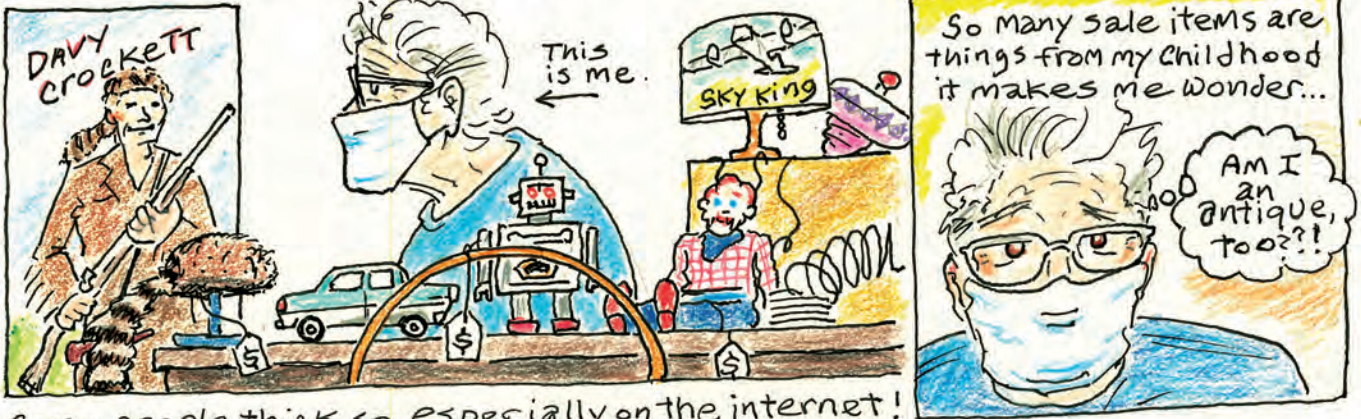


C  VID
Chronicles
2020 ~ 2021

by Roger Dowd

R

Joan loves going into antique stores. ~~~~~> Me...not so much!

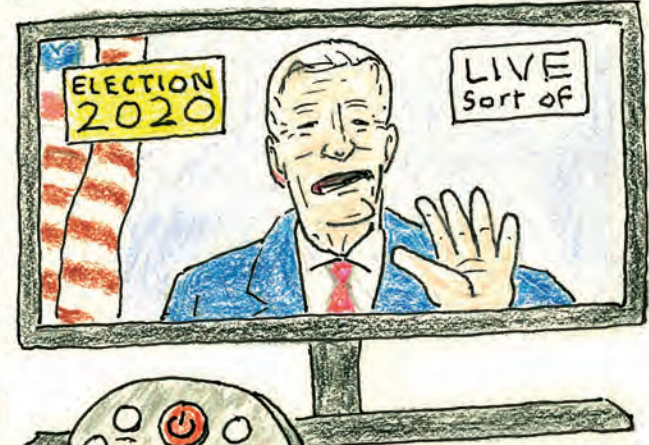


Some people think so, especially on the internet!

That's probably why I get so much spam* about....



Since August 15 Joan and I have been driving around and exploring Webster. It's a big sprawling area. There is Webster, the Village of Webster and, our next destination, West Webster. So far Webster seems to be a Shoppers' Mecca. Would we want to retire here? I don't think so!



I'm so old I remember when SPAM was a good thing... to eat! That was in the last century. Before the internet.



I miss taking Annie for walks. Thanks to her I get away from the television set I really could have used her companionship the other night.

- August 21

Annie was happy to be going back home. We owe a lot of thanks to Nate and his room-mates Josh and Tristan for taking well care of her.



Joan was happy to be going back home, too. She did all the work, from the planning to the provisioning



Over the years, ever since Nate was little, Joan has been the one to do the research on places to stay. Whether it's been through Vrbo or airbnb, we've always made out well.

