

Nightmare On Alumni Street

As has been the trend lately, they are going to remake a popular horror movie from my youth – [Nightmare On Elm Street](#). When the movie came out in 1984, I was too young (and scared) to watch it, but the main character, [Freddy Krueger](#), was everywhere. Everyone wanted to be Freddy for Halloween, and just his picture was enough to scare me silly. I think even people who don't like horror movies know who Freddy Krueger is – a burn victim with a hideously scarred face who has knives for fingernails and invades the dreams of his victims. We tried watching Nightmare On Elm Street as adults not too long ago, and it wasn't scary – it just came across as dumb. So maybe a remake IS in order. I just hope it's not horrible like Rob Zombie's Halloween remake. Actually, the Friday the 13th remake wasn't so great either. I did enjoy the Texas Chainsaw Massacre remake though, and I really liked the remake of My Bloody Valentine – two movies that prove slasher films can be successfully remade. So I hope this Nightmare on Elm Street is on par with the latter two I mentioned.

The reason I'm bringing this up is because I read an article about how they are going to be filming this remake in Chicago, with some scenes being filmed at the high school my husband attended. The students had a surprise assembly on Friday, where they were told that their high school is going to be used to film a movie and that extras would be needed. How cool of an assembly would THAT be? The article mentions that the movie will be out April 16, but it doesn't specify which year – I'm hoping they mean 2010 because I'm anxious to see it! I just hope they don't try to do any funky computer stuff for Freddy's face or glove. I think good old fashioned makeup is sometimes what makes things scarier! [Here is the article about the choosing of the high schools](#). And just for fun, here is the trailer from the original Nightmare on Elm Street:

Yet Another Theatrical Tragedy

It seems that recently there have been a number of tragedies happening in the theatrical world most of them involved in small companies. Last weekend a full-scale murder occurred at a reunion picnic for the Town and Gown Players of Athens Georgia. This theatre has performed everything from classic Shakespeare to Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals to the screwball comedies of Woody Allen. As a proud member of the [community theatre](#) of my own corner of the world, my heartfelt condolences go out to not only the families of the victims but to the entire theatre, as well. Three of the members of the 55 year old company were shot. As with the feelings I hold for many in my own community theatre, these three were seen as members of a second family.

Two of them were the technical wizards behind many productions who built elaborate sets. The third was the small theatre's president, herself a veteran of numerous on and off stage roles. That is what is so special about community theatre: Everyone has the opportunity to be involved in every aspect of a show. An actor has as much to do backstage as on whether it be helping to construct the set, paint a wall, sell tickets, or clean the restroom the Saturday before a performance opens. Sometimes it really does seem like a second family that has its share of disagreements and squabbling, but the final results are usually (if not always) well worth the effort. Members also become life-long friends.

Although I have never had the opportunity to meet these three people, my heart goes out to them and their families both immediate and theatrical. Please keep the [Town & Gown Players](#)

in your thoughts and prayers. By following the link you can read about the three victims as well as view and sign a condolence book.

This Swine Flu Business

I've been a bit of a hypochondriac for as long as I can remember. My parents had a big thick medical book at their house when I was growing up – that's where I learned about a condition called Black Hairy Tongue, and the book had a photo of it, it's self-explanatory. I would always look through this medical book, mostly to use the self-diagnosis charts. As a kid, I diagnosed myself with everything from thrombosis to cancer. So it really shouldn't come as a surprise that I'm pondering the illness I had last week as a case of the "it" illness of the moment – the swine flu. Never mind that no cases have been reported in my state yet; I think I may have had the swine flu. I've never had a stomach illness that lasted 6 days before last week (those are usually 24-48 hour deals), and it was accompanied by a sore throat, runny nose, body aches and a scratchy voice (though I did enjoy singing with my scratchy voice – it gave me a whole new sound). I thought I got hit with two viruses at the same time, but maybe it was all one nasty thing. I'm half-joking here, I don't really think I had the swine flu – but it did cross my mind. I don't understand though why it's been all over the media lately. What makes this flu any different or worse than the others? I do know that it's spreading at a rapid rate – this morning there were 20 confirmed cases in the United States, and now we're at 40 as I write this. But then again, can't it be said that most cases of the flu are extremely contagious? The media is treating this swine flu as if it's the next Bubonic Plague. Remember the bird flu and SARS? Those are

two illnesses that were expected to be pandemics, but I don't think either one was nearly as bad as the media was making them out to be.

