

Another dream sticks all day

Two dreams stuck with me all day in a very short time. This could be an indication that I'm sleeping better, or just my mind needing to work things out. Not sure if anyone got much out of the last dream but since I started blogging to clear my mind, here it is.

Started out as a very mundane dream, I'm driving my daughters (all four of them for some reason) to some University. The name of the University was never brought up, but we were going there to install the youngest in her first dorm room.

While driving I suddenly knew I was going to California. This was because we drove across the old "Iron" bridge around home. The one that "C" would never drive across. For some reason the story of "C" never driving across that bridge made us all laugh. (Side note – This bridge no longer exists in real life, in fact it was torn down well before "C" moved to the area, he never saw it.)

So in California we start setting up the youngest in her dorm room. All the girls are having great fun trying to decorate the room to make it seem a little like home. I tell the girls that since we are there and have a bit of time to spend together we should do a little site seeing. We come across an arts and crafts fair in the city the college is located. Now for some reason, the three oldest girls are no longer in the dream. I'm with my youngest still getting ready for school and her mother and we are touring the arts/crafts fair. Now to steal a line from Dickens, Her Mother "was dead to begin with... this you must remember"... This of course did not seem at all weird in the dream, it was only when I woke up that I remembered that.

Well the three of us our touring the crafts and my dear wife takes us to her table. She always wanted to do a craft table

in such a fair, but we never did get around to it. All of her various needle work/sewing, knitting, crocheting were on the table. There were things I remembered, and new things I never saw before.

We are really enjoying ourselves when my wife says it is time to get "B" ready for college.

Here I wake up suddenly. It is almost time to leave to get my daughter to her ACT test. No alarm has rung, and my daughter is still asleep. I wake her up and we get to the test in plenty of time... And still the dream is with me...

Remake of a movie

Every once in a while a remake is made of a movie. Most of the time it is because the first movie was very good, and they think the remake will be as good. Such movies that come to my mind are "The Thomas Crown Affair" ([1999](#) and [1968](#)) and "Oceans Eleven" ([2001](#) and [1960](#)). Today I saw a remake of an different sort. One that was made because the first movie wasn't everything it could be. Today I saw "The Incredible Hulk" ([2008](#)).

I'm going to try very hard not to give any big spoilers, I won't tell you the end or anything about the big battle we all know I HULK movie should have. I just want to talk about what was done right this time. The original HULK movie was one I barely mention that I saw. From somebody who really likes comic book movies (see other posts – shameless plug for my own writing), The first Hulk really does not exist for me other than a bad dream.

So what did the 2008 version of the HULK have? Let's start

with the most important need of any movie. It had a very good story line and plot. The action of the plot drove the characters. The characters seemed to react and not act. All the characters, from the leads to the cameos and the supporting to the CGI actors were believable. Could I tell it was a CGI character, sure, but that did not detract from the movie (Its about a comic book, should that really make a difference?) But the CGI characters were believable. They had expression and enough realism to be considered as other parts of the story. This had a lot to do with the quality of the story in addition to the quality of the actors.

Now on to the characters. I've seen most of the main characters in at least one other movie. Some of these movies were very memorable. I didn't see those characters in this movie. Again this is one of my best compliments to actors and writers. I don't want to see an Elf princess as a respected scientist, love interest in a movie that has no elves. I don't want to see an illusionist as a studious scientist either. I didn't see that. They became their characters, and the story drove them, or they drove the story. This would have been a good movie even if the comic never existed.

My rating -- This will be one I see again in the expensive (stadium seating) theater. That, of course, means the DVD will join my collection.

Slight spoilers... Things I liked because I liked the campy TV show... And I like comics

Bruce Banner's eyes when he changes to the Hulk look very similar to the old TV show.

The lab equipment that is used to create the Hulk also looks a lot like the old TV show.

At the beginning of the movie, Bruce Banner is watching TV, a clip from the old Bill Bixby TV show "The Courtship of Eddie's

Father" is on.

Bruce Banner using the line or trying "You won't like me when I'm angry"

Lou Ferrigno's cameo and his being the Voice of the Hulk.

