

The

Rules

Of

Jo

20 Rules for My Life
By Slackerjo

The Rules of Jo



Things you will get out of
this book:

Jo is super freakin' awesome!

Jo is an awesome freak!

A little bit of both!

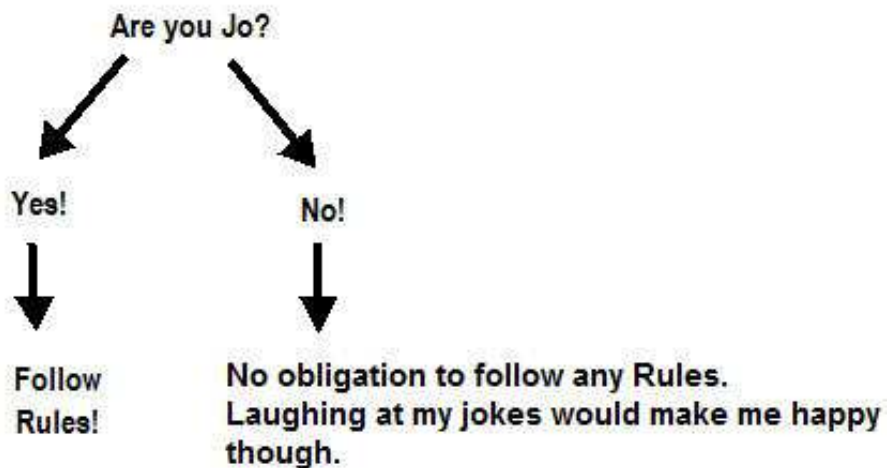
Note: I look like this 24/7.
Even while cleaning the
toilet.

Why All the Rules?

Sometimes I do really stupid things. I do not want to do stupid things again but often I repeat said stupid thing. I suppose it is human nature to be stupid. Or my nature? In my illogical stupid mind I have convinced myself if I force myself to create a rule I will actually follow through. If I make some vague statement it never sticks. For some reason if I make it a rule, I magically find the discipline to follow it. Like I before E except after C. But in life.

The Rules Of The Rules of Jo?

Only Jo has to follow The Rules of Jo.



About Slacker Jo

Why is your name Slacker Jo?

I love to slack and just veg or read or daydream. But tedious life chores can get in the way of slacking. So I try to be efficient so I have more time for slacking. It's the whole "a stitch in time saves nine" principle which is ironic because my sewing skills are sub par at best.

Embrace Slackerdom. Make your own rules!

A Few Words About Grammar And Formatting

I am breaking the rules of grammar and capitalizing the first letter in each word of each rule because they are Rules To Be Followed And They Shall Be Announced With All Forcefulness* Of A Capital Letter Using Command.

**Is forcefulness even a word?*

I thought about using cool fonts and neat colours but then I decided that *The Rules of Jo* is a no-nonsense plain text, crayon generated stick figure kind of document.

A Few Words About The Use Of "We" and "I"

When I say "we" in this book I do not mean "you, but not really me." I totally mean "you and I" cause the reason I made up these rules was to avoid repeating dumb things that I have done in the past. So when I say "we are lazy shits" I mean "I am a lazy shit." But I also mean "you are a lazy shit." We are both lazy shits.

Rule #1 - Don't Start Activity B Until You Have Cleaned Up After Activity A

I wish I could take credit for this brilliant insight but truth be told, I observed this behavior at a daycare. When outside playtime was almost done, the children were instructed to put their toys back in bins or on shelves. The children knew exactly where to put things and the whole process took no more than five minutes.

If anything, cleaning up after Activity A teaches you the valuable life skill that one is responsible for cleaning up one's own messes. Surely if a four year old can master this skill, so can I. Frankly, when you live in a small space you are better off doing this otherwise your space just becomes a 450 square foot laundry basket.

Rule # 2 - Negative Comments About Diet Coke And Poodles Are Not Welcome

It's not really about the Diet Coke and the Poodles. It's the compulsive urge to provide unsolicited arrogant advice when you start spouting off some junk science about diet pop or how you want to kick a poodle.

While you think you are a caring, informed person, in my mind, you come across as a complete douchebag.

Why would you want to kick the beloved/cherished/loving/adorable/unconditional love giving

family pet that you HAVE YOU NEVER MET because someone else's poodle was a bit yappy? Really why would you say this to someone you just met? Or even a close friend? Perhaps you might want to kick my brother Mike even though you have not met him? After all, if you ask his wife, she will tell you that he has many of the same qualities as the above-mentioned poodle.

Note: Unlike the poodle, Mike refrains from drinking from the toilet.

