on examining my teeth) went to the elbow to repair it. No, Dr. Kotex did not do an x-ray of the elbow. He's dead now (not by my hand, though).

RotBL... Stephen, since you come across as one of my more mild-mannered imaginary figments, your last parenthetical comment still has me laughing.
LEARNING, *n.* The kind of ignorance distinguishing the studious.

Yeesh! I cleaned out my Kindle library. I started with 1,432 books—audio and print, magazines, newspapers, and sample chapters; I now have 1,019 items to read/listen to.

LOGOMACHY, *n.* A war in which the weapons are words and the wounds punctures in the swim-bladder of self-esteem—a kind of contest in which, the vanquished being unconscious of defeat, the victor is denied the reward of success. 'Tis said by divers of the scholar-men/That poor Salmasius died of Milton's pen./Alas! we cannot know if this is true./For reading Milton's wit we perish too.

::snort:: I'm watching an episode of Beyond Scared Straight, which was set in Oakland County, MI (my county). It should be interesting according to the subtext on the screen: "For the first time on Beyond Scared Straight one of the teens is kicked out; six start the program, but only five finish."

LOL! One of the teens: "The worse thing I've ever done is to shoot somebody."

RotBLMAO ... "You! I'm done with you, dude. Step out!" Oakland County Sheriff Deputy says to one of the kids. "You're 16? I'll see you in a year!" Kid and mom leave the room with another deputy. The deputy looks at him and says, "Man, you've been kicked out of a jail learning experience. You didn't learn anything."

LORE, *n.* Learning—particularly that sort which is not derived from a regular course of instruction but comes of the reading of occult books, or by nature. This latter is commonly designated as folk-lore and embraces popularly myths and superstitions. In Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* the reader will find many of these traced backward, through various people son converging lines, toward a common origin in remote antiquity. Among these are the fables of "Teddy the Giant Killer," "The Sleeping John Sharp Williams," "Little Red Riding Hood and the Sugar Trust," "Beauty and the Brisbane," "The Seven Aldermen of Ephesus," "Rip Van Fairbanks," and so forth. The fable with Goethe so affectingly relates under the title of "The Erl-King" was known two thousand years ago in Greece as "The Demos and the Infant Industry." One of the most general and ancient of these myths is that Arabian tale of "Ali Baba and the Forty Rockefellers."
Today seems to be electronic fall cleaning day. After my hospital visit, I came home to an electronic mailbox with a little over 1000 emails. I had whittled it down to 850 but I was really tired of it consuming so much space, so today was spent opening, reading, and acting on email. I currently have eleven emails in my Inbox.

**LOVE, n.** A temporary insanity curable by marriage or by removal of the patient from the influences under which he incurred the disorder. This disease, like caries and many other ailments, is prevalent only among civilized races living under artificial conditions; barbarous nations breathing pure air and eating simple food enjoy immunity from its ravages. It is sometimes fatal, but more frequently to the physician than to the patient.

RotBLMAO! Today, Soph was on Em's last nerve; to the point that Em told her to get her ass butt out of her face (quite literally, actually; Kacey and I were equally impressed that she caught herself). I called Em over to me, and she curled up next to me on the bed and informed me that Soph is a pain in the butt, but much worse. Kacey, coming back to the kitchen after putting Soph in the hallway for a five-minute time out, told Em she was getting an early birthday present: she'd be allowed to call Soph a PITA at home (which encompasses both her and my house) once a day. Em looked puzzled for a moment and then asked why would she want to call Soph a piece of bread. I explained to Em what PITA stood for, and she was most impressed that she was going to be allowed to use a grown up acronym. We then went on to other things. About twenty seconds after time out ended, Soph came over and took Cranberry Thanksgiving out of Em's hands and said we had to restart the story. Em looked her in the eye, took a deep breath, and announced, "Soph, you're a tortilla!" Kacey and I cracked up. Juan, who had come in about four minutes earlier, just asked why Em was calling Soph a piece of bread. Which just caused Kacey and me to laugh harder.

**ShelVy:** LOL! RotFLMAO! Plus many giggles and guffaws!

**LUMINARY, n.** One who throws light upon a subject; as an editor by not writing about it.

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**SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments**

**November 2011**

**Now 'n' Again (Vick)**

RotBLMAO. Great ish, ShelVy. I am glad that we've renewed our friendship. With Bill gone, I'm also glad you've been willing to step in and play therapist. Besides, with whom else could I create chaos?
I passed on your comment about "Fun With Butterflies" to the young author. Soph's response: "Uncle Bill said I didn't have to worry about spelling until I reached the age of recess [she meant "reason"], and since I dunno how old recess is, I don't ever have to learn how to spell!"

LYRE, *n.* An ancient instrument of torture. The word is now used in a figurative sense to denote the poetic faculty, as in the following fiery lines of our great poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "I sit astride Parnassus with my lyre./And pick with care the disobedient wire./That stupid shepherd lolling on his crook/With deaf attention scarcely deigns to look./I bide my time, and it shall come at length./When, with a Titan's energy and strength,/I'll grab a fistful of the strings, and O,/The word shall suffer when I let them go!" (Farquharson Harris)

Sunday, 13 November: I think Peep thinks she's a canine. She fell off the desk at the foot of my bed as she was chasing her tail. That chase, btw, was her sixth; it was also her sixth time falling off the desk. I'm seeing a pattern here...

16 Nov: Karen: Regarding Peep chasing her tail - we've had several cats who chased their tails. They flick the end of the tail, and notice the movement, so they end up chasing that moving critter. :) It's kind of like when they chase the red dot from a laser pen around the floor and up the wall.

MACHINATION, *n.* The method employed by one's opponents in baffling one's open and honorable efforts to do the right thing. So plain the advantages of machination/It constitutes a moral obligation,/And honest wolves who think upon't with loathing/Feel bound to don the sheep's deceptive clothing./So prospers still the diplomatic art,/And Satan bows, with hand upon his heart. (R.S.K)

Okay, I'm hurting and I now know what pain the N-SAIDs do absorb. When Kacey and the girls came in from grocery shopping, Em claimed the spot by my left leg. Soph, in trying to get to my right side, inadvertently kneed me on my right foot. I couldn't have told you if she was on my toe or my calf, just that there was a pressure; I didn't even know she was on my foot/lower leg until I tried to move the extremity to try and relieve the pressure and discovered I couldn't move my right foot. Now, if I can't feel a small child kneedling on my foot/calf of my more "normal" foot until she's been there for two minutes, is surgery to bring my feet into 90° angles—and which will not improve my sensitivity at all—a good idea?

Karen: Since walking depends a lot on knowing when your foot is resting solidly on the floor, I'd say no. It sounds like you wouldn't be able to tell, and you'd be liable to fall.

Dr. S: The tendon surgery sounds really awful!! And the odds of it doing much good are so low!! I can see why it's a tough decision in one sense (because not doing it means
resigning yourself to a wheelchair), but maybe not so tough in another (why undergo all that pain if it probably won't help, especially when you already have a lot of pain and having difficulty controlling it). I will keep hoping for some huge medical break-through.

That was my thought, especially since walking has never been one of my strong points, as anyone who has watched me walk can validate. At this point, I think I'm going to stick with Bill's assessment in his file folder labeled Dead Woman Not Walking: "Walking isn't Laurie's best motor skill, doing a surgery with a high rate of failure isn't conducive to her mental health. Now how do I tell her?" Answer: You die and let me find the file later. Coward!

**ShelVy:** Good point! Well ... what real difference does it make? If the surgery isn't designed to promote feeling someone on one's foot, then what does it matter if it does or not? If walking is the aim, how does knowing a child is on your foot enter into it at all?

I'm not 100-percent sure what you mean, Shel. Let me clarify this in my mind, and we'll see if it makes it more clear for both of us:

- I cannot feel anything from my knees down, unless it is a lot of pressure, and even then, it takes time for me to recognize that pressure.
- Before I can walk, my feet have to be repositioned to be 90° from my legs and be flat.
- To reach 90°, I have to have surgery so that the Achilles tendon can be cut and then resewn, so that the tendon can regenerate cells and somehow pull my foot up to a 90° angle.
- I would then have several months on non-weight bearing Physical Therapy.
- When I've healed from the surgeries, then the serial casting—which involves twisting my foot until I scream in pain, and then quickly casting it and then repeating on the other foot—would begin. When the pain becomes tolerable—about a month—the process is done again, and again, and again, until my foot is straight.
- When I am done with the casting, then I'll have more non-weight bearing physical therapy.
- Weight bearing PT—and relearning to walk—would not happen until I have nerve and muscle control over my legs.

