

The Bug-Out

Pete Thorsen

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher/author, except that brief selections may be quoted or copied for non-profit use without permission, provided that full credit is given. This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events are used fictionally. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead is entirely accidental.

Chapter 1

I'm bugging out. I have no idea where I am going, only that it is away from the city. Yes, I know you should have an iron-clad plan with a positive destination for bugging out but I don't. Sure I would like to say I have a well set up BOL with two-years of supplies in a remote location with a complete solar setup including a solar-powered well pump. Well, I don't. I have just me, my twenty-year-old car, and all my worldly possessions that are in this car.

You see some people are poor. I know that is a shocking statement but it is true. I have no delusions as far as my survival chances. I will likely die. But better to die away from the city I figure. And I am not some Army Special Forces guy who could live off the land with just his knife and his wits. I have never been in the military. I am only twenty-two so I have never done much of anything. While I did graduate from high school, I have never been on a college campus, let alone attended college.

I have had several different jobs but I don't think I was all that good at any of them. Some jobs I quit and some jobs I got fired or laid-off. I do know how to drink and I have been drunk many times. But I don't put that on my job applications because I never thought it would help my chances for employment. I did usually have a job just because if you look and don't care what you do then usually a person can find some kind of employment.

That part of my life is all over now because I am bugging out. I don't expect to get another job for a long time or more likely ever. You see things are not all roses now in the once-great United States. Very few people have jobs now. Now, most people in the cities spend their

waking hours rioting and looting it seems like anyway. I am so happy to be away from that now that I am outside the city.

I hope I have enough money left. I have two hundred bucks and my car gets pretty good mileage. I started my trip with about a three-quarter full tank. I spent the rest of my money on food and some water. I know everyone else says they have a big four-wheel-drive truck with giant tires but I'm glad I got this smaller car because I need the good gas mileage now. Gas is about eight bucks a gallon so my saved gas money will go fast.

I left St Louis just before the sun came up. Nothing made me happier than seeing that city in my rear-view mirror. I am heading west. I might angle south some because I know Denver would about as bad as the city I just escaped from. So, what's my plan? I am heading to the mountains. Isn't that what everyone always said they would do when the world fell apart? They all say they will bug-out to the mountains and live off the land.

But I am not quite as stupid as many of those internet commandos. I know life is tougher in the mountains and that is why all across the world the mountains are the last places that are settled by people. The reason is while the mountains might be pretty, life there is more difficult. So then why am I going there? Simply because there are fewer people there.

My plan is simplistic. I drive to the mountains and find an empty vacation home then break in and stay there while the world crumbles. It is September twenty-ninth and winter will be here soon. If I do find a place to stay in the winter, I will worry about where to go in the spring when it gets here. Do I have enough food to last over winter? No, I do not. That's why I figure I might die just like millions of my countrymen will die over the long cold winter.

Most of the money I had saved I spent on rice. Rice, some spices, some pasta, and a bunch of salt along with

whatever was in my almost bare cupboards in my apartment. I spent as much on food as I dared and hopefully saved enough money for gas to get me someplace I could stay the winter. I know it is not much of a plan but it is all the plan I have so it will have to do.

There is little traffic on the highway which is hardly surprising considering the price of gas. I had kept my gas tank pretty full all the time because gas was going up so much. Food was also going up a lot and I had started stockpiling food early. I thought maybe if I had enough food I could tough it out in St Louis but as time went on I saw that would be impossible. Several buildings burned down just within two blocks of my small apartment.

Lucky for me that my old car looks like crap so no one had ever bothered it. I never even had anyone steal gas from it. I always left it unlocked so they would not break a window to get inside. I left the glove box open so everyone could see it was empty. The tires are crap but they all still hold air so I'm hoping for no flats on this trip. They are bald enough so even a small amount of snow would keep me from moving. Quite the big-out vehicle I have here.

I have successfully bypassed Kansas City. Not too far past that city I stopped at a station and filled the gas tank and used the bathroom. I then wasted no time taking off again. I am keeping my speed at fifty-five to hopefully get the best mileage. There are very few semi-trucks on this major interstate highway. All shipping is ending as the nation starts to shutdown. This interstate highway has about the same traffic as a simple county road would have had just a couple years ago I think.