Whatever it was that I had last week, I'm happy to report that I'm over it, and I think I got the worst of it pertaining to my other family members. My stomach hurt so bad; I couldn't imagine my poor little babies dealing with that! And hey, if it was the swine flu I had, then that means that I am now immune to it since I've already had it, right?

A Day With Rosie

Now that the kids have been transported to school (an adventure in and of itself... nope still haven't perfected the actual molecule beaming device... had to do it the old-fashioned way... by car). I can come back and straighten the house so big brother doesn't come home to a disaster. Thank goodness, I have Rosie (*la petite* French maid... HUHN, HUHN! Ooo, la, la!) to help me, I can kick back and watch as she goes through her paces. From where I sit, she doesn't seem to be doing too badly. Very small, very fast, just my type. I did do the dishes and picked up large items on the floor to make her job just a little bit easier. She does seem to be having a bit of difficulty... looks like she is stuck on a furnace grating... excuse me while I go help her. And away she goes Boy, can she suck!! OK...OK... Rosie is nothing more than the robotic vacuum. Does take a little time but I have the day off, so I can get the house clean and do what I like as the sweeper does her thing

Well... while I let Rosie do her job, I think I will find a good show to pop in the Blu-Ray...

Safe at home

Kind of a double content post.

My youngest made it back from her competition in Myrtle Beach. A superior rating was given to the dance choir. They scored 95 out of 100 in the competition. I will need to wait until tomorrow to get more information, it seems the trip tired someone out.

The other thing, one of my 'other' favorite teams (anyone playing the Yankees – Sorry Jamiahsh) had a player steal home. A rare feat in baseball. A matter of timing, skill, and a bit of luck. Not done too often now. Major league record holder for most swipes of home was a former Tiger, Ty Cobb. Just for Jamiahsh, Lou Gehrig is on the home steal list with 15 and even Babe Ruth had 10. No it isn't something that happens very often. More pitchers staying in the stretch when there is a man on third. Managers not wanting this to happen. Ball players a bit more cautious. Any and maybe all of those things contribute.

I'm trying to find the active player with the most steals of home, but it is hard to find. I'll keep looking.

By the way, I didn't mention Ty Cobb stole home 54 times. 50 times for the Detroit Tigers and 4 for the Philadelphia Athletics.

A College Student Could Have Done Better

Recently a fellow blogger mentioned a dorm fire at the university where his youngest daughter is to attend. While I'm sure that much was learned from that particular tragedy in order to safeguard future students, it gave me a flashback to my own college days when there was a fire in the dorm where my friends lived. That particular dorm building was 28 stories high, and I was hanging out somewhere around the 25th floor on the night when the fire alarm went off. Obviously, we couldn't use the elevators to evacuate the rather large building, so we had to use the stairwells. I remember that after descending flight after flight of stairs, the monotony of the flights started to mess with my head a little bit, and by the end, it became difficult to even move my legs in the motion to go down the stairs – maybe a testament to just one of the challenges faced by those in the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001? Luckily in our case, however, the fire was not threatening to our welfare, and we all made it out of the building safely. When we got out, we gathered around to watch the flames being extinguished – and much to our surprise, the flames were licking the part of the building where some of my best friends lived. Turns out, the fire had started in my friends' room (not where I was hanging out that particular night) and demolished it. The couch where I had crashed many a night had turned to just ash and a metal frame. I found it interesting that the firemen gave us a walk-thru of the room afterward – apparently something they do on college campuses? They taught us about the 'flashpoint', where the fire must have started and how hot it was there, and they also pointed out various objects from around the room and explained the temperatures it must have been in the room for the fire to have that effect upon that particular object, etc. – very informative! So anyway, the point of this post

is **that** building – it's called Watterson Towers, and it's located at Illinois State University in Normal, Illinois. Not the pertiest thing, ain't it?