Stan Lee's Cameo.

Tony Stark showing up during the movie.

The super soldier serum from WWII is mentioned.

There were others, but I can't remember them now.

CONTROLed KAOS

The television series *Get Smart* was created by Mel Brooks in the 1960s as a spoof of the James Bond phenomenon. Don Adams played the bumbling Maxwell Smart (Agent 86) to the much more competent Agent 99 (played by Barbara Feldon). Originally, 99 was to be Agent 69; however, as many would guess, the name was changed to prevent any sexual censorship.

Each episode finds the CONTROL agents (spies who actually punch time clocks) on missions to thwart the evil plans of counter agency KAOS. Two of the memorable recurring villains was Ze Crow (NO, NO... not Crow, The Claw) who had a large magnet in place of his left arm and the evil Siegfried (who incidentally was a master magician (who used the "old gun in the rabbit trick.")

Like Bond, Max has several devices at his disposal (the shoe phone and the inflato-jacket to name but two). The most memorable device is the Cone of Silence that never worked. 86

and the Chief would be surrounded by a large transparent bubble. However, there was a sheet of plexiglass placed between them which made it impossible for them to hear each other.

On Friday June 20, new audiences will be introduced to the characters when the comic genius Steve Carell and Anne Hathaway assume the roles created in the 1960s. This time instead of being the top agent of CONTROL, Max is promoted from analyst to field agent and goes on his first mission. This should matter little since Mr. Smart bumbled his way through 5 seasons on television but somehow always managed to foil the evil plans of KAOS. Facing every kind of danger imaginable... AAAAND LOVING IT.

Some bits of trivia from the series:

Barbara Feldon was taller than Don Adams. Mr. Adams would stand on platforms to remedy the situation or Ms. Feldon would scrunch or sit down.

The acronyms CONTROL and KAOS actually stood for nothing.

Agent 99's real name is never revealed.

The Chief's real name was revealed as Thaddeus.

Get Smart Sweepstakes: [Enter to win](#) a free trip to Russia and Finland!



[Get Smart – Season 1](#)

You Don't Mess With the Zohan on Prom Night

While my mom has had the kids this week, we managed to fit in 2 movies of opposite genres: the suspense / horror flick, [Prom Night](#) (2008 remake of the 1980 film), vs. the silly comedy, [You Don't Mess With the Zohan](#), Adam Sandler's new movie. Suspense / Horror wins this time, hands down.

Prom Night – an easy, old fashioned slasher movie. I really liked that the villain and his motivations were unveiled in the first scenes of the movie. I didn't have to waste the rest of the movie worrying about *what* was trying to get the victims, why, and how many of them the victims needed to eliminate. Predictable yet startling – don't expect too much and you'll have fun.

You Don't Mess With the Zohan – ok, I really wasn't expecting much from this movie. The previews had basically said it all. A former Israeli terrorist fighter is looking for a fresh start and decides to become a hairdresser in the US. The movie is what it is – a really dumb comedy. As crude as [Adam Sandler](#) promises to be, you have to have a certain type of sense of humor to enjoy this movie. I didn't have a bad time at the movie, but many of the jokes got old before they were done using them and the humor became even raunchier than expected. While Adam Sandler does have a few worthwhile movies to his credit ([Happy Gilmore](#) and [The Wedding Singer](#) are my favorites), this is not one of them. Oh, well, it was bargain night at the movie theater, so \$8 for two of us to see a movie, get 2 pops and some popcorn was well worth it!

Fire and Rain

I have relatives all over this country. Some I know quite well, others not so well. But just about a month ago, my daughter was in the middle of some wildfires blazing in her area of Florida. Now my little sister is in the midst of massive flooding in Iowa. I suggested putting the water in buckets to carry it to the drought areas, but I think the cost of that is a bit much.

This did get me thinking about all the things that happen and get out of control.

Fires, on one hand they are beneficial. For warmth, cooking, light, ambiance, and at one time protection, fire is wonderful. Out of control, it can be a very destructive and fast moving force. After seeing the destruction of a wild fire, it is a wonder how anything can survive them.

