

I did the Macarena with a phone because Big Bird said to and he's my leader.

The subject of this post, my friends, is the result of an email forward I got today. It's one of the stupidest forwards, yet somehow irresistable at the same time. I posted it below if you want to try it. I didn't have the nerve to bother my friends with this at work, so I decided to post it on my blog instead. Imagine my surprise when I got an email from a neighbor my mom had like 4 years ago (I somehow got on her forward list) with a subject of: "*I love an ipod because I think I need some serious help.*"

This is funny, and silly but fun..keep it going..Type the sentence you end up with, in the subject line and forward to your friends... Pick the month you were born: January—

—I kicked

February—

—I loved

March—

—I karate chopped

April—

—I licked

May—

—I jumped on

June—

—I smelled

July—

*—**I did the Macarena With***

August—

—I had lunch with

September—

—I danced with

October—

—I sang to

November—

—I yelled at

December—

Pick the day (number) you were born on:

1—

—a birdbath

2—

—a monster

3—

—a phone

4—

—a fork

- 5—-a snowman
- 6—-a gangster
- 7—-my mobile phone
- 8—-m y dog
- 9—- my best friends' boyfriend
- 10—-my neighbour
- 11—-my science teacher
- 12—-a banana
- 13—-a fireman
- 14—-a stuffed animal
- 15—-a goat
- 16—-a pickle
- 17—-your mom
- 18—-a spoon
- 19—- - a smurf
- 20—-a baseball bat
- 21—-a ninja
- 22—-Chuck Norris
- 23—-a noodle
- 24—-a squir rel
- 25—-a football player
- 26—-my sister
- 27—-my brother
- 28—-an ipod
- 29—-a surfer
- 30—-a llama
- 31—-A homeless guy

Pick the color of shirt you are wearing:

White—-because I'm cool like that

*Black—-**because that's how I roll.***

Pink—-because I'm crazy.

Red—-because the voices told me to

Blue—-because I'm sexy and I do what I want

Green—- because I think I need some serious help.

Purple—-because I'm AWESOME!

Gray— because Big Bird said to and he's my leader.

Yellow— because someone offered me 1,000,000 dollars

Orange— because my family thinks I'm stupid anyway.

Brown— because I can.

Beige— because I a NICE person!

Other— because I'm a Ninja!

None— because I can't control myself!

Now type out the sentence you made, in the subject line and forward to your friends.

Different theme

Trying a different theme. The other one didn't show italics, just two ways to show bold type...

Running into acrylics

Erm... Running into what?? It sounds like I mixed up two topics here... Well as to the second, since it's the least interesting, the position I wound up subbing for was art. After patting myself on the back for actually arriving a little early for once I ashamedly dragged my tail out the door and over to the school I was **supposed** to go to. Okay, though that scene has actually happened before, this one wasn't my fault. Really. You see, many of the specials positions in this district are itinerant, or traveling jobs. That is, the teacher works out

of two schools. Having been burned before I meticulously checked, and rechecked both the message (“special instructions”) the teacher left and the online system so I would *really* know where I was going. Real- okay, enough of that word. Anyway, the message told me all about how there was a student teacher and I would leave the teaching to her... yada yada. Been there, done that. No school mentioned. Check. Over to the online system, looked at the school, check. Go to the school, sign in, drop my lunch off, pass over the store-bought bagels someone brought in, go to the art room, and... another teacher is there who says she has the room Friday mornings. Check in with the office, and sure enough all my careful detective work is shattered when they (now) inform me the teacher I am subbing for works out of a *different* school on Fridays. Oops... Sign out, collect my lunch, pass over the bagels again, travel to the other school which is fortunately only five minutes away hoping all the while it wasn't one of *those* schools that closes their parking lot when the buses start to arrive (seriously), fortunately again find out it is not, check in, put my lunch away, pass over... wait- *Panera* bagels? Grab bagel, go to art room, carefully verify with student teacher that I am indeed in the correct place this time, then finally take my coat off and plop down with relief. Hey, at least someone brought good bagels over here. ☐

So, it turned out there were eight classes to teach: four 5th/6th, and four 3rd/4th. Apparently all classes except kindergarten are multiage at this school. Well, the 5th/6th classes were in the middle of a project involving Crayola®-clay animal pots and acrylic paints. Yes, they looked better than that just sounded (most of them...). I of course assured them that yes, the olive green and yellow plaid shirt I was wearing was on purpose because I hate it and don't care if it got messed up in art. Through all four periods unfortunately it didn't. I guess with three wins (“fortunatelies?”) I was bound to lose one.

