

False alarm



Considering the topic of this blog one could assume that I am about to write a post about a Bart Simpson-esque student deciding to pull the fire alarm or set a trash can on fire for a gag, then get caught by police and dragged before a judge to learn that the story dad or grandpa told him about the things he did in his school days are not just considered not funny these days but actually a crime worthy of a hefty fine and/or community service.

Well, I'm not going to tell that story. Instead this is about the trick-or-treaters who missed out on our house for the hour we took out of this evening to check up on my grandmother. Things started out normal enough. She called and the one she wanted to talk to was in the bathroom, so she said to have her call her back. No problem, and thank- {click}. Sigh. My grandmother always hangs up immediately following her last word. When she's done, she's done. So, when the call is attempted to be returned- no answer. Okay, maybe *she's* in the bathroom this time. Try again- nope. And again. Nada. Keeps trying, and panic arises. You see, my grandmother is 86 and I'm told was having some chest pains earlier today. Okay, time to go over to her apartment to see if she's all right, still attempting to make contact on the way. We get over there and she is happily in discussion with a pastor who also sells household goods, I guess for extra income. She loves the products he sells, or rather *sold*, as apparently he is quitting that line of business.

So, long story short (everybody now: *TOO LATE!* ☹) what happened is she unplugged the phone she had in her living room because it had too many cords and one of the buttons sticks. That left her with her bedroom phone, which wouldn't be a problem since her apartment is pretty small except she had the

ringer turned off so she wouldn't be woken up when asleep. Doh! We hooked back up her phone, explaining to her that she could still take calls even if she couldn't dial any number with a 3 in it, and that I would be happy to get her a new phone ASAP. No more troubles with not being able to call her I hope.

Okay, we return and only get maybe two more trick-or-treating groups for the rest of the night. Where have they all gone these last few years, seriously? Maybe scares like the latest one of [tainted chocolate candy from China](#) [don't worry unless you're in Canada, [says the company](#)]?

If you really want to hear about my jobs these last couple of days, I think I'm going to have to make you wait until tomorrow. It's 11 now and I'm tired. Good night.