



By Kathy Hedberg The Lewiston Tribune

I have a friend who believes that when things break and then get fixed it's all related to the phases of the moon.

She also admits she smoked a lot of pot when she was younger, but has since gone on to become a respected scientist, so I don't think you can totally attribute this wacky idea to a loss of brain cells.

Anyway, Linda says when things go wrong - like your car breaking down, getting overdrawn at the bank or whatever - it has something to do with the shadow the Earth is casting on the moon at the moment. She says if you just wait it out the moon phase will change and then everything will be all right.

Personally this philosophy has never quite worked out for me. When things go wrong in my life, I am pretty sure it's because there's an evil demon living at my house and he is

trying to tip me over the edge. Even so, it does seem that when problems arise, they happen at once.

All on the same day the car breaks down, the kids get sick, you're overdrawn at the bank and you're up five pounds. How bleak can life get?

Last week my brand-new lawn mower started acting weird. I know saying it that way makes it sound like the lawn mower actually has a personality and was having some kind of mental issues, and I'm not completely convinced that's not the case. Modern machines are so technologically advanced that it's almost like they are not only capable of mechanical malfunctions, but have the ability to manipulate their owners as well.

I was upset about the mower and had no idea how to fix it, so I called the repairman. In the meantime I decided to vacuum my floor.

The vacuum started making a strange whining sound and then began shooting bits of debris all over the carpet like a scatter gun.

I am a little more capable of repairing my vacuum, so I worked on that for awhile. The debris-shooting stopped but the humming remains. The vacuum may be thinking up other ways to drive me crazy.

Later that day there was a thunderstorm. In the midst of it I heard an enormous crack of lightning and then everything electrical in the house went dead. The lights eventually came back on but not the Internet or the phone, so I couldn't call anybody to find out what happened.

(Later I remembered that I do have a cellphone, which worked, and I was able to make a call on that).

I don't know whether to chalk up all these malfunctions to the moon, the evil demon that lives at my house or just plain old coincidence. All I know is there are days when, if I have to deal with anything more complicated than my toothbrush, I might as well stay in bed.

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