## They're making what now?

They have lost all creativity. We keep saying that, but every time we think they can't go any lower Hollywood surprises us. Did you know they are making movies based on board games like Candyland and Battleship? I'm sure I must have heard about it before and forgot- it was part of the article on the latest movie based on a game. A video game. Yes, we know how those go- from Super Mario Brothers to Street Fighter they tend to be flops, but at least the games they are based on have some sort of plot even if the movies twist it beyond recognition. How is this for a movie though- Asteroids. That's right- they are now making a movie based on the 30-year-old arcade hit (video below if you aren't familiar with the game, such as you've lived under a rock or are under 15 or so years of age [ But that's not all. We can easily imagine a studio just picking this up and figuring it's worth a try, but how about four studios? That's right- not one, not two, but four studios had a bidding war over this movie. I have to say, I hope that's a good sign but I have my doubts. Click to read the story at the <u>Hollywood Reporter</u>, or just read below- it's certainly short enough to post here:

#### 'Asteroids' lands at Universal

#### Lorenzo di Bonaventura producing game adaptation

By Borys Kit

July 2, 2009, 02:12 AM ET

Universal has won a four-studio bidding war to pick up the film rights to the classic Atari video game "Asteroids." Matthew Lopez will write the script for the feature adaptation, which will be produced by Lorenzo di Bonaventura. In "Asteroids," initially released as an arcade game in 1979, a player controlled a triangular space ship in an asteroid

field. The object was to shoot and destroy the hulking masses of rock and the occasional flying saucer while avoiding smashing into both.

As opposed to today's games, there is no story line or fancy world-building mythology, so the studio would be creating a plot from scratch. Universal, however, is used to that development process, as it's in the middle of doing just that for several of the Hasbro board game properties it is translating to the big screen, such as "Battleship" and "Candyland."

Senior vp of production Jeff Kirschenbaum will oversee the project for Universal.

Di Bonaventura's next outing is "G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra," which Paramount is set to open Aug. 7.

Lopez came out of Disney's writing program and worked on that studio's recent movies "Bedtime Stories" and "Race to Witch Mountain." He also wrote the most recent draft of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," currently in production with Nicolas Cage and Jay Baruchel starring.

Lopez and Atari are repped by ICM.

Youtube video of the game in action:

# "Only One Thing I Want Ya Fellas Ta Do...

Talk me out of it!"

This is my favorite line from one of the most classic movies of all time. If there is one person within posting range who has never seen the 1939 version of *The Wizard of Oz*, I would seriously have a hard time believing it. The scene involves Scarecrow and Tin Man attempting to bolster the Lion's courage as they are about to enter the Witch's castle to rescue Dorothy. Just as he is on the verge of charging into the Lion's den, the feline returns to his old ways.

Back in the days when cable television was in its infancy, I remember well a Friday night around Halloween when the movie was played annually. Friday night because The Dukes of Hazard and Dallas (ho hum) were preempted. Tonight, it was shown on Turner Classic Movies so this was my yearly trip down the Yellow Brick Road. It's funny, I can almost remember where all the commercial breaks were inserted. Yet another classic I wish I could see again for the first time. A five year old screamed with delight and a four year old hid her eyes whenever "the green witch" was on screen.

A few years ago, I had the pleasure of assisting in the production of the musical for EHS. Although very faithful to the cinematic version, there were a few additions. There was a covered bridge that the quartet and Toto attempted to cross; however, the Wicked Witch of the West enchanted the bridge making it revolve so Dorothy and her companions got nowhere fast.

Another addition was the Jitterbug sequence which was actually

cut from the movie. On screen, the Witch makes mention of the insects as she sends her army of winged monkeys to the Haunted Forest. The dance sequence was filmed and put on the cutting room floor.

I know there is at least one person who would possibly (if not probably) agree that Oz would make a good addition for a community theatre season. If we are looking for famous, well-known name shows, is there any more famous, well-known, sure to get butts in the seats and people to audition (ahhem). Just a thought.

# Furry Babies Sucks!!!

We began our trip to Chicago last Saturday, and the 3-state, 4-kid, mini-van trip went pretty smoothly. At some point, we achieved the quadruple-kid-pass-out which is never anything short of a great thing!