So, since I didn't realize Soph was on my foot for two-minutes, as it stands now, all of the surgeries and pain would be for naught, since I won't be allowed to try a walker until I have feelings below my knees.

**ShelVy:** ... didn't you say the originally-planned/considered surgery was not designed to return feeling to your leg? In that case, I'm back to my original statement: If you wouldn't feel a child on your feet EITHER way, what diff does it make?

It doesn't, actually.

**ShelVy:** Sounds like you wouldn't WANT to have feeling returned to your ankle, Laurie - At least, not until it was all over. Gets back, however, to what I was saying about waiting a few months; who knows WHAT might develop? I know, I know; you can't/shouldn't put it off forever. That's why I said just a few months ... It sounds, Laurie - Not only like excruciating pain, but CONTINUALLY excruciating pain. What puzzled me was the
connection between a child sitting on your ankle without you knowing it and the decision for/against the surgery. Are you asking yourself if it's worth the surgery so that you can, later, be aware a child is sitting on your ankle? If so, I'd say you are sideling the BIG question: Is it worth it to be able to walk? Beside that, knowing your ankle is being sat on is minor. Important, but minor. Did that clarify things?

The connection with Soph kneeling on my leg, ankle, and/or foot was that she was there for two minutes before I felt any pressure, and it was two-to-three more minutes before I realized that the pressure was caused by an external force. I knew that the nerves were bad in my feet and lower legs, but it was crystalized as to how bad the nerves really are. I guess you could say it was my reality check.

**ShelVy:** AH! Now it's slowly sinking in. It was, so to speak, a 'Caution' light. Some days I'm so slow ...

No, you're not. I didn't make the connection either until I was writing it up, so I may not have been clear in my journal entries, which is another reason I'm willing to share, since I am not always coherent.

**ShelVy:** CO-herent SHMO-herent, Laurie - ALL of us can stumble over what to say, how to say it. Otherwise, we'll all be Authors!

**19 Nov: Jimmy:** So 50/50 shot with over a year of rehab ... ... ... thinking ... ... ... still thinking ... ... ... the answer is 3. I don't know, Laur. I guess the question is what quality of life are you comfortable with? You know where you stand now (no pun intended). Is it worth the risk just to fail or should you try regardless of success? Let's look three years in the future if you don't try, are you going to have even the smallest micro grain of regret and doubt that you didn't try?

As it stands now? No. I know there are other options that can be tried. And, even if I never get out of the wheelchair, that surgery doesn't guarantee me getting out of the chair either.

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**MAD, adj.** Affected with a high degree of intellectual independence; not conforming to standards of thought, speech and action derived by the conformants from study of themselves; at odds with the majority; in short, unusual. It is noteworthy that persons are pronounced mad by officials destitute of evidence that themselves are sane. For illustration, this present (and illustrious) lexicographer is no firmer in the faith of his own sanity than is any inmate of any madhouse in the land; yet for aught he knows to the contrary, instead of the lofty occupation that seems to him to be engaging his powers he may really be beating his hands against the window bars of an asylum and declaring himself Noah Webster, to the innocent delight of many thoughtless spectators.

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On Friday nights, Stephen—one of the Sanity Quorum—usually does dinner and a movie and then writes it up for the TIVO list. This past Friday, Stephen had gone to a store-front Chinese restaurant after cleaning out his basement (How to tell it's Fall: everyone seems to be cleaning out something!)
While the review was great, and the restaurant satisfactory, Karen brought up a good point: "It's like there's some generic Chinese restaurant menu, and they all use it." Which reminded me of a post-move discovery Bill and I had made.

Bill had—in all of his stuff—brought menus from two Vegas Chinese restaurants on our move to Michigan. He then put them on the fridge in a chip clip I had altered using decoupage so it would reflect its new purpose: holding fast food menus.

He was wistfully sighing over them one day, then brightened when he saw that I had a local Chinese restaurant menu in the clip atop the two Vegas menus. He was looking at the menu, and his brow furrowed. "Laur, check it out! This menu is the same—down to the dish numbers!—as my favorite place in Vegas! Can we order in tonight?" We did, and we later discovered that the owner of the Vegas restaurant is the son of the White Lake restaurant owner.

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**MUGWUMP, n.** In politics one afflicted with self-respect and addicted to the vice of independence. A term of contempt.

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RotBLMAO!! Peep is on a mischievous roll. She went into Reep's cabinet, and was exploring. Reep decided to join in on her fun, so he headed into the cabinet. I heard him go from one end to the other, and he came out of the cabinet, shaking his head and looking around to see if she had come out already. As he's standing there, she pops out of the cabinet from the shelf—Reep had only checked the base—and jumps over Reep's head.

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**SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments**

**November 2011**

**The Other Side of the Wall #2 (Hall)**

Reepicheep!

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**MYTHOLOGY, n.** The body of a primitive people's beliefs concerning its origin, early history, heroes, deities and so forth, as distinguished from the true accounts which it invents later.

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**Monday, 14 November:** Well, damn. I set off the Life Alert alarm again (actually, Peep set it off the first time). The tone it emitted startled Kacey: "Is that a UFO?"

"No, Sweetheart, it's Life Alert. Would you please go down to Uncle Bill's office and talk to the computer monitor?"
"Why? Is it lonely?"
"No, that's where the Life Alert box is and I don't feel like yelling."
"We have to find another phone jack!"

NECTAR, *n.* A drink served at banquets of the Olympian deities. The secret of its preparation is lost, but the modern Kentuckians believe that they come pretty near to a knowledge of its chief ingredient. "Juno drank a cup of nectar,/But the draught did not affect her./Juno drank a cup of rye—/Then she bade herself good-bye." (J.G.)

The wedding date has been set: 09 December 2011. Kacey's now tearing her house apart trying to find Juan's birth certificate. She knows where her's and the girls' are, but his isn't in the envelope with his name on it.

Frighteningly, as long as she has his birth certificate and Michigan ID/DL, she doesn't need him with her to get the license. Juan: "So, as long as you have the paperwork, you could get a license to marry anyone?"

Kacey: "Yes, honey. But the license doesn't mean anything if I can't get the person to show up at the ceremony!"

NEWTONIAN, *adj.* Pertaining to a philosophy of the universe invented by Newton, who discovered that an apple will fall to the ground, but was unable to say why. His successors and disciples have advanced so far as to be able to say when.

Mobile Doctors recording over Muzak: "We listen to our patients and treat them with dignity." Really? Can we have Dr. Idiot listen to that message?

::sigh:: I spoke with Jill, Dr. Idiot's coordinator, and told her about the edema. She was pleased to hear I had stopped the N-SAID on Saturday, and had yet to retake it. I did point out that I am hurting a *lot.* She said she'd leave a message for Dr. Idiot and to not take the Voltaren until she—either Jill or Dr. Idiot—talks to me.


ShelVy: When you feel up to it, Laurie - Please take a look and tell me if I've been to - ah - Bold in my typeface. <g> Spent most of the day finishing Comments, plus one tiny bit at the end.
It looks very good. Only bold I saw were the poems, and that made sense.

**ShelVy:** Good! Thanx muchly, Laurie - 31 pages, if I recall correctly. Will hold onto it a few more days in case I think of something else to put in.

It was indeed 31 pages. I sent in Bed & Bored #004, which was 39 pages, so we're going to easily make 100 pages this disty.

**ShelVy:** Heck, just add in what Lichtman is holding back and it's a shoo-in! (Hope Robert didn't miss the mailing becos he's sick.)

What?? I missed something: what is Robert holding back? He was in the mailing—I think it was just misplaced due to an overloaded mailbox...

**ShelVy:** Glad I mentioned that, Laurie - I had been doing Comments on the FIRST one, which I thot I had deleted!!! Now I'll have more pages.

I'm doing comments from the first one as I have no images in the second one—which made **NAG 12 really, really, really** boring!

**ShelVy:** No images? Whaaaa? Want me to send you my copy, which is complete INCLUDING Robert Lichtman? <g> Yeah, **NAG 12** with no images would totally defeat its purpose!

