

Moving - It Ain't All Bad By Darren Gallagher

Let's face it. This whole moving thing isn't much fun. You pack up your gear, and while just sorting through the every day items is a nightmare, you have to then try to convince your husband that he doesn't need to keep a lot of the stuff that he has in the back corner of the shed. The stuff that he insists 'He will need one day'. I know this to be true because my lovely lady has to battle with my questionably filled back shed also. That 12 inch disco ball, the old pinball machine, that one unidentified hubcap, or his collection of old Navy Newspapers from when he joined way back in.... whenever.

And so moving day comes and you endure the rigor of watching removalists treat your stuff like it's not theirs, adding only to your stress. To be honest, I love the uplift day. I love watching these big burly removalists come cruising through my home - visually assessing my stuff, thinking to themselves, 'I can lift it'.

This brings me to my fridge. I have this crusty old Kelvinator that while looking light, is that heavy that you would need a swag of Egyptians to help you move it. It has that real, 'They don't make them like this anymore' kind of vibe to it. It must have something like a negative five star energy rating, but what can I tell you - I'm a sentimental bloke. My favourite part about the whole move is that moment when I sit back and watch them as they try and pick it up. Counting blood vessels in their foreheads is a good game to play too at this point. A real VB commercial kind of moment.

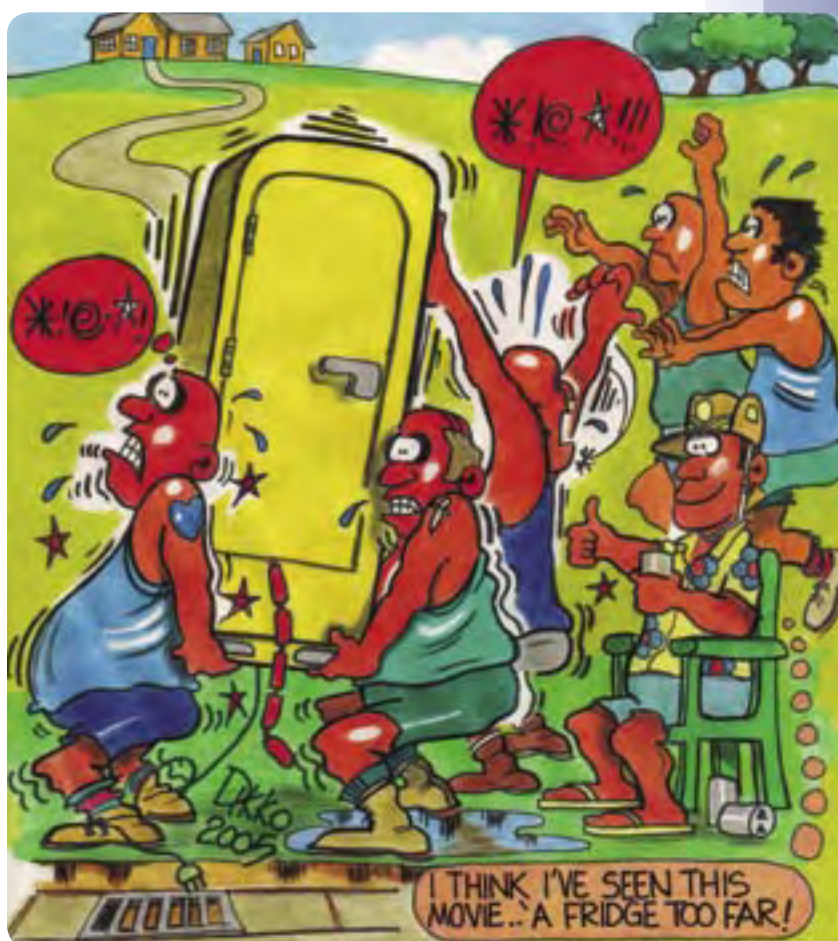
Then, before you can say, 'Where's my blue singlet?' - they are calling in another lifter to help them get it down the stairs and the steep driveway.

Gold. And what makes this scenario even better, is that I get to see it twice. Because it is usually a different bunch of blokes dropping it off. You can bet your disturbance allowance that one of them will say, while looking at the steep driveway and flight of stairs, 'Just want this one in the shed mate?', To which I reply, 'Nah, in the Kitchen thanks fellas'!

I always make sure that I'm having a beer while they are doing this too, because when they put it down, they look at me with those 'Andy Capp on a Brewery Tour' eyes.

Essentially, do I loathe moving house? You betcha. But it's comforting to know, that no matter where I live, or how many times I move - I will never have to move that sucker myself.

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Above: Graphic by Rene Dikkenberg, who is on loan from Army News.