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Proem: The Downside of Pathological Optimism

Okay. Good morning. I'm riding my trike, and I'm feeling the need for a 2-minute bitch. I don't know if I've talked to you before; I might have, about the 2-minute bitch. See, one downside of being pathologically optimistic is that it doesn't mean things still don't suck. So every once in a while, I just must have a 2-minute bitch. I don't like it to— I don't like my miserableness, or unhappiness, or whatever it is to, like, leak out in drips and drabs and— you know, I'd rather have a burst.

Sourpuss Kick-off: I Suck at Music. I Quit.

So, today—last night, I had a rehearsal. Oh my God. A rehearsal with the Latin band, Lechuga Fresca. Oh, man. You know, right now I'm— I was the only horn there, and I'm often the only horn. And I'm a Bari sax player, and I'm never the only horn. So this is a really new experience for me. Well, it's not so new; it's been going on for a year, so.

But anyway, I'm— oh man, I just— I just don't hear the music, or I'm not counting the 1, and I'm just, like, I feel like, you know, there's like 3 percussionists— no, what were there? Today— yesterday— there was just— last night— there was just 2 percussionists, a keyboard player, and that was it. So it was not enough. Clearly not enough.

But it's stuff I've been working on. I've just been working on it, and I— I just can't get it. I just don't hear it. And then I sort of freeze up, and I— ugh, I just hate that. And I feel like I'm remedial, you know? Like, my band mates were— they're really nice, and they work with me, and— I don't know.

But anyway, I just— I just have this feeling that I'm going to quit. I'm going to quit this band. This is too much. I'm also playing with a Dixieland band and rehearsing once a week. I still play an hour a day. An hour a day. And I'm just not— I don't know— not getting better fast enough, I guess.



Tired of Tired

And I'm tired. I just hate being tired all the time. I wake up in the morning, and I'm exhausted. I hate that. I hate being exhausted. And then, yeah, I don't sleep that well. I usually say, "Oh, good enough." And it is good enough. I mean, I do what I do. But I want to have more energy. I don't know. What would I do with more energy?

Anyway, I'm just going to be miserable. Let's see. What else can I be miserable about? I have cramps. I have cramps. Cramps in my calves. Cramps in my back. Cramps in my shoulders. It's just annoying. It's like stuff I've got to manage all the time. I don't want to manage this stuff. I want to be 74 years old and not have pain. Ugh, that sounds ridiculous. Anyway, I'm bitching. Ugh. What else?

Well, here I am, riding my trike. I had— oh, my legs really aren't that strong. I wish they were stronger. And it's actually my strong right leg that feels weak. I mean, it makes sense. You know? I got MS, but anyway, I'm bitching. And what have I done? Ridden the trike— what, so far? 6 times, maybe, this season. And I don't feel like I'm getting stronger. I mean, I don't have to be stronger. I got a lovely ICE trike. It's a top-of-the-line trike. It's got great gears. It's very comfortable to ride.

Old White Man with Old White Man Problems

Wait a minute. I'm bitching. What else can I bitch about? I wish I wasn't an old man with prostate issues. How do you like them apples? It's just annoying. Annoying, annoying, annoying. Oh goodness.

What else can I— I'm going to dig deep here. Find something else to bitch about. I don't have anything else. Ugh. Oh, here. I got another one. I take too many pills. You know? I have to sit there for 20 minutes every Sunday and lay out my pills. What am I doing taking so many pills? Pills for my cholesterol. Pills for my MS. Pills for anemia. Pills for diabetes. Ugh. What have I gotten to? Pills, pills, pills.

I might have just run out of steam on that. Let me ride a little longer and see if I can come up with something else to bitch about. Here, I can bitch about having to wait for a red light. How you like that? How you like that, huh? Oh, I didn't have to wait. Oh well. That was a wasted bitch.

Man, it's a great temperature. Really nice. It's cloudy, and it'll probably rain. I could bitch about the rain, even though we need it. I like rain.

It's so much work to be at the top of my game. I want to be at the top of my game all the time. There. There's another bitch. Man, this is really lame. My lame bitching. All right. I'll turn it on again if I think of more.

Round 2. Losing It

All right. I'm a little farther along now, and I have a couple more things to bitch about. One is, I got back on the video because my wife just called to say that some very nice man stopped at the house on his electric bike, bringing my wallet, which I dropped on the bike path here. So, you know, I'm such an idiot. I— I know these pockets suck, and I don't— I thought I had my wallet in this pocket that has a flap on it,



but it's not really, I guess, a flap that closes. So anyway. There. I'm bitching about being such an idiot, doing stupid things.

Empty Nesting

I have another thing I thought I had to bitch about. So my—my son, my daughter-in-law, and my grandson moved. They lived upstairs from us for 18 years. We had 18 years with them. And they needed to go. It was enough with the in-laws. But I really miss my son and my grandson. My grandson's going to college. He's such a sweetie. And he— he's gone. And I feel it even more than when my— I guess, when my kids left. I don't know. Simon, I was glad to see him go. He was just ready to be away from us. He hated me. And then when Ruben left, Mike was still there. When Mike left, that was hard. Really hard. I missed him. I still miss him. He died at 26, God. Anyway. But Leon. I miss Leon. I try to text him almost every day. I'm a pain in the ass, Opa. But he says it's fine. He likes it. But anyway. There you go. Something else I can feel sorry for myself about.

Cycling / Walking Community

Pretty nice, isn't it? Look at this beautiful here. I'm going so slow. It's a little bit uphill. I think there's a limit to how strong I can get. There. I got to bitch about that. If I already bitched about that, I don't like to be repetitive. Anyway. It's pretty lame. Good morning. (as I pass a cluster of people on the bike path talking). I like seeing people out here. Chatting and exercising. It's nice being in a community.

All right. I'm going to turn it off again. Anyway, I just listened to it. That was it.

Reflection: Catharsis. Downgrading Annoyances

It was cathartic. It was ridiculous. I hate complaining.

Though, when I'm with other people who are gossiping, I gossip. When I'm— when I sour on a relationship or a job, I can be really negative. And when I'm sour or negative for more than a few minutes, I can feel it. All my annoyances escalate a step. It's my scale. Not 1 to 10, but annoyances. I go from annoying to moderately annoying, to seriously annoying, to catastrophizing, to crippling. So. That was it. A little longer than 2 minutes, but you know, I packed it right in there. Anyway. Thanks for spending this time with me. Later.

