

# Diary of a Work-at-Home-Aholic

By Heather Reimer

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## DIARY OF A WORK-AT-HOME-AHOLIC

Hello, my name is Jill and I'm a work-at-home-aholic.

All my life, I've worked in offices or restaurants or other places far from home. Now, for the first time, I am telecommuting. Sometimes I love it, sometimes I hate it. Here is my diary:

Week one: Bliss. Peace. Self-contained, self-sufficient. I have all I need right here in my home. I never again have to run for the 6:30 a.m. bus. I never have to return to the cube farm. This is the day I've been dreaming of. Did I mention the quiet? No interruptions. The cat is beside me and the only sounds in the room are purring and keyboard tapping. Sigh.

Week two: What is happening? Why won't anybody help me? Am I invisible? My PC crashes every hour. The techno-wizards back at the office keep ignoring my panic-stricken e-mails. I've scoured the web for an answer. I've gone on the message boards and picked the brains of complete strangers. And still the crashing continues. The cat cannot help. The mailman cannot help. The noisy guy in the apartment upstairs cannot help. I am ALL alone.

Week three: Today, for the first time, I fell victim to work-at-home sloth. Wrote all day in my bra and fat-day sweat pants. Didn't wash my hair. Brushed teeth at 5 pm.

Who cares? I'm self-contained. Self-sufficient. Nearly invisible.

Week four: Just found out the boss gave the new guy at the office a few of my responsibilities. Great! It takes some work off my plate. Kind of odd, though. Did the supervisor forget that that was my area? Didn't he like the way I was doing it? Is everybody in the office talking about me, criticizing me, now that I'm not there?

They're jealous, that's what it is. They probably think I'm sleeping in, getting my nails done, watching the soaps on company time. They say being alone too much can make you paranoid. But I'm not, really I'm not. Say... you haven't heard any rumors, have you?

Week five: The annual office party was last night. I found out about it this morning. Out of sight, out of mind, as they say. It's okay. I don't like steak and lobster and dancing anyway.

Week six: Telecommuting has its ups and downs, but it has convinced me to go it alone... to sever the ties with bi-weekly paychecks, daily headaches and humiliations. It's given me the hankering to start my own home-based business. And, yes, I am terrified. But like the book says - feel the fear and do it anyway.

However, first I have to find the guts to hand in this letter of resignation and do it with grace and class. Without recriminations or fear. Wish me luck.

-Jill

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