

# Threat of boredom is stifling one, cold, starvation are not comforting

Thanksgiving rolled around in its usual way, making it officially all right to snow, and snow it did.

It was a virtual who's who of precipitation. Rain, snow and sleet possibly a great name for a Southern California trio, but lousy weather to skinny-dip in.

michael zangari

Right on cue the folks call from Florida. It's *pleasant* there 85 degrees. My sister is on her way to the beach, and Mom and Dad are getting ready to ride their bikes around the block. How am I? Somehow I miss the joke. I inform them that I am preparing to butcher the cat for winter provisions, but only after I shovel the snowdrift out of my living room.

The cat looks at me from the window sill, glances worriedly at the falling snow and is not amused. Following her glance, I'm not terribly amused either. It's really coming down.

### Moldy granola

Of course there is the possibility of getting snowed in. I casually walk over to the cupboards to survey the possibilities of surviving a snow siege. The cat retreats to a defensible corner in the bathroom, and I know how Mother Hubbard felt. I have a moldy box of granola, but no milk.

Thank God mold is organic.

My pre-starvation downs are interrupted by my only connection with the outside world—the telephone. If it is my parents again to tell me about their plans to roast their weenies in the shade, I plan to emit a high frequency scream that will roast their weenies before they leave the package. Their weenies are saved by virtue of the well-timed call of a friend.

She is seeing things much clearer than I am. The real threat of getting snowed in is not starvation, or freezing

for that matter. The real threat is boredom. She tells me that it has already started to set in. So much so that she had decided to write a paper about it for one of her classes, but she got bored with it and quit.

### Phone boredom

I suggest charades, but this proves difficult over the phone as does anything else I would care to do. We both get bored and hang up.

The threat of boredom is a stifling one. I begin to frantically search the apartment for excitement. I'm all out of excitement too.

I start to thumb through my albums. It might be a good time to listen to all those albums I haven't listened to since high school. I discover why I haven't listened to them since high school. I end up pulling out the soundtrack to *Last Tango in Bellevue*. I don't particularly want to hear it, but it's good music to be bored by.

Next I head over to my library. The books are neatly stacked by size on a bookcase made out of bricks and boards. The boards are beginning to buckle under the weight of the bricks, and so are the books. I decide on a fresh copy of *Are you my Mother* (I go through about three a week), and settle down by the fire.

### Kitty litter replacement

About halfway through the book I realize I don't have a fireplace, and notice that the granola casserole I had planned to eat for the next month and a half is rather dusky.

I am comforted somewhat by the knowledge that at least I have something to replace the kitty litter with.

Although I am not generally considered a snow bunny, it occurs to me that I should try playing in the snow. A kind of cope therapy that can possibly get me through the worst. Since I generally run for shelter and shiver uncontrollably whenever I open the refrigerator door, I think better of this insane folly and submit to despair.

The snow has stopped and it's official now. We have a recorded 1 inch. For the first time in an eternity I sink to my knees and pray for release.

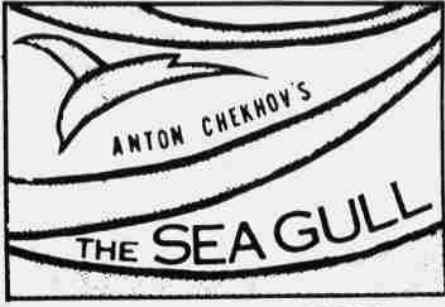
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