

What kind of week has it been



As with most people who have streaming services for their TV (Netflix, Amazon, etc.), I enjoy watching various television series I never watched back when they were on air.

Of those, I particularly like the witty banter and controversial takes from two Aaron Sorkin created shows, *The West Wing* and the under-appreciated *Studio 60 on the Sunset Strip*. Each show had an episode that this post's title is paraphrased from.

It has been a strange, no, make that weird week. As self-indulgent as these posts sometimes can be, this one is going to go overboard, so be advised up front!

Monday

“The Zombie Relationship” – In this episode, a recurring character from my last relationship guest stars. Like the undead, each recurrence is a little more stomach-turning and horrific. The exact nature of the issues and circumstances is more personal than I am comfortable revealing, but the end result is usually a lingering disquiet and misplaced guilt that generally poisons the next several days of my life.

“A Shocking Development” – My waterfall out front of my house was no longer falling, making my pond a breeding place for frogs and mosquitoes. The pond pump kept tripping my exterior outlet box, so I called an electrician to fix it (this box is critical in a couple more months for Halloween). \$225 later, we determine that the pond pump is causing the breaker to

trip, but hey, doesn't that new box look nice?

Tuesday

"The Graduate" – My recently graduated niece came by and we were supposed to go for a walk and then come home to work on looking for jobs for her before heading out to lunch with her grandparents. We had a nice time at the Green Cay wetlands, but she hemmed and hawed on the job search. There is an underlying fear of failure that we need to work through, but ultimately I settled for just a pep talk and no pressure.

"Driving Me Crazy" – Prior to coming home from Green Cay, I dropped my car off for regular service and to finally eliminate a morning squeak that (predictably) could never be duplicated at the dealership. My solution was to leave the car there overnight and take a loaner. Someone thought it would be funny to put me in a Prius. My niece thought it was cool, I thought it was awful. Beyond the huge scale down in power, getting used to a shifter that doesn't stay in the gear position and pushing a button to park, along with all the other differences from a "real" car made that one night and day seem terribly long.

"Pump Me Up" – With the extra time from not looking for jobs, I took my niece with me to Home Depot to search for a replacement pump. I brought the old one with me and it dribbled dirty pond water as the store employee explained they didn't have anything in the type of my pump. In one of those rare coincidences that shouldn't actually happen in real life, his wife worked at a freight supply store and, after a decent exchange, confirmed she had the correct pump for me.

Wednesday

"Stick To Your Guns" – On my way to pick up my car, I stopped in at the freight store (conveniently on the way to my car dealer). The woman the Home Depot man had talked to wasn't there, but the store manager was certain what I needed (I

brought my pump with me and it still managed to dribble dirty pond water in this store, too). The pump didn't look anything like mine and was almost \$30 more than I had been quoted, but, hey, they're the experts, so I left with hope.

"Old And Tired" – The car was waiting for me when I showed up (with my new pond pump). A \$1300 bill was also waiting. My car is now 10 years old and that means things are starting to hit "that time" in their lives that require replacing.

Fortunately, I bought the car while the dealer had an outrageous (and poorly conceived) program called "Tires For Life". It was decided I needed two front tires as well and that cost me \$20, making the overall bill a tad bit less painful. More importantly, they felt they had located my squeak and corrected it.

"Boot Hill" – With everything now settled and hopes high, I sat down in front of my computer to relax, read and type. Too bad my computer wasn't interested. Locked in a continuous loop of booting up, I couldn't even rescue it in "safe" mode.

It was just plain dead. Ugh. How much had I backed up? What was sitting in my flex drive? How would Facebook and Twitter survive without me?

Thursday

"You CAN Go Home Again" – And I had to, since the pump that didn't look like nor price like the pump I was supposed to get, didn't work with my hose or adapters. Yeah, who didn't see that coming? This time, I brought the adapters with me (I had thrown out the pump at the freight store the day before).

The manager was not there, nor was the woman I needed (she was also a manager), but I gave the ladies up front enough information to locate the correct pump and this one even looked right (it was about as massively heavy!).

"Silence Is Golden" – Too bad that's not what I got when I backed out of my driveway to head up to the freight store.

Yup, despite a battery of repairs north of \$1,000 and assurances to the contrary, my squeak remained. It's not even the squeak as much as what it means: something is wrong with the car and needs to be fixed. Sigh.

"Christmas Came Early" – That is, if you count buying the "gift" for yourself. Given the nature of what I use my computer for, I decided to straight up order it for "next day" delivery. In combination with my Amazon Prime account, this only cost another \$12, which is not bad considering the \$1400 the computer actually cost. Of course, the first one said next day on the order and next week on the confirmation, requiring me to cancel it and order a different one that actually stayed at "next day". It's never easy. Oh, and the first computer charge has not been credited back yet...

Friday

"On Muddy Pond" – The pond pump worked, blasting water at such a high rate that I needed to partially block the geyser with a small rock. After dumping some bleach in the pond to help get the algae out, my front landscaping returned to its former glory.

"Breakdown" – Because of the sudden death of my computer, I was leery of recycling the machine "as was". I spent the morning disassembling the pieces, keeping the hard drive in the vague thought that I might stop by a Best Buy and have the data retrieved. The various pieces then went to the various recycle bins.

"The Day After" – The new computer did arrive and so did the dawning horror how little was backed up in my external drive. Outlook files? Nope. Gone, five years of emails. Turbo Tax files? Nope. Gone, five years of tax returns. Quicken files? Yes, thank goodness, so all my investment transactions and spending (needed for THIS year's taxes) were still alive. Fortunately, some reconstruction (like all my contacts and

email addresses) had alternative saves (my iPhone), but a lot of critical or useful data was gone. Sigh. New lessons learned for this computer. I am SO looking forward to manually entering all that tax data come February...

So, around \$3,000 and a variety of hair-reducing aggravations later and the week was over. And I had actually skipped tennis that week because I wanted to do some writing. Heh.

The worst part was, that was only the "me" part of the week. The stuff from the rest of the family was more concerning, but that's not stuff you'll read about here.

Good thing a new week starts tomorrow!