We arrived at our hotel in Naperville, Illinois on Saturday afternoon, and we decided to take the girls swimming in the outdoor pool which was really refreshing on an 80°+ day. been a long time since I've been swimming outdoors, and it was nice of my mom to meet us there for a swim instead of us driving the girls to her house for their week of fun with After the girls left with her, we wanted to meet with a friend, but we were staying in the west 'burbs rather than the north 'burbs this time. Both parties had just endured long car rides, so we settled on a halfway point — a mall in the west 'burbs. Not really knowing what to plan on doing, we ended up finding such a great parking space at the mall that we just ended up going in to bumble. And it was fun! Partly because I haven't been in a real mall for years,

so it was really interesting to see the different techniques that have evolved to try and entice shoppers to buy and But I also enjoyed my mall visit because of the company we were keeping; it was nice to chat and catch up. And as you might have read in <u>derek's blog</u>, we happened upon a glow-in-the-dark indoor mini-golf course that was less than a It had 56 holes, but I don't think I could ever play that much mini-golf at once, so we stuck with the traditional 18 holes. I guess I should add in that I won the round and also had a lucky day with two holes-in-1 □ And I must comment on how good the baby was — he just sat in the shopping cart and watched the glow-in-the-dark golf balls throughout ALL 18 holes! There were these small contraptions sprinkled throughout the golfing space - you put your ball in, and it rolls around and comes out glowing brighter — those And it was fun to see the mall again. the same mall I hung out in all the time as a teenager, but I had still been to this one a lot growing up, and it was neat to see how much (or how little, compared to most things in the area) it had changed over the past decade and a half. That reminds me, speaking of change... when we arrived in Chicago, err Naperville on Saturday, we took the Naperville Road exit off of I-88 which is an area with which I am used to be very familiar. Back in the day (did I really just say that?), I would commute through that same intersection to work and back every single day, yuck... but apparently they've completely redone the entire area in the past few years because the intersection was unrecognizable. I mean, they added new roads and everything — it was the most bizarre feeling, it felt like I had gotten dropped into the middle of the twilight zone. We exited I-88, and all of a sudden, we were on Freedom Drive. Where now? Freedom Drive? I had literally never heard of Freedom Drive, they created the street from scratch and plopped it down into this area where I worked and played so many years ago. As much as I thought I knew where we were going, Jill the GPS was actually quite helpful during this twilight zone adventure, and she got us to our hotel, even

though I knew where it was - WAS being the key word here. But back to the mall... we bumbled around some more after getting some pretzel dogs (yummier in Chicagoland, of course, what isn't?) at the food court. I heard some lady talking on a cell phone about the "puppy store", and sure enough, we happened across it. I'm an animal lover, so I love to see and visit with animals, but I think a side effect of my tenderness toward animals is my loathing of pet stores. And the pet store in the Stratford Mall in Bloomingdale Illinois is just about the worst I've ever seen. It's no secret that many of the major chains of pet stores get their "wares" from puppy mills; ie dog breeding facilities with cramped quarters, little food, and animal abuse. The huge chain famous for bad press, Petland, just closed a bunch of stores, which I believe is a good thing for dogs and dog lovers everywhere. strongly believe that people should adopt animals, namely dogs and cats, from humane societies and other animal shelters. There are so many homeless pets, so how can it be justified to buy a puppy who is bred for selling when there are so many others bred accidentally who are also looking for love? strongly support spay/neuter programs as well, fyi...

So anyway, the new pet store at the mall is called "Furry Babies". Their website calls it an "upscale puppy boutique, not just a pet store", but I call it disgusting. The puppies were in cribs, for goodness sakes, and along the walls they had a large variety of dog clothes for sale, no doubt at prices that I wouldn't pay to clothe my human kids. inquired about one particular puppy, who was cute but looked to be slightly cross-eyed. We found out that she was a "designer dog" - they pretend like they meant to mix two breeds together (in this case a golden retriever and a poodle, thus giving us a "Goldendoodle"), but where I come from (the reality land of logic), we would call it a "mutt". And mutts tend to be better with kids, live longer, and are cheaper than purebreds — at least they were until a few years ago. mutts are these "designer dogs" and they cost a lot of money in the case of the furry baby Goldendoodle — a cool \$1600. Ι

