

Turpitude

Slanapa 471
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April blows in with a cold wind. We all know that Spring is close, but it doesn't seem to arrive. Nights are in the Thirties, days not much better.

Sue and I got the peas and beans planted. They are the first things in the garden. Wet or not, it was time to rototill the garden; first time was in mud, second time wasn't bad. I enjoy rototilling. When we bought this house about twenty years ago, I gave \$50 for an old John Deere rototiller. Every year since then, it has started up easily at the beginning of the season and performed well. Our garden has grown but the 'tiller takes it all in stride.

This week is going to be dry, with the temperatures into the low and mid-70s. We will finish planting and get the water setup running. All summer we'll eat out of the garden, a real help in these economic times.

You'll notice that there is not a pretty girl on the first page of *Turpitude*. Instead, this month the spot of honor goes to ALF. I've been watching the series on WGN Chicago and enjoying it immensely. It has a



tenuous plot, but the dialogue is great; the character of ALF (Alien Life Form) is marvelous. Imagine an alien creature whose name is Gordon Shumway.

I also began watching *Dexter*. It seems to be following the books pretty well. I enjoyed the novels; they were just barely funny, which I like. Too much humor and the whole situation collapses. The first novel seems to be spread out over the entire first season, allowing time for lots of asides. It is just a little on the gross side, with Showtime showing a bit too much detail.

At this point in my monologue, I run out of new material; not much is going on in my world. To top it off, it's April 16th and I am also out of time to get this to Jim for the mailing. My copy of last month's Slanapa has disappeared somewhere on my desk. I am left with the inclination to wish you all well, and it quietly close this minac presentation.

With all of love,

Mike H.