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**NOUMENON, n.** That which exists, as distinguished from that which merely seems to exist, the latter being a phenomenon. The noumenon is a bit difficult to locate; it can be apprehended only be a process of reasoning—which is a phenomenon. Nevertheless, the discovery and exposition of noumena offer a rich field for what Lewes calls "the endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought." Hurrah (therefore) for the noumenon!

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**SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments**

**November 2011**

**Bed & Bored #003 (Kunkel)**

Oops, sorry folks! I wasn't expecting JnJ to go to the trouble of putting all three parts together, and I figured a small dosage of me at a time was sufficient. I've had to break it up as the mail program has incredible idiocy with any attachment that is over 39 pages.

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**NOVEMBER, n.** The eleventh twelfth of a weariness.

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**Tuesday, 15 November:** Dr. Idiot's office called, relieved I hadn't taken anymore Voltaren, the N-SAID she had prescribed. I was told she had ordered a new prescription for Mobic that had already been called in to the pharmacy. I had images of the Lost in Space Robot waving its arms and saying "Warning! Warning! Danger! Danger!" but I wasn't sure why until I hung up and snagged the iPad. Mobic is a ... N-SAID! ::sigh::

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Granted, it is in a different class, but given this info, and my history of migraines and ulcers, I'm not sure that taking this drug is really advisable: "Meloxicam use can result in gastrointestinal toxicity and bleeding, tinnitus, blinding headaches, rash, and very dark or black stool (a sign of intestinal bleeding). It has fewer gastrointestinal side effects than diclofenac [Voltaren], piroxicam, naproxen, and perhaps all other NSAIDs which are not COX-2 selective. Although meloxicam does inhibit thromboxane A, it does not appear to do so at levels that would interfere with platelet function."

17 Nov: Apparently I'm not the only one concerned about the prescription. Mike, my favorite Meijer's pharmacist, called me: "I've been off for two days, but I saw your message on the call log. You can't take Mobic, it was tried last July right before the gallbladder surgery. I'll call them and give them your medication history again."

OBLIVION, n. The state or condition in which the wicked cease from struggling and the dreary are at rest. Fame's eternal dumping ground. Cold storage for high hopes. A place where ambitious authors meet their works without pride and their betters without envy. A dormitory without an alarm clock.

Time to face facts: I am majorly depressed. I know that the season of year isn't helping as winter has always seemed like an unending supply of Tuesdays to me, even when I was in Vegas. The Effexor XR doesn't seem to be helping, and neither is the Elavil. I miss Bill so much. Who knows—if I weren't a prisoner in this damn bed, maybe CPR would have helped. And, if I hadn't been sick, I could have watched his blood pressure better and dragged him kicking and screaming to the doctor. I just don't know how to shake Churchill's black dog.

OPTIMISM, n. The doctrine, or belief, that everything is beautiful, including what is ugly, everything good, especially the bad, and everything right that is wrong. It is held with greatest tenacity by those most accustomed to the mischance of falling into adversity, and is most acceptably expounded with the grin that apes a smile. Being a blind faith, it is inaccessible to the light of disproof—an intellectual disorder, yielding to no treatment but death. It is hereditary, but fortunately not contagious.

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PESSIMISM, n. A philosophy forced upon the convictions of the observer by the disheartening prevalence of the optimist with his scarecrow hope and his unsighty smile.

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OPTIMIST, n. A proponent of the doctrine that black is white. A pessimist applied to God for relief. "Ah, you wish me to restore your hope and cheerfulness," said God. "No," replied the petitioner, "I wish you to create something that would justify them."
"The world is all created," said God, "but you have overlooked something—the mortality of the optimist."

SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments
November 2011
Second Rising #29 (Crayne)

Sorry about the leaky box room—that must be disappointingly aggravating. How old is Louie? Typo is our my oldest at 7, and he still instigates/participates in the Kunkel Feline Daybreak 150. I am puzzled, tho: how does my situation leave you aghast?

**OWE, v.** To have (and to hold) a debt. The word formerly signified not indebtedness, but possession; it meant "own," and in the minds of debtors there is still a good deal of confusion between assets and liabilities.

Wednesday, 16 November: Good grief, I think I lost a day! Or, maybe, I've gained a day? I'm not sure how, since I'm making sure to write something every day, but I did. I had to have. Cookie is bring Bill home tomorrow, but I thought she was coming on Friday. ::sigh:: I need a booster shot of something.

**PAIN, n.** An uncomfortable frame of mind that may have a physical basis in something that is being done to the body, or may be purely mental, caused by the good fortune of another.

Em was in rare form today. She had both Paige and me laughing. She came in, yanked off her shoes, and gave me a hug, while telling Soph to take off her shoes and looking at Paige's math and sympathizing that it looked even harder than her math homework, which, by the way, Aunt Laurie, I really need help with it!

Paige is watching the whirlwind around her and cracking up.

I told both girls that Miss Paige was taking a quiz and needed them to work on their work quietly. Em nodded, while Soph piped up with "What's a quiz?"

Em: "It's a test, stupid, so use your 'Don't wake mom up' whisper!"
Soph: "I'm not Stupid—I'm Sophia!"
Em: "Well, you're acting stupid, so whisper!" She then raised her hand.
"Yes, Em?"
"Can I ask Miss Paige a question?"
"I don't know if you can, Em, but if she says you may, then, yes, you may ask Miss Paige a question."

"Miss Paige, may I ask a question?" while giving me the 'yes, I got it' look.
"Yes, Emilie?"
"Is that an Aunt Laurie test or a schoolbook test?"
"It's a schoolbook test."
"Oh good, schoolbook tests are a lot easier than Aunt Laurie tests! You'll do great!"
"I'm sitting right here, Miss I-need-math-help!"

Then Juan comes to the door, having just gotten dropped off from work. "Is it okay to come in?"
"Yes, Juan," both Paige and I call.
"Why wouldn't it have been?" asked Em.
"Well, Aunt Laurie might not have been dressed," Juan said, as he gave me a hug.
"But, she's not dressed! She's in her pajamas. She hasn't been dressed for a really long time!"
"Well, she's still dressed," said a very uncomfortable Juan.
"But, when you tell us to get dressed, you always mean 'put on your clothes'. You never mean 'put on your pajamas'."
"Aunt Laurie, would you mind keeping them down here while I run home and get a shower?" Juan, beet-red, asked desperately.
"Not a problem; they still have homework to do."
"Thank God! See you later! Bye, Paige!"

Em stared at his rapidly departing back and then back at my clock. "That's the fastest he's ever left when I've been obnoxious!"

PLAGIARISM, n. A literary coincidence compounded of a discreditable priority and an honorable subsequence.

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PLAGIARIZE, v. To take the thought or style of another writer whom one has never, never read.

SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments
November 2011
Snap Judgment #21 (deChancie)
I loved your "Reasons to be Thankful!" I've copied it onto my iPad and plan to have Kacey print it out for me. After yesterday, I realize I needed it to start my list.
Soph doesn't have an agent yet. She had a bit of a creative temper today and deleted her book, saying, "It's crap. It's crap. I just can't write anymore!" Paige and I looked at her hunched over the iPad. She looked up, saw us looking at her, tilted her head, and said: "that's what Uncle Bill sort of said when he had a writing brick, and needed to break it. And then he would start typing again on a clean screen."

She's right, but that made it no less funny.

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**PUBLISH, n.** In literary affairs, to become the fundamental element in a cone of critics.

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**Thursday, 17 November:** RotBLMAO!!!! Cookie had—for the first time ever—trouble getting through a TSA checkpoint. Apparently Bill set off the scanner and the TSA officer tried to give Cookie a hard time. Cookie, knowing how many times Bill carried his recreational supplies with him on planes, was trying very hard to not laugh. A supervisor came over, checked the cremation certificate, and hand-scanned him. All Cookie kept thinking is that, for all the times he slipped through security with items best left at home, she was having trouble getting him home.

**Ed:** You know what Bill's brothers and sisters are called? Collateral damage.

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**QUEEN, n.** A woman by whom the realm is ruled when there is a king, and through whom it is ruled when there is not.