cannot denounce this place loud enough! I also don't want to spend a ton of time going off about animal welfare nor lose readers by getting political. This just happens to be an issue I feel strongly about, and I plead that if you are in the market for a family pet, you consider adopting your animal companion from a shelter and also realize that you are entering into a life-long committment! That being said, Furry Babies sucks, but the good news is that I can't see them lasting that long. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention that the employees wear mock scrubs, in order to imitate delivery room nurses, I guess, which to me is even more sickening. But go again... get me going and I will never stop... so if you want to read more, here is a link to the forums about Furry Babies on the bestfriends.org website, which is an awesome organization — the country's largest animal sanctuary for homeless pets of all kinds! I hope to visit them someday in Utah, but until I get over my fear of flying I will just persue their website and I suggest you do the same...

Now that I'm actually leaving the homeless pet tangent behind... we left the mall at a decent hour since we wanted a good night's sleep to rest up for the Cubs / Sox game the following day — the entire reason we were in town to begin Poor us — that did not happen! We got back to the hotel (which was pretty crappy for a Naperville Hampton Inn see my Small Separate Side Post), and the baby decided he was going to go nuts and stay up until midnight. Then the little booger awoke at 6 the next morning, and he crawled around and caused mischief like dipping my drying bathing suit into the toilet, thanks for THAT. My husband was nice enough to take him in the bath for awhile and do other various quiet activities with him in the small room so that I could get a little more sleep, and then we all went down to breakfast my poor husband was a zombie. I decided for us (he could not make decisions at that point) that he would go back up to the room while I drove our son over to my mom's for the day while we went to the Cubs game. We did that, and it took me about

an hour to get all the way out to Aurora (not much traffic on a Sunday morning, but S000 many stoplights!) and back. I thought we had plenty of time, but if you read my "A Patch of Blue In A Sea Of Black And White" post, you'll see why I should have stepped on the gas a little...

## Swimming in the Ocean

That is a good metaphor for a lot of things, but it is actually something I did not too long ago.

Now I generally prefer a nice swimming pool. A non-public pool is better than any public pool too. I never liked swimming in ponds or lakes. Mud, pond weeds, sharp stones and the non-clarity of the water were the things I didn't like. My wife's family had a lake cottage when I first met her, so we did spend some time there. While I did swim, I can't say I every really enjoyed it. I enjoyed being with family but not the lake swimming part. Of course, there were a few other things I really didn't enjoy about that cottage, but they had nothing to do with swimming.

I did find out more than a few years ago, that I do enjoy swimming in the ocean. The big waves, the sandy beaches, the smell of the salt water. I wish I could do it more often, just not feasible in the NW Ohio. The first time I remember swimming in an ocean was some 20 years ago in Southern California. The big wide Pacific was a blast. Sitting on the beach with my wife as the tide came in (and almost getting caught with no way out, but that is also another story).

Recently I was with my family in Florida, and I got to swim in the Atlantic. We didn't stay long enough to get caught by any tides, but we enjoyed the waves, sand and salt water. Other than people, I didn't see any wildlife in the ocean. Some no longer used shells, but nothing living. A bit sad really. When we were in California, we saw sea lions and otters. They weren't where we were swimming, they knew better. 

But they were close by.

Some day I should go to Hawaii and see some really big waves. Someday is always just around the corner isn't it?

## Camp 2009: Day 1

Days -2, -1, and 0 were getting ready days of course. Day one however is where it begins. Past years have had a check-in time of 10:00AM. Not so this year. With a brand new 8:00AM check-in time I dragged myself out of bed early and got a ride over to the bank lot across form the church. While I didn't really care much for the early call time, it did give us a couple extra hours once we got to camp. The chaos of checking in seemed less this year for whatever reason. I know numbers were down due to the you-know-what, but even considering it seemed pretty tame. Parents checked in the kids, picked up tags, saw the nurse, carried the bags to the appropriate bus, waited for departure. During this time I had the chance to say hi to three of the kids in my cabin and their parents. Another one I found out would meet us at camp while the fifth I didn't know at all, leaving it a total surprise when I finally did. Around the final prayer and departure time, I finally met him as he was pointing to some bags that hadn't yet been loaded on. I looked at the tag and saw the bags were for someone in my cabin. I turned to him and saw he was the fifth boy- Diego. I later found out that the bags were for his stepfather who was coming with him. This was no ordinary boy either- he was in two leg casts (to straighten his legs-

