

# Random tales from inside my pandemic cave



Yep, inside my COVID hidey-hole and nothing much left to do but type out some ideas that have no relation to each other except for, you know, a virus all around the world. Prepare, then, for random tales from inside my pandemic cave!

## Keeping the sense of humor away from the gallows

A sense of humor is a precious thing. In the best of times, it amuses friends and charms strangers.

But it is in the worst of times that a sense of humor truly shines. It deflects pain, distracts sorrow and has the potential to create the healing power of laughter.

So, I try to steer away from dark humor or gallows humor or snark. That sort of humor plays on division and demeaning. That's not healing, that's just spreading more pain. A humorous attempt at schadenfreude, making fun of others to try

to feel better yourself.

There are plenty of opportunities to find smiles and, yes, even laughter amidst these stressful times. Find them and remember them for times in the future that may now seem less horrible in perspective.

## **That's not Covid, that's puzzle dust**

I'm extremely self-conscious. Like, psychiatric help needed self conscious. Let me give you a non-pandemic example.

I get up early everyday. I've been doing it ever since I was in single digits. Usually it was because I wanted to get out fishing as early as I could. Then, it was working life. In combination, my "internal clock" wakes me up around 5 am each morning.

And then, I worry. Because, I start doing stuff within 30 minutes or so (I mean, I may get up at 5, but it still takes some time for me to get "revving").

So, I worry that I might wake up my next door neighbors if I open or close a drawer too loudly or when putting away dishes from the dishwasher.

Yes, I'm attached on two sides, but there's a pretty thick wall between us. And, frankly, I've never really heard anything from my neighbors unless they're pounding nails into the wall. So, sure, my fear is likely unfounded.

But, follow with me. I have this neurosis and then a pandemic hits. And then, I cough a few times in my house.

Oh no! My neighbors will hear me and think I have Covid!

Silly, right? I didn't even need a week of shelter-in-place to come up with that one. Never mind that it's just puzzle dust from the jigsaw puzzle I'm working on.

Sigh.

## **Walking through the aisles of dystopia**

So, even in good times, a visit to Walmart is...edifying. Doing so during a pandemic is...frightening?

I finally reached a point where even my exhaustive stores of goods were beginning to run low. As is my wont, I go out into that petri dish of danger known as my local Walmart.

Throughout the store, people were walking around with masks and gloves. Some of the masks were manufactured, some were wild west handmades.

I couldn't decide if I was in a Mad Max movie or Steampunk (presuming there's much of a distinction).

Did I survive the encounter? Well, I guess I'll let you know in about 14 days.

## **Random tales from inside my pandemic cave**

Okay, that's enough stream of consciousness for one blog post. Do I have more random tales from inside my pandemic cave? You betcha! And they're growing!

Now, I'm not suggesting they are any more interesting than the ones above, which, of course, is not suggesting that the ones above are interesting. But, hey, it was a good way to eat up an hour of my day!