With the next six days stretching out in front of me, I was celebrating the beginning of the at-home vacation Friday. It may sound like an oxymoron but it'll be OK.

No alarm beeping in my ear at 5:15 a.m. and no slapping the snooze because 5:15 a.m. is just rude. That in itself is a vacation.

I do have some plans but I'm mostly keeping them to myself in case they don't pan out. What I'm really saying is that I have some things around the house that have been begging for attention but they aren't fun or glamorous or even remotely conducive to relaxing. Therefore, I may just ignore them and goof off.

There are a few things outside that need taken care of, too. It's just so much more satisfying to plant and mulch in the spring than it is tear everything out in the fall. It's just like the Christmas tree I'll soon put up. It's way more fun to put it up and unpack all the ornaments and place them just so. There's also a few new ones we picked up after season last year that I've forgotten about and will be a nice surprise.

No surprises in the backyard. Just dead perennials and leaves and a lawn bag full of dead weeds. At least they're dead. They were about the only thing alive at the end of summer.

Did you guys catch the "S" word this week. I like the first snowfall as much as the next person but I don't think I'm quite ready for that. Of course it would be just too sad if all my outside work was suddenly buried under the white stuff and couldn't get to it.

Those pesky Halloween decoration have to go and it's probably a good idea to get the Christmas lights on the bushes, too. I always regret not getting them out early. All of a sudden it's freezing and I don't know about you, but I find it much more difficult to work with lights in gloves.

Anyway, there I have already made a hefty list of stuff that needs to be done and everyone will be checking me as the go past the house.

Bummer.

Just for the record, I am not going to be held to the content of this column. It's just a little rambling about how no matter the weather or season, there's always plenty to do, never enough time to do it and if there is time, who wants to?

Shamefully, at the end of the week, I'll probably only know who the baby daddy is on Maury and catch up on all the shows I like that are on too late for me to watch when I'm on a schedule. Pathetic.

But hey, it's my vacation and how I spend it is up to me.

Just so you know, as soon as I send this, I'm deleting it so at least there is no evidence around here to trip me up as I lounge in my pajamas and work on improving my solitaire score.