they weren't broken) and was... small. Ever watch Little People, Big World? Yes, he has that condition. prayer with the parents and campers we hopped onto the buses and we were off. We gave them about a half-hour of chat time and then the first movie went in. All the movies were Disney of course- rated G animated features. Ratatouille was first and it engaged at least 95% of the kids. Wall-E followed. Too bad the bus DVD player had no remote as Wall-E had a couple of nice shorts in the extras. Halfway through the bus ride we stopped at a rest-stop so the drivers could take a quick pit-stop. Yeah, leaders too. ☐ ()Kids were stuck on the bus, but the movie was kept playing so most didn't mind I'm Having forgotten my lunch (it's always something, right?) I scrambled here to get overprice vending machine offerings while still trying to pick up something extra for the kids in the same boat as me. Other leaders chipped in too.

So  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours later, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  when you take the time change from CDT to EDT into consideration, we arrived- about ten minutes after Wall-E ended. We got to the usual drop off point- and kept going. Yes! No walking a half-mile to the camp, partly down a  $40^{\circ}$  incline (or back up that same incline at the end of the week for that matter!). We were greeted with large welcome signs from the staff, waiting for us on the game field. While the bus was unloaded and the luggage carried to the cabins we were given an introduction speech. The week at camp was officially underway! We split for the cabins so the kids could get ready for their swim tests, then headed for the swim front. For one of only two times during the week the gate was swung open so we could enter without checking in. all other times the kids were required to check in to the swim front to keep track of who was there in case something happened. I had told Diego's stepdad that we would start out with a sandcastle/fort competition when others were doing their swim tests, two cabins at a time. Wrong! Just because we had the previous four years didn't mean this would be year

five- oops. Instead, we played a friendly game of nuke 'em, a volleyball variation where instead of hitting the ball it is thrown up in the air. If it isn't caught by the other team, the person on that team who last touched the ball trying to catch it, or the one who it fell closest to otherwise is out. The game is over when one team is out. At the end of our swim test during this time, three of my kids had red bracelets for non-swimmers. Diego was one of course as he did not even take the test because of his casts. This was definitely different for me with more than half my cabin wearing red bands; in the past I have always had only one or two.

So with that done, we changed out of the swimming gear, went to the court on top of the hill by the girls' cabins for more instructions for the week, then hit the lodge for dinner. looked like this year they turned the tables 90 degrees from previous years, but other than that it was the same as previous years. Following dinner was the first lesson. week's theme was Code Blue: Having a Heart for God, so all the lessons were based on this theme. The main passage of scripture was the parable of the seeds and the soils they landed on or in. We broke out for small group, and what was another first we never broke into smaller groups. In the past I have had 7-10 kids in my cabin so the kids could be split into two groups since every cabin had at least two leaders, but with only five kids we just stayed together with all three of us leaders taking turns leading discussion. My five kids this year all had been raised in strong Christian homes, and they all had stories to tell of accepting Jesus. I have had others in the past that had not and have even been able to lead such kids to Christ, but this year it was all about living the Christian life with all these kids which I will be the first to say is a struggle.

As the last part of the night the kids had some "free time" which for this age group is staying in one area free to play whatever games they wished in that area. This was their first

opportunity to hid the canteen, a short bus painted like a bee where they could buy candy and pop (Gatorade and water as well). This first night was also where I received my first scars which still populate my arms to an extent of mosquito bites as I was eaten alive. After this I would remember to put on bug spray...

## **Small Separate Side Post**

I didn't really see a place for bitching and moaning in the few posts I wrote about our wonderful trip to Chicago — hence the small separate side post.

First, when we arrived at our hotel, we requested a crib for the baby. Evening turned to night, and we were still without a crib. We called down to the front desk, and she kept saying strange things about the missing maintenance guy, but finally he was located. He delivered the crib and took a look at our ant (!) problem and declared it was no big deal. Maybe not to him, but I saw the Dateline episodes about the people who got severely bit by the hotel bed bugs! On top of this, we had a door that would stick so that I'd have to knock every time I came back from getting pop or ice or something from the car, etc. And then there were the drunken celebrity phone calls...

