Paranoia Dept.; or, How to Start the New Year Right 1/1/73

Some things are just inexplicable, although they may have simple explanations. There doesn't have to be anything unsual about them - they just seem unusual. Perhaps if one knew the explanations, all would seem normal and innocent. Today there were two things here I can't indentify or explain. I can see no purpose in either, if either is an abnormality, except harrassment. So, I merely note them, with an explanation.

We have both had some respiratory bug for several days. It had taken hold of both of us firmly enoigh by Wednesday, or six days ago. As best I recall, that is the last time Lil was out of the house. I have been no further than the mailbox at the end of the lane. I have not gone for a walk until this morning. The weather has been mild but nasty and wet. Yesterday it got into the 60s, today at least that warm in the shade, warmer in the bright sun. After 4:30 p.m., in the kitchen, which is on the side of the house away from the sun it was 76, which is exceptional.

With so nice a day, when I took a walk this morning I hinted to Lil that when it warmed up, with both of us feeling better, perhaps she'd care to walk this p.m. My rough outdoor clothes hang on the celler side of the cellar door, off the kitchen. It backs to the outside kitchen door, the one we generally use. When I openedit this a.m., I noted a piece of red plastic I can't identify or account for. It suggests a piece of a cap for an aerosol can. We have none of that shape or size, would know if we broke one, and I've been walking around all the time we've been housebound in the thinnest, soft-leather mocassins. In all thos time, nobody has visited us except two little girls who brought Lil a paper flower they made for her. I took it at the door, explaining we had an infection we didn't want them to get and that Lil had no voice. So, I thanked them and accepted the gift with them outside the house.

After lunch Lil said she thought she'd like to get some air, so we walked, a bit less than a half mile out and then back, along the pond at first so I could spread some feed for the birds that feed there. We don't lock the kitchen door when we go out this way but do when we go into town.

I sat full in the sun on returning and dozed off. Lil was doing something in her office. I roused when she returned to the living room.

Our Thermopane windows are a heat trap on sunny, winter days. The house had warmed so I felt it was not unwise to soak in the bathtub before it settled behind the top of the mountain. Neither of us had used the bathtub since Tuesday, not after the infection made itself known.

Generally, I never use the master bath, partly habit from avoiding what can disturb Lil, who sleeps later, partly because the powder room is closer to my office and the end of the living room with my old chair. However, the powder room has only a shower, not a tub, and I felt like soaking. I prepared to.

As I opened the glass shower door to let the water run, I noticed what seemed to be dried, dark blood near but not at the drain and spread roughly (unevenly) in an area about 10" in diameter. I wondered what it could be and called Lil. Neither of us could account for it. It probably suggested dried blood more because the tub is green. It was a dry, powdery substance. We have nothing like it. Neither of us can explain it or think of any possible source. Nor do we know when it was put there. We can't conceive that it could have been after Wednesday, when we generally are away for several consecutive hours in the middle of the day, beginning in the morning. This Wednesday we left about 9:30 a.m. and returned about 1 p.m., making extra stops. (I phoned the post office about 8 and asked them to hold the mail, saying I was coming in and would pick it up, I think, but maybe not.) From before we left until this afteroon, the glass doors were closed and we'd have seen nothing. These also prevented the accidental depositing of the material by us and our then forgetting it.

No big deal. I'm not worried. Other, similarly-inexplicable things happen often enough. I merely note these as two others that just happen to come at a time when it is more difficult to explain the strange because we have been ill and housebound. There is no new activity that can explain any new interest. Aside from harrassment, if this was as we both believe, somethings for which we have no explanations, we lack explanations.

And do not feel harrassed.