The landlord of the Brockport rental posted this after we left "They treated it like it was their home. It was sparkling clean when they left." That is to Joan's credit, too. (And, yes, so help me, I did help!) 😊

I think I came down with some kind of COVID-related nervous condition when I was on vacation.

I left my mask in the car!

I shoulda washed my hands!

I shouldn't wear the same mask two days in a row!

I'm in a vulnerable demographic.

Was that 6ft. or less?!

Am I taking my life in my hands using that mens room?!?!?

That person wasn't wearing a mask!

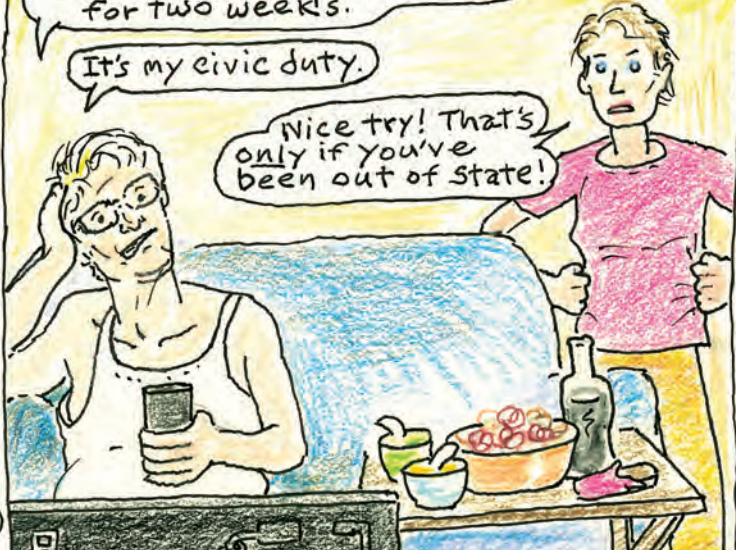
That woman is coughing!



I better self-quarantine for two weeks.

It's my civic duty.

Nice try! That's only if you've been out of state!



What was I thinking?! I better get back into my old routine.

Great! I got some freelance gigs! YAY!



I've got to trim our 8ft. hedges before they get any higher.

Brrrrrdt! Brrrrrdt!

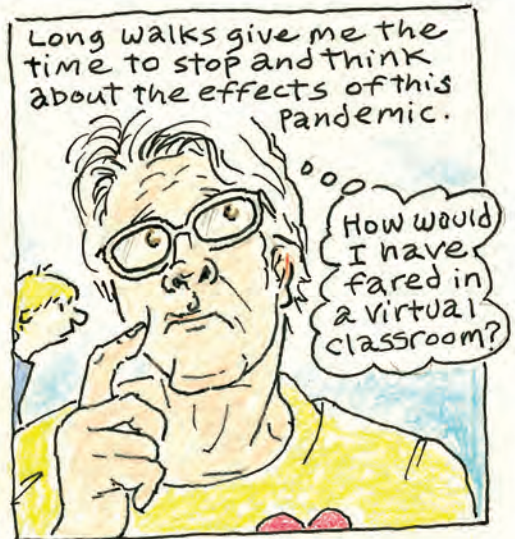
I'll mow the lawn tomorrow.



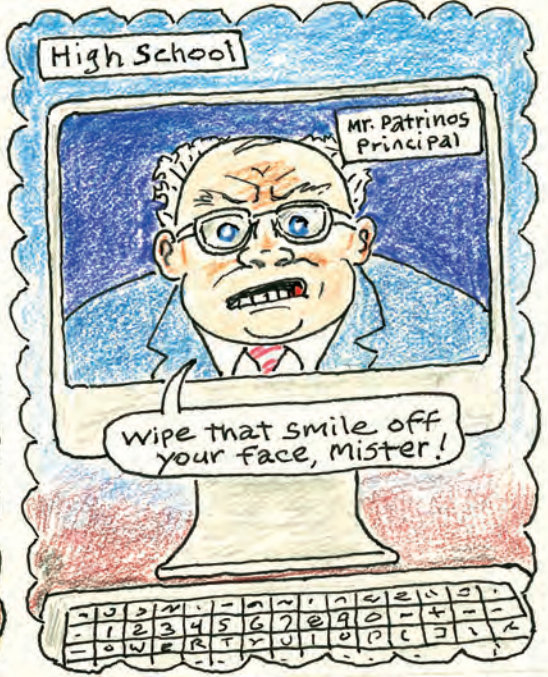
Whew! What a day! I think I'll go for a walk.



