

# Butts On The Floor – In The Grocery Store?

I don't know how this memory came about, but recently I was thinking about how acceptable smoking used to be in our society. You were allowed to smoke anywhere and everywhere – airplanes, restaurants, bowling alleys, and grocery stores, to name a few places. Yes, I said grocery stores. I have distinct memories of being a kid and playing with the floor at the grocery store. I was playing with the floor because it had colored tiles on it that resembled a maze, and grocery shopping is *so boring* for a kid that there really isn't anything else to do but look at the floor and play with it. While navigating my maze on the floor, I distinctly remember seeing – and stepping around – cigarette butts. People used to smoke cigarettes while shopping for food – ew. So does that mean that all the food that was brought home had packaging that reeked of cigarette smoke? It's hard to imagine, especially given society's view on smoking today. But I remember it, and I'm really thankful that we've come such a long way. I can no longer stand the smell of cigarette smoke, and if I had to smell it while shopping at Walmart, it would make the place that much more unbearable.

And while we're on the topic of inappropriate places to smoke, that reminds me of something I forgot to mention in my Mummy movie review post. While watching the movie, we kept smelling cigarette smoke; 2 or 3 times. Someone was definitely smoking in the theater, but my question is, who would do something like that? Was their addiction so out of control that they honestly couldn't make it through an entire movie? And we're not talking about The Dark Knight, a movie that runs 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. The new Mummy movie was not even over 2 hours, and someone couldn't make it that long without a cigarette (or two or three)? That sounds like a problem they should get help

for. At the very least, they should have stayed home then, where they could smoke all they wanted without bothering anyone else. I was really irritated. Not just because I hate the smell and wasn't expecting to have to deal with it at a movie theater, but mostly because I had our new baby with me and I didn't want his innocent lungs poisoned with cigarette smoke. I never saw who was doing it, but I suspected maybe it was some rebellious teenagers doing it because they could get away with it. But I didn't see any teenagers leaving the theater. I tried to smell everyone that walked by, but I came up with no suspects. Oh, well... if it happens again, I think I'll report it; I just didn't feel like missing the movie. And I really didn't think that after the first cigarette they'd go ahead and light another... How utterly rude and completely thoughtless. I hope the culprit saw the baby on the way out and felt guilty... but I'm sure that someone with the nerve to smoke in a movie theater wouldn't care enough to regret it.

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## **NOT FOR THE FAINT OF STOMACH**

Over the many years I have been employed in retail, I have had several horror stories. Today, I had one involving a vendor and our restroom. The person who regularly brings in our daily supply of nation wide chain donuts had to use of facilities. Shortly after he returned, our assistant manager had to visit the lavatory. Minutes later, I was called to the front and was advised to go and look in the bathroom. I had my suspicions and said... that is ok, I can use my imagination. Shortly thereafter, I was informed that our delivery man must have had a weak bladder as there was a rather sizable puddle covering much of our rather small bathroom floor. To make matters worse, the sink was totally dry, no indication that he had

washed after he missed the stool. The female cashier and I had a short debate concerning male and female bathroom practices. The result of the incident resulted in a phone call to the donut distributor. I wonder if this particular driver will be making any deliveries anytime soon or if he does, will he be able to look at the store in the same light. I feel sorry for the next stop on his route. One thing is for sure, I will definitely not be eating any of their donuts for quite a while. Kind of reminiscent of a creamed chicken sandwich incident at a wedding reception. This deliveryman must qualify for a real genius.