Wow! Ed and I were discussing the fact that while a dog's overall age span is seven times that of humans, we weren't sure about cats. Cat Age Calculator to the rescue. In cat years, Typo—born 21 June 2004—is 46 years and 8 months old, making him older than me. Esme—born 13 July 2005—is 42 years and 4 months old; Reep—born 14 September 2007—is 33 years and 8 months old; and Peep—born 19 June 2011—is 8 years and 4 months old. We're still not sure how to calculate human age into cat age. Taking Peep's numbers, it would seem each human month is equal to 20 cat months, but that falls apart when looking at Reep's age: 50 human months old times 20 cat months is 1000 cat months, but 33 times 12 is 396 plus 8 is 404 months, so that is a pretty big discrepancy.

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**QUILL, n.** An implement of torture yielded by a goose and commonly wielded by an ass. This use of the quill is now obsolete, but its modern equivalent, the steel pen, is wielded by the same everlasting Presence.

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Hmm ... It's 4:52PM and I have two Maine Coons lying on me. Reep is also making grabs for the electric blanket control, so it is definitely time to check Weatherbug. Good grief! The actual temperature is 30°, but windchill switched between 19° and 21° and back (!) as I was watching. And raising the blind reveals snow. Welcome winter!
**QUIVER, n.** A portable sheath in which the ancient statesman and the aboriginal lawyer carried their lighter arguments. "He extracted from his quiver,/Did the controversial Roman,/An argument well fitted/To the question as submitted,/Then addressed it to the liver,/Of the unpersuaded foeman." (Oglum P. Boomp)

Cookie and her friend, Rita, brought Bill home. He's currently resting atop a stack o'stuff I have to go through tomorrow. Apparently, they introduced Bill to everyone around them on the plane, at the car rental place, and at the hotel. (Yes, I invited them to stay here, but Cookie is slightly allergic to our my children. She's fine for a few hours, but after about ten hours, she has trouble seeing through her watery eyes. Plus, now that Detroit has gambling, she was interested in being near the games.) Esme—and Typo to a degree—were all over Aunt Cookie looking for attention, as her accent is still close to Bill's, but not (thank heavens) as close as Stu's.

Amusingly, Rita didn't know that I know Woody. She said that he seemed to have known Bill for a long time. I laughingly pointed out that Bill had given Woody his nickname, but that I had known Woody since February 1987, and we both met Bill on Labor Day weekend of 1990 at Arnie and Joyce's first Vegas gathering. More amusingly, **Cookie** didn't remember that I knew Woody first, not Bill.

Juan came down with the mail and to empty the PetsMart boxes. Among the packages that came in the mail was the cremains charm I ordered; the triquetra image on the right is on the front and the back is engraved with Bill's name, date of birth and date of death. We're going to order Bill's primary urn and two (or maybe three?) sharing urns—one for Cookie (and Kenny) and one for Charlene—tomorrow.

What's a triquetra? The triquetra is often found in Insular art, most notably metal work and in illuminated manuscripts like the *Book of Kells*. It is also found in similar artwork on Celtic crosses and slabs from the early Christian period. The fact that the triquetra rarely stood alone in medieval Celtic art has cast reasonable doubt on its use as a primary symbol of belief. In manuscripts it was used primarily as a space filler or ornament in much more complex compositions, and in knotwork panels it is a design motif integrated with other design elements. Celtic art lives on as both a living folk art tradition and through several revivals. This widely recognized knot has been used as a singular symbol for the past two centuries by Celtic Christians, Pagans and agnostics as a sign of special things and persons that are threefold.

Also in the mail was an SD card for the digital camera, so pictures of the kids are now feasible to take and add to **B&B. 18 Nov:** Well, they would be, if the camera would cooperate!
**QUIXOTIC**, *adj.* Absurdly chivalric, like Don Quixote. An insight into the beauty and excellence of this incomparable adjective is unhappily denied to him who has the misfortune to know that the gentleman's name is pronounced Ke-ho-tay. "When ignorance from out of our lives can banish/Philology, 'tis folly to know Spanish." (Juan Smith)

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**SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments**  
**November 2011**  
**Desert Cat #39 (Tutihasi)**

I loved the pictures, and I hope you find a way to dissuade the deer from munching on the loquat trees. I admit I was laughing when I contemplated a book discussion brawl.

No, I don't think we've met, but I could be wrong. Arnie? Joyce? A little help?

No, *technically* 100/60 isn't high, but my systolic is rarely over 90—unless I'm in pain, so the 100 was of concern to Paige and me.

Thank you. Writing is helping me sort things out in my head; and I do need to sort. Right now, I'm just trying to not make any decisions I may regret ... or cause others headaches.

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**QUOTATION, n.** The act of repeating erroneously the words of another. The words erroneously repeated. "Intent on making his quotation truer,/He sought the page infallible of Brewer,/Then made a solemn vow that we would be/Condemned eternally. Ah, me, ah, me!" (Stumpo Gaker)

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**Friday, 18 November:** It's 2:00AM, and about an hour ago, the kids' fountain yanked me out of the start of an eyelid examination. I started to get up to crawl to the fountain and yank the plug, and realized that Juan and Kacey would figuratively kill me. Instead, I called Juan and told him what the problem was and he came down, filled the fountain, and then unplugged it. I now have two Maine Coons on the bed; Typo is on the cat-stairs, trying to figure out where he can settle on the bed; and Esme is on the counter glaring at all of us.

Okay, now at 3:50AM, a fountain Kacey filled yesterday is screeching. Juan said he was up, thank heavens. Apparently, he's not sleeping well tonight either.
RATIONAL, adj. Devoid of all delusions save those of observation, experience and reflection.

::snort:: While Paige was here, she was less than pleased about the state of the over-the-bed table, so she picked up the green velvet bag Bill was in, and just about staggered under the unexpected weight. "WHAT is in here?"

"Who, not what."

Paige looked around, counting noses. "No, WHAT! All fur-kids present and accounted for."

"No, it really is a who: You're holding onto Bill's cremains." The 'eeps and I watched as she almost dropped Bill. I dryly observed that vacuuming up Bill was not an acceptable option.

"Well, I'll set him up here on the counter so he can watch television."

READING, n. The general body of what one reads. In our country it consists, as a rule, of Indiana novels, short stories in 'dialect' and humor in slang. "We know by one's reading/His learning and breeding;/By what draws his laughter/We know his Hereafter./Read nothing, laugh never—/The Sphinx was less clever!" (Jupiter Muke)

Good grief! Christmas has been cancelled by order of the Martyr, as she no longer has a family. I must have said something about her to Jimmy, as he will no longer take her calls. I'm just very glad that I spoke to her—on speaker phone—while Cookie and Rita were here, so I knew I wasn't the drama martyr.

19 Nov: ShelVv: Tch-tch. I thot your mom had disowned you. I feel your mom is the only one who will suffer from her Christmas decision.

Oh, I firmly believe that. I'm just trying to figure out how this is going to be my fault. It will be, I know, but I am just wondering how.

19 Nov: ShelVv: Of COURSE it's your fault, Laurie! Like once my youngest granddaughter responded, "It's all your fault, Granddaddy. If you hadn't met Grandma, I would never have been born to cause trouble!"

I really knew how aggravated I was when I commented to Ed that I would love to crawl to mom's house and just smack her in the back of the head!

19 Nov: Ed: That's her least vulnerable spot! "Life is a tragedy for those who feel; and a comedy for those who think." And for an outsider, this is definitely a comedy!