To be continued...



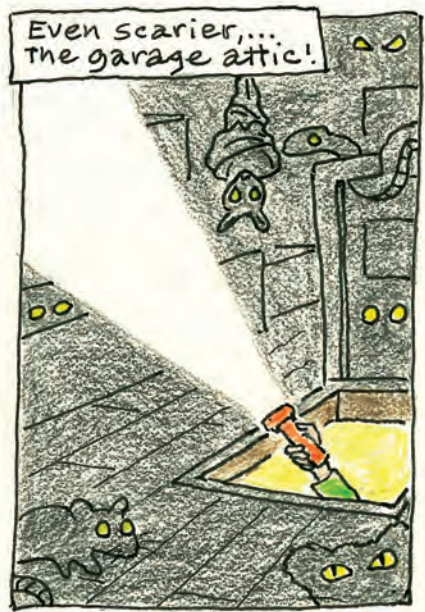
People don't know this. I might have gone to Harvard or MIT. if it hadn't been for my Grade Point Average, SAT Scores and incompletes. I suspect this is how my "virtual learning" would have gone back in my school days...



After twentyeight years in the same house and looking to retire to somewhere nice, Joan and I have been working on "down-sizing". That means having to do some very scary things at times. Things like ...



Looking into the garage!



Even scarier, ... The garage attic!

The good news is, a week from now the Village is having its Fall household cleanup. Almost anything can be thrown out to be hauled away. Decisions! Decisions!!



This was a wedding gift.

Put it out on the curb. Someone might want it.



Do you still want this Jack Lalanne Slim-Fast™ belt, Roger?

No. It doesn't fit me. It's too small. I'll put it out on the curb.



Hey, look! Nate's toy gun.

I'm getting misty.

I just wanted him to experience one of the joys of my childhood.

Let's put it on EBAY!

When it comes to sellable items of value like our Esperanto/English dictionary or Lawrence Welk bubble machine, this is how it usually goes:

- Should we put them on EBAY?
- How about Craigslist?
- What about the Orange County yard sale Website?
- Or maybe we can sell them on Facebook.
- But we have only eight followers. Your family.
- okay. Let's put them out on the curb.



Forget about having a yard sale!! This is how they usually go...

It's yours for a quarter.

Can you come down a little? How about fifteen cents?

25¢

NEWS FLASH!

Just as we were downsizing, a little birdie flew into our lives!

Well, sort of. Joan "The Bird Whisperer" adopted him from a lady who found him outside.



Joan named him Ollie.



The first thing we asked ourselves was...

Did we put the bird cage we had in the garage out on the curb???

To be continued...



Joan and Ollie bonded pretty quickly.

Pretty soon he had the run of the house.



Joan even put tape across our mirrors so he wouldn't fly into them.

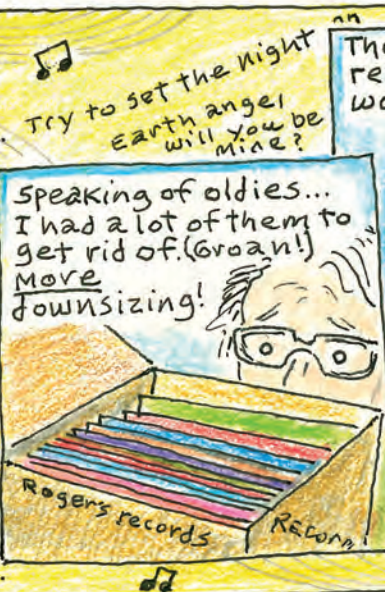
screeeech!

