

You know you're from Christchurch when...

You put dirty clothes on the line to wash them in the rain.

You have to fight the cat or dog for a place to crap in the garden.

A group of students turn up at your place and leave it in a better condition than when they arrived.

Half the children come from broken homes.

Your friends and family want you to move back to Invercargill and it sounds like a good idea.

Your 3 year old can say "liquefaction" clear as a bell but can't tell you their home address.

You drive on the right side of the road and no one thinks it's wrong.

You are happy two Policemen came for a visit.

Your bike becomes your best friend.

It is normal for a soldier to be stationed at the end of your street.

You see armoured vehicles driving down the road.

You smell.

Every house is a crack house.

If you are looking for it—it's on the floor.

The earth moves and you are not having sex.

You take a plastic bag when you go for a walk even if you don't have a dog.

You know what the extra gear lever in your 4x4 is for.

GeoNet is saved as your home page.

Liquefaction has become a saying or slang:

"That guy is full of liquefaction."

"I had some bad takeaways last night which gave me a bad dose of liquefaction."

You change the words to the Rolling Stones song "I can't get no...".

A bucket of sh*t is no longer the old car you drive.

You don't blame your local council for bad roads, paths or drainage.

You know:

How to refuel a generator, check the oil, and start it.

How much it will handle before it flicks out the overload fuse.

How to pick the power rating and brand of generator by sound alone.

Your kids have stopped nagging for a sand pit and are asking for a 4x4 motorbike instead.

You know and actually understand the terms and conditions of your house & contents insurance policy.

You know the location of the best toilets in town.

You operate a taxi service, landscape & build, look after other people, do the plumbing, operate heavy machinery, cook, recover vehicles, do household removals, and much much more—and *it's not even your day job*.

Having a third person under a door frame is no longer an invasion of personal space.

You're trying those gizmo tricks you've seen on the TV show "McGyver" as a kid.

You *don't* call the police when there is a massive group of students in the middle of your street.

Everyone in your family has bike helmets but no bikes.

You invite the crew from Mythbusters to challenge the theory of "Wet sand or dry sand—which is easier to move".

You refer to deodorant as a "shower in a can".

You see a lovely park in another city and think it would make a good evacuation point.

You start looking for your free toy in your \$14 bottle of milk.

After another afterhock hits your family play earthquake bingo by taking guesses at magnitude and location.

You now know:

All of your neighbours and their names.

The insides of their houses.

What garden tools they have (spades, wheel barrows).

Where they work or worked.

What their cooking tastes like.

Whether they have a working toilet, running water and power.

When they are going shopping or getting water (free ride).

You sleep, shower and collect water in different suburbs, go to the toilet where you can, and still smile and greet people like you are one big family.

You use the terms "liquefaction" and "seismic design" in casual conversation.

Digging a hole and pooping in your garden is no longer weird.

Your mayor describes the city as "munted". If he means FOOBARed, you agree.

Weaving through car-sized potholes on the street is normal.

Going to Wellington to escape earthquakes makes sense.

A shower is heaven.

You have a preference of which kind of silt you'd rather shovel—dry or wet.

You see tanks driving around town.

You are always noting what you're standing under.

Due to frequent aftershocks during the night, you sleep like a baby—every 10 minutes you wake up and sh*t yourself.

The local home building company has taken down their sign that reads “Build in brick, it’s permanent”.

That pile of old roofing iron behind the garage turns out to be a treasure trove.

A knock on the door is not a salesman or Jehovah’s witness.

A dust mask is fashionable.

You need some liquor fiction to deal with it.

A toilet never looked so good.

The rest of the country offers you a place to stay.

People give politics the attention it deserves.

Voluntarily staying in Oamaru for 5 days seems like a good idea.

Even TVNZ reporters tell John Key he’s not doing a good job.

You start believing in the “man in the moon”.

Bragging to Wellington about the size of yours isn’t as suggestive as it sounds.

The getting to know you question is not “what school did you go to?” but “where were you when it hit?”.

Your 6 year old niece says “I am sick of getting woken up. I need my sleep.”

The cabinet minister who said there will be no earthquake czar looks set to become just that.

Driving down the road the 3 year old grandson sums it up with “that earthquake was a messy bugger!”.

You go for a half-hour walk and pass 17 port-a-loos en route.

You tell your kids “don’t touch the food, you’ve just washed your hands with soap and water”.

The two arches are no longer recognised as the international sign for toilet.

Local GPs are reporting that many people are presenting with a compulsion to punch Mayor Bob Parker on the nose. Psychologists are saying that this is perfectly normal, nothing to be alarmed about and that the condition had been noted long before the earthquake struck.

You ask your friends if you can use their toilet, then you ask them if you can flush their toilet.

Someone says they have the jitters and you dive under a doorway.

Dressing up to “Head into Town” is putting on a high viz vest, hard hat and boots.

You only take notice of an earthquake over a magnitude of 4.

Your bath now has a deep and a shallow end.

Friends and family are txtng to see if you are OK and the house is still rocking.

You are happy about the foreign soldiers in town.