Since Jim's cellphone went to a non-activated voicemail message, I sent him an email (Jimmy, Got a call from mom. Apparently, Christmas is cancelled as she no longer has a family. I must have said something
about her to you—but totally don't know about what in particular—as you will no longer take her calls. So, CALL HER or, at least, email her; at bare minimum, tell me what's going on!). The reply I got back was hilarious and what I needed:

19 Nov: Jim: NNNOOOO!!! I WILL NOT!!! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!!! I PROTEST!!! OVER MY DEAD BODY ... wait, what are we talking about? She has never called me; my phone is always on (I am still looking for a job, of course, it is always on). The mass of Christ has been canceled ... Huh ... wait, how many years did I live in Vegas? [L: the three of them—dad, mom, and Jim—moved to Southern Nevada in summer 1985, before the kid's twelfth birthday, so 25 years; Vegas itself? Not sure.] Marilyn called last week to tell Cara I should call mom because she is depressed because no one is talking to her (so why did she not call me?) Dealing with Cara's parents has been interesting—"Shut the fuck up!" "OMG, are you still talking? When will you stop?" "You know, I did live for 32 years on my own before I met your daughter, and did just well..." [L: :snort:: Mowgli: Jimmy didn't live with bears in the jungle until he turned 18, honest!]—think Ward and June Cleaver having a love child with Richard Nixon, who then had a love child with Rick Cooper [L: I'm not sure if he means one of the athletes, musicians, or the veep of Bedbugs Central. I'm also not sure it matters.], then had a child (no love involved) with Helen Keller, then had a child with Joan of Arc. All of those in one person. Good God, my head hurts; shit, I used the Lord's name in vain, that's not going to make them [L: them?? Really, Jim?] happy ... (Deep in the Heart of China ... Everyone was Kung-Fu fighting) Rant ... rant ... Rant... OK that's done.

It wasn't a bad rant, as far as it went, Jim. You could use lessons, though. Hmm ... Oh, yes. CALL MOM!! You may earn your Ph.D.

Karen: Well, you can have your own Christmas and do it the way YOU want. And invite your brother if you want. Won't it be a better holiday without your Mom anyway?

Oh, Christmas will go on here; it will be a quiet Yule, but I had pretty much thought that would be the case even before Bill died. Jim, Cara, and the kids will be in NC with Cara's family.

Karen: Too bad we all live so far apart. We could have an awesome Christmas Party! :)

Indeed we could. I vote for making Dave the Christmas tree!

19 Nov: C: I guess your mom just loves being miserable! Too bad.

That she does, and she likes to try making everyone around her miserable. Which is one reason why, when Dad learned he was terminal, that he made me bring Bill over to the mobile for a Serious Talk and told him to keep me away from solitary time with mom for more than two hours at a shot. He was afraid that in my desire to be loved that I would lose my backbone—and that was Bill's fear. It is scary that the two most important men in my life did what they could to protect me from mom after their deaths. Jimmy was concerned too, after Bill died, until I evicted mom for 24 hours on Monday night and then changed the locks on Saturday the 10th. He said that that's when he knew I would be all right.
We are bemusedly appalled at her behavior regarding Christmas. He's going to call her on Thanksgiving, so he can then say he's thankful the call is over. I told him that that wasn't funny, but he noted it would carry more weight if I wasn't laughing.

She's going to regret this "no family" decision, but all I can do is let her carry it out.

**22 Nov:** C: So very sad! Good for the men who did their best to protect you!! Jimmy is there, too, for you and that's pretty special! Just keep yourself surrounded by folks who love and care about you—they're your family. One can't control the group into whom one is born but one certainly control the choices of companions later on in life! Sounds as if you're making terrific choices in friends with whom you surround yourself. Good for you!!! Love you. Have a blessed Thanksgiving, my friend. C

Which is why Bill and I tended to pick up "strays". Dad and Jimmy both were in our created family; mom, and later Marilyn, not so much. Their housemate, Kathi, though, is also in our created family.

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**REALISM, n.** The art of depicting nature as it is seen by toads. The charm suffusing a landscape painted by a mole, or a story written by a measuring-worm.

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**REALITY, n.** The dream of a mad philosopher. That which would remain in the cupel if one should assay a phantom. The nucleus of a vacuum.

Juan has to remeasure for the ramp, but not until I get directions from Roll-A-Ramp.

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**REFLECTION, n.** An action of the mind whereby we obtain a clearer view of our relation to the things of yesterday and are able to avoid the perils that we shall not again encounter.

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::sigh:: I don't think I'll ever win an argument with Cookie. She asked about whether I had thought anymore about an urn for Bill. I honestly replied that I didn't have to think about it as he had picked out the one he wanted from Gael Song, one of my catalogs. I showed her the pictures and she was most amused. She asked when I planned on placing the order, and I told her I had been waiting for Bill's return and I wanted to make sure she didn't have an issue with his choice and whether we needed more than two sharing urns. So, I placed the order. She then asked what the total was and I told her two cents. She laughed, but kept her hand out for the iPad. I handed it over, and she, with Rita's assistance, brought up the page. She wrote out a check, which I refused to take. She acquiesced, or so I thought. She left the check in the Ziplock bag of Hershey's Kisses.
19 Nov: Curiosity was killing me, so a note to Stu was in order: Has anyone ever won an argument with Cookie that you know of?

If anyone knows, it would be Stu. I know Bill said he never won an argument with Cookie after she turned 18. Personally? I suspect he stopped winning when she was much younger, but somehow, when I suggested that, he changed the subject.

RICE-WATER, n. A mystic beverage secretly used by our most popular novelists and poets to regulate the imagination and narcotize the conscience. It is said to be rich in both obtundite and lethargine, and is brewed in a midnight fog by a fat which of the Dismal Swamp.

ShelVy had sent me some jokes, but, with Cookie and Rita here, I didn't get to them until late. They did give me some laughs, which, as the night turned to early morning of the 19th, I truly needed.

19 Nov: ShelVy: Unnerstood. Glad you enjoyed the humor. I've gotten to where your occasional sentence/paragraphs are an important part of my day.

RIDICULE, n. Words designed to show that the person of whom they are uttered is devoid of the dignity of character distinguishing him who utters them. It may be graphic, mimetic or merely rident. Shaftesbury is quoted as having pronounced it the test of truth—a ridiculous assertion, for many a solemn fallacy has undergone centuries of ridicule with no abatement of its popular acceptance. What, for example, has been more valorously derided than the doctrine of Infant Respectability?

::snort:: The high—literally—point for Juan was smoking with Cookie and Rita. He told his brother that he smoked with two retired NYC cops and it was really, really, really cool. On my side, by just breathing, I was fairly baked by the end, and I even was given a med to try that took away my migraine!!! 19 Nov: Best night's sleep since Monday, 05 September, after I kicked out mom. That med is on my "prescribe this o' Dr. Idiot" list.

RIME, n. Agreeing sounds in the terminals of verse, mostly bad. The verses themselves, as distinguished from prose, mostly dull. Usually (and wickedly) spelled "rhyme."

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RIMER, n. A poet regarded with indifference or disesteem. "The rimer quenches his unheeded fires./The sound surceases and the sense expires./Then the domestic dog, to east and west./Expounds the passions burning in his breast./The rising moon o'er that enchanted land/Pauses to hear and yearns to understand." (Mowbray Myles)
November 2011
All Jaqued Up #19 (Monahan)
The Running With Scissors crew decided to do the BMG at the Luxor in 2004 as part of their Christmas party. Since Vince was staying with us, he told Bill he was going and asked me to come along so there would be a responsible adult in the group. We had a lot of fun, and no one was hurt—despite Bill's and Vince's efforts. BMG is definitely a show worth seeing. Maybe I'll see if Kacey wants to go during CorFlu.

RUMOR, n. A favorite weapon of the assassins of character. "Sharp, irresistible by mail or shield,/By guard unparried as by flight unstayed,/O serviceable Rumor, let me wield/Against my enemy no other blade,/His be the terror of a foe unseen,/His the inute hand upon the hilt,/And mine the deadly tongue, long, slender, keen,/Hinting a rumor of some ancient guilt./So shall I slay the wretch without a blow,/Spare me to celebrate his overthrow,/ And nurse my valor for another foe." (Joel Buxter)

Saturday, 19 November: Today would have been our 16th anniversary. ::sigh:: I'm just a mess today and can't stop crying.

SATIRE, n. An obsolete kind of literary composition in which the vices and follies of the author's enemies were expounded with imperfect tenderness. In this country satire never had more than a sickly and uncertain existence, for the soul of it is wit, wherein we are dolefully deficient, the humor that we mistake for it, like all humor, being tolerant and sympathetic. Moreover, although Americans are "endowed by their Creator" with abundant vice and folly, it is not generally known that these are reprehensible qualities, wherefore the satirist is popularly regarded as a soul-spired knave, and his ever victim's outcry for codefendants evokes a national assent. "Hail Satire! be thy praises ever sung/In the dead language of a mummy's tongue,/For thou thyself art dead, and damned as well—/Thy spirit (usefully employed) in Hell./Had it been such as consecrates the Bible/Thou hadst not perished by the law of libel." (Barney Stims)

ShelVy puzzled me last night with an email query: Subject: ???. I hoped the message would clarify things, but not so much: "Pain ... or disappointment ... or ... ?"