The 3rd/4th grade classes started a new unit on movement. No, this wasn't PE or performing arts. Movement as portrayed on the canvas. They even got to draw a little, well, er, two of the classes did. Such a crime- art class and some didn't even get to do art! Well, that's unit introductions for you.

Okay then, until next post.

Wait, I'm forgetting something aren't I? Yes, really (didn't I ban this word earlier?). "Running into" doesn't actually refer to the movement, as they weren't allowed to draw people today anyway, only objects. Drawing people and showing their movement is apparently for more advanced students, more advanced than 8-10 years anyway. And besides, I had to have added the church category for this post for *some* reason.

In this case "running into" refers to me running into someone I actually knew from church. No, not *really* (that word again!) running into him, adults don't run in school rooms now, do they? So anyway, It had been a couple of years, and memory for names and faces isn't exactly one of my strengths, or even neutral features (you know where I'm going with this...). Apparently his memory was only slightly better as I just "looked familiar" like maybe someone from camp. I one upped him and said "church camp?" still not recognizing him. Then *he* one upped and gave the name of the camp and his name. I of course pretended to recognize him before he said his name (secretly grateful he said it, ~~reall-~~ truly recognizing him only *after* he said it). As it turned out, he was the one student from my cabin I spent a week with (yes I truly am pathetic...) and never saw again after that summer. There were two like that the following summer, but at least I *knew* I wouldn't see them again when they told me that the one was from another church and the other was a friend he invited to come with him. Anyway, since you have suffered through this entire post I will provide an obligatory picture of my cabin from that year, but you will have to just guess which one he is. All I'll tell you is he isn't the one on the right (that

would have been a *really* (sigh) big 5th grader). The one on the right was actually my junior counselor (I was the adult counselor). I of course am behind the camera, so no picture of me- sorry! ☐

Note: The thumbnail picture is not so good, so click on it to see it in it's full glory!



Impossible Things Happen Every Day

There have been countless interpretations of the classic tale of "Cinderella." There is the classic Disney film, *Ella Enchanted*, *Pretty Woman*, *Cinderfella* (starring Jerry Lewis in a movie with a male twist to the tale), and several others in all media. My personal favorite is the Rodgers and Hammerstein version which began as a television special in 1957 starring a young Julie Andrews (fresh from her role as Eliza Doolittle in *My Fair Lady*).

I believe the role of the fairy godmother in this version is different than most interpretations. She not only creates a fancy dress, a wonderful carriage, and all the accessories to get Cinderella to the Prince's ball; she also encourages the young lady to get up and get out of her life of servitude to her evil stepmother. "Fal-do-ral and Fiddle-de-de. Fiddly faddly foodle; All the dreamers in the world are silly in the noodle." It is fine to dream about something but if you are unwilling to try and pursue a dream then a dream is all it will be.

Of course any musical is only as good as its supporting characters. One of the most memorable roles in *Rodgers and Hammerstein's Cinderella* is the Herald. He has the dauntless task of announcing to the townspeople that "The Prince is giving a ball." He has to sing through the mile long list that is the Prince's name as well as the King's and Queen's. The Prince's name: Christopher Rupert Vwindemere Vlademere Carl Alexander Francois Reginald Lancelot Herman. Quite a mouthful! The Queen's name: Queen Constantina Charlotte Ermintrude Guinevere Maizie. The King's name: King Maxmillian Godfrey Ladislaus Leopold Sydney. Hope I did not forget anyone.

This version has been made into three other films and has been staged by numerous theatres. Most recently, a version was seen on television in 1995 starring Whitney Houston, Brandy, Whoopi Goldberg, Victor Garber, **AND** Jason Alexander. A perfect movie for the whole family.

Cancellation drama

One of the things I don't like about subbing is cancellations, especially those of the last minute variety. That happened this morning, but here is where the drama comes in:

Waking up several minutes before my alarm clock goes off, I look at the clock and see that it's too late to try to go back to sleep so I decide to just get up. I do my morning business and go to get the paper. I open the door. No paper. But what's that I see? Fresh snow! So I decide to go outside and do a quick shovel job. Fortunately it was only about an inch or so. I finish, grab the paper which was by now delivered, go inside, and pour myself some breakfast. As I'm putting the milk in the cereal the phone rings.