I have just filled the gas tank again because I am turning off this big highway and heading south on a small highway before turning west again. It is late enough now so I am looking for a small road so I can get someplace with no one around to sleep overnight. I will just sleep in

my car because I have no tent or any other camping gear. I have slept in this car before and it is not a good thing but it is what it is. Everything I own is in this car and I am very hesitant to even step out of it. Though maybe now way out here in the middle of nowhere I should be much safer than I was in the city. That was awful. So many people have died violent deaths there.

The land is flat and treeless and appears to be totally empty. I have pulled off the road and will sleep here tonight. I hope I do not wake up dead. If a cop stops to check on me he will certainly ask for my insurance information. I have no insurance because I used that money to buy food. I doubt that explanation will do me any good to a cop. If he had my car towed and impounded because of lack of insurance I would be done for.

Chapter 2

I woke up still alive and took the time to make a very small fire using just a few pieces of dead brush that were nearby. I had a few eggs left over from my regular food in the refrigerator in my apartment and I fried two of them. I made a big fried egg sandwich and considered that a fine breakfast. I made sure the small fire was completely out before leaving the area (even though there was little to burn here anyway) and continuing my journey.

This small highway is almost completely bare of other travelers. I continued south until I came to a tiny town called Rush Center. One gas station was open and I again filled the car's tank even though I still had plenty of fuel remaining. I used the restroom (the real reason for the stop) and then was on my way only now I was again heading straight west.

I traveled on through several very small towns and a lot of rural land. The land was flat and rather barren. It did not change when I passed the state line into Colorado. I kept going west. I had to make a few turns on different roads because I went south some along with my primary west direction. My money was now mostly gone. I stopped a gas station but did not fill the tank. I saved a few dollars for maybe some more food.

There are some hills now though they only had small trees or bushes on most of them. I think I can see real mountains farther west. I still have gas and I will continue west.

I have finally made it to the large national forest. The highway is now winding through the mountains that are covered in tall pine trees. I plan on now starting my search for a place to hide out over winter. It is getting late and I take a forest road and after a short way, I stop for the night.

There is nothing around me except trees and the little dirt trail I drove in on off the highway. It is a good spot to spend the night. I have listened to the news reports off and on all day on my radio. The news just goes on and on about all the riots, fires, and deaths. Sounds like many of the larger cities are burning from the rioters starting multiple fires. The National Guard is in many cities but it does not sound like they are helping all that much. Things are certainly getting worse and I am thankful to be where I am now.

I wake feeling better even though the small car's seats are uncomfortable for sleeping. Just knowing I am off in the boonies makes me feel safer. I again make a small fire and cook more of the left-over food from my fridge. It is about gone now and I will be eating rice or maybe a rabbit or something tonight. I do have plenty of rice.

I make sure the fire is completely out and after a stop back in the woods I start the car and go back to the highway. I am now looking at every house I pass and I turn down each dirt road that looks big enough to contain houses. I think many of the small roads are just logging roads.

It is very slow going. I have seen several places but by each, I have seen either people, domestic animals, or vehicles so I knew they were occupied. I hope I find an empty place soon. I stop early again at just an old campsite along a dirt road. Tonight I make some rice flavored with chicken bouillon. There is a fast-moving creek where I am camping and I wash up in that cold water. I know I could boil that water and drink it but I still have some city water that I had brought with me. I had thought ahead and saved many water bottles and other containers that I filled with water for free at my apartment. I even refilled the ones I had used along the way at rest stops.

I make some oatmeal for my breakfast and then leave to start looking for a house to break into today. At noon I am still looking but around two I find a promising house.

I had driven much farther down a small dirt road than I usually did and it might have paid off. The house I found appears vacant. I drive up to it and though it has a garage that could contain a vehicle the place just has that deserted look. There were no tracks on the driveway and grass and weeds were growing up in it.

I stop and knock on the door several times. I look all around from the front door and can see no other places and just see woods everywhere. I try the door but it is locked of course. I look in the windows and see some furniture inside. The free-standing garage is also locked but after retrieving the small crowbar from my car I am able to pry the door over enough to get inside the garage without doing too much damage to the door.

There is no vehicle inside. There are tools and many other things here. I open the big garage door for more light. Next, I search for a possible key to the house but find nothing. I expand my key search outside, looking under various rocks and such for a key. I finally find a house key on the back porch. It is hanging under the railing and very hard to see. I had been running my hand everywhere and found it that way.

