Ark Ark Ark

Posted on May 16, Posted by Lois Lowry Category Uncategorized

I am altogether tired of ark jokes, now that New England has entered its umpteetnth day of rain and there are floods everywhere. Worst, they say, in 70 years.

I had intended to go to the nursery today to buy plants for replenishing the garden, but of course it has been too miserable to go anywhere. So I have turned my attention to my desk (see picture) and its unending mess, much worse than the garden.

And here is what I done so far today:

(This is all a sort-of answer to the FAQ "Can you decribe a typical work day?")

I gasped when I counted the number of unreconciled bank statements in a big stack leaning on the side of my scanner. Eleven. I am pathetic with my procrastination. Today I did 5 of the 11 and felt moderately virtouous.

I answered a lot of mail, including five notes from high school friends wondering why I wasn't in New York for our 50th reunion. (I was in Pittsburgh).

I read an e-mail from my close friend Jean who said, *"What do you think of the NYT's list of the best books of the last 25 years? I'm horrified that I've hardly read any of them."*
and that made me look up the list, and contemplate how few I'd read, and then I had to sit in a dull stupor for a few minutes, feeling illiterate.

Then I stared for a long time at an email that said, in full:

can u send me some facts on the book the messenger?

Then I stared for a while at this one:

*My english teacher told us we could get 100
more points if we mail you our projects to the author we were asigned. I just
would like to know your house adress, if you don't mind.*

(The fact is, I DO mind. And so does my mailman.)

I then picked up, once again, and stared at, once again, the statement from Fidelity that tells me I have $.04 in an account I thought I had closed last fall. I cannot bring myself to dial the phone number to get an account representative in order to ask what to do about four cents. The people who answer those phone calls always sound about twelve years old, so I would like to suggest that he could have my four cents and start saving toward a yo-yo or some bubble gum. Instead, I simply moved that particluar set of papers to the bottom of the pile.

I went to the door to let the dog out because he indicated that he wanted to go out. He looked at the rain and changed his mind.

I looked through a White Flower Farm catalogue after receiving a lovely gift certificate to White Flower Farm from a group of Harvard students for whom I had done a very small favor. But I am indecisive. Do the perennial snapdragons really come back every year? Would the delphiniums really be that tall, and that blue? So the WFF catalogue has gone back to the pile

for further consideration.

I sent a note of regret and a signed photo to a little girl whose mom wanted me to come to South Carolina for her middle school graduation next week.

I emailed both my lawyer son and my lawyer stepson because I was outraged by the wording of a photo release an orgnaization asked me to sign. Both replied that of course it was a ridiculous release, though likely harmless. My stepson pointed out that I could always cross out the phrases that would allow the organization to alter, edit, peddle or deface my likeness. My son, on the other hand, suggested that it might be amusing if they put Paris Hilton's head on my body and sold it to The Star. I put the release back on the pile for further consideraton.

I tried to let the dog out again. He changed his mind again.

I emailed my older daughter with congratulations on her fabulous grades as she nears the end of her Master's in Criminal Justice. I spent a few minutes wondering what it will be like to have a close and dear relative who is an expert at forensic psychology and profiling. What kind of profile does a person deserve who has read practically none of the 25 best books of the past 25 years?

I emailed thanks to my younger daughter who has volunteered to come to the farm for a weekend and help out with some barn-cleaning...specifically the section we call the "theater" where the small grandchildren put on shows a la Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. THE LIVELY VIRTUOSO THEATER ARTS COMPANY, FOUNDED 2003 is the sign that currently hangs over the stall door where the performances take place. Costumes from last summer's performance of "The Princess and the Evil King" are on the floor, getting moldy. And the signs that instruct the audience BOO and HISS and APPLAUSE are frayed at the edges. And the Green Room needs work.

Dog again. False alarm again.

And then I tok an umbrella and went off to tape two interviews, one with Boston's "Here and

Now" and the other with NPR's "All Things Considered."

Then I came home and cooked dinner: lamb chops.

And the rain has stopped. HERE COMES THE SUN! Just in time for a sunset. The dog is outside, peeing and peeing and peeing. I suppose the ants think it is still raining.

Tags: Untagged