

9 Feb 12

The question^(s) I must ask in changing circumstances will in the most part, determine my re-action to them.

To wit: after several years of doing my own time sans work assignments, all of a sudden I get assigned to work at the chow-hall?

Really? My only stressor is the incessant chattering of two-hundred men at breakfast! So much so that I would often miss breakfast — as well as my lunch bag — because I just didn't want to face fifteen minutes of sitting in that noisy hall! And now I'm the first one in there and the last one out — sitting through not only two-hundred noise makers, but rather three waves of two-hundred! Really?

Okay. It's only two hours in the morning from 0600-0800. I have ear-plugs and I can use the time to catch-up on my reading. The novelty of seeing me sitting in the chow-hall will hopefully wear out soon enough and I won't be inclined to flirt with the freaks who proffer their greetings. You'd think their provoking my proclivity to flirt would prevent them from attracting my attention — wouldn't you?

We shall see how this goes I suppose. Hell, I was dying of boredom anyway!