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## **We've Got To Get Away... We've Got To Run Away!**

This post is titled after a line from my favorite movie, [The Wizard of Oz](#). In case you live in a hole or you're Amish, the movie is about a girl named Dorothy who runs away and gets swept into a mystical land. Of course, if you're Amish, I don't know why you're reading my blog, but I'm glad you are. But the reason I'm writing this is that it's happened – we've had our first threat of running away from a kid. For those of you who know our family, you get only one guess as to who it was. Got your guess? Ok, it was Samantha – SURPRISE! It's funny because my husband and I were just discussing this a few days ago. We talked about how seemingly every little kid plans to run away at one time or another. We also talked about how if any of our kids were going to run away, we both thought it would be Samantha (she's 4, by the way, if you don't know us, and she's *always* been a firecracker, even as far back as her womb-dwelling days). And now here we are, mere days later, and she brings it up. She didn't attempt it

or say it out of anger; what happened is this: She was bouncing on our bouncing zebra toy, which actually belongs to her little sister, Disney. Since Disney is almost 2, seeing Samantha on the bouncing zebra made her suddenly decide that she wanted to play on it, of course. So I asked Sammie to give Disney a turn, and she refused. I started threatening things like making her take a nap, time-out, and taking toys away, and for each punishment, she had an answer.

"I'm going to have to make you take a nap then." was met with "I won't sleep."

"Then I'll have to take away one of your toys." was followed by "Then I'll run away."

Well, the situation was resolved when Disney asked for a popsicle. I was more than happy to give her one because she is being SO good today; polar opposite of the hellish day she made for me yesterday. The new popsicles I bought today weren't frozen yet, and all we had was some random soccer ball popsicle I found in the freezer. I gave it to her, totally over-emphasizing what a good girl she's been today so hopefully she'll get the message and stay this way. But I gave it to her knowing we might have a problem when I didn't have any for the other kids, which is a golden rule of parenting that must not be broken: if you have 2 kids, obtain things and give them out in twos. If you have 3 kids, you must always have 3 treats, toys, what have you. Whatever it is, there always has to be one per kid – I call this the 'separate but equal law of parenting'. So today I broke the separate but equal law, and guess what I got in return? A tantrum, of course. I explained to Sammie that Disney got the popsicle because she was being good, and that Sammie was not being good. She said, "But I'm being good now!" And I agreed, but I also explained that I had said she would be punished for not doing as I said by sharing with her sister and so this was her punishment. She threw a tantrum, but got over it rather quickly. I think she might have actually

learned a lesson.

But back to the running away. I think every kid tries it or at least thinks about it. But of course, since they're kids, the plans are never very well thought out. Like everyone, I tried it to, and my plan was packing a can of spaghettiOs in a suitcase. I was thinking ahead about being hungry, but of course I hadn't planned where I would be going or even how I was going to open that can of spaghettiOs. I don't even remember what prompted my decision to run away, which says something about how insignificant my parents' wronging me really was. One time when my sister wanted to run away, she went so far as to call our aunt to come pick her up – luckily my aunt called my mom to double-check, but at least my sister had a plan. Most kids who think about running away don't have a good solid plan, and many of them realize this before they actually leave the house. Let's hope we are lucky enough to have that happen with Samantha if she decides to follow through on her threat.

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## The Pineapple Express

I actually hadn't heard much about this movie before I saw it, but it happened to be playing at the time we needed in order to be able to see a movie that day. Having 4 kids = a hectic life. Our weekly date night has become a date day (still weekly though, YAY!), partly because my husband is in a show and we have rehearsal or meetings most nights, and partly because the baby still has his days and nights mixed up, thus guaranteeing that he sleeps during the date if it's during the day. But anyway, back to the [Pineapple Express](#). The movie is all about marijuana. I did read the plot synopsis before I went, but I didn't realize exactly how much drug content there

would be – the characters smoke pot constantly! It tells the tale of a stoner ([Seth Rogen](#) – does he smoke pot in every movie he's in?) who witnesses a murder committed by a cop. The whole movie has him fleeing the bad guys – while smoking marijuana, of course – with his drug dealer, who he didn't know all that well before they fled together. Seth Rogen wrote the screenplay for this film, and I like his natural way of delivering lines. He's not a very diverse actor, but his characters seem like real people because of the way he delivers his dialogue.

The movie entertained me; some parts were funny; although it did get pretty violent. I missed some of the violence though because I fell asleep... just tired, I wouldn't call the movie terrible or anything like that. It's not one of my favorites, though, and I'm not sure if it even has replay value. But if you read my blog regularly, you'll know that my husband and I see LOTS of movies, so this was just another theater experience, and those are always fun!