The is Diet Coke thing can be tiresome because I constantly have to justify a habit when people offer advice that is poorly researched (if researched at all) and it is very annoying when you offer advice approximately 3.4 seconds after meeting me. You know nothing about me. It's been 3.4 seconds! How can you amass enough information about my health (excellent) and lifestyle in 3.4 seconds? You can't. Instead, you come across as a phony, impulsive, know-it-all smartypants. Nobody really likes a know-it-all smartypants. Nobody!

So I guess this rant *is* about the Poodles and the Diet Coke. I am an adult. I am not mainlining crack or setting houses on fire for kicks. I make choices on my own and I don't need your advice. Shut up.

Rule #3 - Jo Does Not Weigh Herself

My family is a stocky clan and we weigh probably 20-25 pounds more than we look. I used to obsessively weigh myself and I would get so discouraged. If I was dieting, I

could tell I was losing weight, my clothes were loose and I looked thinner but the numbers on the scale never really told the truth. One day, back in 1998 I decided to give up weighing myself. I left my scale in the laundry room of my building and never looked back. Or down. The only time I step on a scale is during my annual physical. I close my eyes and ask the nice medical professional to write down my weight. I am sure they also write something about my mental state but I don't care.

Rule # 4 - Make Your Lunch And Lay Out Your Clothes And Pack Your Bag The Night Before Work

Folks, it's a minefield out there. But instead of actual mines, that field is filled with many many wonderful distractions. It's like some sort of rigged board game.



I don't want to play this game. It does not appear to be very much fun.

Rule # 5 - Make Your Bed Every Day!

Even if I am sick I make my bed.

It makes your bedroom look nice. At the end of the day when you are dead tired, you have a nice made bed to slip into.

I work in tech support and since I fix broken shit all day, there is a never-ending Sisyphean stream of broken. After a while when all you deal with is the broken, there is little sense of accomplishment. While you fix something, there will be just another person calling about something else that is broken. After a while, it can get you down, especially when the same person is going to call back the next day with the exact same problem because they failed to listen to your advice. There are days I think people are purposely going out of their ways to intentionally break things. It can be depressing always having to fix other people's mistakes because they are being dumbasses.

I am aware of the Sisyphean irony of making the bed. The bed is made, then it gets slept in and is unmade and must be made again.

I suppose I follow this rule to maintain a bit of control in my life. I control my bed-making destiny. I make it. I mess it up. I remake it. I am not at the mercy of someone else's dumbassness.

Rule # 6 - Try To Move Every Day

Bike walk, take the stairs, swim. Something! I do this so I am not walking with a cane when I am 60 50. We live in a society of plenty and we (remember I include myself in this 'we') are getting fatter every day. Crap food is cheap, delicious and plentiful and we have no problem rationalizing that we deserve it. At this rate, I can see a 300lbs individual being the norm in a few years.

I try my best with this rule and I know if I were to look at my Rules of Jo Report Card, it would look like this:

RoJ Report Card	
Department of Permanent Record	
Name: Slackerjo	Subject: Try To Move Every Day
Date: Oct 2012	Grade/Comments: B- Needs Improvement

Recently I lost about 40lbs (yes, I know, rule #3. I estimated my weight loss based on dropping 2-3 sizes). I am proud of finally getting my fitness shit together in my forties.

The reason I follow this rule is pretty sad. I am bit vain. I like that I can run up the stairs at home or work and not pass out. I bike to work because I have that wonderful freedom of being an 8-year-old again. Why would I give it up? Because I am an adult and adults are soberminded

responsible people possibly wearing business suits as they stroll into the office texting on their smart phones? No thanks!

Crazy things I do because I try to move every day.

- Bike to work thus saving lots of money.
- Climbed on my brother's roof to fix the satellite dish. **Bonus:** Making brother CRAZY because I climbed on his roof to fix his dish. It was a beautiful sunny day and I stretched out on the roof for 10 minutes and looked at clouds.
- Not groaning when I bend down to tie my shoes.
- Not replacing my clothes every few months because they are too tight.
- Lifted 50+lbs standard poodle into the tub for a bath.
- Swimming laps without having to stop to catch my breath.

It's so easy to succumb to the LAZY and become a motionless blob but I don't want to be that person.

Rule # 7 - Do Something That IS Difficult And Requires Self Discipline

Life is hard in the 21st century but then again; it's also REALLY easy.

We have the internet, access to so much food we are becoming a nation of fatties. We have antibiotics that keep

us alive past the age of 43. Most adults are allowed to vote. I did not spend my life pumping out baby after baby until I mercifully died at age 39 after my 17th pregnancy.