I open the door and go inside. I try a light switch and a light comes on so I have electricity. I do a quick run-through of the house. There are a few clothes in two closets but not very many (all are summer clothes). I find a few letters and magazines all with the same Georgia address on them. I think I have found my new home.

I try a faucet but nothing comes out. I guessed that the water would be off for the winter and I start looking to turn it on. I find the electric breaker box and sure enough, the double breaker marked 'pump' is in the off position. I

flip it on and run when I hear water flowing. I find several faucets are turned on and I shut them off then run outside and around the house where I shut off two outside faucets.

I again go inside and can no longer hear any water running any place. I start searching the house better and find the cupboards full of pots and pans along with dishes and such. There is some food like flour, sugar, and things. The door had been propped open on the refrigerator and the interior light is on so I now shut that door.

The kitchen stove is gas and it will not light and when I turn on a burner I do not hear any gas. Back outside again I find the big gas tank and after opening the lid I see the valve. I turn it on and then look down at the gauge. It says a little over fifty percent full.

I look and find the water heater and it is electric. I go to a faucet and turn on the hot water but it comes out cold and spits and hisses some. When it is running fine with no hiccups I go the breaker box and switch on the water heater breaker which had been in the off position. I will have a hot shower tonight!

While it is plenty light yet I back the car close and bring all my stuff inside the house. Then I put my car in the garage and close the doors so it is hidden. The kitchen is in the back of the house and it is late enough so I start making some ramen. I am an expert on making ramen because it is cheap and I have eaten plenty of it.

It is getting dark and while the ramen is heating I run outside to see if you can see the kitchen light from the road. As I thought no light is visible. I will be careful to not show any lights that can be seen from the road even though I don't think anyone is likely anyplace close to here. Better to careful now so I do not regret it later.

I eat my ramen and do a better inspection of the kitchen. There is a door that turns out to be a small pantry and it does contain some food that I will likely eat. Between the pantry and what was in the cupboards, there

is likely more than a week's worth of food for me. My snooping done I lay out some clean clothes and take a shower. I will be using the back bedroom so any light cannot be seen from the road. The hall bathroom does not have an outside window so that is no problem as far as lighting.

After my shower, I go to bed happy. I have found a good place to stay and with the owners thousands of miles away it is very unlikely they will show up here anymore at this point. The bed here seems incredibly comfortable but that might be just because I have been sleeping in my car. Anything would be comfortable after that. Anyway, it takes me very little time to fall asleep.

Chapter 3

I stayed around the place snooping at everything and arranging my stuff. The place did have a wood stove and a fair amount of firewood stacked behind the garage. There was also a gas fireplace in the family room. I also found a couple of small portable electric heaters, one of which I put in each bathroom for future use. No heat needed just yet but I knew I would need heat soon enough with winter coming.

The second day I hiked a few ever-larger circles around the place just to get the lay-of-the-land. The next day I hiked quite a way farther down the road but I found no other houses in that direction, at least as far as I walked. I also noticed that the electric poles stopped at the house I now called home. There was plenty of deer sign and some elk sign also. I did bring my one gun with me. I own a twenty-two rifle with a scope. I had bought three of the bulk packs of ammunition which was a total of sixteen hundred and fifty rounds. I plan on using that rifle to add to my food supply. In the house, I found no guns but did find a couple hundred more twenty-two shells. I'll leave them where I found them unless I really need them.

I have started going into the woods daily and bringing back tree limbs and such that are small enough for me to bust up to fit in the woodstove. It gives me something to do and does add some to the woodpile. Every afternoon I take my rifle and hunt for something to add to my supper. I have shot a couple of squirrels and one rabbit. I tried one blue jay but it did not taste very good. I ate it anyway. I have eaten two robins and they tasted much better than the blue jay. Meat is meat and it will be a long winter I bet. The birds allow me to get close so I just shoot them in the head so I do not spoil any meat.

It is getting cooler now. I can get one radio station and listen to that just about every day. Mainly to get the weather but also for more news about what is going on in the world. And to hear another human voice. Congress repealed some old law so now regular Army troops can be used to assist police in keeping order in the cities. Sounds like the police and National Guard were not enough so now there are also the regular Army guys in most of the large cities.

