

A SUPER Bonfire

After a shortened night's sleep (I'm sure some of my friends got less sleep than I so can't complain) following a SUPER Friday night, I had to work the dreaded 12-8 shift on a Saturday... it's money. Following the grind, the family (including our visiting cousin from Arkansas... one last get together before she boards the Greyhound tomorrow evening) met at my brothers for a bonfire that turned into an indoor affair (80+ degrees seems a bit warm for weinee roasting, marshmallow toasting, s'more creating). So, hot dogs were put in the broiler and s'mores were made over the gas stove. And we were treated to some of Season 3 of *Lois and Clark* courtesy of Jeff's PS3 streaming of Netflix.

Season 3 finds the intrepid reporters of a great metropolitan newspaper at the beginning of their budding romance. However, as was pointed out, long before the sound of wedding bells were rung. DC Comics made it known that the union would not be made on screen before it was in the pages of the comic books. A virtual reality adventure, a Lane/Kent family Christmas celebration, and voodoo hocus pocus (not one of my favorite episodes) filled the two+ hours.

While watching the adventures on the big screen, my other brother arrived after some car trouble. It seems that he had a his starter replaced for naught. Instead, it was determined that Chad had gotten some bad gas (pun intended). "There was a quarter tank left" according to the fuel gauge. Plenty of fuel to travel 10 miles. Sounds oddly familiar to me, somehow.

So... never a dull moment. I'll have to revisit my DVD collection of the four seasons of one of my favorite incarnations of the Man of Steel.