As bad as that is the destructive force of the wind (hurricanes and tornadoes) can overwhelm our control at an even quicker pace than fire. There is nothing humanly possible to stop the quick and often deadly force of the wind.

And finally rain and floods. If you've ever seen the power generated by flood waters first hand, you would know enough to stay very clear of them. As little as 1 foot of quickly moving water can move a full size car. Just recently on the news 2 story houses were shown washing away in the power of a flooded river. Bridges, road, houses, and the land itself are washed away by the power of water.

We need the air, rain and even fire (I don't care what you use to heat your house I bet something is burning to provide it) to survive and flourish, but we need to heed the hidden strength these things carry. It can sometimes make you feel very small to see the power released.

The end (of subbing)

Well, it is truly the end for the year. All districts have officially finished (well, one has a 50-minute day tomorrow, but that's beside the point). My last day of work, and only day this week, was Tuesday. I was a little stressed from my organic chemistry class the first time I subbed in that classroom and because of that had one of the TAs complain about me, but Tuesday actually went fine. I just let the TAs do the teaching- nothing I agreed on, but the one just automatically did the lessons. The lessons were only in the morning mind you. The afternoon was a rescheduled picnic. When I arrived, I saw that last Wednesday was the scheduled field day with the picnic scheduled the following day. When I read over the plans I found out the picnic was that day since it rained Thursday (and Friday, and Saturday, and... well you get the point). Besides the picnic, with a regular fourth grade class- the class I was in was a self-contained special ed class with six students- with games all afternoon, the class watched a movie off of hulu.com, [Fudge-a-Mania](#), based off of [Judy Blume's](#) book, which was a sequel (published nearly 20 years later, and it's not even the most recent one!) to her popular [Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing](#) book. Interestingly enough, [Florence Henderson](#) and [Eve Plumb](#) played mom and daughter in this movie. Of course, the movie was from 1995 so Eve's character had her own children who were the focus of the movie. Nope, none of the rest of the bunch were in it.

So, what do I write about now? Well, at the moment it's kind of up in the air. I do want to write a longer piece on my new computer, which will probably appear on its own page so another site can link directly to it. Aside from that, I don't know. I will probably do at least a couple of camp

writeups as well at the end of the month, and maybe some preview from my last few years before I leave. Well, enough for now. Good night.

Vacation!

In case you've been wondering where I've been lately (or even if you haven't) – Grandma has helped us get one last little vacation before baby arrives. We were going to head to New York, but decided not to do that, thank goodness. Admittedly, the gas prices were the original deterrent, so then we explored taking a Greyhound bus there, but in my huge condition, I didn't see any opportunity for good rest on a long bus trip. I am really glad we declined the big trip, though, because my feet have been killing me, just from everyday tasks, like cleaning or shopping. I would have had to cut short all of our sight-seeing in New York or rent a wheelchair for the week. And staying home had afforded us time to do much needed catch-up work around the house. We've been making landscaping plans, and I will be very excited to see how that turns out in a few weeks when it's finished. We cleaned out the famous closet o' games, and we didn't even need to knock down the wall to expand the closet as I was talking about in another post. We found enough room for all of our games by sending all the kids' games upstairs to their room. Our house has lots of built-in shelving and drawers, and the kids had a huge cabinet in their closet that wasn't even being used. So, up went all the kids' games. I am a little concerned that they will tear apart their game collection and scatter pieces and whatnot, but they will have to be taught somehow that this is not going to be tolerated. Most importantly on our vacation without the kids, we achieved the cleaning of their room. It is a huge bedroom, and we have

all 3 of our girls sharing it, but until we cleaned it, they could barely fit in there because they had so many toys. Whenever we'd make them clean it, we noticed that they would play in there for such a long time afterward because they actually liked having all the open space. So we donated about 90% of their toys to charity while they were visiting with Grandma. It might sound mean, but we kept the important stuff, and like I said, they actually enjoy their room and the things in it much more when everything is picked up and they have fewer things to appreciate. I will keep you posted on how well (or not) this is received when they get home. They will probably forget exactly what toys they once had, and by donating everything, more kids can enjoy them.