What? The other districts should have me down as unavailable.

I look at the caller ID and it's the district I am signed up in today. Heart falling, I answer the call expecting "this job has been canceled." But as I listen the computer voice is offering me a position for today!

What?

I scroll through the caller ID and I see that they called about five times this morning, once while I was outside shoveling snow! Perhaps I should have had the phone in my bedroom so I could have heard it, but instead it was in the office where I left it last night. Well, no harm done- I still have a job.

So I sit down, read the paper while eating. About 10 min later the phone rings again- same district! This time it **was** the dreaded "your job has been canceled" notice. Understandably upset at this point I hang up before hearing it all and go to the online substitute site to see for myself. Job still shows up.

What?

I shrug, finish getting ready for work, check again and the job is still safely intact. Just about ready to walk out the door the phone rings **again!** This time I listen to the cancel message further, suspecting the reason why, and sure enough the system is still trying to let me know the **original** job has been canceled, not the new one. One would think my accepting the new job would serve as my notice that the first one was canceled, or logging into the website... Well I must say the district is nothing if not thorough.

Oh, apparently that was not the end of it. After I left I guess they called again. Maybe not so much being thorough as a bug in their system? Sigh.

UNDEFEATED Chicago Cubs!

How 'bout them Cubs? Ok, it's only been one game of spring training, but they are undefeated! Whoo-hoo! I am so ready for baseball season; especially with all this snow – had ANOTHER snow day today, by the way. Which means we have 2 make-up days now in the summer, and counting, probably since I'm sure with the way the snow has been falling out of the sky that it's not done yet... but that's ok, because come June, when the kids have their extra days of school, I will be at home, sitting on my very pregnant behind, watching the Chicago Cubs WIN some baseball! GO CUBBIES!

QUIET!!!!

Ok... so last night was dress rehearsal for *Murder with a Silver Spoon* to be presented Saturday night at Orchard Hills Country Club in Bryan, Ohio. Let's just say it was an interesting rehearsal. To begin, our stage was cut from a huge space which was three smaller rooms minus retractable walls to one small area. Apparently, we were sharing the club with a group who was having a banquet. The space was not the important part. While waiting in the hall for their entrances, a few actors were told by the other group to keep the noise down... seriously. This proved to be very difficult especially for one performer who is full of energy and found it hard to keep the volume down while maintaining his energetic persona. He had to be constantly reminded to tone it down so we would not disturb the other room. Following the dress rehearsal, the

director jokingly commented that she had trouble hearing anyone and that the energy was lacking. It was a good thing that Wednesday night's rehearsal was such a success.

The Hitcher

Hubby and I watched this movie last night. Plot inconsistencies aside – it is a horror movie after all, so we weren't expecting much – it was actually better than I thought. I really enjoyed how they let the main characters keep slipping away from the Hitcher, the bad guy, only to be back in danger... but I kept wondering, ok they're safe now, but the movie can't be over, so how are they going to get back in The Hitcher's clutches? The answers to these questions are an entertaining combination of extremely stupid and horrible decision making on the part of our "heroes" and also some pretty good plot maneuvers on the part of the script. There was also a lot of police involved in this movie, which, for a horror movie, is pretty rare. Usually once the main characters encounter the police, they are safe, but without spoiling TOO much for you, this film is different from the norm. Like I said, it was better than I expected. Not super-great, but I was never bored or grossed-out, both of which I can't say during my recent viewing of Saw IV – now that was an awful movie. I think part of it is the pregnancy, but I just couldn't handle the gore. It never bothered me before, but I always did find it annoying when they use lots of gore just for shock value. Now it's both annoying AND so gross I can't even watch it. And what was with the casting of Saw IV? They chose 2 actors who look exactly alike! Even if I was making a serious attempt to follow the plot of the film, which I wasn't anyway since I constantly had to divert my eyes and ears from all the gore, I wouldn't have been able to follow the movie

because of the 2 identical actors they cast who were not supposed to be the same character but looked like it! Anyway, back to The Hitcher – I liked it better than Gone Baby Gone, but then again, it's a totally different kind of movie. If it weren't for some plot unbelievabilities and some of the STUPIDEST decisions I've ever seen main characters make, the movie would have been better. In review, if you like horror / suspense movies, see The Hitcher. By the way, I'm talking about the newer version, don't know anything about the older version, maybe I should give it a try. If you like pointless gore fests, I still wouldn't recommend Saw IV – I wouldn't recommend that movie to my worst enemy. If you want to sit through a terrible movie, try The Night Listener – at least it has Robin Williams!