Ollie was/is everywhere!

Humans have been known to slip into the fourth dimension by falling into mirrors. I don't know about para-keets.(???)



Ollie is a rockin' Budgie! He likes to bop to the oldies Joan plays for his pleasure.



Try to set the night Earth angel will you be mine?

Speaking of oldies... I had a lot of them to get rid of. (groan!) More downsizing!



Then I thought my precious record collection might be worth some big bucks!

But, no matter what... Downsizing we MUST!



September 24, 2020 Joan's Toyota would not start!

- We wondered. was it:
- A. The battery or cable?
 - B. The starter?
 - C. The alternator?
 - D. The engine was stolen?



The answer: E. Critters. The edible Soy-wire insulation in many New cars is a taste treat to today's mouse.

I love these!

They're Tasty and gluten-free!

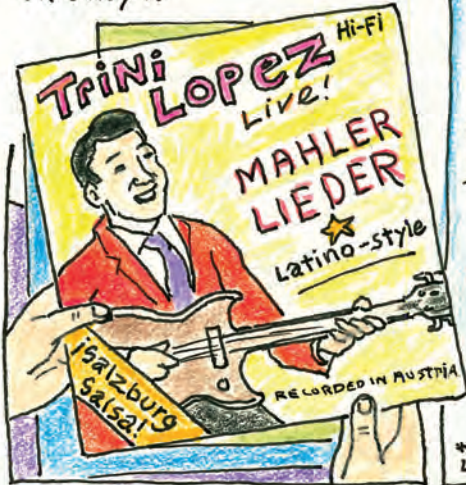
\$940.69 later



Where were the feral cats when we needed them! ??????

To be continued..

Back to downsizing and my record collection...
I was hoping there would still be a market for musical milestones on vinyl.



As a web-savvy fortune hunter, my first move was to go online to see what prices my records might command.

OMG! The prices of LPs* identical to mine were all over the place!!



For example Captain & Tennille's "MuskRat Love" album was selling for \$750 on VinylValhalla.com and only \$7.50 on eBay

can you believe it?!!

*LP: (def.) a long playing record.



I had no choice but to go to a local vintage record store and take my chances

The store was like...uh...a cave! It contained more vinyl than a New Jersey landfill!



Ed, the proprietor, was very friendly...



And informative. Most Boomers like you are trying to get rid of the same records.



The bad news was... your Captain & Tennille record would be worth something...

if it was ultra high-fidelity, had a EK7395287-12B Serial number and the jacket was signed by Elvis!



I'll give you \$180.00 for everything you've got.

It wasn't my dream come true, but at least I have some cash to buy some cool VHS tapes and music CDs!!



Important notice: These examples of vintage musical treasures are intended for educational purposes only and do not necessarily reflect the musical tastes of the author. They are not intended to endorse or promote the musical efforts of the aforementioned artists.

THE END



Today is my Birthday...

but this is a story about three days ago.

I wonder why Joan says I'm starting to Show my age?

12. 17. 20



oh, yeah. I forgot that I told them to get off their playstation and go play outside.

When I was their age I shoveled neighbors' sidewalks for \$\$\$.

Back then only lazy rich people had snowblowers!

And we didn't give snowstorms names!

We sure as heck didn't have Doppler radar!!

Radar was used for detecting Russian war planes !!

As for weather reports nowadays... Don't get me started! 😞

ACCUWEATHER with Billy Bob Slingwell

EPIC SNOWSTORM TO PUMMEL OUR AREA

Doppler radar NOW!

Some really bad shit

stock up on flashlights, booze and chips

yet another 2020 hassle

A moderate pain in the butt

Nothing to whine about

snowflakes that stay on of your nose and eyelashes

Your temperatures

NOW	FEELS LIKE	WINDS
23F°	-47F°	34 MPH SSE

Your elderly aunt's house

Gail's projected path

Your house

Betty and Joe's house

Lake Wobegon

This storm will be the most epic winter storm we've seen since the last one, and will be until the next one!

