

Personality? *by Dan Hardesty*

What a week. I have been trying every day to find my personality. Where oh where can it have gone? I asked my wife and she said it didn't go anywhere. It is still there. Now I ask you what kind of answer is that? She's probably just as much in the dark as I am about where it has gone but there is no way she will admit it.

Well now how about school? Could I have left it there? I don't think so because I can't ever remember taking it there. Maybe I left it at work. I usually took it with me but did my best to keep it hidden. Once in a while I let it out at a meeting, the last place where it should have showed up because work meetings always take such trivialities so seriously that I couldn't always contain a wisecrack that would have the boss rolling his eyes. Then again when we were back in the shop and others would be joking around I ignored them so I could get my work done the best I could.

Now I might have left my personality behind in the big red house in Ferndale that we moved out of as our family grew and left. The girls probably would have named it No because it seemed that's all I said during their teen years. A lot of good it did me. They grew up anyhow and each found their own pretty neat personalities.

I guess about all the personality I can find is here in the Writers' group. I have fun trying to put words together that aren't too serious and that don't betray the severe cynicism I often feel, especially at electioneering time. Listening to everybody's stories adds to the way I feel about things. Practically all the other talking I do is with family so my present personality is a reaction to these two groups so I guess it was right here in Windsor Gardens all along.