

St. Some Times

Vol V274

13 Boxes

Still Unpacked

Essentials Only
New Clothes
Old Clothes
Give Away

Triumphs

SMALL TECHNOLOGICAL WINS ARE THE STORY OF JULY. FROM THE INTERNET TO VIRTUAL MACHINES FOR DIABLO, IT WAS A MONTH OF TRAILS AT THE APARTMENT.

EXERCISE?
Rowing around the apartment is my new thing. Thanks to Mike.



Still Packed

Some may call it lazy. Others, yet, may see it as lack of time. Others might not know it's been almost two months and think I just moved in or moving out.

I don't give a rat's ass. I just haven't unpacked. Work and sleep. That's all I really do. And it's all in the plan, baby.

13 boxes don't bother me much. I haven't been to the hardware store to get "move in" stuff like nails, screws, anchors, etc. Once I do, I'll start putting up some pictures. It looks like a lot, but it's not. Trash.



Old Clothes?

I have gone through the clothes. Most of them are cheap. I am an avid Walmart and Target shopper so I can look my absolute best at work, for all the beautiful single women I work with. Whatever. There are few and far between. My top picks are married and I just don't do that. Ohh. I digress. (Everything comes back to women.)

In with the new. Out with the old. Hello donations. Soon there will be about 30 workers around camp wearing new white T-shirts, jeans, and polos from different schools. It's amazing what one can accrue over 7 years in the same apartment!

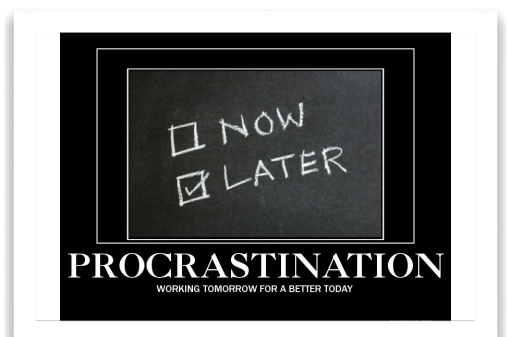
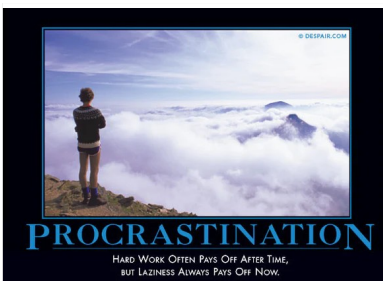


No Rush. I'll Get To It.

Everything has its time. My apartment does too. At some point, I'll have all the boxes out of my main room. I'm the only one who deals with it.

Oh, what about guests you say? I don't have guests. The most anyone ever stayed in my last apartment was four hours. Kent and Karla were helping me with a project and stayed a little longer to socialize. That was the record stay and the only time, really, in 7 years. The apartment was well decorated, clean, and impressive.

It just doesn't matter if I put away my boxes or not. Maybe I should go on for another year like this? Nah. Too weird.



There is a definite plan. The boxes go. That leaves the following in my living space: desk, cabinet with TV on top, wooden man (for martial arts training) and my rowing machine.

Get it. No couch. No movie binges. If I watch TV it will be while I am rowing or working out.

As soon as I find the correct matting, the entire room will be a little gym. I'm looking for quality foam mats.

Getting Back into Shape? Yeah, right. Consider this a try, again.

The year that I changed back. This year. This is the time. No choice. Personal welfare. Getting off heart medication.

So here it goes...August.

The month begins. Health has to be planned out to succeed. Fail to plan and you plan to fail. I'm all set.

I have a month of meals planned out. The workout room will be finished by August 1. I'll be able to exercise even while I watch a little Netflix, just won't have anywhere to lounge or sit.

Keto or What?

It's a tough decision. What kind of eating will improve my health? I've tried several over the years. They don't work. The intermittent fasting looks to be most promising. When I did that last, it was a great feeling and I certainly did lose weight. But I really believe all of the weight loss and health targets will only be achieved through exercise and mindful eating habits. Achievable goals. Practical mini-goals.

Joe and I are contracted with each other to check in once a month and give each other a bit of support. A simple thumbs up or thumbs down. A plus or minus for the month. This will work. I can already see new Greg.

Apollo AR

Catque nonsultus losuntium auctus imihilibus. Sim res! Iptilne oribus ficae quam huciendum ia pece catque nonsultus losuntium auctus imihilibus. Sim res! Iptilne oribus ficae quam huciendum ia pece.



Thanks Mike

Mike and Meow are two good friends from school. They are leaving and heading to Switzerland (Geneva not Lugano) to teach and live. If you go back to Vol 237, Mike was my mental savior when all visa hell broke loose in 2020.

Anywho, now Mike and Meow are leaving too. Mike's wanted to live in Switzerland for years. Now it's happening.

Mike and I were chatting about exercise, moving, packing, and the fact I hadn't unpacked yet. When I mentioned what my plan was for my living room.

Mike says, hey, want a rowing machine? It doesn't work right now, but maybe you can fix it. I don't want to drop it on you if it is broken, but perhaps?

Mansour drove me to Mike and Meow's house. We loaded up the machine and took it to my apartment.

