

As If We Needed ANOTHER Reason To Stay Up Late...

Yesterday was gong to be a huge catch-up-around-the-house day for me; I had big plans – unpack the suitcase from our unwillingly shortened venture earlier in the week (my son has decided to be the first one of our kids who doesn't travel well. He won't sleep away from home, and he cries in the car – not cool for a family fond of road tripping), catch up on my email, and read and write some blog posts, among other things. I got through the email and caught up on my fellow tangents bloggers posts (this task was made especially easy since [one of us](#) has seemingly disappeared), but I never got around to writing any posts of my own. Time just slipped away from me yesterday; everything seemed to take forever. I had a huge shopping to do at my **favorite** place (bold represents sarcasm) Walmart. I was so tired that I got to the store and was waiting in the customer service line before I realized that I had forgotten the credit card at home – ugh. At least I only had one kid with me to reload into the car, otherwise it would have taken even longer.

Aside from the busyness and the fact that I should go to bed earlier but never will, I've been sleeping much better lately – that Claritin is a life-saver! Still can't get a cat though – we took the kids to the Humane Society the other day (just looking – we actually left without a new pet, hmmm, don't think that's ever happened before!), and I just gazed at a cat and sneezed; I didn't even touch it! What a shame because our friends have 2 litters of teeny tiny adorable farm kittens right now! But back to why I was so tired that everything took forever yesterday. My husband was asked to review the local community theater's youth production for the newspaper, so we took the kids (minus Sir Climbs A Lot) to see the show. Well, shows, actually, the turnout was so great for the youth

theater this year that there were actually two plays. And a few of our game night friends were involved, so it was fun to see them on stage. But by the time we got home and got the kids settled down to start writing the review, it was past 11:00! And because the turnout for youth theater was so great (which is an awesome thing), we had 37 kids to mention in the review. And here's the doozy – 37 kids to mention and no program! There was an error at the printing company, and the programs were not ready for our special dress rehearsal pre-screening on Thursday night. The director made us a partial cast list, but it still took awhile to figure out who was who enough to write a review. Luckily, the kids had done a nice job and the shows were adorable, so some of it was easy writing, so we were chugging along (well, I was playing a video game since Hubby was chosen to write the review and needed my computer, but I was helping) when all of a sudden, something comes FLYING into our living room. And no, it wasn't the usual parade of kids – I mean flying literally. It was a displaced wild bat (we have pet rats, not a pet bat – yet), and it was flying panicked around our living room. I'm not afraid of bats, but it was a sudden thing to happen at lish in the morning, so I cowered next to my husband until it left the room. I was really afraid it would fly into the halogen lamp – I've smelled the roasting bugs that became victims of the halogen; a bat in there would leave quite a mess, poor thing. So anyway, now we had to locate the bat and show him the door. In case you're reading this and you're horrified and re-thinking any future visits to our house, be assured that like fellow rural NW Ohio older homeowners (wait, I said that wrong – I'm not old, the house is!) we've had a bat in the house before. And like the previous occurrence, this one was captured without incident and returned to the wilderness. But first, we had to build a bat relocation contraption and stumble around on chairs at 1:30 in the morning trying to catch the thing. But we managed, and he happily flew away when released outdoors, and it was still before 2 in the morning. But my poor tired husband still had

to finish that review – which is where I got my post title; I can't believe that bat interfered with my sleep cycle! All was said and done and we were both asleep just before 3, followed by a busy (and forgetful) Friday with a game night which led to another late night. Yawn. So why am I sitting here blogging instead of napping? Oh yeah – 4 kids = no napping.

My New Pet

I've wanted a new pet for awhile, mostly since my cat passed away almost a year ago now. What I want most is another cat – I love cats, and it would be the perfect type of pet for our household. But unfortunately, I'm allergic to cats. When I had my cat, it was a constant struggle to decide if I should pet her or not. I always wanted to of course, but then I would itch for hours, my eyes would water, and sometimes I'd get hives. And, my allergy symptoms were worse during my 4 pregnancies. I just don't want to go through that again – so no cat for us. We have a Jack Russell Terrier mix, so any type of animal she'll want to chase and bark at is out also – which means no rats, ferrets, small birds, etc. So that leaves me with reptiles or bugs, I guess. And the only reptile I'm interested in owning is a tortoise. Those can be kind of costly and I'm not entirely sure that my Jack Russell Terrier mix won't want to hunt it, so I'm going to hold off on the tortoise for a little bit. Also complicating the situation is that I really don't have any extra time to spend with a pet, so that limits my options even further. So lately I've been in limbo, trying to decide what to get. But the other day, a new pet sort of fell into my lap.

It's a ladybug I found in the house – normally I'd let any

bugs go outside that I find in the house, but it's way too cold out for a ladybug, and I don't want him to suffer while he froze to death. So I looked up what ladybugs eat, and I found out that their favorite food is aphids, which are an even smaller group of insects. Knowing I couldn't get any of those easily, I put a drop of honey in a little container with the ladybug. He went over to it and started eating it! So I put a little drop of water in there too, and he must have smelled that or something, because he left the honey and went over to the water – it was really interesting to watch. He's survived in captivity about a week now, and I have to say I'm getting a little attached to him as a pet. It started out as just a fun little project, and I didn't expect it to live more than a few days. But he did, and I've named him Francis (like the ladybug from *A Bug's Life*), and he is my secret pet – the kids don't know about him. If they did, he'd be dead already because my 4-year-old adores bugs and often smothers them with love – literally. I think today I'll go out and get Francis some grass for his container, because earlier when I fed him, he REFUSED to go back into his container! I'm not kidding; he was sticking to my finger and just doing everything possible to not get locked back in there. Finally, I put him on a Q-tip and cut it to fit in the container and locked him in. I feel a little badly that I've kidnapped this ladybug, but I think I'm his only chance at life. Outside, he'd freeze, and if I let him go into my house, I don't think he'd be able to find food and water and he'd either die or go into hibernation until a kid or a dog got him.

So anyway, I guess I have my new pet. I still don't expect him to last very long, but for now it's fun just taking care of an animal, especially since he's my little secret. If he's still around in another week or so, I'll take his picture and post it. Say hi to Francis!