First off, the thing is HUGE; it houses 2200 students. Illinois State University is a college campus located amongst farm fields in central Illinois – a far cry from Chicago – and Watterson Towers is the highest building between St. Louis and Chicago – a distance of nearly 300 miles. Also, the design of the structure is... well, it's bizarre – for lack of a better adjective. I think a college student could have done better at designing a building, hence the title of my blog post. It has been rumored that the [designer of Watterson Towers committed suicide](#), but I'm not sure if this is true or not. Click on the link I supplied above to read more about this – someone asked if the designer committed suicide because he thought the towers would eventually collapse, and the person who asked the question mentions that firefighters told them that if there were a fire at Watterson, students wouldn't make it out alive – go figure since I and hundreds of others are proof that that theory didn't pan out – thank goodness! Obviously those rumors are overblown, at least some of them, cuz I can't find any info about the designer or his fate. But the bottom line is, it **is** a very strange design for a building, especially one that is to house college students. Sadly, more than a few students have jumped from the windows of Watterson over the years to escape the pressure that

college students often needlessly feel.

More than a decade after residing in Watterson, it's still interesting for me to research the building and its design. It's amazing to me to remember that college kids used to get up early to stand in a line reminiscent of heavily-sought after concert tickets to get a room in Watterson. Seems like any of the other dorms on campus would have been much safer and cheaper, for that matter... But Watterson was where it was at – at least when I was in school. It was the most centrally located dorm, and it had the largest rooms by far. I can understand how space would be an issue when you are rooming with someone (or multiple people, as could be the case in Watterson's huge rooms) you might never have met. So anyway, here is the breakdown of the design of Watterson – it is almost maze-like when you're inside, and I still think a college student could do better at the design part! Just imagine Move-In day! 2200 students, all their stuff, and their parents! And remember, it's a 28-story building, but there are only FIVE elevator stops – and if your student does not reside on an "elevator floor", you must carry their stuff up or down flights of stairs to reach their rooms! To those who are uninformed of Watterson's design, Moving Day must play out like a cruel joke!

From Wikipedia.com:

Watterson is composed of 10 houses, each considered its own residence hall. The houses are named after the first ten men to hold the office of United States Secretary of State. The entire building is divided into two towers. Each tower is divided into five houses. Each house is divided into five floors. Each floor divided into four suites, except on the third floor, which is divided into two suites for elevator access. In the North Tower, the houses, from bottom to top, are Jefferson House, Randolph House, Pickering House, Marshall House and Madison House. In the South Tower, bottom to top, the houses are Smith House, Monroe House, Adams House, Clay

House, and Van Buren House. The houses are located across from each other, joined by a breezeway only on the third floor of the houses.

The building's unique design prevents it from having full elevator service. Of the 8 elevators that operate in the building, there is a maximum of nine stops, eight of which students have access to (maintenance level is for staff only): Service Level, Formal (Lobby) Level, Smith-Jefferson Breezeway, Monroe-Randolph Breezeway, Adams-Pickering Breezeway, Marshall-Clay Breezeway, Madison-Van Buren Breezeway and the Informal Level. Each breezeway level is the third floor of each house. A resident who lived on Clay 4 would stop at the Marshall-Clay Breezeway and then need to walk up one flight of stairs to reach his room.

And that's the simplest of the directions... if a student was assigned to Randolph 1, he or she would have to get off at the Monroe-Randolph elevator stop, then walk the breezeway, then descend the two flights of stairs until they got to Randolph 1... it seems that ISU should have offered a degree just for those who figured out the navigation of Watterson Towers! And oh yeah, I forgot to mention that Watterson's elevators were notorious for breaking down! In the two years that I attended Illinois State, I got stuck in the Watterson elevators *twice* myself and heard of **many** others who met the same fate! I wonder if they've fixed any of the problems plaguing that building in the last 10-15 years?