So, that being said, we also have modern roadblocks like the never ending stream of technology, communication, spoiled children, spouses, parents, jerk bosses, keeping up with the Jones, terrorist threats, a shaky economy, and the list goes on. There are challenges, but really, most of us are lucky enough to be born in a rich country have it pretty darn good.

It's easy to get sucked into the life of ease and luxury we live. The more we have, the more we crave the next thing, whether a gadget, a car, a whirlwind vacation, or an exciting adventure. What about trying something that is difficult and in order to accomplish this goal you must exercise self-discipline?

I think that because we have so much handed to us in life, we have lost some of our ability to follow a task through from start to finish. The self-discipline muscle needs to be flexed every once in a while.

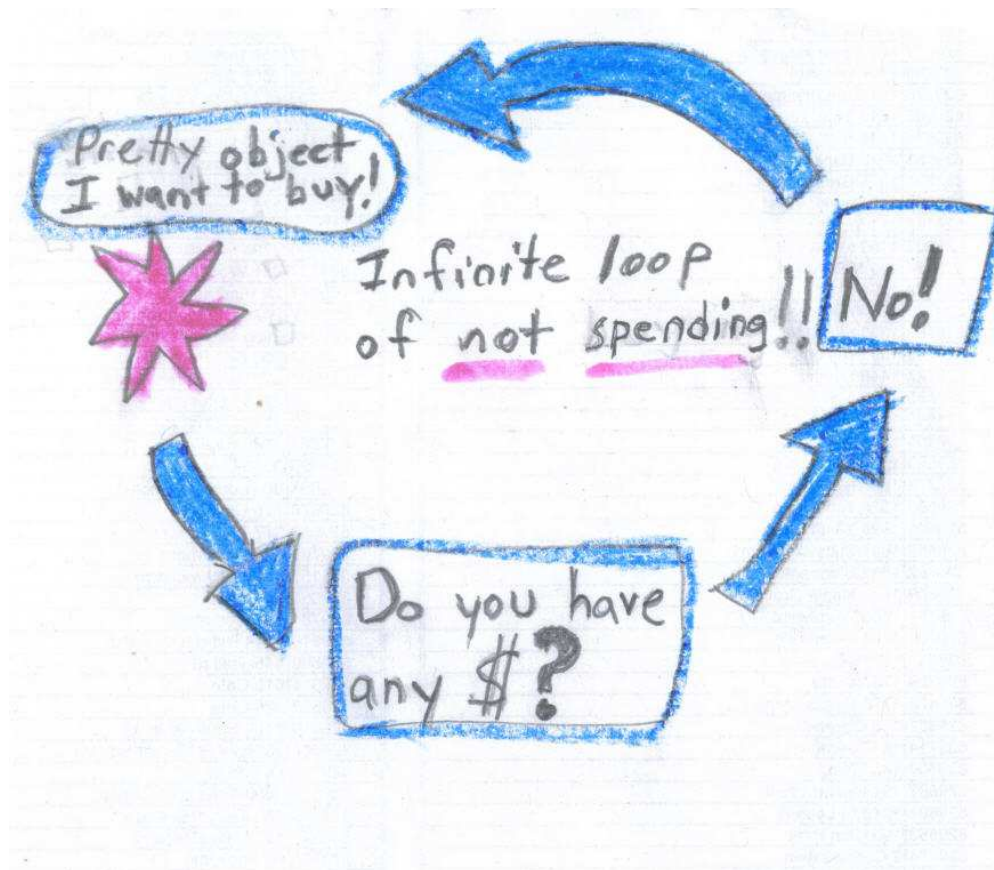
The "something" that is difficult and requires self-discipline does not have to be an epic project. You don't have to write a best selling book, or fix the economy or remodel the entire house. How about trying to write a book, saving \$1000 or painting the kitchen. Baby steps folks!

In September 2012, I celebrated my 600th book review. It took me over 6 years to write 600 book reviews. I never said, "I'm going to write 600 book reviews." If I had said that I probably would have over thought the whole process and paralyzed myself with fear and doubt. Instead I sat down and I wrote one review. Then I finished a second book and wrote a second review. I did this for 6 years, even though sometimes I wanted to stop, and here we are 600 reviews later. So what was the point of writing 600 book reviews you ask? The point is that I like to write and this project gave me an opportunity to write *something on my own terms*. I will admit some of the writing is not very good but I stuck with it and I am sure that my writing improved. When you perform a task, whether it is short or long term, that requires attention, focus and diligence, you may find yourself using these virtues in other aspects of your life.

Yes, it's true, doing something difficult will make you a better person. I have never met a person who did something really really hard and did not benefit from the experience.

