

Bowling Obsessed

For date night this week, our movie options were limited. We are lucky enough to live nearby cheap movie theaters that allow us to go to the movies weekly, so we see almost everything that comes out. Well, everything we have an interest in seeing, anyway. There are movies such as Krank 2 that you couldn't PAY me to see – I would rather just skip the movie altogether – same with the upcoming Star Trek (no offense to you Trekkies – just not my kind of movie!). So this week we were left to choose between Obsessed, a stalker-thriller with Beyonce Knowles and the new boss Charles (who already left) from the Office or a movie called The Soloist, which is about a Julliard-trained musician who ends up homeless because his schizophrenia stands in the way of his success. The Soloist actually seemed to have some substance, but it also seemed like the kind of movie that could wind up being a tear-jerker or just plain boring. So we went with Obsessed, despite its 4.0 rating on imdb.com (which had slipped to a 3.8 as of today – ouch). Obsessed is a movie about a successful business man who had a beautiful wife (Beyonce) and child – essentially the perfect life – until an obsessed temp gets in the picture. This woman is truly psycho, and I really enjoyed watching how she made this poor man's life unravel. The movie wasn't bad until a few clues shed the light on the movie's secret – Beyonce can't act. Add in bad character development and a weak script, and I can definitely see where the 4.0, er, 3.8 came in. There was one line near the end of the movie that was one of the stupidest lines I've ever heard in any movie. I won't spoil it for you, but let's just say that my husband and I got dirty looks for laughing out loud at its absurdity. On top of all of that, the movie was completely predictable – it must have been based upon (copied) every popular stalker movie ever made – The Crush, The Temp, Hand That Rocks the Cradle... Would I recommend it? To the right person, maybe... you have to like

thrillers; so much so that you'd want to see one that is almost a thriller parody. You have to go to this one in a cynical mood, looking for stuff to make fun of – and you won't be disappointed.

After the movie, we decided to mix it up a little and go bowling – something we haven't done in a LONG time (I blame my 4 pregnancies – bowling is NOT a recommended sport for expecting women, and I've been pregnant for about one tenth of my life!) So anyway, for my first game, I'm embarrassed to say that I got a measly 99 – not very good for someone who used to bowl in a weekly league for years. My second game was back on par with a 137 – but I was still surprised at how quickly I got the sore muscles of bowler's fatigue. I guess picking up 10 lbs with three fingers uses muscles that haven't been thought about for years. While I'm happy to report that I wasn't sore at all the next day, I do have to say that my first attempt at bowling as a 30-year-old wasn't pretty. I guess I have to practice, especially if I'm ever going to go ahead and join that league I've been talking about doing for years. I just hope I don't hurt myself too badly.

Out of respect for my wonderful hubby, I will not disclose his bowling scores. Let's just say that he didn't stand a chance against the former high school 'Female Intramural Bowler of the Year'. ☐

What a Day!

We had our annual board meeting dinner banquet last night, and it went well; dinner was delicious. However, we didn't get home until late, and as I already posted, the kids have been having trouble settling down at night, so we didn't get to bed

until very late. Today was no exception with the early morning whisperers, so I did not get much sleep last night. I was planning on napping today, but it didn't happen and the following is a lengthy explanation of why:

We made the rare decision to go out to lunch. We never do that because my husband never gets a lunch break from work. But our local bowling alley was advertising the best reuben sandwiches in town, thru St. Pat's day only, of course (even though I've heard reubens were invented by a Jewish person, go figure), so we decided to take a lunch break to check them out. The sandwiches were excellent, and it was well worth the trip, UNTIL...

It all began when 2 of our 3 dogs decided to follow us out the door and into the car. Since it's nice out, we figured, why not, let them come with for a change. When we got to the bowling alley, somehow, and I'm not going to place blame here – except to say that it wasn't MY fault, I wasn't driving ☐ – the keys got left in the car. It would not have normally been a problem. We live in a nice safe area, I really don't think someone would have stolen the car, especially since the dogs were in it – wait, the DOGS were in the car, and they jumped on the power lock button and LOCKED the doors with the KEYS INSIDE THE CAR!!!

So, like desperate idiots, we stood outside the car, trying to coax the dogs back onto the UNLOCK button this time, but to no avail. So, we went into the bowling alley and called the taxi company, of which there is only one in town. It was busy, and busy, and busy again, but luckily the owner of the bowling alley knew the taxi guy, so he tracked him down at the bar he owned (!) – all the while so nicely using his own phone because (surprise!) our cell phones were BOTH locked in the car with the dogs. Luckily, I had sense enough to bring my purse inside with me, so throughout the ordeal at least I had diapers and a stash of toys and candy to occupy our toddler. Finally got ahold of the taxi, and he's on his way

when I realize that the garage door opener is in the car, along with the house key, and of course, all the doors in the house are locked! So the taxi picks up my husband (I really don't know why we didn't call a friend – we blanked at the time and couldn't think of anyone in town who would be home during the day. In hindsight, we thought of 2 people of course, but too little, too late), and I'm waiting at the bowling alley for 40 minutes, wondering how he's going to get into the house. At this point, I knew it was going to be too late for me to get a nap for the day (sigh), and it's becoming clear that the baby is really in need of one and soon! I was just out of candy and toys when my husband the hero walks thru the door, holding the extra set of car keys. Turns out, he found a window to crawl through that we had never fixed – I guess thank goodness for that! When we got into the car, we were like, what is that AWFUL SMELL – something like a dead fish! WARNING – THIS IS EXTREMELY GROSS!!! If you want to know more about this (must be a dog-lover and have a strong stomach), see explanation of canine anal draining [here](#). Otherwise, you can just take my word for it, we had to shampoo the car carpet when we finally got home. I also stashed a spare set of car keys in my purse – now I just have to make sure my purse is with me at all times because sometimes, I leave it in the car. What would happen if the spare set of car keys is locked in the car?!? Tomorrow will be better, I'm sure, it's the community Easter egg hunt, and a Saturday, we might go see Horton Hears a Who at the movie theater also – can't beat that!