What?

ShelVy: Haven't heard from you. Knew that extreme pain caused delays, as well as extreme disappointment in the way things are going, but it then occurred to me: You're building up steam to push you to go to Bill's desk!!!
No, today would have been our 16th anniversary. I'm just really, really, really sad today. And with Cookie bringing Bill home to me, and leaving today, I'm just drained.

**ShelVy:** Emotion is far more tough on our bodies than physical exertion. *Very, very, very* true, Shelby. The girls were here for about four hours. Em noticed how sad I was and set up my Mac so Soph could play a game on Disney. Em then hugged me, handed me back my iPad (since Soph was now otherwise occupied) and said, "Write, Aunt Laurie, while I put on *Once Upon A Time* so that you can cry and Uncle Bill won't haunt you, as he'll think you're crying because of the sad show."

**ShelVy:** Q - Why did the chicken cross the road? A - To get to the other side! Q - What's black and white and red all over? A - A newspaper! Q - Why am I sending you these silly jokes? A - To help you out of the hole, one step at a time! <g> Then to something REALLY funny! (LAFF, dern ya!!): It was entertainment night at the Senior Center. Claude the hypnotist exclaimed: 'I'm here to put you all into a trance. I intend to hypnotize each and every member of the audience.'

The excitement was almost electric as Claude withdrew a beautiful antique pocket watch from his coat. The polished metal gleamed in the light.

Claude the hypnotist said: 'I want you each to keep your eyes on this antique watch. It's a very special watch. It's been in my family for six generations.' He began to swing the watch gently back and forth while quietly chanting, 'Watch the watch, watch the watch, watch the watch.

The crowd became mesmerized as the watch swayed back and forth, light shimmering off its polished surface. Hundreds of pairs of eyes followed the swaying watch until, suddenly, it slipped from the hypnotist's fingers and fell to the floor, shattering into a hundred pieces. 'SHIT!' said the hypnotist.

It took 3 days to clean up the Senior Center.

RotBLMAO!!!

**20 Nov: ShelVy:** Daughter Cheryl sent me that one, Laurie - It HAD to tickle your funnybone. Do you know the derivation of 'funnybone', by the way? A test? Given by the Wordsmith (WordMeister?)? Oy! Take a deep breath, and submit: I always thought it was a pun based on the humerus bone.

**ShelVy:** <Again, sound of slapping forehead> Of COURSE, Laurie - Where that nerve the ... ulnar? ulner? ... makes a tingle when one bumps their elbow against something at the right/CORRECT angle. Don't ask me my name too suddenly...
RotBL. The ulnar nerve is actually unprotected at the elbow, so it lies between the the skin and bone, just ready to be in pain.

**ShelVy:** Begging for it, huh? <g>

**SATYR, n.** One of the few characters of the Grecian mythology accorded recognition in the Hebrew. (Leviticus, xvii, 7.) The satyr was at first a member of the dissolute community acknowledging a loose allegiance with Dionysius, but underwent many transformations and improvements. Not infrequently he is confounded with the faun, a later and decenter creation of the Romans, who was less like a man and more like a goat.

ShelVy's first email regarding emotion reminded me, though, that I needed to warn The Sanity Quorum that I wasn't going to be at my best today: "Today would have been Bill's and my 16th anniversary. I'm not doing well, so please be patient with me today."

**ShelVy:** Patience is one virtue age brought me, Laurie.

Good, 'cause I'll likely tax it today. Why is today hitting me worse than 04 September?

**ShelVy:** It's cumulative, Laurie - Sorrow breeds sorrow....

I know you're right. I keep having to fill out forms, and I keep putting down "married" for marital status.

**Karen:** Hugs!!! Sending best wishes your way.

Thanks, Karen. I appreciate it. I feel worse today than I did on the day he died.

**Karen:** Hang in there. It takes a while, but it gets easier to deal with. Try to find other things to occupy your mind. Get the girls over to play a game or something. You don't want to sit alone and dwell on how sad you are. Hugs!!

**Jim:** I have learned from just the six years Cara and I have been together that in a marriage there is always a compromise of self (for the greater good hopefully). This is something we forget we do after a while and it just becomes natural. Everything you do in your life now is truly just for you, how you chose to hold the memory of Bill is your call—nobody can dictate your own heart and mind what ever decision you make—make it from your heart, whatever anybody says. You are my aunt, sister, mentor, and friend; I am always with you and you are always with me. Our mother is our mother; her strengths, weaknesses, and misguided conceptions aside. I love you and always will.

Boy, when did my baby brother get so wise? He must have had a great teacher somewhere...

**Stephen:** Laurie, after 61 years, look up the word patience in the dictionary and you'll see my picture.

I hadn't realized you and Bill were the same age; somehow, I thought you were three-four years younger.

**SAW, n.** A trite popular saying, or proverb. (Figurative and colloquial.) So called because it makes its way into a wooden head. Following are examples of old saws fitted with new teeth.

A penny saved is a penny to squander.
A man is known by the company that he organizes.
A bad workman quarrels with the man who calls him that.
A bird in the hand is worth what it will bring.
Better late than before anybody has invited you.
Example is better than following it.
Half a loaf is better than a whole one if there is much else.
Think twice before you speak to a friend in need.
What is worth doing is worth the trouble of asking somebody to do it.
Least said is soonest disavowed.
He laughs best who laughs least.
Speak of the Devil and he will hear about it.
Of two evils choose to be the least.
Strike while your employer has a big contract.
Where there's a will, there's a won't.

I had to destroy Ed's belief that the old Vegas address (Spyglass Lane) was appropriate for Bill as he thought it was named for a pirate's looking-glass. He was very dismayed to learn that, since the complex was called The Greens, the street—which split on the backside of the complex into Spyglass Lane and Seapines Lane—was named for golf courses in Pebble Beach, CA, and Hilton Head, SC, respectively.

**SCRIBBLER, n.** A professional writer whose views are antagonistic to one's own.

**SELF-ESTEEM, n.** An erroneous appraisement.

Damn! I had to break the news to Bill's friend and former band-mate, Jimmy Poulis. He called today as, since he knew it was our anniversary, he believed Bill would be home, and he could give Bill all of his new contact information, since he moved Labor Day weekend, which is why all I received when I had called him, was "This number has been disconnected."

On a bright spot—despite his statement that "this news destroys his past"—he's going to call fellow band-members, Darren and Margot, in Germany. I'd been trying to figure out where Bill had squirreled away their contact info—last time I saw it? November 1995, when Darren wrote it out for him in Amsterdam—and Cookie's comment about his office looking like a pack rat dive, gave me little hope.

When does notifying people end? Why does my heart feel like a fresh gash is put in every time I have to tell anyone?

**Karen:** Well, it should be pretty much over by now. The odd person you missed may pop up now and then, but it shouldn't be very often. Hugs!! Stay strong!
SLANG, n. The grunt of the human hog (Pignoramus intolerabilis) with an audible memory. The speech of one who utters with his tongue what he thinks with his ear, and feels the pride of a creator in accomplishing the feat of a parrot. A means (under Providence) of setting up as a wit without a capital of sense.

Cookie realized, once she was on the plane, what she had wanted to tell me about our my fur-kids. "Bill had said that while Typo was a true original, Esme reminded him of Beatnik, while Reep reminded him a lot of Bopper. And Peep, right now, is kind of a combination of Punk and Speckle. That's really weird, Laur!"

She's right. Bill and I had noticed this before with Esme and Reep. I hadn't with Peep, yet, [20 Nov: Actually, I did mention—in either B&B 003C or 004—that the licking reminded me of Punk, and her not taking any of her sister's bull is reminiscent of Speckle.] but the older two? Oh, so definitely!

SORCERY, n. The ancient prototype and forerunner of political influence. It was, however, deemed less respectable and sometimes was punished by torture and death. Augustine Nicholas relates that a poor peasant who had been accused of sorcery was put to the torture to compel a confession. After enduring a few gentle agonies the suffering simpleton admitted his guilt, but naively asked his tormentors if it were not possible to be a sorcerer without knowing it.

Best location name for laughs: Effingham County, found in both Georgia and Illinois.

