

Diary, February 24, 2026

I'm just finishing up my conversion to a new computer. I had to get a new one because I needed more storage space than I had on the one I had. I didn't choose to get the one I got, that has the bucking bronco version of Windows 11 operating system on it. I just got what they sent and started trying to put it to work.

I got wildly thrown to the ground in a dusty corral 15 or 20 times before I got the operating system tamed enough to find some semblance of consistently orderly rides. It took most of my work-time for five or seven days to get the thing calmed down enough that I could stay in the saddle long enough to get some actual work done.

I still see laid-back ears and arched neck too much of the time, but I don't want to send it back to the people I bought it from. I need something to work from, and trying to return it is time consuming, too.

It becomes something of a question, what's going to take more of my time, returning it or trying to keep it cooperative enough that I can get some of my planned work done. It's impossible to answer that question ahead of time. I save all my work very frequently, just in case. Even then, if the operating system breaks into too wild bucking, I could lose everything I've saved, all my back-ups, stuff like that.

But then, a guy worries too much about that kind of thing, he'd never get in the saddle at all, even in the first place. I knew a guy, got bucked off, hit his head on a rock, the end of him.

Did everybody who knew him quit getting in the saddle or take to wearing helmets?

No. They went to his funeral, shook their heads in deep regret over losing a nice guy and good worker, went on with things just like they did before, saddle up, mount up, get the cattle rounded up, and get the work done. Maybe practice a

little more about staying on if unexpected bucking comes their way, but get on with everything and get something done.

So here I am, still going on, or more like, back to it, some actual production.

I still want to record more of my songs, along with everything else I do. Sometimes seems my desire to record more is in that wistful category, things I wanted to do but let slip away. Don't know yet. We'll see how it goes. What happens after this.