

Retirement Journal: Day 3

The dogs threw up last night. All three of them. But it's a beautiful day and I hum as I tackle the garage clean up. It's my third day of retirement and even this beats working.

I sprinkle cat litter across the garage floor and get down the shovel while the dogs look on. After ten minutes of shoveling, I sweep. My enthusiasm wanes but I'm still convinced that this is better than working.

As I re-hang the broom, the cat mews softly from her perch on top of my car. My eyes swing to her litter box. Full. It's my husband's task, but what the heck. I have the time now that I'm retired. And, really, this is better than working. Isn't it?

I carry the litter box to the edge of the driveway where the sun hasn't yet cleared the morning frost. A mistake. But luckily I'm able to hold the box level as my feet fly into the air and I land on my back. I lie there trying to recall anything like this ever happening at the office.

When I'm able to breathe again, I struggle to my feet, still holding the full litter box. The car follows me, trilling in concern over my careless handling of her box. I ask myself, "Is this better than working?"

Back in the garage, I put down the box and pull yesterday's paper from the recycle bin. I turn to the classifieds.