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## Let's Do The Time Warp Again

One of the first truly [interactive movies](#) to hit theatres is being remade. My experience with [The Rocky Horror Picture Show](#) began while I was in college. Every weekend the [Cla-Zel](#) theatre in Bowling Green, OH had a midnight showing of the 1975 cult classic. I went once or twice a year ALWAYS on Halloween which was always a sell out.. For those of you who have experienced the phenomenon, you know all about the craziness, the kits handed out as you enter the theatre, the costumed audience members who look like they stepped out of some freaky side-show. For those of you who have never experienced it, mere words nor watching the DVD at home cannot

do it justice. However, the movie was initially a stage production that began in 1973 and was incidentally staged a few years ago by our local community theatre. The original movie starred Tim Curry, future Oscar winner Susan Sarandon, and rock star Meat Loaf.

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## What to write about now?

Well the summer is winding down and the Big blockbuster movies are just about done. This week the Olympics are in full force. And we will be getting to the US political conventions very soon.

I can't think of thing there that I want to put in my blog. I may review a movie or two, but I don't see any coming out that warrant a review. I'm not at all sure about the animated [Star Wars](#) film. I think Star Wars is a but played out. I have a daughter who is really into Star Wars, so I'll let her handle that review if she wants to.

The movies I've seen that may get a future review are few. I had fun in the 3rd Mummy movie, as long as I kept it in my head that it wasn't the first two. There were some funny parts, but I don't think of it as a continuation of the series.

Politics... Not in this blog thank you very much. The only political statement I'll make is that we are subject to a campaign season that is way too long.

Olympics – Well Tiger Woods isn't in it so it can't be worth watching.. No wait that's the PGA.. Anyway, no blogs on the Olympics either.

My favorite team looks to be done for the season, so I won't be blogging about baseball much. There are some bigger fans of teams that are doing well, so I won't have to.

NFL – Nah, don't see it, unless it is the Bears game at C and L's.. Great fun watching games there.

Maybe as the mosquitoes die off, I can get my telescopes out again. Way to many bugs in the evening to have much fun watching stars. When they can bite through the mosquito suit, there are too many of them.

Oh well, I'll just watch for strange and unusual news, that may be enough to keep this going. And School is starting and my youngest will be in her High School's show choir. That should be fun. I'm going to let my daughter blog about her own wedding plans, unless it affects me to a greater degree.

Maybe I will have things to write about. We will see, what we will see.

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## **It's Amazing How Different They Are...**

I think that "It's amazing how different they are" is something that you hear many people say when they're talking about their kids, and I'm no exception. My two oldest daughters have the most contrasting behaviors between each other; it's probably because my youngest two don't have fully

developed personalities yet, so it's hard to say about which siblings differ the most from each other. But here is the example that made me reflect upon this:

Tonight the kids were given glow sticks to play with. The glow sticks came with a plastic wheel. Our eldest, Taylor, who is 8, used her wheel to make a flower out of her glowsticks. Really, it was quite creative and also pretty cool-looking and beautiful. Her 4-year-old sister, Sammie, put her plastic wheel on her face and used it to make funny faces. Both creative, but Taylor's idea was so much... well, it was a better idea, let's be honest. And you might be saying, well, that's the difference between 8 and 4. A perfectly logical response, but if you knew my girls, this wouldn't surprise you, and I'm not convinced that it's their age difference more than their personalities. Taylor is much more artistic while Sammie is a clown. We love them both equally of course, but it's really fun to note their variety. It's amazing how different they are...

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## Times are that bad?

I tend to scan the web for amusing stories and things that are a bit out of the ordinary. Apparently, it is getting tough in the 100 acre woods. Seems that [Winnie the Pooh](#) was charged with robbery.