Rule # - 8 Do NOT Bring Money To Work

I can't spend it if I don't have it.
That is all.



Rule #9 - Back up Socks. Always!

One pair at your desk.
One pair in your car or bag.

I hate spending the whole day with wet cold feet. Dry socks make everything right in the world. Ask anyone who has ever fought a war.

Tip! Replace back up socks right away. Do not pass go, do not collect \$200.

Rule #10 - The Alarm Clock Shall Be On The Opposite Side Of the Room As the Bed

1. Snooze button is out of reach.
2. Alarm goes off. I loathe the sound of the mindless chatter by morning radio people.
3. To silence the mindless chatter of morning radio people I have to get up and walk across the room and press the off button.
4. Therefore I am up. Dammit, now I have to pee!
5. Snooze button has been defeated.

Tip! Set the alarm right away for the next morning. Unless the next morning is your day off, then relish in the joy of nonsettingness of the alarm.

Rule #11 - One In One Out Rule

I have some oven mitts that are over 9 years old and are covered with burn marks, green paint, as well as more than a few unknown food substances. They live inside a cupboard because they are ugly.

My 20 year old hand blender that is held together with electrical tape. My clothes rack is held together with a ~~shoelace~~ shoelaces. 80% all my furniture (yeah I did the math) is used or from the garbage. My cell phone is from the distant past, 2007.

I can well afford to replace these items, but why?

Because I don't want to add to the problem.

I hate to see perfectly good stuff go into a landfill. I see this waste every day living in Canada. Canada is a rich country, and frankly we are more than a little arrogant with our waste. We have a lot of money to spend and this leads to waste. Sadly people see a slight scratch on a piece of furniture or they grow bored of the item, out it goes.

Insert side rant here! I really really really REALLY hate it when people put stuff curbside with a sign that says "free" even though the weather forecast is for two straight days of monsoon like rain. I am sure people are just lining up to pick up the mess of rain soaked furniture from your curb. What the hell is wrong with you?

Rather than adapting something for a new use or donating it to charity, to the curb it goes to be crushed in a garbage truck, lost forever to the dump.

My efforts may be a drop in the bucket but at least am not filling up the bucket.

Rule #12 - My Home Is A Paper Towel Free Zone

I don't think I have ever purchased a roll of paper towels in my life. People think I dislike them because they are bad for the environment. I think compared to the other crap that goes into the landfill, paper towels are hardly a threat to Mother Earth.

I am really cheap and the reason I don't use paper towels is that there is little return on my investment. You pay \$4 or whatever the hell paper towels cost and you wipe up a spill and then throw it away. No more paper towel. I just feel cheated when something runs out after one use. A ratty T-shirt cut into rag lasts for years.

Rule #13 - Thou Shall Rinse Out Thy Bathing Suit In Cold Water

My Mom was obsessed with this rule growing up. The way it was explained to me, if I failed, even once, to rinse out my bathing suit, bad things would happen. Bad things that may affect our family and possibly Europe's financial stability and freedom!

Here is a typical rinse out your bathing suit conversation totally *exactly* like it happened when I was 7, circa 1974.

Mom: Go upstairs and rinse out your bathing suit.

Me: (*probably whining*) But I want to wear it. It's comfortable and I might run through the sprinkler later.

Mom: Tell that to the starving orphans in Poland. Behind the IRON CURTAIN OF COMMUNISM.

Me: Are they starving because I don't want to rinse my bathing suit?

Mom: They don't have bathing suits! Or pools! Or anything nice. Like puppies.

Me: I like puppies. Is Alex (*family poodle #2*) going to have puppies?

Mom: (*agitated*) Your bathing suit is drying. It's going to start fading at any moment. You must rinse it now. Are you trying to bankrupt this family?

Me: If I run through the sprinkler isn't that kinda like rinsing it?

Mom glares at me with a murderous expression.

Me: I'll be upstairs rinsing.

SUMMARY

Communism = increase in orphans.

Communism = decrease in access to pools and puppies.

Extra bathing suit purchases = possible family insolvency.

I follow this rule mainly out of **FEAR**.

Note: In hindsight, I suspect bathing suits, pools and puppies were available in Poland even during the Communist Era. I think Mom's research was spotty at best and subject to wild exaggeration.

Rule # 14 - Never Carry A Purse. They Are Evil!

Many years ago, back in 1978, when I was 11, my Mom and I visited friends in Cupertino, California.