Even though it took an entire day of cleaning to reach the bottom of the toy pile in their room, we have managed to fit in lots of fun for just hubby and me. We've gone shopping several times, and yesterday we were in Toledo all day getting good food, seeing a movie, and taking in a [Toledo MudHens](#) game. If you're not familiar, the MudHens are minor league baseball. I've been wanting to get to a [Chicago Cubs](#) game last year or this year, but with the baby coming, I've ruled it out until at least next year. So, minor league baseball it was, and we had a blast – I got my live baseball game fix for awhile... there's just something about hearing the crack of the bat, the slap of the ball in the glove and the other sounds of a baseball game in the beautiful summer night air. And it was a great game. Seems a player from the [Detroit Tigers](#) was rehabbing with the MudHens, so we got to see a major-leaguer pitch for a few innings. The Hens were up 3-0 early in the game, then they let Indianapolis tie it up, only to hit a walk-off homer in the 9th with 2 outs to win the game – awesome! And if you're not from the area and want to experience food that is uniquely Toledo, I recommend a restaurant called [Tony Packo's](#) to you. Their menu is somewhat limited; there aren't very many choices, so pass on it if you're a picky eater. But if you're like me and you like to

try all different kinds of ethnic food, give it a whirl. They serve Hungarian food, namely sausage, cabbage rolls, and chili mac over dumplings. It's really good and a unique dining experience. It's also really interesting how we heard of the restaurant in the first place. We were in a thrift store and I saw this stuffed baby in a diaper with a tomato head. I thought it was really cute, even though it creeped my husband out, but it was only 5¢ so I bought it. Turns out, it's a character from Tony Packo's as labeled on the rear end of the baby tomato. I googled Tony Packo's, found out it was a restaurant an hour away from us in Toledo, looked at the menu, and we decided to give it a try. The guy who works their marketing in the gift shop really liked that story. What's weird though, is that while gutting my kids' room this week, the baby tomato never surfaced. Hmm, I wonder what happened to it?

Sometimes you get more of what you want from a vacation by staying home. In this age of the horribly high gas prices, the media has even coined a new word for the 'vacation taken at home', but I can't recall what it is. If you know, post it in my comments – it's bugging me that I can't think of it. Anyway, by staying home, we saved a ton of money on gas alone, and we got some things done around the house that we will appreciate for months or even years to come, all while having a great time with just each other, no kids! Thank you, Grandma!

There Is Something To Fear

Ever since the early days of television, there have been several anthology series dealing with the supernatural, the occult, terror, and things to scare the daylights out of

audiences. There was Alfred Hitchcock, Twilight Zone, Night Stalker, Tales from the Crypt, and Tales from the Darkside. There were a few instances that big screen horror movies lent their names to anthology series (anyone remember "[Freddy's Nightmares](#)" or "[Friday the 13th: The Series](#)"). This summer some writer's of big screen horror movies have created a new anthology entitled "Fear Itself" (Thursday Nights on NBC... 10pm Eastern Time).

The premiere episode, "The Sacrifice" dealt with four criminals (two of whom were brothers) who unwittingly become stranded in a nearly deserted fort. Nearly deserted except for a trio of seductive vixens who are the keepers of a dark, deadly secret,. The sirens entice their prey by feeding them (who knows what but whatever it is must have been appetizing), and then they become separated and the terror begins. One of the criminals, who is already injured, comes to a rather grisly end (at least grisly for a network television series). Another of the four bears an uncanny resemblance to Matt Damon who eventually becomes a member of the undead.

While the plot was pretty predictable, the episode did entertain and was creepy for (again) a network series and I plan to continue watching the rest of the 13 segments.



Time Travel...

I commented on something in another site, that got me thinking about time travel, instantaneous travel, and relativistic travel. Some heavy thinking for this late in the day, but I'm here now.

Time travel has been in our collective stories for centuries. The early stories were all using magic or wishes to go back in time. This was used to correct mistakes, make different choices or somehow get something you missed out on. I don't have any of the myths and stories available to me at the moment, but I seem to remember a common theme. It generally didn't work out the way it was planned. That doesn't always mean bad things happened, just not the planned things.

