

Magus

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Seattle is ranked as the #1 place in the United States to live. I have no idea what the ranking criteria might be, but I am sure that Seattle will fail those criteria soon. The growth here is on the edge of ludicrous. Little did Daf and I suspect that we were setting a trend for the rest of California to emulate. It is hard to read the newspaper here without seeing an article or story about the California invasion. The news that Seattle was ranked as the #1 city was met with no small amount of local anger. We know, but we surely don't want Californians to hear about what a great place Seattle is.

Well, it is too late now. Daf and I were very lucky in coming up here when we did. Less than two years later the housing market has already priced itself out of our pocketbook. We, being from California (don't tell the neighbors) were surprised at how little we needed to pay for our house. Now, we would not have been surprised at all, and we would still be renting.

Halloween and it was dark by five thirty (or earlier), the weather is clear and cool. I hear the sound of goblins (and the barking of our dog) but no one has come to the door. Just as well, Daf just went off to get the treats. I have nothing to buy the little people off with, so I fear tricks will be my fare. I hope she gets back soon, the dog has stopped barking (probably because I brought her into the house) and the night draws on. Of course, the goblins don't run loose as they did when I was in their ranks. These days there are parents out sharing the walk. And since it is still in the range of getting home from work time, and since most parents insist on a few minutes break between getting home and going back out, the chances are that I won't have to give out treats before Daf returns. Actually, she ought to be back by now. I have started the second load of laundry since she left. And I didn't start the first load until I had my own break after getting home from work.

We aren't camping out any more. The carpet man came and finished off the carpet job. The couch and the table and chairs we ordered from the consumer's club we joined finally arrived, and the place looks like real people live here. As well as the carpet and the furniture, we also have two new kittens. That brings the cat population up to six. The two new ones are another pair of brothers. Daf has named them Troy and Carat. Troy is a pale gold fluffball and Carat is a darker gold (equally fluff) ball.

Winston was the only one to greet them with any sort of warmth. Turns out they were born into a family with dogs, so they took to her, too. The rest of the cats were really bent out of shape that we would bring strange kittens into their house. The older cats still hiss on sight, but the older kittens have gotten over their original hissing, and have gotten to the point where they lick the new ones clean and sleep all in a tangle of kitten people.

1987 AL Euro Style Spring 1913

Both draws were defeated. Now we have F/T, F/G, F/G/T, and F/G/T/R draws to vote on.

1987 AL Euro Style Spring 1914

FRA (Rick Kohman 11) A PIE-Tya(fails), A VEN-Tri(fails),
A BUR-Bel(fails), F WES S F MID, F Pic-ENG, A TRI-Bud(fails),
F ADR S A VEN-Tri, F GRE-Aeg(fails), F ALB-Ion(fails),
F MID S F Pic-ENG, A Bre-PIC, A PAR S A Bre-PIC
GER (Bob Slossar 15) A TYA S A VIE(cut), A LVN S A WAR,
F BEL S F NTH(cut), A VIE S A TYA, A STP S A LVN, F NTH S F BEL,
F BAL C A Pru-DEN, F NAT H, A GAL S A BUD, A Ser H(dsl; R OTB),
A BUD S A Ser(cut), A Pru-DEN, A WAR S A GAL, A RUH S F BEL,
A MUN S A TYA
RUS (Jim Burgess 3) A Ukr-RUM, A SEV S A Ukr-RUM
TUR Larry Botimer 5) A Rum-SER, A BUL S A Rum-SER,
F BLA-Rum(fails), F ION S F AEG-Gre(cut), F AEG-Gre(fails)

Larry to Bob: I notice you didn't mention anything about voting the last couple of F/Gs. At least you have a little integrity.

Bob-Rikko: The 70's weren't all bad, how about the rescue of the Mayasuez(sic) crew? How about how good we felt when Nixon won?

Steve-Rikko: How about 'Heavy Metal' (the Graphic magazine), how about the Batman comics, how about 'Charlie's Angels'? Hey, I never said I was very deep.

Bo(t)-Rikko: Simple, the early 70's were the pre-feud era of the Hobby and the days when everyone understood "stream of consciousness" press.

Bo(t) - GM: Stalemate lines exist only in the mind.

SMYRNA: The grand mosque falls silent as the prayers of the faithful are over. Two aging Armenians walk away into the twilight and one remarks, "That's the last time I get stoned with a Russian who drinks rotgut vodka."

The other mutters, "So that's how we managed to wake up in a mosque."

Steve-Rikko: How about the birth of my daughter, Megan? The 70's did some things right.