It was a very long trip involving three airports. My Mom was convinced that Air Canada would lose our luggage (they did not) so she made sure I had several changes of clothes in my carry on bags. She also insisted I be a proper lady and carry a purse. So there I was struggling through the Calgary airport desperately trying to find a cart. Loaded down with a gym bag crammed with stuff, a purse crammed with stuff and another carry on bag, yup, crammed with stuff. The carry on bag and the purse were slung across my neck, rubbing my skin raw and practically choking me. I'm pretty sure Allied paratroopers carried less when they jumped into France during WWII.

I was 11, and I don't think I weighed 100lbs but the stuff I was carrying sure did.

It was during that trip that I decided the following things:

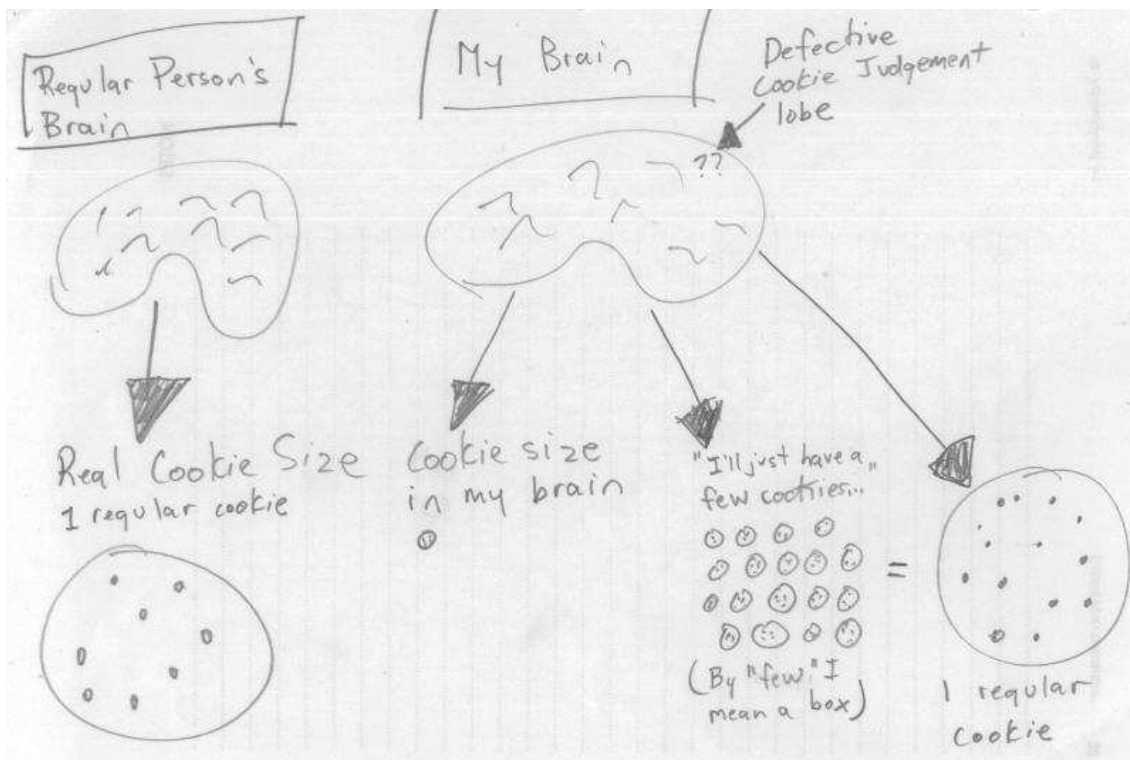
- I would never let my Mom pack for me ever again.
- I WILL NEVER ever ever EVER CARRY A PURSE.

Here I am 30+ years later, and still purseless. Woo hoo!

Yes my Mom still thinks I am some sort of heathen/possible Bolshevik for not carrying a purse.

Rule #15 - No Snacks In The House

When it comes to sweets, I am my own worse enemy. I cannot be trusted. It's all or nothing with me. My brain lacks the *cookie size judgement lobe*. By *cookie* I mean, any *snack food!*



Here is an example of the torment my brain and its faulty Cookie Judgement Lobe puts me through daily.

One day at the grocery store...

Rational Jo Brain: Okay, we were not very vigilant with the carbs today so tonight a modest supper.

Sugar Jo Brain: Cake cake cake!

Rational Jo Brain: Perhaps a grilled chicken breast and some peas.

Sugar Jo Brain: You've already pooched the diet, you might as well go all out. Ooooh Pringles.

Rational Jo Brain: No Pringles!

Sugar Jo Brain: Cheeeeeese Pringles!

Rational Jo Brain: We go through this every time. You can't eat just a few Pringles. You eat the whole can.

Sugar Jo Brain: OMG, Pizza Pringles!!