In 1895 H. G. Wells published a book where a machine was used to travel back in time. [The Time Machine](#) was one of the early science fiction works on time travel. Many other authors have written works on time travel, and there have been many movies and even a TV show or two about time travel. As these stories progressed, the time travel paradox was brought up. What would happen if you went back in time and prevented your birth sort of thing. This stuff can get deep quickly, so I'll leave it for another topic. I was just thinking about the time travel stories..

Then we have instantaneous or faster than light travel. Used in almost every Space science fiction story known this type of travel was invented by the story tellers out of need. They needed to get from one end of the Galaxy to the other without writing about long voyages or worse yet relativity. Transporters on [StarTrek](#) were made to save money on the effects of a shuttle craft landing. If you ever noticed the when a shuttle craft was used in the original series, it was always a plot device, and that justified the cost.

But of course, Einstein said that the Universe has a speed limit, the speed of light. That gets rid of the instantaneous/faster than light travel, but again brings back the time travel story. Space ship captain goes away an some high fraction of the speed of light, comes back to earth and finds out many many years have passed on earth and his twin brother is now a very old man.... I remember a story or two like that, but I don't recall them at the present.

Just a few thoughts off the top of my head, so I can relax and get some rest...

Sad sack droopy drawers

This of course comes from the famous [South Pacific](#) by Rodgers and Hammerstein. However, the latter part refers to boys and their shorts (or pants). It would seem that the older or darker the kids are, the lower the shorts. There have been many times I have had to tell them to pull the shorts up. Of course, just like runners in the hall continue when the teacher is out of sight, the shorts will come back down as well- I'm realistic. But I tell 'em anyway. I recall one black student who had his pants down past his buttocks. He had to have a belt buckled tightly or they would have finished the journey down unhindered. I have had another student tell me it was okay to wear his shorts so low because he was black. But of course it isn't just black students, but as I said older students like to do this as well, as I witness in eighth grade especially and some of the high school leaders in church. In fact, during the camp meeting a few weeks ago the camp (and high school) director flatly said the shorts stay up or he will give them a rope to hold them up.

I have gotten softer on this lately and will usually tell them if they want to wear them low, they have to compensate with a long shirt. Basically, as long as I can't see what color their underwear is I'm happy. The problem is when they sit. The amount the shirt covers is a lot less than when they are standing, so I constantly have to say thing like, "I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to know you are wearing red plaid underwear." They usually take the hint and pull them up.

This fashion I am told started in prisons, where guys would show they are "available," if you know what I mean. How this got out of the prisons and to our youth I have no idea, but sadly it shows why black boys tend to do it more as they are vastly over-represented (by demographics) in jail. It can't be comfortable. I certainly know how uncomfortable it feels when I forget to put on a belt and my pants are just a bit loose. I suppose they do it for the same reason adolescents do most things adults don't like- because the adults don't like it ("heh, heh- I have to live in the old man's house following his rules, so I'll get him back by doing stuff he hates!").

Then there are the younger boys. Usually there is no problem with them, but today I ran into the opposite case. I was in a very low LD class today and one of the students had his shorts pulled *up* as high as possible. This is often seen on more, ah, *senior* men (covering up the *tire*- I have been tempted to do the same, which I resist by picturing what I would look like to others if I did!) but not so much on kids. Perhaps part of what made it look odd was that the shirt was tucked in, another rare occurrence among our youth. In any event, I didn't say anything as no one had a problem with it and at least the shorts pulled in this direction didn't reveal what was underneath.

Another trend I've noticed is age affects the size or length of clothing as well. With the girls the clothes get smaller (see [this picture](#) for an example that is sort of an analogue to this topic- it shows undergarments by year, but the outerwear by age follows the same trend...) and with the boys the shorts get longer. Girls seem to want to reveal more as they get older (and they wonder why teenage sex is a problem) while the boys want to reveal less. I think this was true in the eighties too. Some I know didn't wear shorts at all no matter the heat. My brother was one of them.

Well, I think I will stop here. Some of you are already wondering about me, a guy, writing about something like this.

Yes, I'm done. Definitely done.