



calculus entropy

Written by bubba



You haven't you been writing.

You're right, I haven't.

When are you going to update your sites?

I don't know.

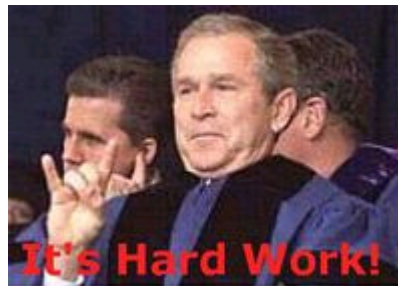
What's your problem?

My brain hurts.

Whoooooosh! Step back, relax put on your head gear...get ready for a trip through the atmosphere. (A crisp \$2 bill to the person who accurately assigns that little tidbit). I'm back, yes. The good thing is that I've slept in several showers over the last week: mine, the Holiday Inn in downtown Columbus. *Why is that good?* It ensures that I'm doing my part, connecting my brain with the outer world and making an action plan for behavior that's better. That's good, right? It could actually mean that I'm hung over too, which I haven't been. No, I've been on a 10 day work bender and I want to apologize to everyone that matters...namely myself.

It's no secret that I'm getting married to a different life in the next 2 years. In the meantime, while I figure out how to sock away retirement money, put all my change in my baby's little piggy bank and buy those Santa Barbara garlic stuffed olives that I really like, I have to worry about the few days a year that actually make those things possible, like this week.

Just remember, while I'm still grinding ass, the noble work I do to make sure that electoral idiocy is kept at a minimum isn't easy. It's only your future.



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