Rational Jo Brain: And then an hour later you feel sick. And half an hour after that, you are barfing up a whole can of Pringles.

Sugar Jo Brain: I'll be fine. The cake will coat my stomach!

Rational Jo Brain: I'm willing to be flexible. How about a small bag of Doritos?

Sugar Jo Brain: Pringles!

Rational Jo Brain: Listen I've had enough of you. Don't make me march over to the meat section and buy a piece of liver and fry it up.

Sugar Jo Brain: Okay. Oh look President's Choice cheese flavoured corn chips are on sale.

Frugal Jo Brain: Yippee!

Rule # 16 - All Keepsakes Shall Be On Display

I don't understand why you would buy some interesting keepsake like a book or picture or knickknack and then hide it away in a bin. What is the damn point? If you are going to have stuff, and it's okay to have stuff...

Subrule To This Rule! *"Stuff" is any item that is not a house. All stuff shall be paid for with cash. This includes a car.*

...but the stuff becomes junk if it's shoved in a container in the back of the closet. Of course there is going to be stuff that is to be stored, after all, I do not want to look at my painting drop cloths, or the box of cleaning supplies in the storage closet.

BUT thanks to the awesomeness of shelving and bookcases, I can see my stuff. Think of your house/apartment as a neat store or museum of curiosities. Otherwise the stuff becomes clutter.

This is my ceramic duck Frances. Doesn't she look happy? She sure makes me happy when I look at her. I suspect Frances would be quite unhappy if she was buried in the back of the closet with my painting drop cloths and cleaning supplies.



Rule #17 - I DO NOT Speak On The DAMN Phone Outside Of Work

I work on the phone. I take thousands of calls a year. This is mentally exhausting. I use a lot of words in a day. Usually the last hour of my shift has me speaking like Tarzan.

Me: Is computer no go?

What I mean: Are you able to start Windows on your PC?

Me: Me take a log to look at your computer.

What I mean: I will log into your PC and we'll take a look at the error together.

Me: Slberelice, uh, desk, speaking.

Client: Are you drunk?

Me: Sadly, no.

As you can see, words do not flow out of me in any sort of elegant or mildly coherent manner after 6-7 hours of continuous talking.

It's BECAUSE I AM TIRED. Yes, even though I am sure speaking/texting you is (mostly) not like taking a tech support call, but by the end of the day, I have maxed out every single word in my fairly limited vocabulary. I am incapable of forming a simple, let alone, complex sentence. I need to stop talking for many many MANY hours to refill my brain.

Also, I have to be away from people at the end of the day. Truth be told, I am kind of sick of people at the end of the day.

Non phone people will never get this.

Phone people get this.

Tarzan totally gets this.

Rule # 18 - Never Have Less Than a ¼ Jug Of Wiper Fluid In Your Car.

Many years ago when I was young and stupid, I was living in Toronto (yes, part of the stupid part was living in Toronto) and I was in the process of moving the hell away from Toronto. Since I was young and stupid, I did not follow rule #1.

Sooo, instead of finishing packing before going out with friends to get rip roaring drunk, I thought, oh I will finish packing tomorrow before driving back to my parent's place 300+ km away. Then I got drunk. After all, it was *my* goodbye party.

Naturally, I was super tired/hungover the next day when I packed the truck. Then I had to drive on the 401, in slush, rain, freezing rain, and wet snow conditions with a truck so jammed with stuff I could not really check my blind spots when I changed lanes on the 401 AND I could not see out the windshield because I ran out of wiper fluid while in the middle the friggin' 401!

On one hand, it was good that I was out of wiper fluid as I was so horrendously hung over and thirsty that I probably would have drank the entire jug.

On the other hand, I was hurdling down the 401 in the middle of Toronto, at 100+km/hr, basically blind. I would have to tailgate behind someone and collect the spray and then clear the windshield, which provided me with a clear view for approximately 2.4 seconds. It took me forever to get over to an exit so I could get off the highway and BUY more washer fluid. If you are not familiar with the 401 in the middle of Toronto, it's approximately 6,832 lanes wide. Exiting is not easy under normal conditions.

Don't let a near death experience be a motivator for change.

Rule #19 Never Leave The Ice Cube Tray With Fewer Than Three Cubes

Fewer than 3 cubes will not really cool a drink down. There is nothing worse than being caught short on ice. Okay perhaps the following circumstances may be worse:

war

famine

death

chronic illness

heartbreak and despair

But having no ice and warm drink is surely in my top 100 25 list of worse things. Since I can't really prevent war,

famine, death, heartbreak and despair, I can get off my lazy ass and fill the damn ice cube tray.