And now for a LIVE report from Accu meteorologist Pricilla Perky in Middleville...

The National weather service has issued a bad weather advisory for....

DREK NETWORK WEATHER



The snow is really coming down now, Billy Bob!

It's epic!
How's it at the shoreline, Ned?



Awesome, Pricilla! The storm surge is really surging!

Gail is one storm for the books!



I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you the other day. I was just upset by the Epic storm.

By the way, did you hear that it's going to be in the upper 40's tomorrow?

Note: parts of this story are fictionalized, except for the part about my crankiness. I'm happy to report that I've always been cranky. I feel as fit as a whatchamacallit for my age.

What a year it has been!
Let me count the ways...



I'm sure I've forgotten something

I was going to build a Time Machine to get away from it all for awhile...



Then I wondered if there was ever a time on earth when there weren't hardships and catastrophes.

In all of the time travel stories I know of, people either encounter prehistoric creatures or show up at historic events just by dialing a date...



With my luck, I'd end up in the middle of nowhere...



But, I shouldn't be so glib about all this. We lost a friend to COVID, have seen it hit relatives and know the pandemic has harmed many people in many ways.



I'll be grateful just to travel-travel. Christmas is coming and we'll probably spend it with Cathy in New Jersey. Nate will be there, too. I may even bake some gingerbread men.



They will all be wearing masks, of course!

12.10.20

Winter Break, 1967

It was on my first semester break from Pratt that I showed Mom & Dad what I had been studying since September.



It wasn't that they were prudish. They were just shocked to see where my tuition money was going.

They must have also wondered if I would ever be able to make a career out of drawing naked people. I realize now how blessed I was to have loving parents who let me follow a path in art. It was an act of faith for them.

Once upon a time... when I was about fourteen, my mother's friend "Aunt Dot" asked me to draw something for her.



You've such a talented boy! Would you draw me a picture of a seagull on a piling?

She had let us stay at her beach house at the shore. Mom and dad thought it would be a nice way to say "thank you."

I gave it some thought



... and I didn't (!), no matter how much Mom and Dad pleaded with me. After all, I aspired to be a TRUE artist!



I was not about to squander my creative gifts and compromise my artistic values!

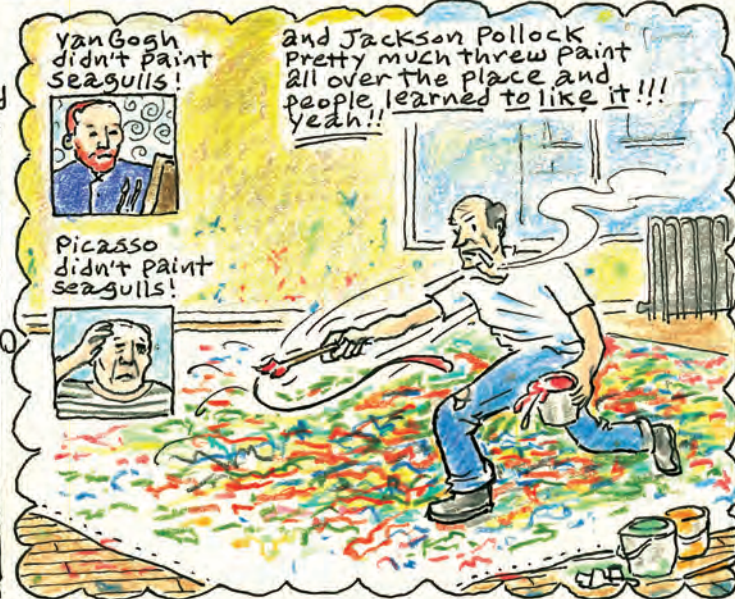
Van Gogh didn't paint seagulls!



