Work And Fun On The 4th

As with last year, I had to work on Independence Day. I usually flip-flop Fridays and Saturdays with a co-worker. This was SUPPOSED to be my Saturday off so I did not feel the need to ask for it off. Sure enough, I was informed that I was going to be closing. Funny thing is, I was told that the worker I alternate days with told the boss that it was indeed her Saturday off…hmmm. When I got to work, I was delighted to discover that we were closing at 7 instead of the 8PM I was scheduled until. However by the time 6PM rolled around, my co-worker and I agreed that we should have closed then. At 6:45, one of our regular customers came in and grabbed a cart. At 7, I locked the door and we waited in the office until the couple was finished.

After finally getting out of the store, I ventured to pick up some friends to check out some AMAZING fireworks. Getting to the site was a great adventure. I was armed with my mapquest directions and Megan had "Vera" with her, so we were sure to arrive with little problems. Before getting out of town, the adventure began. I misjudged the city limits and began to accelerate maybe a mile before acceptable. We did see the state patrolman as we made our way along. He pulled out of his parking location, began to follow us, and I don't know why it took soooo long but he turned on his lights and pulled us over. Megan had brought along some beverages but we were all of legal age and none were open, so we were safe there. The officer asked why I was going so fast and I "innocently" explained that I was not sure where the limits were. We were mere feet from it. However, the generous officer asked when my last violation was (about three years ago) and he sent us on our way.

As we approached our destination, my companions informed me that they had to visit the facilities and to stop at the next available location. We passed a rest area and then came up to

a nice, clean port-a-potty (thankfully, there were no planes in the area in danger of crashing into it). OOPS… did I say that I would not mention this?

After we finally found our friends (which was not too far from the location at which we found the restroom. We watched some GREAT fireworks. I saw something I don't believe I have before. Some began as if a machine gun was being fired, rapidly spurting out in a back-and-forth motion. Really cool.

Around 2AM, it was time to drive back. Coming home was an adventure as well as some fog had developed (pretty thick in spots) but I don't think it added a great deal to our return trip. So about 3.30, I got to bed in preparation for work at 9. But definitely worth a few hours lost.

Hope everyone had a fun and safe holiday weekend.

Any Landing You Can Walk Away From…

is a good landing. At least that is what I've heard. Recently, a pilot flying his Cesna 182 had to make an emergency landing when his engine suddenly failed. After the pilot's attempt to turn the plane around to return to the airport failed, he set down too quickly, hit a fence, and flipped over. Miraculously, the inverted aircraft landed in a field of Port-a-Potties. Reportedly, the plane got three hundred feet in the air, the engine sputtered, and sent the pilot and his passenger on a fast descent. If the pilot did not have to go before he left, I am confident he had to go when he landed. Fortunately, the pilot and his passenger only received a few bumps and bruises and walked away from the

accident.