

Anthony DeAugustine Member







Drydenne, ON

Hello,

My name is Anthony DeAugustine, as I believe the sidebar indicates. Still not used to these forums! My wife and I have recently moved into a family property on Ash Street. Some of you might be familiar with us- we're the ones with the red door and all the balloons up on the front porch's posts- haven't quite gotten to undecorating the place after celebrating the birth of our little girl. We're understandably busy with a newborn! She's the light of our life. Little Catie's quite fond of looking at the lights up over the windows and garage doors as it is, so I hope it isn't too much of an eyesore to the HOA.:)

To the point- does anyone have an idea of what's happening on Ash Street? I work at Herald Street, which as you know intersects on Ash, Oak, and Elder in this great big square. It's a little confusing to traverse, but you get the knack of it eventually. I have work at six in the morning- so I tend to wake up a little earlier than most. It lines up nicely with what we call Catie's morning "grumble"- when she wants to have a bit of a bottle and then lie down again without ever properly waking up. She's quite grumpy during those, and unfortunately it seems like she's a bit of a cluster feeder, stirring sporadically throughout the night. Any advice on that would be well appreciated as well. She's a bit of a fussy girl, but she's ours. We do so dearly love her. Expect Christmas cards, neighbours!

Regardless- if any of you have been near Ash Street today, you'll agree with me that something strange is happening? It seems as if the roads just... end? It's a great big sort of vast nothing. In particular, the financial district sort of seems to be suspended in all that space. I didn't dare look into it for too long, since it seemed the sort of thing my friend Jo would say was 'better left undisturbed.'

I'm afraid that I don't really understand how something like that even occurs. Is this normal, in Drydenne? That priest fellow did come over with a horrid pamphlet awhile ago. I had to hide it away from Catie, who almost caught sight of some strange distortion in the mayoral portrait. Honestly, it's a bit disturbing to look at-I'm not sure why they would hand those out to newcomers. Is it a neighbourhood prank? It doesn't seem very kindly.

How do people go about handling something like this? I was thinking of calling in to work and telling them I'm afraid I won't be able to make it, on account of the building not being on the ground, or, well, much of anywhere, really. And of sending an email to really cover my bases. I don't think it's very reasonable to expect me to show up, considering there's no way to enter the building or even approach the street at the moment.

How long do you think that's to last? If it stops halfway through the working day, would I still be expected to show up? Should I call in and use some PTO? Or is it a bit like a sick day, in that you can't bloody well expect a man to make his way to his office when its several stories off of the ground, so not to bother and perhaps get a note from, er, the police precinct to stand in as a credible witness that it was indeed how things are? Rather than the doctor?

Thanks in advance, Anthony DeAugustine