

My Day Today

Wake up. The Toddler has slept his requisite 6 hours and demands “Mingy [oatmeal] and Sugar” and Carl Orff’s *Gassengauer* for breakfast. It’s Picture Day at Day Care and The Toddler has been bitten 4 times on the face by a mosquito and has giant red pocks on its face. So I take out the cover-up, but The Toddler spies the small vial and screams. For 45 minutes. He Wants It, he MUST HAVE the small vial of makeup, and for some reason I won’t give it to him. We get to Day Care for Picture Day and The Toddler’s wet face looks like a pink sausage, like when he came out. And he’s still screaming, but the pock marks are covered up.

Now I’m shaken. I have to call the parents to rub their noses into my grief during my 90-second commute to work, you talked me into this thing, you said it would be easy. Now I have to go to work and think about my poor baby crying because I wouldn’t give him a makeup vial.

Work[sic]. I get to help an Out-Of-Town Artist plug wires from wireless cameras into mysterious black boxes. The thin 50 ft video cables don’t work and she is beside herself. I spend 70% of my mental energy trying to figure out how to make her calmer because I want her to love it here and to be happy, as happy as her artwork is going to make everyone here, and the other 30% plugging the wrong cables into the wrong sockets. 4 hours later I take a lunch break and realize I’ve needed to go potty since last night. A co-worker informs me that is not healthy.

A projector bulb blows in my coding area where I need to give a demo at 4 and I frantically search for a blug and someone to replace it. The Greatest Boss In The Universe is unreachable for some unknown reason, so I have to bother The Nicest Guy In The World who probably shouldn’t have been bothered but comes across campus nevertheless, to my crazy-house. There are still technical problems in the Museum upstairs, so I decide to barrage the Nicest Guy with questions relating to something else he’s not trying to fix at the moment. Meanwhile an Ex-Professor reporting for an out-of-town paper is barraging me with questions about art that I am most likely not qualified to answer. His wife is there and introduces herself to me as “Mrs.”

4:00. I get to step back into the pages of the famous local author who “predicted me” and pretend I’m a character in a book, so much more developed than I really am, and I can code like a superhero and I can listen to brilliant ideas, galaxies of data visualization manifesting before my very eyes, for 60 minutes only, then thrown out of the museum, then picked up to pick up The Toddler.

Noodles for dinner, then rush straight to teach martial arts where I am late and The Famous Physicist/Historian Author Female Role-Model Co-Teacher has already begun leading stretches for our class. I pre-test green-belts for the November 12th test, the date so many people are testing for new belts that they are calling it “Judgment Day” at the dojang. The Toddler comes with me and I give him a small hair pomade jar full of pennies that occupies him for a good 45 minutes before he and the students begin distracting each other.

Home to the internet, populating a new media communication center for an out-of-state art museum, eating white rice because the diabetes is gone for the time being, and oh yeah, I gotta write an article. And my mind is completely blank.

Score: 424