Picasso didn't paint seagulls!



and Jackson Pollock pretty much threw paint all over the place and people learned to like it!!! yeah!!



DIG LOMA

After graduating from college I decided to take jobs that would support my life of uncompromised self-expression.

At various times I worked as an art gallery picture framer, messenger and bartender.

The worst, and last of these jobs was as a night shift salesperson in a NY Port Authority bookstore that was a magnet for Times Square fauna...

Derelicts would "browse"; and junkies would come in to nod while shoplifters took advantage of the distractions.



It was there that I had an epiphany, sort of.



Poverty wasn't glamorous and I could probably make more money for the same number of hours elsewhere!!!

Three years later I was working in a New York advertising agency.

Roger: The client wants us to launch a new Ad campaign. The core concept will revolve around a seagull on a piling.

ART DEPT.



The rest is history.

These are just a bunch of cartoons on a page. But to insure security here on the web, I must ask you to click on the box below.

I am not a robot



The symbol of vigilance proceed to the next security question before seeing my thought provoking stuff.

Select all squares that contain scales.



ERROR!
Let's try that again, shall we?!



Select all squares that contain feathers.



You just can't be too careful on the Internet these days. That's why I've gone back to basics with my journals and don't have a blog or Twitter account. Why, just today I saw this pop-up...

Here at my kitchen table with my paper, pens and colored pencils I can speak the TRUTH without fear!



Even my drawings of adorable kids cuddling cute kittens don't have EXIF (Exchangeable Image File Format) data embedded in them.



Firefox BLOCKED A FINGERPRINTER ON THIS PAGE!
Fingerprinters collect pieces of uniquely identifiable information about your device and track you.

whew! That was close!!

TWEEDLE DEE DEE BEEP! TWEEDLE DEE DEE...BEEP BEEP!



What next!? Am I going to have to send my weekly missives out via snail mail and written in cursive? Yeah! That's it! That's what I'm going to do!!! I'm also...



Who can forget the MAGIC 8 BALL that looked like its namesake except that it was bigger and functioned as an oracle?



No matter, great or small, was outside its purview.

You'd ask it a question about the future as you shook it up and down vigorously.



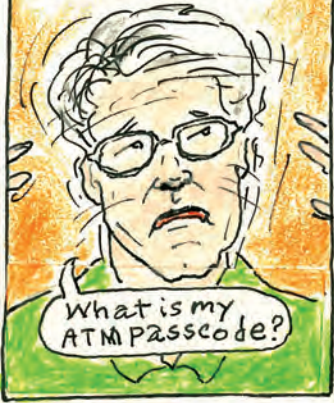
Will girls ever like me?!

And in a few seconds, like magic, the answer would appear in the 8 Ball window...



Hey!! Who bumped my elbow!?!?

Lately, my mind seems to work the same way. I might just need to shake my head more vigorously to remember things.



What is my ATM passcode?



THINK HARDER

What the @!#!% is my freakin' ATM passcode?!



Uh oh! This is the worst thing that happens! When no answer floats to the surface!!

3.9.21
I had my first COVID-19 vaccination last week (YAY!) It went like this...



Mr. Dowd, have you had any flu-like symptoms in the past five days?

What?!

REGISTER HERE

HAVE YOU HAD ANY FLU-LIKE SYMPTOMS IN THE PAST FIVE DAYS!?!?

No.

Yeah. My hearing is going, too. 😞



The shot itself went easily enough.

I was certainly glad to get it!

Then they herded me and others to a big waiting area where they told us to rest for fifteen minutes. We were monitored for adverse side effects. I felt like I was at a Geezer convention! But then... OMG!!... they were all Baby Boomers just like me! 😞



WAITING AREA

Stay 6ft Apart

When my time was up, I got up and left...



Are you alright, sir? You seem to be shaking your head and talking to yourself a lot.

What?!



Unfortunately, we will be moving away soon. So, daily home food deliveries are out of the question.



On second thought... Perfecting myself can wait until we get to Brockport.



