

Well, the holidays are over. It's January, and we've all returned those 14 electric woks that our loved ones believe we can't live without. Some of us (the ones that are fathers) now own substantial amounts of Old Spice.

Last year around this time we had some minor problems involving large and unruly quantities of water plummeting down our hillsides, and ripping out driveways and bridges and what-have-you. Hell hath no fury like Sindbad Creek in winter, it seemed. I, myself, was treated to a hitherto nonexistent babbling brook under the house I live in. Our neighbours down the hill suddenly lived in such a delta that they spontaneously developed their own strain of the blues.

Da-DEE-da-DUM! Woke up this mornin'...
Da-DEE-da-DUM! Got up off the bed...
Da-DEE-da-DUM! Looked out a mah bedroom...
Da-DEE-da-DUM! Mah whole living room got wet....
Da-DEE-da-DUM! Ah got dem Sunolian soppin' wet carpet, rotting flo-boards, overflowin' septic, mildewy wallpaper, driveway slidin' straight down to Pleasanton by way of Foothill Boulevard, mighty soggy furniture blues.

Or something like that.

During this years' torrent, to add that quaint country atmosphere, we had a power outage by Large Dead Oak. Be sure not to mistake that one for the phone outage by Sycamore. Stuck - without a microwave oven. Were you one of that happy crowd that was trying to grind coffee with a rolling pin, or -worse- clawhammer? I was. Doesn't work too well. All in all, a few hours later we had it all back... the toaster, the coffeemaker, the VCR, and all those devices we unwittingly switched on (force of habit) while moping around the darkened dwelling. Meanwhile, at least in Sunol nobody's house slid into a 20 foot deep hole, or waited on the roof for the National Guard to come rescue them. Thank God for small favors. And rain, I guess; at least it keeps the grass green, and the deer off Killkare Road....