Not something we did, rather, something we came across when perusing the hotel's tv offerings. On the hotel's video menu, where they usually have movies you can buy, games you can play, and stuff about the hotel, we learned that the Hampton

Inn offered some offbeat choices. First, there was the Hilton Family Channel — 24/7 documentaries about the Hilton family, how they began their hotel empire, and where it is today. After 10 minutes, I had had enough. And after those 10 minutes, not a word of Paris, interesting...

Another strange tv offering was under the 'short takes' menu. These seemed to be youtube.com videos — I know I had even seen a few on youtube. You know, Charlie Bit Me (the British siblings posing for a picture when the baby bites his big brother, a youtube / talkshow sensation), Office Pranks; I'm sure you've come across some of those popular videos somewhere in pop culture, yet here they were being offered for (free) viewing in the hotel room!

Still another strange tv offering was "hot for words". And before you get the wrong idea (or is it? I'm confused by this whole concept), this was not the 'adult' menu. Each 'hot for words' video however, looked to be something naughty but was actually proven to be individual dictionary lessons — to increase one's vocab, perhaps? But it still seemed to be a strange selection for a hotel tv — I've never seen anything like that before...

And lastly, perhaps what is the weirdest selection on the hotel tv: drunken celebrity phone calls. It was a young adult (I guess?) making prank phone calls to celebrities (supposedly). But the caller was the only person on camera, and there was no proof that celebrities were even involved — maybe it would have been funny if we had seen the celebrities reactions to being called by some random (drunk?) guy, but there was no proof that he was even able to get ahold of the celebrities phone numbers, and even then, a stretch. It was a really strange thing to have this kid on our tv, watching him make these really stupid, probably fake phone calls. What a strange tv offering... yet it was free, and we bit, I guess...

The final bad thing about this hotel is the ringer on the

phone — it sounded like a woodland creature, no joke! I really wanted to get a video of the thing ringing, but when the baby didn't sleep that well, everything of least importance was put aside. Too bad, it was the strangest ringtone I've ever heard... at least it rang for the first time in the evening. If it had rung in the morning without us knowing it was the phone, I would have been convinced it was some sort of wild rodent loose in our room!

## The Younger set

Children and young adults (7 to 18?) are invading our theater. It is, of course, time for the annual Children's Theater.

As long as I remember, we've always had a good turnout for this acting forum, but this year it is an absolute invasion. There were at least 40 younger members of society on stage during the first evening. Tonight was the third evening of theater for the youngsters, and there was still at least 35 roaming stage and backstage. It is really good to see this in the theater. This is the future of theater. In the next few years some of these actors will be back on stage as adults. Always good to see.

I am wondering where the child relatives of other Tangents bloggers are. Didn't see any nieces, nephews or children of the Tangents group. Oh well, since I volunteered to help again, you will all know where I will be...

## Breaking Up Is Hard To Do

Don't take your love away from me

Don't you leave me heart in misery.

No, no nothing quite that emotional. I forgot to mention another shattering event at the workplace last weekend. Friday morning, I walked to the store to pick up my paycheck and saw a sign on the door: Please use other door. I immediately thought of the wind from last winter when the door would be blown open, forcing us to lock it before it broke. I looked up and down the glass and saw a long crack halfway down. I asked the boss if she got really mad at someone else and put the crack in the door. Apparently not. The tremor inducing machinery for the repaving of OH49 was to blame. Thursday, the building shook so much that I was not sure if it was going to remain standing. From what I understand, a rock came flying and hit the door and left the crack.

Saturday, we apparently had some rushed customers who kept walking into the door. Sorry, I probably would have done the same after being so accustomed to puching the "out" door. I even set a wet floor sign in front of the door and more than one person walked into it. I suggested hiring a door greeter to man the door (hey, if Wal-Mart can...), a bigger sign, or some yellow CSI tape.

