

Haunted items...

While surfing for stuff to put in our haunted house, I came across [this site](#) that has a lot of FX that we may be able to use. Fake hands, heads, zombies, and some other cool stuff.

I wasted a good bit of time just checking out the FX. Most can be done on our short budget too. We have the wood, but we would need some of the other items to make molds and finish off the projects.

So any of the people working on the haunted house, check this out. I will be adding different sites to this blog if I find anything else we can use.

WHAT THE HUSK IS A RUSK?!

I'm glad you asked. A [rusk](#) is a rectangular, hard, dry biscuit or a twice baked bread, commonly called zwieback. These biscuits are often used in child weaning. They also, apparently, go quite well with garbanzos. The dish plays a pivotal and hilarious role in our fast approaching production of *The Nerd*. The cast had their first practice run through the entire piece tonight and except for about a page and a half being jumped over. It went EXTREMELY well. Although, a certain nephew of mine could stand to jump on his entrances a bit quicker. I'm not one to shirk blame since I was beside him and missed telling him of one of his upcoming moments. But for it being only his second time on stage, he is doing quite well.

I have failed to mention one of my cast mates from *Little Women* who has also had limited stage experience. She plays

the role of Clelia Waldgrave, the dim bulbed wife of Warnock (Worncock, Ticky, Tocky, Tacky, whatever his name is) and mother of the precocious Thor. Clelia has some funny moments herself, not the least of which involves dishes.

One of my other favorite parts is played by that guy who has a name that reminds me of an omelet (not to worry Colorado). Axel is one of the characters who shares the secret of the show (to find out what the secret is you have to get your reservations in soon). Some of his on screen antics are sure to bring down the house. "Hideous pagan ritual" indeed.

So... just over a week to go before our production of [Larry Shue's](#) side-splitting comedy *The Nerd* makes its debut, be sure to [reserve your tickets soon](#).

You are what you eat?

Well, I am no stranger to trying new and, what for some would be, exotic foods. I generally enjoy trying new things to eat, even when I don't enjoy the taste. There have been a large number of foods that I really like, that if I had failed to try, I never would have known the taste sensations.

From A (for Ants), to Z (normal zoo animals – Hippo and crocodile), I have tried many different foods. Other than zucchini, I can't really recall any Z foods, maybe someone could enlighten me. After the [extreme recycling](#) I wrote about I didn't think I could see an article about food that would just turn me off. But I found one. The problem for me is that I have tried almost everything else, why wouldn't I try this. I have eaten bugs, so why not [rats](#)? I guess that would be one way to make sure the rat population stays in check. They would no longer be just pests, but a food source. Maybe I'll have to

try some... Can't be any worse than squirrel can it? After all a Squirrel is just a rat with a fuzzy tail right?

That Darn Cat

I love animals... all animals, even ones I'm afraid of like frogs. I can honestly say I would not want to see harm come to a frog even though I don't like them. I really love cats, even though I'm allergic to them. When I was growing up, I always wanted a cat, so as soon as I moved out of my parents' house I got one. I had her for over 10 years, her name was Mally, and she was a sweetheart. She passed away last January, and I miss her very much. While she was alive, I couldn't pet her as much as I wanted to because of my allergies, and that's the only reason why I haven't gotten another cat – I really like them. Except for my neighbor's cat.

When we moved in 2 years ago, we saw Phoebe the neighbor's cat roaming around and we thought it was kind of cool to have a neighborhood cat. That was before we saw how mischievous she can be. Phoebe likes to sit on our window sill because she knows it makes the dogs crazy. She also sits on the kids' slide in the backyard which is just out of the dogs reach, further aggravating them. One day, our dog Charity got loose and treed the cat. I felt a little badly although part of me enjoyed the surprised (and pissed) look on that cat's face when she was in the tree because she wasn't expecting the dog to get loose and chase her. One time, I noticed the front door was open and she was peeking in our house! Don't know how she managed that one; maybe one of the kids left the door open or something. I used to have a bird house and a bird feeder in the tree in our side yard. I would go out there and

sprinkle seed, and we had a nice menagerie of creatures that would visit, giving our parrot some friends to look at out his window. But then I saw Phoebe out there stalking the squirrels and birds that frequented the tree, and I stopped putting seed out because I no longer wanted to lure animals into her lair. One day, I saw her playing with a baby bunny. The bunny was alive, but not moving, so we scooped it up and took it to this lady who rehabs wildlife nearby. Her place is really neat; she has raccoons, bandicoots, squirrels, rabbits, geese, ducks, and even a few bears! Anyway, she said the bunny looked to be in bad shape and she didn't expect it to survive. Hopefully it defied the odds...

Being an animal lover, I was really sad when Phoebe hurt the baby bunny. I was even more sad when I saw what she did the other day. I was outside with my daughter, and Phoebe started to climb the tree in the front of our house. I thought it was really cute, so I pointed to her and showed my daughter the cat. But then I saw what she was doing – there were 2 doves sitting silently in the tree, and she was stalking them. Suddenly one of the doves flew off the branch or at least tried to. He flapped to the ground; I don't know if he hit his wing on a branch or if he was hurt before he tried to fly away, but he landed on the ground, and Phoebe chased him. He got lift a few more times, but he couldn't fly. Phoebe was chasing him until they both disappeared around the side of the neighbor's house. I grabbed my daughter and followed them, but I didn't see anything. When I got back to the front of the house, I saw the other dove in the tree, just sitting there waiting for her mate to come back. She was there all day, just waiting, and it was the saddest thing because I didn't think he'd be coming back. The next day, she was gone, so I don't know if she just gave up or what. Maybe he survived the cat attack and they found each other again... doubtful, but I am hopeful that's the case because I don't know what happened. What I do know is that I don't like Phoebe the cat. She's not even friendly; she never lets my

kids pet her. I've considered leaving a note on the neighbor's door asking them to please corral their cat a little better... but I don't want to be one of *those* people. For now, I just hold onto the hope the neighbors will move and take Phoebe with them, and when that day comes, I will promptly set up my wildlife area once again.

Kids Write the Darndest Email Forwards