Now I know there is a site for stupid criminals, and I think the guys in this story should be in it. Don't go robbing people in a very easy to identify costume. Sounds to me like a rash act, but I would expect to be stared at if I was dress as a Pooh Bear. Next question, will Disney sue?

I never thought Winnie the Pooh would have been the one to

lead a life of crime. I always thought that Owl or Eeyore had the personalities for this. Unless of course the Stuffed with Fluff is all a ruse.

All this reminds me of the gloomy little gray donkey, Eeyore. He was always my wife's favorite Pooh Character. I really enjoyed giving him 'voice' when I read the Pooh stories to my girls. Not sure I ever got totally gloomy, but I tried, and the girls seemed to like it.

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## Let There Be Lights

Recently there was an article on cubs.com about how it's been 20 years since Wrigley Field started night games for the Chicago Cubs, i.e. got lights in their stadium. That made me feel kind of old because I remember that event, and it was 20 years ago: 8-8-88. Sigh. Since when can I remember 20 years ago? But anyway, I remember an elderly gentleman (turns out he was 91 in 1988 and actually remembered the Cubs winning the World Series in 1908 – a stark reminder that there is NO ONE left today who can say the same...) flipped the switch to turn on Wrigley Field's lights for the first time ever. Funnily enough, it was a bit too early in the evening, and many fans and spectators said they couldn't see a difference in the lighting on the field. But it was symbolic, and Wrigley Field finally had its lights, even if it was the last major league ball park to get them. And the event was proven even more symbolic than functional that night when the game was postponed because of rain. So the first FULL baseball game at Wrigley under the new lights was actually 8/9/88.

Apparently the lights were snuck into the field in the middle of the night, under cover, literally. They were hoisted into

place quickly by helicopters, for fear that protestors would shoot them in order to try to preserve the neighborhood's charm and innocence. But the plan was not foiled, and 20 years later, we still get to enjoy night games at Wrigley. **GO CUBBIES!!!**

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## The Mole – FINALE!!!

**SPOILER ALERT!!!** *The following blog post contains a synopsis of the final episode of the ABC reality show, The Mole. Do not read if you don't want to know what happened!*

Last night's Mole finale did not disappoint. Well, maybe for those of us who got 0 points in the tangents.org mole poll... But as far as dragging out the results episode like most reality shows do, the Mole was not guilty of this. The episode was only an hour long, they still had one elimination to reveal, and they revealed the winner of the game without dramatizing things by adding a commercial break. Turns out, good guy Mark took home the cash, all so his wife can stay home with the kids and not work anymore (be careful what you wish for; sometimes I wish I could go back to work and get away from the daily chaos of the chorus of crying kids!). Then, it was time to reveal the mole... but first a dramatic commercial break, of course! We returned from commercial, and they milked it even further with some more dramatic pausing... and then we learned – CRAIG is the MOLE!

At least I don't have to go back and count up points for our tangents.org mole poll – I believe Jamiahsh is the only one who ever guessed Craig, therefore, with 1 point, he is the winner of our tangents mole poll!

After the big reveal, which happened quite early in the hour I

might add, compared to the way they've done things in past mole seasons, time was spent recapping episodes with the knowledge of the mole's identity. It was fun to see the different contestants' reactions to Craig being the mole, and it was even more fun to watch the clips that were recorded during the playing of the game of them suspecting Craig. I always like when they explain the hidden clues from every episode that (supposedly) pointed to the mole. I say supposedly pointed to the mole because a few of the clues were far-fetched; for example the business about the latitude and longitude. One of the clues I liked is the one where they altered the background where Craig was giving an interview. There were two "i" statues, and they altered them so there were 4 "i" statues when Craig was doing his interview. Get it? 4 "i"'s = four eyes – Craig is the only player to wear glasses.

Anyway, it was a great season like always. Even though I lost the tangents.org mole poll, I'm actually glad I did because if Nicole (she was my guess) was the mole, I would have felt it was so obvious it actually would have dampened my enthusiasm for another season. But since I was SO taken by surprise, as far as another mole season goes, I say, bring it on, and soon!