#### A Patch Of Blue In A Sea Of

#### **Black And White**

We took a fun little excursion to Chicago this past weekend and had a few adventures! More about those later (if I get to them — my time to blog has dwindled A LOT lately!). want to write about now is the Chicago Cubs game. begin by escorting the elephant from the room — the Cubs got creamed by the White Sox yesterday. There, I said it. I'm just stating fact, unfortunately. We were lucky enough to have tickets (happy birthday to me from Hubby - THANK YOU!!!!!) for Sunday's game - the final game of a 3 game series between the cross-town MLB rivals the Cubs and the This game was to be the "rubber match" — with both teams tied at 1 win apiece for this series, Sunday's outcome would decide the series winner. But the Cubs lost. Miserably. It was almost like they didn't show up to play baseball — which is something I and probably at least a few other Cubs fans lovingly yelled from the stands. We got to watch Carlos Zambrano, the Cubs famously hot-headed starting pitcher, take the mound — and consequently lose his control and get booed off the field. And let me say it wasn't just Sox fans who were booing Zambrano. But I think it was awesome that he was the starting pitcher the day we got to go watch the game live, and he was really fun to watch. frustrating to see the empty bullpen across right field though - it seemed empty forever. My husband and I really thought Lou Pinnella should have made the call to the bullpen a little bit sooner and at least get someone throwing balls down there - Zambrano does not recover his game often once he loses it. We were both watching for Lou's call, and finally Zambrano made his trademark nasty move — the guy gets so angry that he beans someone. He throws a 90ish mph baseball AT the So then he stalks off the field, gives the fans a one-finger salute (I don't think it was THAT finger), and goes into the locker room to pout by himself. He didn't throw down any water coolers on the way this time as he's also been

known to do, but I can't say that I wouldn't have liked to see that. As lucky as we were to get to see Big Z pitch, he didn't do very well and we were happy to see him go.

But alas, Zambrano was not the only problem yesterday since the Cubs' bats haven't produced much of anything for weeks, and our game day was no exception. Thus we witnessed a shutout on the Cubs.

But that's enough of that. It 's amazing how much fun we had despite the worst possible scenario for the game! I LOVE live baseball, and MLB almost doesn't compare to the smaller AAA leagues. Those are fun too, but comparing those atmospheres is really like comparing apples and oranges. was kind of toasty in the sun, and my knees got burnt to a crisp; I'm dealing with that today. For those of you who want to know the outrageous robbery they're getting away with in MLB stadiums across the country, at U.S. Cellular Field in Chicago, it costs \$23 to park, \$6.75 for a 20 oz. beer, \$4 for a bottle of pop or water (let me guess — they took out all the public drinking fountains, I sure didn't see any), and \$4.75 for a hot dog. If you can keep yourself hydrated during the game, you can save yourself \$6 on 2 bottles of water by buying one before and one after the game from the street vendors sell them for \$1, which isn't bad at all in that heat! Originally I had planned to eat all day at the stadium, but I just wasn't hungry in the heat. There's nothing like sitting there at a baseball game and cracking peanuts, but I actually passed on those too. I certainly didn't want to leave my seat much, and by the time the peanut vendor arrived, we no longer felt like sitting there calmly cracking peanuts while the Cubs played like you-know-what and gave the game away. reminds me — we had GREAT seats, upper-level, 3rd base side, right about even with the pitcher. We had a bird's-eye view of Zambrano's animal-like pacing and stomping rituals on the I guess that's enough about the game — interesting how we were ALMOST late...

