

## If Given An Inch, Will They Take A Mile?



Good morning, y'all. As you all I know I have been back and forth with my attorney, Adam Dimwit, about getting my range extended on my ankle bracelet. I need at least 1,000 feet to be able to cover all of TackyToo. The scenario has been; he tells me he's working on it, and asks for money, and I tell him I don't have any.

It's a vicious cycle, and it planted seeds of doubt in my mind. Am I actually getting the representation I'm paying for? I finally decided I was. So last week, I put up for sale on Ebay some of my classic, autographed guitar picks. I suspect everybody knows the old adage about the fellow that can fall into a septic tank and come out smellin' like a rose, well that ain't me.

It turns out it's a buyer's market for autographed guitar picks, and I take what I'm offered and send it on over to Mr. Adam Dimwit, Esq. Believe it or not, I got \$500 for my autographed Ace Frehley, and \$750 for my Billy Gibbons. I had hoped the Billy Gibbons would have brought a lot more. Billy certainly got more out of his pick than Ace did.

As I mentioned earlier, we got word that Bud Jr. was bringing his family over for supper tonight and what a joyous occasion it was. It's been months since I've seen Bud Jr. and even longer for Bud III, or Trey as we call him. Trey is walking around now, and he acts like he owns the place. He is so cute in his little droopy diapers and t-shirt. Now, I know every Grandpa says this, but there can't be a better looking boy out there.

Anyway, I was a little taken aback that Bud Jr. hadn't changed clothes before coming over and was still in his police uniform when they arrived. Turns out that our dinner party is partially official business. Bud Jr. has been authorized to swap out my anklet with one set for a thousand foot range of the rec room. Hallelujah! Saints be praised!

I can't wait to test it out by walking with Trey as far as his little legs would carry him. We get about a quarter of the way around the oval here at [TackyToo](#) before he

needs a "pick-up", and I am happy to oblige. We walk that way all the way around park, him getting tired and me carrying him until he was ready to go again. The child shows a lot of spunk.

Well, I'm grinnin' like a mule eatin' briars. It is weird to feel this happy about such a simple thing. I guess getting to share the moment with family was a big part of it, but I think I also know I've earned it. I've been working my program, attending my meetings, staying clean and sober. I've certainly gotten in touch with more feelings than I ever imagined I had. Most importantly I have not succumbed to the rage. The rage is still there, I've just found a more positive way to control it. Fingers are crossed.

In tribute to Mr. Billy Gibbons, I'd like for him to lead us in celebration: