

## Faceless 2 (DOG EAR)

Written by Administrator

Thursday, 23 March 2017 00:00 - Last Updated Thursday, 23 March 2017 06:21

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e're into the third week of Lent (or thereabouts). I'm sure there are people going cold turkey, sweating that they aren't getting booze or porn or sex or bacon or whatever. But me, with my Facebook ban, I'm doing fine. Better than fine.

Oh, I still need to pop in. I have to post up my updates (if you are reading this, you've likely come down the linky rabbit's hole to get here). That's fine. That sort of business drives this site and (occasionally) sells books. But while I can go into face to post up notices, I can't click on that notifications tab (with, current count, 78 throbbing, desperate notices). Also, two friends requests (sorry) and an IM. Every so often someone shares a photo or includes me in a comment - I get the email notification. But I can't go there. I'm cut off from the puppy-posting, political-screaming world.

It's very quiet.

Oh, it's not all roses. Every so often, something so politically stupid happens and I want to post up. But I can't. And sometimes, frankly, I'm lonely. My job has placed me in a dark little pod well away from any teams, and somedays FB was the only social interaction I'd get.

There are also those life moments I'd love to share. The wife and I did 26 miles last week on the tandem. We went to Folkston to watch the trains (and here came a brassy UP engine on the front of a military train, looking like something out of a toy train layout (soldiers not included)). Sometimes there are little observations, like riding in last week in just-under-40 weather (my hands froze) and riding again with my wingmate, and how we sliced in and out of traffic today, so much fun and so much elegance. That three-month Go game I won. It's hard to explain those moments - discribing them to office drones doesn't really work well. I do written words, and that's how I describe things. So Facey is perfect for that - pop in, observe, get a bunch of likes, a squirt of happy juice to the brain.

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Still, I'm saving a lot of time. No poke-ins at work. No hours spent in the evening writing a perfect rebuttal. But then again, all that time gets frittered away into *Spelunky* and *Timeless* and all those silly anime's I watch.

In a sense, the world is *way over there* on the other side of the horizon, and my radio is fading to static. I can't hear a thing. My thoughts and senses are only mine once more, not shared, not liked, simply reflected on.

Which is exactly what a vacation is all about.

The silence continues...

**[&gt;&gt;&gt;SOMEONE WILL PROBABLY BUY A BOOK AND RAVE ABOUT IT ON FACEBOOK AND I&#39;LL NEVER KNOW. MAYBE IT WILL BE YOU. FOLLOW THIS LINK TO MY AMAZON PAGES&lt;&lt;&lt;](#)**