

- The South is, and isn't, what you think it is
- I ended up there for reasons I won't go into
- Most photos are from my iPhone
- More to come in later newsletters because I can't figure out how to add a page two.

My Life in the South

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The Bearded One moves to Dixie!

I moved to Dixie for a job, and I in general really enjoyed it. I did not plan to stay for long, because my kids needed to complete High School up North or risk being scarred emotionally. I know this is true because my wife said so.

The catch is there are relocation costs baked into the thing called a "Relocation Policy" that I did not anticipate being so rigid. I suppose I could have tipped myself off by reading the document, but it was 39 pages long and who really has that much time to devote to something like that? I sure do, but am basically too lazy to do it.

The job itself was okay, and keeping in mind that they had to pay me to do it, was something I

could approach with a real lack of passion. The only plus was they use SAP really well, and that is really sad to think that was a plus because SAP and "a plus" are rarely used in the same sentence.

Now the part of Dixie that I moved into, that is the real story. Let's call it "Red Clay", Red Clay is an appropriate name for the place, since the ground is red clay. Everywhere. I know this is true since during little league season, every boy in baseball pants has knees stained with red clay stains that you can tell their mothers really tried to get out, but just could not.

To give you a feel for Red Clay, I will share two photos of convenience stores, one coming into

town, and one leaving town.



Those are animal skulls on the roof of the 1st photo. The 2nd photo just proves there is beer in heaven.



My House down South!

I did not really live in a boot, but the boot is nicer than the house, and I did like the dock. It was 75 foot long and a lot nicer than the house.

The house itself was an old World War II army barracks that had been moved uphill when they

dammed the river. It had no reason to exist other than somewhere along the line it had its electrical and gas bills set at a fixed rate forever. So as long as that house exists, the bill will be \$32 a month. Forever.

And the lease allowed dogs,

