

# I knew I could...I knew I could...



Here, Sisyphus, you can have your stone back...I'm done.

I'm done!

The journey that began (with extraordinary synchronicity) exactly one month ago here and then continued two weeks later here is now completed.

My comic books are now all newly graded, bagged, boxed and, most importantly, put away in my office closet.

That's one whole month, working every day (including weekends). Done.

Here's some factoids about the effort:

- I started with 28 boxes and ended with 29. Probably a combination of all those extra bagged and boarded comics and, like everything we buy, the boxes being a little smaller than they used to be.
- The initial estimate of 8,400 comics was eerily accurate. The actual final tally: 8,445.
- Materials consumed in the endeavor (rounded): 8,500 comic bags, 2,200 backing boards, 15 new comic boxes, 9 rolls of invisible scotch tape, 3 legal pads, 1 red Flair marker

- Size of Excel spreadsheet used for recording the collection: 103,232 cells (just the database)
- Amount of trash generated: 3 garden-size trash bags of old plastic bags, 3 yellow recycle bins full of broken down cardboard boxes
- No injuries incurred for the duration of the endeavor (no paper cuts, back strains, mashed toes, or other than temporary muscle pain).

One unexpected positive offshoot of this undertaking is I am actually *eager* to vacuum and dust after a month of clutter. Regular readers know full well how much I loathe cleaning (on a scale of "a little" to "galactic calamity", I rate cleaning as "catastrophic calamitous calamity of catastrophically bad proportions").

Now, *technically*, I'm not truly done. I haven't recorded my magazines, trade paperbacks and hardcover collections, but I'm going with "done" and none of you are geographically close enough to bother me about it.

I am quite pleased with my work, including the surprisingly short time it ultimately took (I really did think this was going to be a multi-month process).

It's possible, before I reassemble the work room closet, I may at least catalog the magazines, since these will shortly be reburied beneath various BBQ and Halloween party support items (as opposed to decorations, which are, of course, in the outside storage room).

Though there were times I doubted my commitment and dreaded my task, I am happy to say that all along, in a squeaky little voice in the back of my mind, I kept hearing, "I think I can..."

And now I can say, "I knew I could!"