

# NEWS YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU NEEDED

Carla Cotropia



## NEW CORONAVIRUS SYMPTOM *DON'T PANIC! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE ENTERTAINING.*

I have noticed a new symptom that I will blame on the coronavirus. The symptom is a brain lapse also known as being ditzy, in la la land or just plain being stupid.

For example, this weekend I walked down to my townhouse community pool to check the water temperature in the pool. I took my thermometer I use for my fishpond. (When you feed fish depends on how cold the water is.) No one was in the pool of course but there was a couple on lounge chairs with their teenage son. As I leaned

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over to put the pond thermometer into the pool, one of my new air pod pro earbuds fell into the deep end of the pool. Thanks to the coronavirus new symptom—i.e. brain confusion—I, without hesitation and without thinking, took off my glasses and jumped into the pool fully clothed.

Apparently, my lung power wasn't so hot or maybe it was the freezing water but my attempt to go to the bottom of the pool to find my air pod resulted in nada. Surfacing to the top, the astonished couple, astonished at my rash stupid act of jumping in fully clothed, had walked over to the pool's edge. They pointed out the other air pod, which was still in my ear when I jumped in, had now also fallen into the pool.



I made a couple of feeble attempts to go back to the bottom of the pool but without my glasses it was hopeless. The very nice couple then asked their teenage son to jump into the pool and retrieve my air pods.

I thanked the couple and their son profusely and I got out of the pool only to then realize my new iPhone was in my pocket—now soaking wet— and my apple watch now soaking wet—on my wrist.



SETTLING CASES TWO SNEAKERS AT A TIME

The nice couple offered helpful advice to my brain addled self that I needed to go home and put all three, the watch, iPhone and air pods in a bowl of rice and that might suck out the water. Thanking them I left and immediately realized I had no rice.

So shedding my wet clothes and jumping into something my boyfriend would call “camping clothes” meaning clothes you should not be seen out in public in-I rushed to the local grocery store.

While at the store, I placed the bag of rice into my cart and decided what the hell since I was there, I might as well get a few other items. At the checkout, I placed everything on the conveyer belt. I don't know what my rattled brain was thinking--I think I was speeding up the process and also wanting to help-- I picked up the bag of rice and put it into my shopping bag. The alarmed checker out guy said, “Ma'am, I haven't scanned that item yet.” Apologizing and mumbling something about the coronavirus making everyone somewhat crazy, I placed the bag of rice back on the conveyor belt. I thought I was safely on my way to my car with my purchases, when the checker out man called out, as he was running after me, that I had left my credit card in the scanner. Thanking him I quickly retreated to shelter in place hoping that the brain disorder would settle down soon.



SETTLING CASES TWO SNEAKERS AT A TIME

## CORONAVIRUS AND FENG SHUI

Without taking away from the terrible ramifications the Coronavirus is causing for people, I offer this blog only as a small attempt to find something positive about it. Now if you are trying to homeschool kids, I offer this very funny video:



I have no kids at home to feed and homeschool, so I have been cleaning up the clutter that has been building up for years that somehow, I never had the time, energy or wherewithal to tackle.

So to “fill up the day” I began attacking my closets and clutter. I like to say I have a propensity to “build little nests” meaning piles of things, especially paper. (In case you are imagining a chicken sitting on her nest, I don’t not sit on them, rather I ignore them.)



SETTLING CASES TWO SNEAKERS AT A TIME

Attacking those closets and drawers was like going through a time warp. First thing I told myself, “Carla do not even attempt to deal with photographs and old diaries because you know you will get majorly bogged down.” Even reading a few pages of those old diaries would send a cold chill down my back. “Was I really that stupid?” “Did dating that guy really have that much importance.” “Yikes, that corporate dress for success look I had for court-also known as lawyer drag-was horrible.” “Was my hairstyle really that dorky?” “Shit I wished I looked like that now and then I thought I was fat.” Ok Carla enough. No more cleaning up this area of the closet.

I next moved on to a pile of electronics stuck in a seldom used--ok never used-- drawer. A Sony discman was in there. “Carla, this is really dating you. Oh my god, a cassette player.” Thank goodness I made the good sense to get rid of my VCR years ago to save myself this embarrassment. Unfortunately I should have not given away my fabulous album collection but eventually got tired of logging them around every time I moved.



