

Note to Self

11<sup>th</sup> October 2012

Dear Owners and Investors,

After the marathon Special Edition I will keep it light. I have to tell you about tonight. It will be Ron's birthday next Tuesday so he decided that we should take him out to dinner to celebrate tonight.

He told us about his decision last week - and well you just can't argue with him. He is not a picture of health, actually he is like a skeleton that is still walking, actually shuffling and smoking like a chimney. He was starting to look like the Wild Man of Borneo with the hair and beard really long and boofy - yes he may have chronic kidney disease, emphysema, anorexia and who knows what else but he has a full head of hair still. He took himself down to the barber earlier this week in preparation for dinner.

We are told we have to come and pick him up at 5pm - Ramon stretches this to 5.30pm at a push. I am sure the kitchen isn't even open at 5pm. There is the Cock and Bull just around the corner from Sheridan Street - which is a great family pub. The food is good and the servings are Oh My Goodness HUGE. Ron has already decided it will be the usual - battered fish and chips.

Ramon pulls up out the front and I get Ron out of the car - acting as a cushion just in case he trips over. I have some padding now and I can't have him fall over and break a hip. He shuffles into the place and instead of going to the table and sitting down he wanders inside. It is then I remember he is off to put a bet on Keno.

So there we are, Ramon is parking the car after valet dropping us off at the door, I am off to the bar to not only order but pay for the drinks and Ron is off betting.

Ramon and I choose what we will have and then you guessed it, I am off to the bar again not only to order the meal but also pay for it all.

Dinner comes out and you have never seen a plate so big, it is outrageous. Ron, thankfully is wolfing down the fish and chips. At his weight I don't suppose it matters how many calories he consumes in a sitting. Ramon has ordered ribs and I have a mixed grill. There is no way that we can eat all of this, and there is no way we can sneak it out in napkins so Ramon goes out to the car to get a plastic doggy bag for the left overs. Our dogs think it is Christmas when we got to the Cock and Bull for dinner.

Ron then starts to remind us that it is his birthday on Tuesday, but seeing as Meals on Wheels comes on Tuesday he can't possibly go out on Tuesday. We can take him out on Thursday to celebrate because Meals on Wheels doesn't come on Thursday - I look at Ramon and wonder what we are doing at dinner tonight as we thought this was the celebration dinner.

About this time, Ron has finished his beer with a dash of lemonade - tells me how nice it is and then looks down at the empty glass. Yep, you guessed it I am off to the bar again to order and pay for the drinks. I get side tracked by my mobile phone training - the Olympics may be four years away but my training continues - when I get back to the table the boys are half way through their drinks.

Ron finishes his beer and then gets up. He wanders over to see how he went with the bet and comes back with a smile. He has won \$30 and with that he starts to the car - so much for letting Ramon and I finish our drinks. He is done, and ready to go home, so home it is.

So let's recap, Ron gets taken to dinner, has two drinks - all paid for, wins at Keno keeping the winnings and then we have to do it all again next week. Oh but that isn't where the story ends. Today I get given the Meals on Wheels bill - he does pay some of it, but yep you guessed right we got to pay for most of it. Now you have to remember he was originally living in a run down one bedroom, then we moved him to a renovated one bedroom, then he had the heart attack so we renovated the downstairs two bedroom unit - and all the time the rent has been the same. Then if that isn't enough Tasha the cleaner is coming next week - and you can bet who gets to pay that bill.

Next Thursday we are going to have to tackle the subject of his will - not that he has any worldly possessions except the Television that Kevin Rudd gave him in the cash hand outs. He does have Sheila the dog to decide where she will go to live. He does have some money in his bank account but it is in the hundreds of dollars not thousands. He will probably have a Government paid pauper funeral - and our new tenant from Scotsdale will probably be involved. Apparently the Government will pay for the burial but no friends, family or service can take place. Just into the box and into the ground or the fire.

Now if that isn't enough of an 'I collect Old People' story for you, then I have to tell you about Ms P. I have to go to the retirement village on Friday to sign her lease and check how she is. The paperwork from the courts came through and now I am officially her Guardian and Administrator.

I really hope that the Big Man in the Sky is watching and taking notes.

Seriously, I know that I am a control freak, workaholic and stress head and some days such as Monday I get days where I think life would be so much easier as a Check Out Chick. I should worry more about each and every day and not about the future, but every time I look at one of my Old People I realise why I push so hard - I never ever want to be like them and have no choices on how I will live my life. Being poor is not fun, but to be old and poor is worse and then to be old, poor and sick is a living nightmare.

I hope you are all happy and well in your world.

Linda