Apparently, there has been a rush of illegals crossing our southern border and causing many problems. The Governor of Arizona now has the National Guard on their border and they are using live ammunition to seal the border with Mexico. Our woman President is having a fit saying that states cannot commit acts of war but that Governor told her to read the Constitution where it plainly says that the States can use force to stop an invasion. It is apparent to me that the Governor is not going to back down. Now the Texas Governor is saying unless the federal government does something immediately he will use force to stop illegals in his state also.

The large cities are all a crumbling mess. And people are starving because trucking has about stopped due to all the violence everywhere. We have plenty of food here in the United States but without the constant flow of trucks moving the food around people will starve. Our woman President has ordered all truckers to return to work. It doesn't sound like any of the truckers have returned to work though and some lawyer guy they interviewed said that the government cannot force people to work except in the communist countries. Especially if said work is dangerous which it certainly would be here for those truckers.

Now people are worried about the possible loss of the whole electric grid because of the violence keeping workers from going to their jobs. The workers in the

nuclear power generating plants are safe because all those plants have armed security but the coal plants are the problem. There are the coal miners that dig the coal then the people moving the mined coal to the trains and loading them. Then the people operating those trains full of coal. Then the people operating the coal-fired power plants. That is a lot of people in different spots that all need security while they work and security going to and from their jobs. Yes, the violence is that bad.

I sure hope the power does not go off here though with the woodstove I suppose I could get by. There is a creek about a quarter-mile away I could use for water or just melt snow for water if and when I get snow here. Electric power sure would be nicer.

Sounds like hardly anyone is working at any jobs now. I wonder how people are paying their bills, like their electric bills?

I think I have been here for more than two weeks now. I'm not really sure because the radio station that I could get went off the air at least a week ago. The electric power still works but I question just how long that will last.

I have made some preparations and I am going to try and shoot a deer. I don't expect to be able to shoot one on my first hunt. Because I only have a twenty-two rifle I have to get close to shoot one. It has to be a headshot because this rifle is too small to humanely kill a deer if I shoot it anyplace except the head. Even a headshot requires very careful placement. But I see deer almost every day.

It took me three days but I did shoot a deer. After some thought, I took the window screens off several of the house windows and shot the deer from the house. After the deer fell from the one very careful shot, I shot it two more times in the head while it was on the ground. I did not want it to suffer and I sure did not want it to get away.

After I knew it was dead I dragged it farther from the house to gut it out. Then I dragged it back and into the garage. I had found a rope here and used that to hang the deer from a rafter. Though it was my first ever deer I skinned it out with no trouble. Just like skinning a very big squirrel. Next, I took one leg section (I think they call it a quarter) into the house and first cut all the meat from the bones. For now, I set the bones outside. Next, I cut the meat into thin slices and threw those slices into a large bowl with water, salt, onion powder, and pepper. When I had the bowl full I carefully hung the strips of meat on the oven racks and turned the oven on to two hundred degrees. This should turn the fresh meat into jerky.

The outside temperature is around freezing so I know the remaining deer meat will be fine hanging in the garage for a couple days or more. I fried up some of the scrap meat and had that with just a little rice for my larger than normal noon meal.

After my noon meal, I brought in another deer leg and went through the same process except once the meat was cut into thin slices I just put it in the refrigerator. I was able to debone and slice most of the remaining deer meat before I thought the jerky in the oven was done. I took a strip of the meat out and let it cool for a bit and then bent it. It kind of cracked a little but did not break so I thought it was done.

I took that jerky out and put more into the oven to jerk. I had been smart enough to time the first batch and now I would know when to take the second batch out. It was four hours. It might have been done sooner or maybe I could have left it in longer but four hours seemed to work so that is how long I did all the remaining meat (some I did the next day). I now had a good supply of jerked meat which even though I likely did not need to I kept in the refrigerator inside a couple of plastic containers that I found in a cupboard. The scrap meat I ate fresh over the next

couple of days. Almost all the meat I was able to make into jerky.

I checked the cupboards here again and found plenty more of the plastic containers so I kept an eye out for deer and about a week later I shot another from an open window in the house. I went through the exact same process for this deer and ended up a lot more jerky that was all stored inside the containers in the refrigerator. I now feel better about my survival chances, at least for over winter.