Rule # 20 - Always Carry A Round Trip Of Bus Tickets/Tokens

Shit breaks. I know this cause I fix broken stuff all day. No matter how kind and gentle I am to my car, checking the oil, getting it serviced, keeping it clean, not overtaxing its modest engine, it will breakdown. Even my bicycle will have a bad day and betray me. Then I will need to get from point A to point B.

Part of my ~~independent~~ stubborn nature is that I absolutely hate to ask for help. I could be in the woods with my arm pinned under a tree and a super skilled/handsome woodsman could walk by and offer to raise the tree off my crushed arm, set the broken bone and boil up a natural painkiller made of out tree bark and some moss and I would say "No, I'm fine, I'll just continue to hack away at my bicep with this rusty pocketknife." That's the level of stupidity I have for refusing help.

So since I am ~~stubborn~~ stupid, and weirdly obsessed with self reliance, when I have a transportation related breakdown, I would rather make that trip with \$5 in bus tickets rather than a \$25 cab ride (*I confess, I have no idea how much it costs to take a cab*). When that car breaking down/car unavailability comes, and it will, I will be prepared because I will have valid bus tickets with me. No fumbling for bills or change because that's too tempting to use to buy stuff. Public transportation is my first

option because I am cheap and being able to hop on a bus and get on my way is my way of saying "universe, that transportation breakdown did not phase me at all."

Too bad I won't find super skilled/handsome woodsman on the bus; he's probably off in the woods building a canoe.

Adorable Quirks But Not Quite Rules Of Jo

I Cannot Sleep With Any Closet Doors Open

This quirk is due to a dream that I had where my brother's GI Joe doll walked out of the closet and stared at me. Totally freaked out three year old Jo.

To this day I am convinced this really happened because my brothers *did not own any GI Joe dolls*. As a result, I must keep closet doors closed to keep GI Joe and his kung-fu grip from opening the door and standing in front of my bed, just staring.

There is no logic to this fear/quirk because if the GI Joe doll can walk, he probably can open the closet door with or without a kung-fu grip.

I Write In Pencil

I was a teenager during the era of typewriters so it was either type it or write it. Since I squeaked through grade nine typing with a (pity) grade of 52%, writing by hand was my only option.

Computers and word-processing software were non-existent when I was in school so I took pencil to paper.

Note: I LOVE word processing. Back in 1988, I once typed on a typewriter, the same two-page letter 27 times for my asshole boss because he kept changing it. It was not even

work related and after version 27, I told the other boss that I was not going to type that fucking letter again.

I like to write in pencil. I like the way pencil feels on paper. I find I have no control over ink, it's way too slippery.

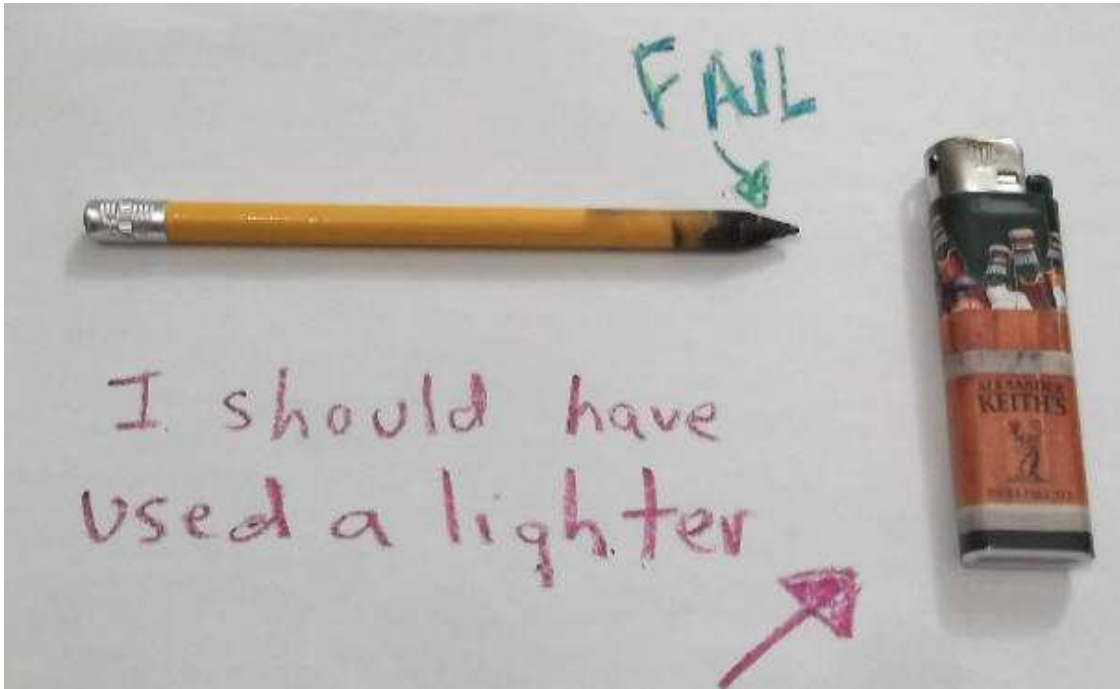
When I was 15, I had an independent thought and decided that I preferred to write in pencil. I like to be able to change my mind many many times and erase my thoughts, and re-write them and then erase them and then re-write them again. Over and over again until I articulate my jumbled ideas into a coherent sentence.

