

### **Barbara - Day 3**

Irritation sets in. I know I have a lot to do, I feel like I played hooky yesterday, and I know I am going to need more than the usual 8 to 5 to get it all done. Day 2 has passed, and taken precious hours with it. I can't bring them back, so I fear I must use more of Day 3 to catch up. There are 13 traffic lights on my way to the school, with an average of two minutes per stop. That's 52 minutes round trip in which I could have replied to a dozen or so quick emails, cleared out another two dozen or so emails that clutter my Blackberry, touched base with Tina to get a jump on the work day, and gotten one call in to a colleague that I know is already clocked in; and I could have done all of this while listening to my son talk about his new plan to defeat Bowser, enemy to Super Mario. I realize how much I rely on my Blackberry to do the work in between the work.

After an early dinner I drive my oldest to his lesson. It's only a 10 minute drive and the class lasts one hour. I often sit in the parking lot during that hour, just to save the 20 minutes of driving, and work on my laptop. I use my Blackberry as a modem so that I can work online. Tonight I drive back home after dropping him off, and the 10 minute drive was excruciating. I could have gotten a lot done in those 10 minutes. At each traffic light I wonder what I am supposed to do with the "free" time. After the kids are in bed I know that I will have to work late, and resent the fact that I can't even do some email "housekeeping" from my Blackberry while in bed. I remember hearing somewhere that a smoker may find Day 3 of quitting to be especially difficult, so I look it up to know what I can expect for the days ahead. Here is what I find:

Day 1: Face up to your desire to smoke

Day 2: The choice is yours

Day 3: The torment isn't permanent

Day 4: The average number of strong withdrawals falls

...oh thank goodness.

### **Tina – Day 3**

I realized a plus to not having the blackberry tonight when I sat with my 6-yr old to watch part of a movie. Normally, my blackberry would be right next to me and you bet I would check it every time it vibrated. But my blackberry was off. So I sat, cuddled and had a great time with my 6-yr old.

After he was in bed, the anxiety returned. I remembered living in a brownstone in Boston. The wiring was very old (and completely not in code). The power went out often and the breaker box was in the basement unit. We all had to wait for the owner of that unit to reset the breakers. The problem was that all our phones were - and still are - handheld sets that require electric to work. In Boston, I would simply walk down four flights of stairs and knock on the door since I could not call my neighbor. What would I do here if the electricity goes out and I do not have a cell phone? I think I need to invest in an old-fashioned phone...