

## Je t'adore l'eau!

June 8, 2007

This week was the week that my cat picked to start rubbing his wet little cat-nose all over my face at approximately 5am - each morning. Without fail.

This week was also the week where I accidentally deleted all of my work mailboxes from my mail program.

This week was also the week wherein a dirt-caked dude motioned and attempted to whisper sweet nothings to me whilst peeing on the sidewalk in front of the post office; incidentally, the post office where I was nearly escorted out after engaging in a verbal disagreement with the very stupid postal worker lady behind Window No. 1 who insisted that I needed a pin number to use the work-issued, specifically-for-the-post-office-so-I-can-mail-packages-to-dudes-like-Ben-Fong-Torres-which-I-did-this-week *gift card* that said "Gift Card" on it.

However, this week was also the week that, at 8:30am, a man sauntered into the office and said that he had free water for me...

*Oh yessss... FREE water. For me.*

The upside had arrived.

**Aqua Delivery Man:** Hi, I'm (insert generic, one-syllable name here). I have your free water sample from Contrex.

**Still Half-Asleep Me:** (*Dude, CONTREx? Sounds like an incontinence drug*). Uh, I don't think I ordered free water.

**ADM:** Well, I spoke to Allejandra...Allejandro...Allegría...

**SH-AM:** We don't have an Alle-whatever here... (*Reconsidering, after brain finally computes word "free"*)...but, say...what kind of water is that?

**ADM:** Contrex! It is natural French mineral water designed for women! It will [insert catch-phrasy crap here that sounds totally bogus]! How many cases do you want - there are 12 bottles to a case.

**SH-AM:** (*Considering how we already get overwatered bi-weekly by a different, overly-zealous ADM*) Um, one is fine.

*Time elapses. Consider the bad choice I made in "brewing" the instant-decaf coffee that was hidden behind the shiny foil party hats (yes, really) and plastic plates. Stomach starts to turn. Eat a chunk of dark chocolate sitting next to the Maker's Mark (yes, really). Wonder when I'll wake up.*

Suddenly - a noise from the doorway -

**Contrex Man:** (*Wheeling in a giant palette of boxes*) How about 4 cases! So thats...12 liter bottles in each case. Where should I put them?

**SH-AM:** (*Holy Jeezus, that is a lot of freakin' Contrex Water.*) Uh, in the store room.

Contrex Man cheerfully dropped all 20 tons of Contrex Water and, no joke, 30 pamphlets (for our large office of 4 staff) and bid me adieu. I stared at the space that

used to be the storage room, now occupied by a mountain of Contrex. I took a bottle. I sipped. It was weird. I kept sipping. It was free.

As luck would have it, none of my co-workers enjoyed the mineral-y tastes of fresh French Contrex. I am now the proud owner of 48 liters of weird-tasting water. FREE water. My week has been redeemed.