Chapter 4

I now have several inches of snow on the ground outside. But the sun is out and I think while it might not all melt away, it should settle some so it is easier for me to go walking again. I do not own any kind of snow boots. What I do have is a pair of leather boots that I have now rubbed down well with melted marrow from inside some of the deer bones. The boots are too big for me but I bought them used and too big on purpose so I could wear extra socks in them for warmth. They will be my snow boots or at least my winter boots. I had tried to think ahead because I knew this was likely coming.

The jerky I made is working out well. I add it to rice and I add it to my ramen so I get plenty of protein. I no longer have much variety in my diet but again I had planned ahead and had purchased the cheapest multi-vitamins that I could find at Walmart. I have started taking one per day.

I am using the wood stove here for heat but I keep the house temperature quite low. I have closed all the bedroom doors and I sleep in the living room on a single mattress that I dragged in there. That way I sleep where it is the warmest. So far I have no problem with any freezing pipes. If it gets really cold I will shut off the pump and drain the pipes so they do not freeze. Before I do that I would run water into every container I could find and keep them in the living room where it is the warmest.

Because the electric power is still on I am using both of the electric heaters that I found here. They help a lot but are not enough to heat the house. One is in each of the two bathrooms to make sure the pipes in there do not freeze. And it is nice to have a warm bathroom too.

With more meat available I am eating mostly a meat diet. I still have plenty of rice and I do eat a little rice every day, just not very much. I do have a book on Rocky Mountain wild edibles but that does not help much in the winter. I look through this book several times every week. I found that book at a thrift store on one of their half-price days so I had bought it. I always shopped on the half-price days because I never had much money. That is where I bought most of my clothes too.

The snow here did settle and I am back to hiking again. When I go hiking I always return with an armload of branches to help with the heating. Some days I make several trips to get branches. I have nothing else to do anyway. I am trying to mark off the days so I have some idea what day it is now that the radio station is dead. I want to make sure I shoot one or two deer near the end of February so I have a bunch of jerky for summer. I have no idea what I will do in the summer.

I do have some basic fishing gear to hopefully supplement my diet with fish (if I go someplace with a river or lake). But I know I will have to drive into a town or city and hopefully get a job. I really have no other choice. I could maybe survive over summer by eating wild stuff but I would surely die next winter if I lasted that long. I just have to hope this situation in my country gets sorted out by spring or summer at the latest. That is why I try the radio every couple of days. Thinking about your own death sure wears you down after a while.

After counting my daily marks a couple of times I think it is about the middle of February so I have been watching for deer. Instead, when a small herd of cow elk wandered close enough to the house I took a chance and shot the closest one in the head. It was looking at me and I shot carefully into its left eye so I knew the bullet would pass into its brain cavity. It fell like a brick. I shot into its head three more times after it was down just to be sure.

It was a whole lot of meat. I was not strong enough to move it at all. I gutted it, skinned it, and quartered it, all right where it fell. I hung the quarters in the garage while I took the remaining meat off the elk carcass. I worked on processing all the meat and turning it into jerky for several days. I also ate fresh elk meat every day too. Using the hide for a sled I dragged away all the carcass and entrails. That one full-sized elk contained a lot of deboned meat. It seemed to taste better than the deer but maybe I was just tired of eating deer meat every single day. I know there was well over a hundred pounds of boneless meat though it was much lighter and smaller after I turned it into jerky. I would guess maybe even well over a hundred and fifty pounds of meat. I'm set for meat now for a long time.

I am surprised that the electric power has never gone off here. As far as I know, the country is still having huge problems but I guess someone in charge decided that electric power had to stay on everywhere no matter what and so it is still on here. I had no bad storms here over winter (so far). I did receive snow many times but it was never blizzard conditions or anything like that here.

Spring is here. At least all the snow has melted anyway and it is warmer. A few green plants are sprouting up here and there. I have really started to extend my daily walks now. Mostly I walk on the road because the ground is soft and muddy everywhere else. I walk and think about what I should do. I have food. Lots of jerked meat and still a little bit of rice and a few spices but that's it. Oh, and my vitamins but they really are not food.

