

The Theory Of Everything



Good morning, y'all. Cold, cold here, but the skies are clear . The cold seems to have frozen the world famous Channel 11 Whiz O Meter at "10", out of the possible "11". The high is predicted to be 52, so I'm guessing the weather station is being run by polar bears. Compounding my confusion is the prediction that "black ice" will be moving into the area on Monday. I've never seen black sleet before, I plan on having my camera ready.

We had a petite emergency tonight when the lights flickered on and off just enough to set the generator going. The generator kicked on and started pouring power into the Rec room as designed. But then the power came back on by its ownself, and the generator did not turn off as expected. I was happy that I didn't have to share date night with all of the tenants here at [TackyToo](#), but perplexed as to why the generator didn't work properly. I was torn between getting my hands dirty trying to figure out the generator, or letting it burn a gallon of diesel an hour until the generator's brain figured it out. Thanks to President Obama, diesel is dirt cheap right now, but I was raised by the world's cheapest man. I mean Daddy was so cheap he let his hair fall out to save on hair cuts. So I couldn't pay for electricity from two different sources. If it came to it, I'd just have to shower again for date night.

Well, the good news is, the generator comes with a kill switch. Five minutes in the 20 degree cold led me to the conclusion I didn't know enough about the brains operating the machine to attempt a fix. I punched a bunch of buttons on the digital keyboard, and when they didn't work, I gave up. I hit the kill switch and the generator went down. I waited a minute and restarted the machine and it looks like it "rebooted" successfully. Now I can add generator mechanic to my resume, and I didn't get dirty enough to have to take another shower.

When I came back inside, Mulva had already queued up this week's movie and was waiting to push the start button on the DVR. Our selection this week was "***The Theory of Everything***". The movie is about the life and trials of Stephen Hawking

and his wife Jane. I found the movie to be a really good value to be in the Walmart \$2.99 movie bin. I know pricing is all about supply and demand, so, I'm guessing there isn't too much demand in our parts for a movie about a theoretical physicist, no matter how famous the physicist. While it took a minute to adjust to the accents, it didn't take long until we were totally wrapped up in the story.

The story was presented as a love story, and I was kind of glad because I was clueless when they talked about the science. I also figured the relationship between Hawking and his wife was the most relatable part of the story anyway. How would anyone adapt to their partner being stricken at so young an age with such a debilitating disease? The movie sure made you count your blessings. To have one of the most brilliant minds of our time trapped in one of the worst bodies is a physical paradox beyond description. The movie did a very good job of answering the everyday questions the average viewer would have about how the Hawkings managed their daily lives. In fact, it gave some answers to questions that were more personal than polite folks would have dared ask.

About the time that the male nanny was introduced, I started figuring out that the point of view of the story was coming from a different angle. Turns out, the movie is based on Jane Hawking's book, "***Travelling to Infinity: My Life with Stephen***". There are several situations in the movie that were kind of "soft pedaled", particularly if the male had been writing the story. Learning that the wife wrote the story explained a lot. Not that any reasonable person would have acted any differently if faced with the situation, it was just that the telling was different.

The film was nominated for several Academy Awards, including Eddie Redmayne for Best Actor and Felicity Jones for Best Actress. Eddie Redmayne won, as he should have. I can't think of a more physical performance since John Hurt in the "***Elephant Man***".

I'll be thinking about "***The Theory of Everything***" while I'm trying to divine the theory of diesel generators.