The strangest thing about my love of pencil writing was the reactions my teachers had to my choice. You would have thought that I had announced a plan to submit all future assignments and tests in kitten blood. I think there might have been a teacher/parent meeting (well also about other things, like why did I suck in school, but pencil writing deviance was, no doubt, discussed). Wait, you have students coming to school drunk and/or stoned, dropping out, fighting, struggling with basic literacy and math, and you are worried about me writing in pencil? Yeah, three words:

PICK YOUR BATTLES.

A few weeks ago, I found myself in possession (perhaps from the supply closet at work) of some pencils made of recycled paper. One day I was procrastinating writing a blog post, so I took a match to one to see if the paper pencil would burn. Six matches later, the pencil did not burn, I had to

clean up a mess and still think of another activity to delay my writing.



Now that I think of it, perhaps the idiot teachers astutely recognized my future criminal tendencies, but I suspect they were just jealous of my steadfast approach to writing, erasing, re-writing, erasing, re-re-writing the perfect sentence.

I owe this all to the humble pencil.

I Will Never Chase The Latest Gadget

I am not a big fan of smartphones. Actually the word *hate* comes up a lot when I think of smartphones. I dislike the glazed over social disconnect people get when they look down on their phone to read a text. I hate that people do

it when I am trying to talk to them. I hate how people get anxious and fidgety if they are away from their phone for more than 15 minutes. I hate the never-ending stream of posts people put on Facebook about:

- The greatness of their phone
- The shittiness of their phone
- How the phone company is screwing them on their cell phone plan.

I don't care.

Frankly I wish you would just shut up. I don't want/need to spend \$100 a month on a plan when I can spend \$100 a year with my techno Amish phone.

I will never understand how a damn cell phone became an extension of a person. I have no desire to be in constant 24/7 contact with people. I deal with people all day and I am exhausted by 5pm. My life does not suck so much that I need a constant stream of validating text messages from family/friends or a silly app to waste time. I suppose if someone can afford the latest and greatest gadget and are not in debt over it, there is no harm, but if I have to hear "you should get a..." one more time, I may punch someone.

I don't watch TV so I don't need at 42-inch television.

I have no clue what is the difference between a regular DVD and a Blue Ray. I don't have time to watch a movie. I'm busy writing this book.

I have no aptitude for video games. They frustrate me rather than entertain me.

I have 20 books on hold at the library and 20 on bookshelf to read. I don't need an e-reader. **Note:** *I know, irony, this is an e-book.*

I can get directions on Google maps or (gasp) use an old fashion map. I don't need a GPS.

I think my aversion to technology is due to the fact that I am blessed at breaking things. I have absolutely no business working in technical support because there is some sort of magnetic aura about me that makes things malfunction in the most bizarre ways. I would not be surprised one day if I walked by the microwave at work and it burst into flames. Sadly I would pick up a fire extinguisher and it would spit out fire rather than extinguish the burning microwave fire.

Since my day is spent fixing broken things, I try to keep the number of gadgets down to a minimum because eventually they are going to malfunction. Then I have to fix it. So much for the much heralded time saving features of the device.

My second reason for not falling into the gadgetry trap is that gadgets are expensive. There is the gadget. Then the accessories for the gadget. Then the gadget becomes outdated 6 ~~months~~ weeks later and I will become a giant loser because I am seen using the 2.0 version when everyone knows that the 3.2 version is the best because of its

ABC123 technology oh my god are living in a cave or something!

It's not a cave but I do live in a one bedroom apartment so I certainly do not need a home theatre system with ear bleeding sound. I am sure my neighbours appreciate this kernel of common sense.

What Is the Future Of The Rules of Jo?

I am sure there will be new rules in my future. As I age maybe will I become one those super cool/hip/sage seniors who seem to have their shit together or perhaps I will start every sentence off with "In my day..."

Time will tell.