SETTLING CASES TWO SNEAKERS AT A TIME

But I digress, this is supposed to be about Feng Shui. So what the hell is Feng Shui? It is an ancient Chinese practice that uses energy forces to harmonize individual's homes. Without getting too deep into it because there are odd recommendations like the one that says you should have a mirror over your stove. This made sense when ancient warriors might attack you as you cooked so you needed to be on the lookout by having a mirror handy. No, this no longer makes any sense but there is one principle that I think does, and that is cleaning out clutter.



Feng Shui, if I may dummy it down to the lowest level, means having the Qi (another name for energy), flowing freely in your house which results in making you feel and function better. What this means is when you have stuff on the floor, clutter nests around and basically too much shit in the

house, the Qi or energy cannot flow properly as it hits speed bumps caused by all that clutter. This results in a stifled home that even the best air conditioning system is unable to get the Feng Shui energy, Qi, flowing like it should.



SETTLING CASES TWO SNEAKERS AT A TIME

So what is the purpose of me writing this? I believe, based on all the increased garbage bags I see outside homes, especially mine, people are using their free shelter in place coronavirus time, to clean out clutter. And this is my prediction—All this clutter cleanup is going to move the energy around better in people's homes and their lives are going to be better once all of this settles down. So this is my attempt to put a bright spin on this horrible pandemic.



Get to cleaning out those closets. We all have too much stuff!!



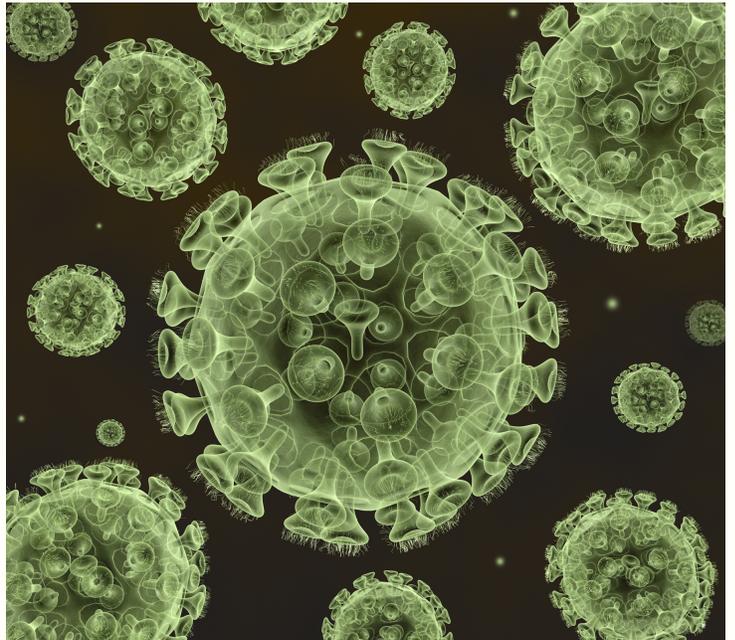
SETTLING CASES TWO SNEAKERS AT A TIME

## STOP WITH THE CORONAVIRUS PICTURE

I am trying to be positive but I have to gripe/bitch about this. Would the media PLEASE STOP showing a picture of that Sputnik Ball-With-Suction-Cups-Sticking-Out picture of the Coronavirus. Stop with it already.

Everyone is already scared about it enough and this is enough to send you over the edge.

The coronavirus picture looks like something alien from another galaxy sent to take over our bodies. Why does the media believe we need to see what a virus looks like anyway? We were never shown a picture of the flu virus. I don't remember the media saying, "Hey everyone here is a picture of the flu virus. Want to see a picture of the Ebola virus."



No you didn't. The TV media can't stop with just having a picture of that alien looking sputnik ball suction cup coronavirus picture. Oh no, now the TV media makes it rotate around, just in case you might for one second forget that we are in a pandemic caused by that horrible thing.



SETTLING CASES TWO SNEAKERS AT A TIME

Thanks to all the pictures, we now know what the coronavirus looks like- even if we can't see it-but the media believes we need to know what it looks like for some unknown reason.

We get it media. The Coronavirus is a hideous sputnik ball with alien like arms with suction cups on the end and it is out there waiting to get us.



OK media we get the importance of staying home and we are, just please stop with those frightening images.

This concludes my gripe/bitch of the day.

This has been a public announcement. Stay safe and thanks for tolerating my rant.



SETTLING CASES TWO SNEAKERS AT A TIME