



# RAYFLECTION

Stray thoughts from the entertainment capital of the world



Volume 1 No. 3

Semper Libris

October 94

## Scary Stuff

I'm scared of construction work.

During the summer of my senior year in high school, I got a job with a construction company. As a non-union worker, I got all the worst jobs to do. My first assignment was to clean up after the other workers.

One morning after the others had gone to lunch, I noticed a large barrel of trash on the roof of the building under construction. It was right next to a pulley structure that allowed the barrel to be lowered to the ground, emptied and pulled back up.

I climbed to the roof, attached the rope to the wooden barrel, pushed the barrel near the edge of the roof and climbed back down. I tugged on the rope and realized that the barrel was heavy. Wrapping the rope around my arm, I braced myself and gave a mighty heave. Success. The barrel swung free and sped down the side of the building.

It was then that I noticed that the barrel was heavier than I was. With the rope attached around my arm I was pulled off the ground and flew upward toward the roof. Half way up on my trip to the roof, I met the barrel coming down. Crashing into the barrel caused a number of bruises about my head and shoulder. The meeting having ended, I continued upward to the roof while the barrel continued down to the ground. When I

reached the top of the structure, still holding onto the rope, I successfully got my fingers tangled in the pulley which caused more cuts, rope burns and bruises. Regardless of the pain, I knew that I had to hold onto the rope. It was a long way down.

Meanwhile, the barrel hit the ground with a crash, broke the bottom out of the heavy wooden barrel and dumped its contents on the ground. At that point, I became heavier than the barrel and started downward, still tightly grasping the rope.

Halfway down, I met the barrel coming up. This meeting caused cuts and bruises to my shins and knees. When this brief encounter ended, I continued to the ground at a great rate of speed.

I landed on the pile of trash. This resulted in additional injuries to my back and side.

No longer being in my right mind, I let go of the rope. The barrel was now lighter than the empty rope and crashed heavily upon my battered frame.

So ended my first and last day in the construction field.

Submitted by Ray Waldie  
6980 Wedgewood Way  
Las Vegas, NV 89117