SUCCESS, n. The one unpardonable sin against one's fellows. In literature, and particularly in poetry, the elements of success are exceedingly simple, and are admirably set forth in the following lines by the reverend Father Gassalasca Jape, entitled, for some mysterious reason, John A. Joyce. "The bard who would prosper must carry a book,/Do his thinking in prose and wear/A crimson cravat, a far-away look/And a head of hexameter hair./Be thin in your thought and your body'll be fat;/If you wear your hair long you needn't your hat."

SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments
November 2011
Nukking Futz #39 (Purell)
Solar Plexus would be an awesome name for a spaceship. What are you teaching?

Thank you, John. I know it's been therapeutic, I'm just hoping that it is somewhat entertaining.
SYCOPHANT, n. One who approaches Greatness on his belly so that he may not be commanded to turn and be kicked. He is sometimes an editor. "As the lean leech, its victim found, is pleased/To fix itself upon a part diseased/Till, its black hide distended with bad blood/It drops to die of surfeit in the mud./So the base sycophant with joy descries/His neighbor's weak spot and his mouth applies,/Gorges and prospers like the leech, although./Unlike that reptile, he will not let go./Gelasma, if it paid you to devote/Your talent to the service of a goat./Showing by forceful logic that its beard/Is more than Aaron's fit to be revered:/If to the task of honoring its smell/Profit had prompted you, and love as well,/The world would benefit at last by you/And wealthy malefactors weep anew—/Your favor for a moment's space denied/And to the nobler object turned aside./Is't not enough that thrifty millionaires/Who loot in freight and spoliate in fares,/Or, cursed with consciences that bid them fly/To safer villainies of darker dye./Forswearing robbery and fain, instead,/To steal (they call it 'cornering') our bread/May see you groveling their boots to lick/And begging for the favor of a kick?/Still must you follow to the bitter end/Your sycophantic disposition's trend,/And in your eagerness to please the rich/Hungry sinners to their final ditch?/In Morgan's praise you smite the sounding wire./And sing hosannas to great Havemeyher!/What's Satan done that him you should eschew?/He too is reeking rich—deducting you."

Sunday, 20 November: Admittedly, the Sanity Quorum's discussion of God's gender actually went over a couple of days, but most of the fun happened today, so this is where I'm putting it. Don't like it? Too bad! It's my journal!

The discussion started after mom cancelled Christmas due to her lack of family. Karen asked if she had returned the money from Bill's and her joint account yet. Little did I realize that my statement would spur the discussion it did: Yes, she did give me the money when God told her to wash her hands of the ungrateful bitch [me]. I never thought God would use that language, but what do I know.

And with that, the Discussion headed out of the gate at full gallop!

Karen: God can use whatever kind of language God wants. :) I suspect She uses the kind of language that She feels will be best understood by the person She is talking to.

ShelVv: Ooops! Didn't do a Reply All on my last bit. As for God using the term 'bitch', there are times when the messenger will, ah, 'flavor' the message...

Ed: What makes you think God is a woman? :)

Karen: Because the books written by men say He, and we know men always get it wrong. ;o)

ShelVv: WeatherMEN most definitely.

Ed: Sounds like Margaret Thatcher: "If you want something said, ask a man; if you want something done, ask a woman."

ShelVv: Or the old adage, 'Behind every good man, there's a woman.'
Karen: LOL! to both of you. :)  
Personally, I was going with the dual saws of "God used man as a test run." and "When God created man, She was joking."

ShelVv: Thankee thankee! (sez he when he wakes up. Lately I'm not a nite owl.)
Gee, ShelVv, I was thinking early morning wheelchair races in Sunset Station's hallways after Bill's 11PM memorial on 19/20 April.

ShelVv: ... and Vegas being Vegas, they'd be happy to lay odds on the race winner! (No, no! Your CAN'T attach a motor to your wheelchair!)

Nope, my chair is manual...

Stephen: Sorry I missed the lively discussion on God's sexual orientation. Me, I prefer to think of God as pure intelligence, which has neither sex, but that's just me.

ROTBL!!! You realize, of course, that at least five recipients of Dinner and a Movie are totally flummoxed by the "God's sexual orientation" discussion and patience comments, yes?

Ed: Actually, it would be impossible for God to possess a specific gender. It is a logical inconsistency, as gender limits its subject and God is limitless. To impose gender upon God is to limit God and thus make God perishable.

Karen: Well, if you want to be serious, you are correct, God would have no sex, and neither do angels.

Did we want to be serious?

Karen: Not especially, no. :)

Just checking.

Karen: Okay, I know this is picky, but it's also one of my pet peeves. Strictly speaking, living beings (people, God, animals) do NOT have a gender. They have a SEX. Words have gender. I know it has become a very common misuse these days, but it still annoys the heck out of me. Sorry, done with being a cranky old lady.

Okay, I guess the answer was yes, we did want to get serious.

Karen: No, the answer is still no - but some people will insist upon dragging us down that path, kicking & screaming. :)

I'm open either way. I just opened a five pound bag of Hershey Kisses, and this discussion is way more entertaining than *Immortals* seems to have been.

Karen: LOL! Hey, I'll trade you some Dove squares for some Kisses. :)  

Nope, it'd melt before it got here...

Karen: No, Dove chocolate, not ice cream.

Send me your address..

Karen: It was just a joke about trading them - we have them in the stores here. :) It's just an internet chat thing to pretend you are passing around snacks to friends you are chatting
with. Or at least it used to be - I haven't been in a chat room in ages, so I have no idea if they still do that. It's probably regarded as hopelessly old fashioned by now. Oh well. :) 

Oh, okay...help yourself. I'm still LOL!

Ed: You know—you're right. BUT God is not a "living being." God is the essence of Being itself and therefore may only be known through thought and expressed through language. Thus, God may be spoken of in gender. Speaking of language, now that you've gone and started me. I always found the phrase "thunderstorm activity" inane. There is either a thunderstorm or there is not.

ShelVy: Ed, our local weather channel lists warnings of THUNDER, not Thunderstorms...

Karen: God may be the essence of being itself, but God is still not a word or part of speech.

Silly me. I thought God was a proper noun...

Karen: The word is a proper noun, but God is a lot more than a noun. :) 

ROTBLMAO! This installment of Dinner and a Movie brought to you by the Letter Q and the Letter T ...

Karen: Well, at least we are having a civil (and sometimes funny) conversation. :)

No argument from me... Just know you're adding to Bed & Bored!

Karen: Yep, and this time Ed can get a mention! :) 

ROTBLMAO! Yes, I now call him to let him know he has email.

Karen: LMAO! So that explains it!

Explains what?

Karen: Why Ed is participating. :) 

::giggle, snort::

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T, the twentieth letter of the English alphabet, was by the Greeks absurdly called tau. In the alphabet whence ours comes it had the form of the rude corkscrew of the period, and when it stood alone (which was more than the Phoenicians could always do) signified Tallegal, translated by the learned Dr. Brownrigg, "tanglefoot."

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Kacey caused a chasm of panic this morning. "Aunt Laurie? Did you know two windows in your office are cracked?"

Damn. I don't want to pay for a glazier. Kacey, though, had seemed more amusedly curious than concerned when she asked. Hmm... "Cracked as in 'open' or cracked as in 'broken'?"

"Cracked as in 'open'."
"Kacey, are you really asking me what craft project I was working on in February 2010?"

"Nope. If you had the windows slightly opened, you were either painting or gluing. Since you barely remember little details from then, I just thought I'd see if you had asked Uncle Bill to open them after you came home."

"Love, I don't remember being in the craft room post-Christmas 2009."

So, when my three favorite ladies came down for lunch, Kacey took Em down to the craft room to see if she could maneuver around the boxes to close the windows. Em succeeded, so the windows are now closed for the first time in at least 19 months.

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**TELEPHONE, n.** An invention of the devil which abrogates some of the advantages of making a disagreeable person keep his distance.

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**TELESCOPE, n.** A device having a relation to the eye similar to that of the telephone to the ear, enabling distant objects to plague us with a multitude of needless details. Luckily it is unprovided with a bell summoning us to the sacrifice.

