



I don't think I have ever been so grateful for a cup of hot tea. I've been hanging out in our house, baby-sitting the pipes, for almost two hours waiting for the power to come back on.

Power to the entire city shut off - in an incredible, electronic-frying fade-out - around 11:30. The outside temperature was hovering around -38 but at least it wasn't windy. Since *everyone* is worried about their pipes freezing at times like this we were all sent home from work a bit early for lunch.

When Rob and I got home the house had already dropped to 16 Celsius and it was impossible to make anything hot to eat. We turned on all the taps and then Rob headed back downtown to try and coax servers back to life as power was gradually returned to the city. Since our area is purely residential it looked like we might be a while without power and I stayed home to make sure nothing froze.

By the time the power came back on (and our furnace was finally able to do something) it was 13 degrees in the house and I was wearing a hat. I called Rob and let him know we had power, walked around turning off taps and called my boss to find out if I could take the rest of the afternoon off since I was going to have to walk in to work otherwise. Our office isn't very busy right now so he was okay with that.

Then I put the kettle on and made myself a pot of glorious hot tea. I've finished my first cup and need to pour my second. It feels so fantastic to have warm fingers!