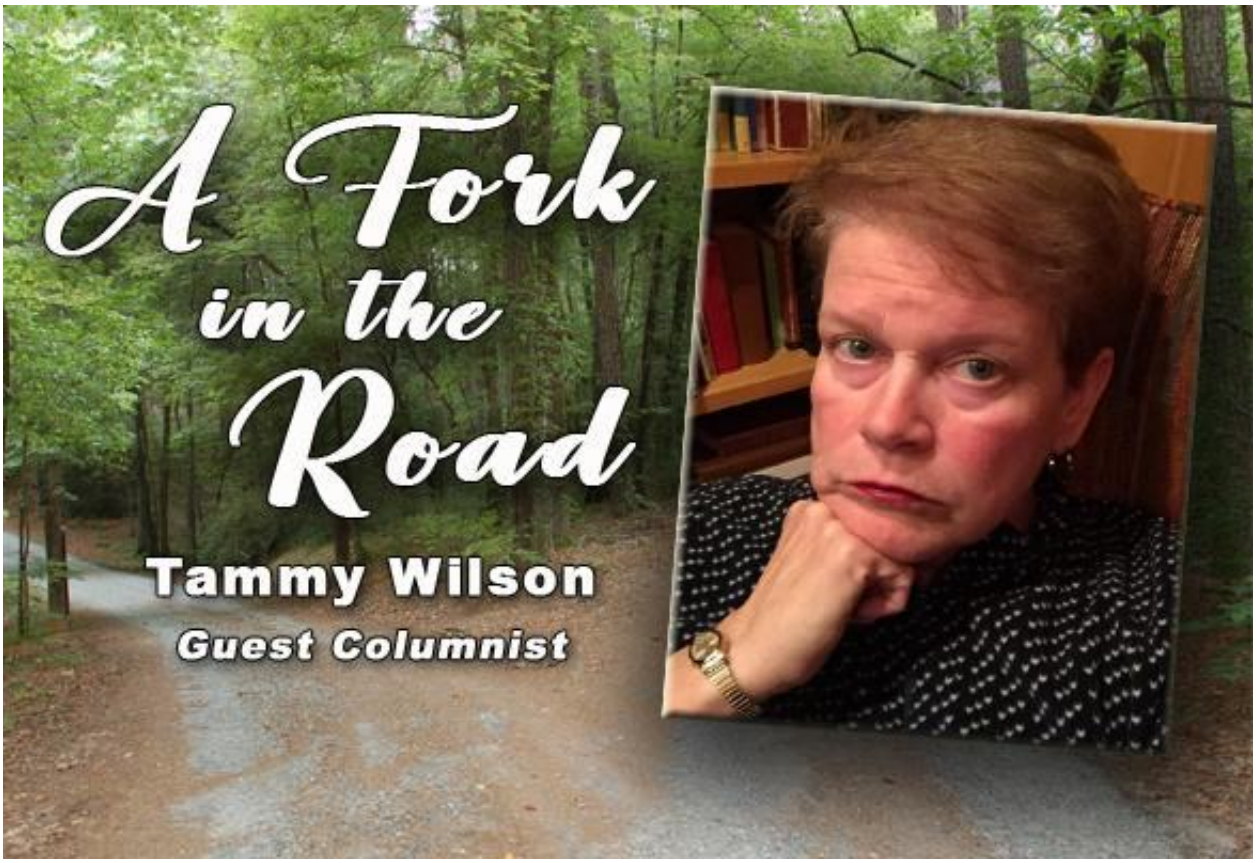


Unsettling Blue Moon Pays A Visit

Tammy Wilson

We've all heard about odd things happening under a full moon. Police officers get busier, emergency rooms fill up, things get freaky.

This past full moon on Aug. 19 was a "blue moon." It's the second full moon within a calendar month.

As I went about my day last Monday, things kept going haywire. First, my Roku TV wouldn't connect. Neither would the internet.

Surely rebooting would solve the problem. Except it didn't.

Meanwhile, my Shark vacuum cleaner that had been limping along for a few weeks. For years, Ribeye, my blue heeler, has "herded" the machine, snapping and biting at the motorhead as if it was alive. Monday morning, the vacuum refused to operate. I propped it up against the staircase to remind myself to dismantle and discard it.

By late morning, I called Spectrum to report my internet issue. They couldn't figure out the problem remotely, and scheduled a technician to come out that afternoon.

Then, while trying to print from my desktop, my laser printer lost its mind and refused to stop printing. I turned the whole system off repeatedly, but as soon as I powered up the machine, the printer continued its mad tear through my copy paper and toner.

Before I decided to throw the printer out the door, I phoned the manufacturer and was put in the waiting queue for over an hour.

I'm happy to report that the mechanical weirdness was resolved by 5 p.m. I had a new modem and my printer had calmed down.

As I sat down to dinner that evening, I heard a growling sound, then a loud crash in the front hallway. My vacuum cleaner, the one that Ribeye loves to hate, had somehow powered itself “on” and was gyrating angrily on the floor.

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. It was a bit spooky seeing a “dead” machine come to life. I tried operating the vac, only to have it emit a high-pitched scream. At that point, I unplugged the cord and hoisted the vac to the garbage bin.

Tuesday morning, I woke to a loud cracking sound in the front hallway. Quickly followed by three more pops. Ribeye reared up, ears cocked. I wasn’t hearing things, and I was certain that no one was walking up the stairs.

It must be the house settling, I told myself. Sure. Hadn’t the temperature dropped over night? Maybe staircase was adjusting to cooler temperatures…four times in rapid succession.

Later that day, at a routine dental exam, I learned that one of my molars was on the verge of cracking apart. It would need a crown. Ka ching, ka ching.

Fortunately, blue moons come around only about once a year. Aug. 19 was it for 2024. 2025 will have none, and the following two years, one each.

But beware of the blue moon in 2028. It arrives on Dec. 31, New Year’s Eve. That, my friends, should be a doozy.

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