

It's Dangerous. Really.

Ok, with the weeks of running from one emergency to dealing with Alice in Wonderland things now seeming to be done for the moment, I decided that I was going to start cleaning up the pigsty apartment after a couple of months of chaos and longer term ignoring of things needing to be done.

I took a few bags of clothes to Goodwill, along with two cordless phone sets that I don't need and have been sitting around too long. I went and bought TurboTax (thanks, Federal tax regulations for clergy, for making it so I cannot file with the free e-file on-line but subsidize said system by having to pay \$50 for the software I need), and came to try to clean up more. I have simple goals, like: no clothes that I haven't a hope of wearing in the future, which has gotten to be a smaller universe since I lost about 20 pounds over the last year. Fortunately I buy classic styles that tend not to go out of style quickly.

It turns out that cleaning up is dangerous. Take my paper recycling. Tomorrow is the pick-up at my apartment complex, and this afternoon I took down ~~some of~~ the newspapers to recycle (I only pay to get the Sunday paper, it's a thing for me), but I still had all other non-shredded stuff. The container was overflowing (remember that chaos bit?), so I put some into a paper grocery bag, and carried both down to recycling, which was dark by then, and the container was already pretty full, so I had to remove some of the other paper bags to put my non-bagged stuff in, and managed to hit my head on the corner of one of the containers.

And that's not all. I was trying to get ~~crap~~ things off the floor of my office/guest room, and managed to tilt one of my fiber containers so that everything came out onto the floor while I was on the kitchen step-stool. Ok, getting pelted by light, fluffy fiber is not that painful physically, but I can tell you that psychically, this was very disabling to go through.

Today I'll start again, but perhaps I should be wearing more safety equipment. Or make my cats do it.