



## THE WAY WE WERE

An old Mowbray Wines Fire Truck gives a ride to local scouts in the Canada Day parade in 1997 in this Esquesing Historical Society photo.

EHS photo

## OPINION

# YOU KNOW IT'S HOT WHEN MAN'S BEST FRIEND BAILS

## WORKING IN THE SHED A MISTAKE, WRITES TED BROWN



TED BROWN  
Column

Now, the first thing here, I want to be abundantly clear about something.

I'm not complaining - I'm simply stating a fact.

Last Tuesday was super-hot, at least as I remember it, and to remember something that long ago is pretty good for me.

In a very short time, Tuesday suddenly went from being a pleasant day

to probably the hottest day of the past week.

And as usual, it was the day that I decided to do some work in the heat of the shed.

You know the type of thing - one of those times when a guy has to do something productive, like change the oil in the lawn mower or sharpen the blades.

And that day I decided to update some electrical wiring in the shed. For months I'd been putting off installing a couple new electrical boxes and switches; the day was right.

The Sidekick was at work - in her air-conditioned office - so I happily jumped into the task.

When I started at 9 a.m., it was a super nice day.

Sunny, breezy, clear blue sky up above - you know the type.

But suddenly it became hot, man it was smokin' hot.

And when one is working in a steel shed, that siding heats up pretty quickly, and holds the heat.

When I first started in the shed, Hamish, my faithful and fearless Border Collie (a.k.a. "man's best friend") was happily following me around as I worked in the shed.

He was panting and smiling, his tail wagging, following me in and out of the shed, pouncing on imaginary 'grass monsters' in the lawn and chasing the occasional squirrel.

The area of the front of the shed is a bit like a para-

bolic mirror, concentrating the morning sunshine into a closed area. I set up the ladder, got out the electrical wire and other tools, and prepared to feed the wire through the structure to the other side of the shed.

Whew, it was hot.

In time, Hamish was nowhere to be found.

I looked around to see where he'd gone. After calling him a couple times, I finally found him at the far end of the shed, stretched out, laying on the cool concrete floor.

"What are you doing in here, Hamish?" I said. "You should be outside with me." His expression said it all:

"Man, are you kidding?" he panted. "It's freakin' hot out there, and it's only

9:30!"

(Hamish is a very perceptive dog ...)

I went back outside, and reached down to pick up a hammer that had been laying on the ground, in the sun.

Wow, was it hot! Geez, it felt like I'd pulled it out of a blast furnace.

As I progressed, I had to remove my long-sleeved shirt as it was simply too hot and sticky wearing it in the shed.

I continued for an hour-and-a-half, finally getting the job done.

And when I finished, I was totally whacked. I gathered up my tools, the ladder and assorted bits and pieces, and put things away.

The dog was still in the

same spot, laying on the cool of the concrete, stretched out on his side. He got up, yawned, stretched and looked sleepily in my direction.

I was soaked in sweat, totally beat and used up, and my shirt was so wet with sweat you'd think I'd fallen into a lake.

Once again, his expression said it all ...

"Told you so ..." as he yawned through half-closed eyes, stretched and laid his head down again ready to doze off again.

As I walked to the house to get a drink and cool down, one thing became abundantly clear - and I'm not complaining here.

You know it's a hot day when your dog bails out on you for cooler ground.

*Ted Brown is a freelance journalist for the IFP. He can be contacted at tedbit@hotmail.com.*

Furnace

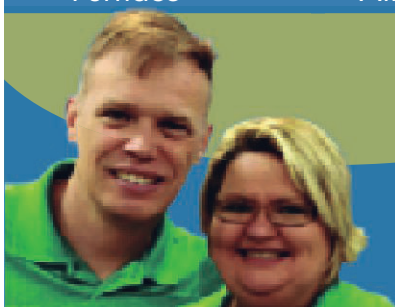
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