Sox park (its real name is a tongue and finger-typing twister) is situated on I-90, one of Chicago's expressways. anxious to try Jill the GPS's skills in a city environment since she had so failed us in Pittsburgh, but more so in the outskirts, we weren't really in downtown Pittsburgh. did fine in the big city of Chicago, but when we got off the expressway, it was chaos - and it wasn't like Jill was programmed to guide us through the Sox's bizarre parking system; red coupons, green coupons, etc. We THOUGHT we had left in plenty of time for the game and might even see some batting practice, but we hit some traffic on the way down (did I mention this was also a weekend for the Taste of Chicago?!? Oops — bad planning on our part; we couldn't believe it. The Taste draws millions!). Anyway, when we arrived on the south side, we were confused about where to go for cash (\$23!) parking. There were people directing traffic (don't know if they were cops or city workers or Sox park workers, but I might find out so I can file a complaint!), so we asked one of the ladies how to get to cash parking. She said, "I'm going to let you make a U-Turn (we were heading east, toward the stadium), and you make the u-turn and go to 33rd street. we made the U-turn and headed west when we began to get a notso-comfortable feeling. Remember, we had seen the stadium, and we were now heading away from it, out of the city. usually numbered streets in cities are parallel to other. So if we were looking for 33rd, most likely we should see 31st, 32nd, or 34th streets first — but we weren't. So we turned around, and an hour later, when we finally figured out be, we had passed the "helpful" traffic person again and confirmed our suspicions: she had tried to take us out of the city on purpose. In fact, when we passed Ms. Directions again, there was a Sox parking pay lot one block in front of her. I like to think the best of people, but here it's obvious that earlier, she had us make the U-turn rather than turn around so we wouldn't be able to see that she was taking us the wrong way. Rude isn't even the word for that. As most locals know, Sox park is not known for being nestled in safe

neighborhoods — Wrigley Field, home of the Cubs, is known as the "Friendly Confines" - NOT Sox Park. We were fine, the area didn't get too bad, my husband just got really upset that we might be late for the game. Indeed, when we did finally find our lot, there was a big line and we sat in it for a long I can't help but wonder if maybe Ms. Helpful had noticed the color of our shirts - Cubbie blue- which isn't exactly welcome on the south side of Chicago. Cubbie blue shirts we wore (which ironically said "Cubs win!", sheesh) were probably responsible for other rude behaviors directed our way. For instance, my husband got bumped a little harder than regular crowd jostling, and some of his popcorn spilled. Sox fans nearby jeered, and there were also the people who would walk by us up the stairs on the way to their seats (we were seated on an aisle) and feel inclined to say "Cubs suck". Yesterday they may have had a point.

The people directly around us were friendly enough, a mix of Chicago fans, both north and south, Cubs and Sox. Some people wore a Sox hat and a Cubs shirt, while there were families of people dressed for both teams, an interesting mix. As I looked around the stadium, I saw mostly white shirts (the black shirts were hard to see) in the sea of people, although the sea was dotted with many patches of Cubbie blue, much like the blue patch the two of us created. As rude as a select few Sox fans were though, I suppose they can't be all bad... on the way in to the stadium, it was extremely windy and we both got our Cubs hats blown right off our heads — maybe it was a sign of things to come... But anyway, it was Sox fans who helped up retrieve the runaway hats.

Overall, a great day for some baseball; definitely something I hope to do again. Except next time, I think we'll park far away and take the train to the stadium and forget trying to park in the city. We hit traffic on the way out too, and an hour after the game had ended, I turned around and I could still see Sox park which was STILL within walking distance!

# What A Difference A Letter Can Make

This weekend, I learned two new duties at work. One, I was strongly advised to learn the other I took upon myself to try my hand at. I have watched others cut a whole steak before but have never tried it myself. Last night, a customer who I know asked if we could cut two of the whole ribeye steaks for her. Since this was nearly 8PM and the cashier was about to leave, I told her that it might be Monday before it could be done. No problem, she was not in a hurry. This morning, I decided to be brave and slice it myself... at least I know the guinea pig who would be the recipient of the steaks well enough. Since it was boneless, all I had to do is take a knife and hack my way through it. And both of them were very lean so not much fat to trim. Hopefully, I did well enough. I called and left a message on the customer's machine.

The other adventure was printing next week's ad signs on the computer. No problem there except maybe the age of the computer… actually looks like a relic of the 80s. Once again, went really well until I looked over my handiwork and discovered that a sign that was supposed to read:

CAMPBELL'S

PORK 'N BEANS

3 FOR \$1.00

came out reading:

#### CAMPBELL'S

#### **PORN** N' BEANS

#### 3 FOR \$1.00

Thank goodness, I noticed it before no one else did and hung the sign. I did make a new sign with the correct item and THOUGHT that I had thrown the faux pas in the garbage. Apparently not. When I got to work this morning, there was the offensive sign with a nice little note attached. It was good for a laugh anyway. But as I have always said, be careful how much you learn; you can get in all kinds of trouble  $\square$