::sigh:: My head is pounding from what seems to be—I hope—a normal headache. I'm taking two Aleves, and praying. ::Later:: Prayer didn't work; my vision is blurred and I think I have a tornado in both ear canals, so I'm resorting to drugs. Oh, damn! I have one whole Sumatriptan (migraine med) until 03 December. ::sigh:: I do need to see about getting on Zomig; that worked soooooo well.

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**TREE, n.** A tall vegetable intended by nature to serve as a penal apparatus, though through a miscarriage of justice most trees bear only a negligible fruit, or none at all. When naturally fruited, the tree is a beneficent agency of civilization and an important factor in public morals. In the stern West and the sensitive South its fruit (white and black respectively) though not eaten, is agreeable to the public taste and, though not exported, profitable to the general welfare. That the legitimate relation of the tree to justice was no discovery of Judge Lynch (who, indeed, conceded it no primacy over the lamp-post and the bridge-girder) is made plain by the following passage from Morryster, who antedated him by two centuries: "While in yt londe I was carried to see ye Ghogo tree, whereof I had hearde moch talk; but sayynge yt I saw naught remarkablyll in it, ye hed manne of ye villayge where it grewe made answer as followeth: 'Ye tree is not nowe in fruite, but in his seasonne you shall see dependynge fr. his braunches all soch as have affroynted ye
King his Majesty.' And I was furder tolde yt ye worde 'Ghogo' sygnifyeth in yr tong ye same as 'rascal' in our owne." Trauvellys in ye Easte

Jimmy called to check in after seeing I had called. I wanted to try and ease his mind over Kacey and Juan, so I had sent him an email: "I know you've been mildly concerned about Kacey and Juan's motives regarding me. Does it make you feel better to know that Cookie did a NCIC check on both of them, and she and her friend, Rita (a retired NYPD Sgt.), both talked to Kacey and Juan, and gave them both gold stars? Both Cookie and Rita were impressed by the kids actually, and pleased with the care they are giving me." I did ask him if he had called mom yet. At his deep breath and drawn-out "nnnnnoooooo," I suggested he do so. He snorted and noted that Cara had told him the same thing

**TRUCE, n.** Friendship.

Woody gave me a good laugh today. He called first to see how I was and then to get some input. I told him I had survived yesterday, which, right now, was all the further I was going. He asked if I had had to deal with mom yesterday, and then remembered what the date was.

He then asked about formatting a non-SF short story that was submitted to him, starting an APA, and several other questions that were beyond me. So, I pointed out he had several resources at hand, including his fellow Quorum member. "Great idea! I'll email ShelVy!" Sorry, ShelVy!

He then asked me when Michigan had legalized same sex marriages. I responded that I didn't know MI had. He replied that Kacey and Juan were getting married, so we must have. That almost had me off the bed I was laughing so hard. I noted that the last time we had checked, Kacey was a female, and that mom would likely be more charitable toward Kacey, were she a gay man.

He then asked the Million Dollar Question: What is with your mom? I pointed out that, according to her, she had Woody's sympathy, and the sympathy of all of my non-imaginary friends, for me turning into such a bitch once my dad died. Woody noted he didn't remember having that discussion with her. I was hardly surprised. I truly don't think I've changed that much, personality-wise, from 1997.

**Ed:** You've grown, but that's to be expected. My first conversation with you, you said "Let me get Bill, as I'm sure you have better things to do besides talk to me."

He then asked how she had responded to his coming out, which gave him a good laugh. "She held me, responsible, since, let's face it, you, David, and I were usually together or meeting up with each other at any given time. And, since I was, and still am, difficult to deal with, I drove you to find comfort from someone 180° different from me."
I guess, extrapolating, it's my fault she changed orientation also.

**TRUTH, n.** An ingenious compound of desirability and appearance. Discovery of truth is the sole purpose of philosophy, which is the most ancient occupation of the human mind and has a fair prospect of existing with increasing activity to the end of time.

******

**TRUTHFUL, adj.** Dumb and illiterate.

I sent Dr. S all of the **B&Bs**, since I could not remember which I had sent him. I apologized for some of the duplicates in advance. Dr. S wrote me back—on a Sunday, no less—to let me know I had "sent a couple of them, but not most of them. Thank for sending the new ones. I can't read them all immediately—I have a lot of grading to do this week. But I will get to them ASAP."

No rush. I figured we all need something to put ourselves to sleep. Happy grading? Oh, something to tease the back of your mind: personality-wise, have I changed that much in the ::yeesh:: 27 years you've known me?

**TYPE, n.** Pestilent bits of metal suspected of destroying civilization and enlightenment, despite their obvious agency in this incomparable dictionary.

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**SNAPS #62 Mailing Comments**

**November 2011**

**Softcore #62 (A. Katz)**

Thanks, Arnie, for the laugh generated at the idea of an unflawed, unfoibled, and unlimited Bill. The mind boggles at the thought.

ShelVy and I are planning and plotting on ways to tackle the proposed change. Maybe a ... <snip>?

ShelVy: THERE YA GO!!! Might be a tad of work, but ... <snip>

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**TZETZE (or TSETSE) FLY, n.** An African insect (Glossina morsitans) whose bite is commonly regarded as nature's most efficacious remedy for insomnia, though some patients prefer that of the American novelist (Mendax interminabilis).
ShelVy: This might be pushing The Sanity Quorum title...

::giggle, snort:: I can't wait for the Quorum to see—and comment—on this! Is this one of yours?
ShelVy: Don't I wish!!!
Karen: LOL! Funny!

Greetings to All, As the subject line of the email says, comments/changes/etc. are due by 12:01AM on the 24th of November.

Karen: LOL! Love the additions, don't see anything that needs to be changed or corrected. :) Thanks for sharing these with us.

I should be thanking you folks for being willing to read my manderings.

Stephen: Manderings, what a beautiful word. I'll bet only one of my karaoke friends even knows what it means. Great job Laurie! And ... reflecting back to a previous email [Karen's email; page 21.], I agree: our group would have a great holiday party together.
ShelVy: THANK us??? Dunno about the others, but I imagine they feel the same I do: It's a pleasure! Actually READ it, Laurie! That is, I didn't get to a spot I recognized and skip. And I'm a slow reader (PLUS, after I started it I went for my daily walk and, after I returned, looked up some local property I had passed on the local Property Appraiser's site, and spent some time with Pedro, checked email again, had some coffee...you get the idea!) Noted that SOMEnetimes you enter a Devil's Dictionary quote it what appears to be a relevant spot...or is that just my wandering mind at work?
Nope, not your wandering mind. Where feasible (i.e., letters that have more than six definitions) given the structure I created in my head (one letter per day, one term per topic), I opted to use quotes appropriate to the topic.

**16 Nov: Karen:** So sorry you're still not doing well. I guess Dr. Idiot STILL hasn't given you a pain med that you can actually use? Maybe if you tell her or the person who answers the phone for her that the pain is so bad that you are now feeling very depressed, that will finally get her to do something that will work for you.

Nope. Heaven forbid. When I pointed out I was depressed, I was told that they would be willing to commit me for a 72-hour psych hold.

**16 Nov: Karen:** I wish I could think of some way to cheer you up, but I'm not nearly as funny as Soph & Em. :)

I don't think anyone could be that funny.

**16 Nov: Karen:** I enjoyed your new draft very much, especially the stories about the girls. Thanks for the latest issue!

Good! Thank you!

**16 Nov: ShelVy:** My attempt to straighten out my sleep habits didn't work. Yeah, yeah; got to bed a little after nine - but it was STILL almost nine ayem when I woke up. I think I'm using sleep to avoid reality...

Hmmm ... I think I'm using reality to avoid sleep.

**16 Nov: ShelVy:** You mention losing/gaining a day, Laurie. Been there! In fact, on Tuesday, Nov 15, during the afternoon I had to check my computer and was FLOORED to see it was STILL Tuesday. I had been certain it was Wednesday by then. Nothing alarming or notable occurred, it just seemed like Wednesday...

BTDT ... So, where's my t-shirt?

**16 Nov: ShelVy:** Understand about BP. Been concerned about mine in a different way. Most of my life my BP was low/normal; several weeks ago a doctor's machine showed me at 170! I forget what the other reading was; 170 was bad enuf. Diane bought me a BP machine and I seem to average 150 - alto there are occasional drops to around 130, and once down all the way to 114. Trend SEEMS to be a lowering of the readings.

I'm trying not to worry about mine.