* In the meantime, I'll stick to my daily regimen of meds, keep my hearing aids tuned to "high" and thank my lucky stars for every healthy day I have.

July 21, 2021

We lost our sweet gentle Annie today. In the morning she started to lose the use of her hind legs. By the time we got her to the one vet in the area that was able to attend to her on an emergency basis we had to carry her in a blanket.

She had been staying with Nate in his apartment and was enjoying the company of her brother ☺, his roommates Josh & Tristan, and familiar surroundings after months of coping with strangers, packing and moving.

It was heartbreaking to see her leave this world. But, at least she was with her family until she closed her eyes for the last time.

We will always cherish her memory and feel blessed to have loved - and been loved - by her.



Annie's last paw print (not a drawing)



These cartoons don't do her justice. They are just snapshots from earlier Journal entries. Annie was a big part of our recent family chronicles. We just wish she could be with us in our new life and surroundings.

Yes, we vacated our Goshen home on July 11th **BUT...**

- We didn't have a closing date.
- We didn't know if our new townhouse would be available for occupancy on the date promised.
- In the meantime all of our possessions were to be held in storage until who-knew-when and we could get a C.F.O. (certificate of occupancy) for our new digs. 😞

■ Not only that, we could not take ollie with us!



The townhouse management would accept 70lb. dogs like Annie but not 1.4 oz Budgies. Happily, he was adopted by a nice family.

All we could do was hit the road in our two cars and activate our Saint Christopher apps.*



* Not available to infidels. For Catholics only.

We stayed at Cathy's in New Jersey for a week. She and Trooper were the perfect hosts! Annie enjoyed the visit, too!



After our time at Cathy's we headed up to Brockport and stayed at the Best Western hotel. Our townhouse wouldn't be ready for occupancy until the 23rd

IF

everything went according to plan. It was a very big "IF".

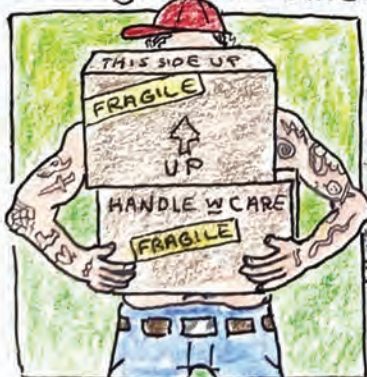
While Annie stayed with Nate, Joan and I unwound from more than five months of exhausting packing and moving by watching TV, eating and sleeping.



I did, anyway. Poor Joan... not so much. She is the family planner and worrier.

JULY 23RD

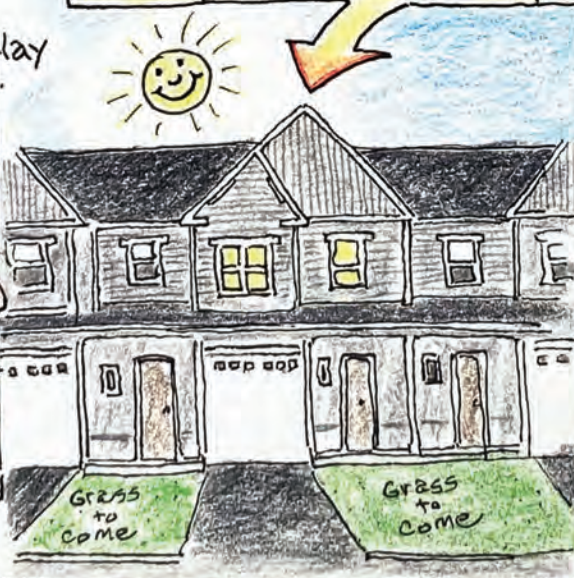
MOVE IN DAY: There was only a two hour delay waiting for the C.F.O.



Our Movers turned out to be great!



109 LedgeStone Pass, Brockport: our new abode!



THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES!

Nate's nearby. We just wish Annie & ollie were still with us.