

Work Keeps Interfering with Working from Home



Dad used to wear a suit and tie and commute to his office downtown. Dad said work was like Christmas. He did all the work and a fat guy with a suit got all the credit.

Today Dad works from home. When he started, his biggest decision was whether to wear a bathrobe, sweatpants, or pajamas. He figured that out but now he has to remember when to change between his night pajamas and his day pajamas.

Dad seems happy to work from home. Now he can eat as many snacks and take as many bathroom breaks as he wants without comments from co-workers. He has enough crumbs in his keyboard to bread a chicken nugget.

Zoom calls have been a challenge. Mom and I and our dog Spiffy must remain very quiet when Dad is on a call. Mom was shocked to learn that Dad's co-workers thought her singing was distracting.

One day Dad had a Zoom call with a client. He was shouting at Dad like Gordon Ramsey demolishing a poor chef who just ruined a tiramisu. The guy said, "I want to speak with your superior!" So, I went and got Mom to join the call.

Dad's job doesn't have much of a health insurance plan. When Dad says, "I'm afraid of the dentist," he means the bill. The lack of insurance caused Mom some anxiety, but instead of paying for therapy, the company gave her a mood ring.

Dad's boss suggested that if we can't afford a doctor, we should go to the airport for a free x-ray and breast exam. If we hint that we're carrying a bomb, they'll throw in a free colonoscopy.

Dad plans to make friends with the doctor down the block and drop health-related questions into conversations. We can't afford aromatherapy, so Mom just randomly sniffs stuff and hopes.

Working from home might be getting to him. I've caught Dad having a conversation with a lamp. The other day Mom left a couple of dirty cups in the sink and Dad reported her to HR.