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*North hero New and World Review, …..*

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 (2008 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #1, Vol. 12)

**The Guest Boudoir**

Ah, the first letter of 2008, … and a Leap Year at that! Perhaps we’ll do a special February 29th edition.

Subject could be:

 How come never a ‘*Cedarvale Challenge’* Leap Frog Event?

 Philosophical Contemplations of *“Look before you Leap*”, per Plato & his Platypus.

 Famous February 29th Programming Boo Boos.

 The ‘Top Ten ’ NHN&WR renewal comments. (Well, … on second thought, a number of these might fail to pass the in-house censor.)

 Do we have any 2/29’ers among our readers? Perhaps a ‘Survey’ issue. What are the odds: 365 X 4 + 1 to one? Not quite sure here.

 Ah, … here’s a thought, … re-circulate 2/2000 vol. IV or 2/2004 vol. VIII. Stay tuned, … we’ve 60 days to ponder this matter.

 Your staff survived the Holidays, at least we think we will as we usually go to bed about nine P.M. on New Years Eve and this is being written 12/31. The bed in our guest suite did not. Boy, how embarrassing, spruce up the downstairs digs and then the queen size bed collapses on unsuspecting guests. Normally we confess, we’d think this kind of funny. Unfortunately the guests involved were Ken’s brother Dave and spouse Nancy. Both these sterling individuals frequently entertain your staff in Glastonbury CT; are great on reciprocity and can be counted on not to be outdone. Bailey should be okay, but for Lucile & Ken it will be, *“En Garde”.* Anyhow, the right side leg at the foot of the bed gave way when the retirees went to bed and they spent the night at about an eighteen degree slant off level. Fortunately, there were two handy, very strong and extremely intelligent macho males present (see next paragraph). An hour and a half broken leg operation ensued the next morning, hammer, pry bars, wrenches and C-clamps. Second night’s horizontal sleep duration, … 15 seconds. Should have used duct tape. There was no third night, they left early in the morning.

 We expected this would be the last of over night guests before the end of the year, but no, Carol & Gerry surprised us with a pre-Christmas visit. First thought, the bed, still at an 18 degree slope and not much time. A different tack is taken. Leg should hold the bed up 7 inches. A seven inch hunt through the house came up with a half-full quart size can of latex paint and the Ottawa yellow pages. The bed is fixed, lapsed time ten minutes. Naturally your Editor came up with a question.

*“Why didn’t you just do that the first time?”*

This should explain the above strike-thru. Following a few trial jumps and bounces the bed was declared safe, but then, … should we warn them? Discussion. Decision, tell Gerry, telling or not telling Carol would then be his problem. Phonebook and paint can held up thank goodness. However, can’t help but fantasize. Paint can slips off the phone book, paint can turns over, lid comes off, paint oozes over the floor, Gerry gets up to see what’s the matter, Gerry slips on the paint and falls, noise wakes Carol who quickly joins Gerry in the paint bath. Now that would be a letter! Well, … the setup is still there, anyone want to come for a visit?

 Finishing the letter January 2nd and will close with a weather note. Today is the first clear, sunny day in over two weeks. The snow by the front walk is 4 feet deep. The icicles hanging down the front of the house are four feet long. The temperature is zero degrees F. On bright sunny days Ken likes to strip down to shorts & slippers and sun bathe in the living room. He dons this apparel and positions himself by the window. Good Grief, the icicles are having a detrimental effect on the intensity of the light coming through the window. Hmmmn. He ponders.

*“I’ll just duck out on the front porch and knock them off with the snow shovel.”*

*“In my shorts and slippers? It’s freezing out there.”*

*“What if someone sees me?”*

*“Oh gee, it’ll be just my luck those same ladies will come by who saw me last year barking to come in at the front door.”*

*“Aw heck, I’ll go for it.”*

He acts. Looks right, looks left. Dashes out, picks up shovel, leans off the porch. Starts knocking off icicles. Does fine till reaching the window. Can’t do any more. The shovel is too short. Back in the house. Endures sub-par light. Do you think this intelligent macho man will remember to remove the icicles some day when he is dressed for the job? Or for that matter get a new frame for the crippled bed? Don’t count on it.

Is ‘Macho Octogenarian’ an oxymoron?

L., B. & k

Ottawa.