

## **Percussive Maintenance**

Raining cats and dogs didn't even begin to describe it. "Tigers and wolves" would've been a more accurate characterization of the torrential downpour that currently drenched Mitchell Sketson. The patriarch of the proud Sketson Family, residing on the hallowed ground of 938 Hemway Blvd, turned towards his objective. The antenna-mounted, round dish that brandished the insignia of the Black Bear Cable Company stared down at him from the peak of his palace. Mitchell was accustomed to technology failures, but to perform one in a storm as heavy as this (and an electrical one, in particular) was an *unorthodox* predicament to say the least. But no matter the danger he faced or the hills he must climb (figuratively and sometimes even literally), 'twas his duty to resolve adversities towards his family. To ensure his daughters' access to their morning cartoons, and his wife's access to her DVR-recorded nature documentaries, even in the endless onslaught of thunderstorms, no task was too great.

Grabbing his battle-scarred plastic blue bucket, Mitch made his way to the first of his steps to reach the top of his residence: performing an elevated standing leap from his plastic pail to pull himself onto his sacred tool shed, his "armory". Normally an effortless movement for a man like him, it took a few attempts to prevent slipping off the wet plastic before his feet could push off. After ensuring the bucket was not broken in the effort and deciding that his next task after this

climb would be to purchase a replacement ladder to make tasks like these easier, he turned to make his next step towards the apex of the structure: a running jump to leap across the chasm separating his shed and his home. Sliding briefly upon landing on the rain-coated shingles that he installed himself many years ago, he was only a couple levels away from the endangered satellite dish. A few more careful clambers and life-flashing brief slides across the outcroppings of his residence, and finally, he had arrived before the signal-wielder. Now, it came time for his moment of glory. The fulfillment of his duty as the patriarch of the Sketson family. Raising his palm and building up force, he let out a guttural cry to the heavens and brought his palm down upon the dish:

“Goddamn shitty electric dog cone...turn back *on!*”

---

Back in the living room, Valerie Sketson opened drawers and dug through cabinets, trying to remember where she kept the board games that she played with the girls when the lights went out. Upon giving up and going to get herself a glass of water from the kitchen, the TV screen suddenly came back to life, and the cartoon exploits of an airplane-piloting opossum and his trusty bovine sidekick continued once again. She heard her daughter’s voice soon after.

“YES! Molly, Molly, c’mon! Daddy fixed the TV!”, as she ran off to go find her.

Valerie chuckled and stared up at the ceiling.

“You’re gonna kill yourself one of these days, you moron...”