

Shelter in Place – Day 25 🥧

Pie Town is closed as a diner, open for takeout and delivery.

Though I'm not sure for how long.

Charlene makes a few pie crusts at night, when no one's here. As an octo...? Septo...? ...who-knows-genarian, she falls into a high-risk group for the virus. I suspect she brings Frederick into Pie Town to keep her company, but I haven't found any white cat hairs in the crusts.

I've had to cut back everyone's hours – Pie Town's only open afternoons now. But these new forgivable small business loans could be a godsend. If I re-hire everyone after the stay-at-home order ends, I guess I don't have to pay it back? But I haven't actually fired anyone. Just reduced their hours. Does that count?

Whatever. Working on this loan form beats going home. When I moved into my tiny house/shipping container, I never thought I'd have to shelter in place in it.

Charlene's crazed confidence that we'll get through this pandemic is weirdly inspiring. She's told me she's lived through multiple unnatural disasters – Marla joining the Ice Capades, Marla starting her own YouTube channel, Marla becoming a Baker Street Baker...

Marla's fine, by the way, and holed up in her beachfront manse. As Charlene frequently reminds me (via text – we're social distancing), immortal creatures of darkness aren't affected by viruses.

Now, please excuse me while I comfort eat. I know there's pie around here somewhere...

- Val Harris

