The Poohpocalypse. It's for Real!

So, last week, something pretty tragic happened in our household. It's taken me until now to wrap my head around it and find the words to describe the horror. It started off simple enough something that's probably happened to most of you.

Sometime between midnight and 1:30am, our puppy Evie poohed on our rug in the living room. This is the only time she's done this; it's probably because we forgot to ding. Yes, mudding - like what let her out before we went to bed that night. Now, if you have a detective's mind, you may be wondering how we know the accident occurred between midnight and 1:30am. We were asleep, so how do I know that time frame?

Well friends that's because our Roomba runs at 1:30am every night, while we sleep. And it found the poop. And so begins the Pooptastrophe. The poohpocalypse. The pooppening.

If you have a Roomba, please rid yourself of all distractions and absorb everything I'm about to tell you.

Do not, under any circumstances, let your Roomba run over dog poop. If the unthinkable does happen, stop it immediately and do not let it continue the cleaning cycle. Because if it does, it will spread the dog mess over every conceivable surface within its reach, resulting in a home that closely resembles a Jackson Pollock poop painting.

It will be on your floorboards. It will be on your furniture legs. It will be on your carpets. It will be on your rugs. It will be on your kids' toy boxes. If it's near the floor, it will have poop on it. Those awesome wheels, which have a checkered surface for better traction, left 25-foot brown trails all over the house. Our lovable Roomba, who gets a careful cleaning every night, looked like it had been mudyou do with a Jeep on a pipeline road. But in poop.

Then, when your fouryear-old gets up at 3am to crawl into your bed, you'll wonder why he smells like dog poop. And you'll walk into the living room. And you'll wonder why the floor feels slightly gritty. And you'll see a brown-encrusted, vaguely Roomba-shaped thing sitting in the middle of the floor with a alowing green light, like everything's okay. Like it's proud of itself. You were still halfasleep until this point, but now you wake up pretty damn quickly.

And then the horror. Oh the horror!

So, first you clean the child. You scrub the poop off his feet and put him back in bed. But you don't bother cleaning your own feet, because you know what's coming. It's inevitable, and it's coming at you like a freight train. Some folks would shrug their shoulders

> and get back in bed to deal with it in the morning. But you're not one of those people - you can't go to sleep with that war zone of poop in the living room.

So you clean the Roomba. You toss it in the bathtub to let it soak. You pull it apart,

piece-by-piece, wondering at what point you became an adult and assumed responsibility for 3:30am-Roombadisassembly-poop-cleanups. By this point, it isn't just on your hands - it's smeared up to your elbows. You already heard the Roomba make that "whirllllllllllllll-boophissssssss" noise that sounds like electronics dying, and you realize you forgot to pull the battery before getting it wet. More on that later.

Oh, and you're not just using profanity - you're inventing new types of profanity. You're saying things that would make Satan shudder in revulsion. You hope your kid stayed in bed, because if he hears you talking like this, there's no way he's not ending up in prison.

Then you get out the carpet shampooer. When you push it up to the rug - the rug that started it all - the shampooer just laughs at you. Because that rug is going in the trash, folks. But you shampoo it anyway, because your wife loves that damn rug, and you know she'll ask if you tried to clean it first.

Then you get out the paper towel rolls, idly wondering if you should invest in paper towel stock, and you blow through three or four rolls wiping up poop. Then you get the spray bottle with bleach water and hose down the floor boards to let them soak, because the poop has already dried. Then out comes the steam mop, and you take care of those 25-ft. poop trails.

And then, because it's 6am, you go to bed. Let's finish this tomorrow, right?

The next day, you finish taking the Roomba apart, scraping out all the tiny flecks



of poop, and after watching a few YouTube instructional videos, you remove the motherboard to wash it with a toothbrush. Then you bake it in the oven to dry. You put it all back together, and of course it doesn't work. Because you heard the "whirlllllllllll-boophisssssss" noise when it died its watery death in the bathtub. But you hoped that maybe the Roomba gods would have mercy on you.

But there's a light at the end of the tunnel. After spending a week researching how to fix this damn \$400 Roomba without spending \$400 again - including refurb units, new motherboards, and new batteries - you finally decide to call the place where you bought it. That place called Hammacher Schlemmer. They have a funny name, but they have an awesome warranty. They claim it's for life, and it's for any reason.

So I called them and told the truth. My Roomba found dog poop and almost precipitated World War III.

And you know what they did? They offered to replace it. Yes, folks. They are replacing the Roomba that ran over dog poop and then died a poopy, watery death in the bathtub - by no fault of their own, of course.

So, mad props to Hammacher Schlemmer. If you're buying anything expensive, and they sell it, I recommend buying it from them. And remember - don't let the poopocalypse happen to you!







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Winn Dixie Makes Record Donation to Hope For The Warriors



For the second consecutive year, a combination of customer and vendor donations and all profits earned at Winn-Dixie and its sister grocery stores on Independence Day will be donated in support of veterans, service members and their families.

Southeastern grocers presented a check for \$2,022,843.45 to Hope For The Warriors.

This year's campaign represents the single largest donation the organization has received since it was founded in 2006 and will help serve well over 2,000 service members and their families.

Ian McLeod, CEO and president of Southeastern Grocers, said, "Thank you to our customers, our associates and our business partners for supporting us in our fundraising efforts for this worthy cause. We are delighted to be able to showcase our ongoing commitment to our nation's servicemen and women, and those who support them when they return home."

One hundred percent of the funds raised will help the organization provide comprehensive support programs focused on transition, health and wellness, peer engagement, and connections to community

resources for those actively serving in the military, veterans, military families and caregivers throughout the country. Customers, associates and vendors also showed their support for the cause by honoring a veteran or service member with a personal note displayed in-store on the Wall of Honor, which began on June 22, or by posting a dedication on the web at facebook.com/allforhonor.

About Hope For The Warriors: Founded in 2006, Hope For The Warriors is a national nonprofit dedicated to restoring a sense of self. family and hope for post 9/11 veterans, service members and military families. Since its inception, Hope For The Warriors has served approximately 10,000 through a variety of support programs focused on transition, health and wellness, peer engagement and connections to community resources. The nonprofit's first program, A Warrior's Wish, has granted 151 wishes to fulfill a desire for a better quality of life or support a quest for gratifying endeavors. In addition, Run For The Warriors has captured the hearts of more than 22,000 since 2010. For more information, visit www.hopeforthewarriors.org