A Wonderful Weekend... Until...

Beautiful weather, fun times with the best of friends, and a bit of work (just a bit) all added up to a fun weekend AND

THEN...UGH! Older brothers can be so trying sometimes (I'm sure the same can be said for younger siblings as well). Fantastic news to start off with: We managed to finish filming *The Clinic*. Hopefully, it can be put together well enough to submit for consideration by the deadline. We have lots of fun things being planned after the final product comes to fruition. The process seemed to be much smoother than last week. I must say that I am glad we finished when we did. I think "Donnie" was just about out of energy. And that, my friend says A LOT.

Saturday night, I once again had the extreme thrill and privilege to assist my friend in setting up for his totally mind-blowing demonstration of mentalism in Mind Games. Taylor and I helped by watching him practice some of his routine. Thankfully, very little of it was done fully so as not to ruin the performance. I was asked to provide a dollar bill for a bit and at the end I had no idea what was supposed to have happened, but that is as it was supposed to be until the show.

I was encouraged to ask some of my family to attend the performance which I did and told them that "Upon pain of death" they would attend. Four of them did... the rest better watch themselves. Little Sydney really seemed to enjoy herself. She was on the edge of her seat the whole time, totally mesmerized by the show with her mouth and eyes wide open. Quite a change from the fright she got from Chris dressed as The Nerd. Today, I asked if she was still scared of him. She just laughed and shook her head, no. Thank goodness.

Later this afternoon, while at my big brother's house entertaining the kids with my sister and cousin, I noticed that Jeff was nowhere to be found. Moments later, Kim told me in confidence (the kids were right there) that he went to the ER WITH CHEST PAINS... BY HIMSELF!!! Given his history, I figured that it would be a long night, so I volunteered to

stay with the three kids until their mother could be reached. When he finally called, it was decided that he would be admitted for the night... just to be safe. Because their mother could not be reached, I said that I would stay at the house and get the kids ready for school tomorrow. Still did nothing to calm my nerves that he once again failed to say anything...
AHHHHHHHH!

Well... guess I will get cozy and see if the Yanks can't take one from the Red Stockings.

Come See Me Read Minds

This saturday night I will be "reading minds" at the little theatre.

<https://www.mywcct.com>

Come see it – AND BRING PEOPLE. Many audience participation. It will be LAME if not enough people are there!

Thoughts on a new day

Today had a rough start. I knew that in advance, so I did little things to prepare for it. One was taking an entire day of vacation, instead of just a partial day. Another was to go with the flow of the day.

I went to the funeral of a young man I barely knew. I do know his parents. I know his father very well. We've worked

together for that past 16+ years.

Funerals something I generally try to avoid. I've been that way all my life, but for the past 5+ years I've really developed an immense dislike for them. I will go to them when people I know need support I might be able to give. It was still a rough morning.

As to going with the flow... Well after the funeral I thought it would be nice to spend some time with friends. A little time not thinking about the final aspect of life. It was a good choice. Lunch with good friends made the difference in the day.

Just thought I would share.

Weird, but nice

It's weird, I get a call about Goodwill opening and I will get to help set up the store. So, I would be working again in June. But that's not all of it! I got a call from Movie Gallery yesterday and they wanted me to have an interview with them. Of course, I was babysitting and therefore couldn't make it to that interview, but I have one for this evening. For months, I cannot get anyone interested in hiring me and now that I will be getting my job back, and possibly a better position, I have people who are interested. Isn't that the way things always work out? I know that at my interview today, I will have to be open and honest with them. I will have to tell them that I will be working again soon, and maybe with about thrity hours a week, plus, I am getting a little busy during the weekends at the moment. Once my wedding is over with, things won't be a problem with weekends really. I am not opposed to working two jobs since that will help Tony and I

out a lot! But, the thing is will I be able to work two jobs? Some people are able to handle it and others are not. Plus, it all depends on if they want to hire me over at Movie Gallery. Good thing that Movie Gallery and Goodwill will be right across the street from each other! ☐