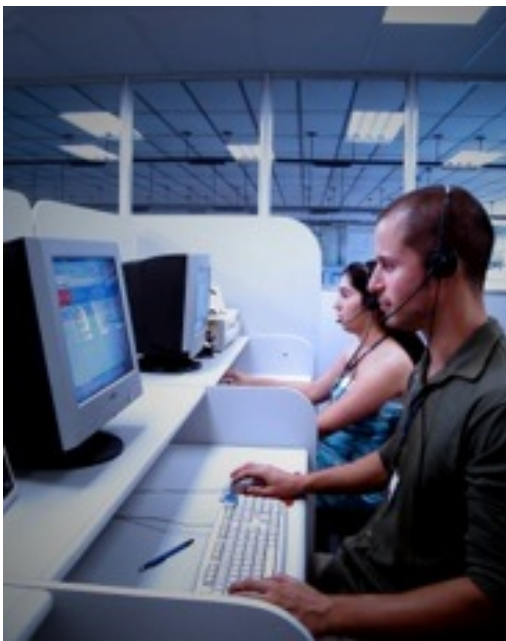
A few days later, I had it working. Thank you Youtube.

Mike and Meow, I will miss you more than you know. It's been a great run together. This is not a goodbye. It's a "see you again in the future". Be safe and have a fantastic time.

"Mike, get my room ready. I'm coming to visit you in Switzerland." - me

What Really Happened in July?

- Nothing
- I put off unboxing my few belongings for the entire month
- I always started exercising and eating healthy “tomorrow”
- I almost finished my inventory of the almost five hundred machines we have in the building
- I created an amazing ‘80s playlist on Spotify and started my ‘70s playlist and 60’s playlists respectively.
- My bed was put together and I bought new sheets/pillows in celebration of a new apartment
- I almost set up my bathroom
- I kept my kitchen clean
- I didn’t buy anything else to fill up my apartment besides the Viking rower, and I didn’t even buy that.



Moving into a new apartment gives me a refreshment and modernization - if I use that term loosely - of the main appliances and plumbing compared to what I had in the prior version of the apartment.



Upgrades? Some small things I Lived Without for Five Years

Maybe I haven’t ranted enough. That’s just my nature. I can wait out minor inconveniences for a long time if they require a lot of red tape to solve. Here are a few insights.

Dishwasher? I called, pleaded, arranged, and took time off school to have my “company provided” dishwasher fixed. That started five years ago, a year after moving into the old apartment. Now I have a model that might even still be on sale in some major US appliance stores. And it actually works...for now.

Garbage disposal. I don’t cook very much, but I like a clean kitchen. This is the first time in six years that I’ve had a working disposal. Boy that other one stunk! No matter how much bleach I used.

Those two appliances DO make a difference in a kitchen. They also upgraded the oven and those silver pans under the stove burners are new and shiny. That’s the best way to start off before I foil over them.

A shiny toilet? At least the toilet seat fits to this model. Last time, I had to replace the seat and all I could find was a circular seat that didn’t fit the oval bowl. Little shit like that are details that add to the theory of “getting pecked to death by ducks” for me.

NEXT ISSUE

I have no idea what I will write for next issue. When very little happens, I tend to rant and focus on the everyday little things.

I'm definitely going to Bahrain at some point before school starts. Life has been dull. Work, apartment, sleep, wash, rinse, repeat. Oh well. It happens sometimes.

Next newsletter, I might share some numbers. I deal a lot with numbers. Like: staff, students, passwords, machines, Chromebooks, desktops, monitors, etc. It might be interesting to take a look at the numbers. Shazam. There isn't much else to write about now.

We will soon be back to school. My days of quiet work in empty buildings has almost come to an end. The staff are returning. The meetings will start soon. The new staff are in next week.

I'm not mentally ready for this. There's never enough time.

Looking Ahead to Little Travel and a Busy Year

The school calendar shows a year sparse with any vacations. Roll of the dice. Dates all fall wrong. No October break. Long spans of time.

Sometimes the calendar just falls into the wrong shape and vacations are too chunked. I prefer lots of smaller vacations.

This year shows almost nothing besides Christmas and Easter. That doesn't bode well with me.

We are also heading into a year where the Island company we work for isn't providing enough coverage. We are lean on teachers and still accepting new students.

The class sizes went up to 25. We used to have a cap of 20. The sucks. Perhaps I am getting

too jaded and used to an "easy life" in education. I know. I know. Schools in the States are 40 or even more in classrooms. But I'm not in the States. I'm talking about local changes over the years. I've been here longer than any other school I've taught at.

This year I am scheduled to teach only tech classes to grades 2,3,4. Every student in 2,3,4 will get a half hour with Mr. Chicken. We'll see how THAT goes. I can do it. Josh, a principal that I am devoted to, is bent on making this only one year. It's not a sustainable model.



RISKTAKING

THE PAIN YOU FEEL TODAY WILL BE THE STRENGTH YOU FEEL TOMORROW.
OR YOU COULD DIE FROM IT. IT'S HARD TO KNOW WITH THESE THINGS SOMETIMES.



Construction time: 9 days, but only
1 lunch hour each day