I could stay here and survive over summer I think and try to leave then. That would be option one. Or I could drive to the closest town or city and try to find work. That would be option two. I think those are my only two options. Basically, stay or leave. I think I am safe here so I would say there is much more risk if I leave. But no matter what I will have to leave within the next few months. I have no

food for another winter stay in this location. Even in the summer, other than meat, there will be little food available around here. It is heavily wooded with pine trees. Under the pine trees, the ground has little vegetation. I'm sure I could find some wild edibles but they would be few and likely have little real food value.

So I think I will be leaving soon. I did start my car off and on during the winter. I know it will start and I can drive away. I have been trying the radio almost daily but still have heard nothing on it. I think that is a very bad sign. I believe the situation in the country is still very bad. If so there would be no jobs and with no money, I don't see much chance for my continued survival. Even if I had money might not make any difference anyway. There likely would be no food to buy. That is my pessimistic view.

The optimistic view is that things are more back to normal and I could immediately find work and be able to buy food and other supplies then live happily ever after. Or possibly more realistically the situation would be someplace between those two extremes. I would say that no matter what I should at least expect hardships after I leave here.

I have decided to wait at least for a while yet. I have been using my foraging book and have started to find some wild things to eat. Not a lot but a little anyway. I have now waited for about a month and I think it is about the end of April or the beginning of May now and I have decided to leave. I still have heard nothing on the radio. When I leave I will be traveling east, back the way I came to the closest town. I do have some gas left. I have stolen the gas I found in the garage. It was roughly four gallons or about one hundred miles of travel in my car. Plus what was in the car's gas tank so I think I have between two and three hundred miles of possible travel before I run out of gas.

I spent two whole days gathering dead branches and carrying them back to the house to build up the

firewood supply here. There is less firewood now than when I arrived but at least I have left a fair supply here for the next person. I have spent one day cleaning, straightening, and putting everything back to the way it was when I arrived. I have now shut down the main electric breaker and drained out all the water lines to the best of my ability and shut off the main valve on the propane tank. In the morning I leave to face the unknown.

Chapter 5

After several months I loaded my gear in my car and drove away from the house where I had illegally squatted for all those months. When I got out to the highway it was deserted which I had expected. As I drove on I eventually saw other vehicles but they were all stopped along the highway and looked to have been there for quite some time. I had to assume they had just run out of gas or had some kind of mechanical problem.

I drove through a couple of tiny towns that appeared to be deserted but I assumed they were not. Likely a few people remained but were not standing in the middle of the street for me to see. I never stopped and just continued on towards the closest small city.

I drove into the small city and it looked pretty deserted too. When I saw a big Walmart store I pulled into the parking lot, not because it looked open but just because it was likely the biggest store in the town. I parked in the lot pretty close to the front doors. Well, close to where the front doors used to be because now there were big sheets of plywood covering the whole front where there used to be glass windows and doors. With nothing better to do, I got out and taking my rifle I walked up to the storefront.

I could see posters or something stuck on the plywood and I hoped those would give me some information. The papers looked fairly new and were still very legible.

Turned out to be basically help wanted ads from the US government. Applicants were directed to apply at the Walmart parking lot in the next bigger city. It also said the transportation to there would be provided by the military on three listed dates from this location. I knew I had enough gas to make the trip and I had no idea if I had missed all

the dates listed or not so I walked back to my car to start my drive to my new destination. A couple of hours later with a car that now had less than a quarter tank of gas I pulled into the next Walmart parking lot.

This place looked much different. There were several military vehicles parked mostly in one area of the lot and the store had people going in and out. I parked kind of in the middle of the action and just sat in the stopped car and watched for a bit.

People all seemed calm enough and were moving like they had someplace to go. After a little more watching I got out and walked over to the closest troopers, unarmed, to see what was going on here.

The troops did not look mean or anything and bored would be more like it. I started a conversation and asked if they knew about any jobs that might be available.

Apparently, our government was hiring. These were many different jobs and it was not like signing up for the military or anything. Just jobs where you worked and you could quit whenever you wanted and go try something else if that was your wish. No signing your life away for four years like in the Army.

I got the scoop on local jobs and went to apply for one of those. I thought I would at least work for a while to make a little money for some food and more gas.

I ended up working two months and then hearing about jobs available farther south I headed down there where it would be warmer in the coming winter.

I think things have turned around now and while many things have changed (hopefully for the better) it looks like it will get back to something more normal. I hope it stays normal. For me when I can I will be again stocking up on food and other supplies when I can so I am ready just in case.

The End