On an unrelated note, for those of you who have read my Walmart rant, during my weekly visit today, the "*magic price increase of the day*" was yogurt – up from \$.44 per container to \$.46 each. By the way, have you noticed that computer keyboards do not have a cents sign? If I'm mistaken, let me know, I have actually gone to use them before!

Not so bad after all / Quiz show

When one thinks of 8th grade, it is often associated with hormonally-challenged, impossible to control young adolescents, and indeed I have found this to be the case in several classrooms. Add learning, or especially behavioral disabilities to the mix and... well, I'll leave it to the imagination. There is one school where I just refused to take any more positions last year for the older kids (7th and 8th

in fact, this year just 8th so far at that school). The school district I was in today I consider to be the best of the local districts I work in. Besides the money spent on education from a funds-not-so-challenged village, the kids tend to be far better behaved than in other districts. I would place the reasons at better family life. In many areas there are low-income families which causes family struggles due to not enough money and parents who are always working and have no time for their kids and so pretty much leave the raising of the kids to the schools. This town really doesn't have any low-income families (it costs too much to live here!). Of course there are other factors influencing family life and behavior, but this I think is number one. In any event, these 8th graders were not so bad to deal with at all. Well, the fact that I always had an assistant helped more than a little as well. As with other special ed teacher situations in a middle school, I had many of the same students all day. I taught two language arts classes (4-6 students in each!) and watched over two tutorial (study hall) periods. Additionally I had two science "co-teaching" classes. Like one time last week, one of these "co-teach" classes had two subs! Fortunately the main teacher left the other sub clear plans.

Interestingly enough, the regular teachers for myself and the other teacher I mentioned were actually in the building, just in meetings all day. Something that it somewhat common with special education actually. The teachers have many meetings throughout the year, so it is only logical that some of those meetings would be in the school rather than an administration building.

One of the neat things to see was one of the science classes created electric quiz machines- the type where you use a wire to complete a circuit with a correct answer (multiple choice or true/false) and light up a bulb. The quality and size of these quiz games greatly varied, and some were even quite creative. One student took a shortcut and used an Operation

game as a starting point, but most did theirs from scratch. Some used one wire (true/false and multiple guess) and some used two (matching). One boy used a motor instead of a light bulb that would shoot up a spinning helicopter-disc. They were very interesting to try out. Actually, the class didn't get to try them out as other classes apparently did due to poor treatment of a substitute teacher yesterday. Yes, I got to watch the aftermath of a bad substitute report. Apparently they lost out on playing a review game yesterday as well as not getting to try each other's quiz games. Hey, just because it's a good town doesn't mean the kids are *always* good. I guess maybe I just lucked out today, but what I said about this district generally holds true.

Spread Some Sunshine

☒ Any family who sees themselves as dysfunctional needs to watch the movie *Little Miss Sunshine*. The Hoover clan gives new definition to the term. At the head of the household, we have the motivational speaker (played by Greg Kinnear) who is himself a total loser. The frazzled, chain smoking mother (Toni Collette) whose idea of a home-cooked meal is a bucket of fast food chicken... cleverly disguised as NOT KFC. The clinically depressed, suicidal uncle (the brilliant Steve Carell) who lost the title of #1 Proust student to the new lover of his ex-boyfriend. The rebellious, teenage, Nietzsche follower who has taken a vow of silence (Paul Dano). **FINALLY**, we have the fun-loving, expletive shouting, drug addicted grandfather (Alan Arkin). They all pile into the family VW van in order to take little Olive (Abigail Breslin) from Albuquerque to Redondo Beach to compete in the Little Miss Sunshine beauty contest.

While on this road trip, the Hoover's learn some valuable lessons. You should never apologize for yourselves no matter how dysfunctional you are. Little girls who eat ice cream may or may not get fat. **AND** (strangest of all) pornography can be viewed as a sign from God; or at least be useful when pulled over by the police.

While the film contains a magnificent ensemble cast, one character in the movie deserves extra credit. The poor van that almost seemed to have a personality all its own. It should have been given a screen credit. Its broken horn gave voice to the pain it must have been feeling as it continued on the long journey with a bunch of kooks. Not since **THE ORIGINAL** Herbie the Love Bug has a Volkswagen been as memorable a character as any human.