

# New York Trip Diary Volume 3

NEW YORK TRIP – MARCH 20-23, 2009 – TAYLOR: 9 yrs, SAMMIE: 4 yrs, DISNEY: 2½ yrs, CHRISTOPHER: 8 mos

*(continued from previous posts)*

**Saturday, March 21** – We awoke about 8:30, which seemed early since we had arrived at our hotel late the night before and the kids stayed up for a little bit even after we arrived. So we went down to the hotel's restaurant to get breakfast, which was a mistake. I had thought it'd be cheaper to eat in the restaurant rather than get room service, and I had also thought we'd be cramped trying to eat in the room. But down at the restaurant, our kids went nuts, and continued to do so while it took about an hour for the food to come. And this was a nice restaurant – not a friendly mom n pop place where they actually like and tolerate kids like we're used to back home. They did have pretty good hollandaise sauce for their eggs benedict, but my enjoyment of it was severely compromised due to the stress of the kids. Our server kept walking by and mumbling things, and I'll admit that our 8 month old son does make a mess when he eats, but don't they all? We cleaned up the best we could, but that didn't stop the server from "stealing" our change. That's right, when we paid the bill, the included 14% gratuity apparently wasn't enough for him because he failed to bring the change back. Rather than try to track down Mr. Rude (we are SO not in Kansas anymore!), my husband took up the issue with the front desk.

Next it was time for the business meeting (the reason we came, I guess), and so Manny Jamy took the kids down to the pool while hubby and I met with the clients. Except they were late, and while we were waiting, I began to have doubts about the baby and I being disruptive to the meeting, so I took him back to our room to put on his bathing suit so he could join his sisters in the pool. Just as I arrived, so did Manny

Jamy with the rest of the kids, and we decided to take them for a walk outside instead. Our hotel was on the New Jersey side, and offered a postcard view of the New York skyline:



Even though I had never been there before, it seemed to me that there was indeed a gaping hole where the twin towers used to stand, and Jamy who had been there before confirmed this. We watched many a garbage barge sail by, and I was surprised to find that the sea gulls in New York are quite bashful – I guess I'm used to the ones at Sea World and Marineland Canada where they'll just swoop down and swipe the fish you buy to feed the dolphins and whales. But it was a nice day, and our hotel offered a nice little pocket of solstice tucked away from the frenzied traffic of the city. I wanted to kill as much time down there as possible since we were short on room in the car and my packing of toys for the hotel room had to be limited. But my oldest was tired – she fell asleep on a bench outside – and her little brother started losing it because he also needed a nap so badly. So we went back up to the room to wait for my husband's meeting to be over. Manny Jamy was nice enough to watch the two middle girls so that I could catch a nap with my oldest and the baby, and it was MUCH needed and MUCH appreciated. Our 2 year old fell asleep as well, which was a good thing, but I was disappointed I couldn't take her to be shown off to the clients when my husband called – she is awfully cute! So anyway, I went down to meet the clients, and they were extremely nice. They have a baby who was born

just 9 days before my son, and she was really adorable! I was disappointed – if I had known they had brought the baby, I would have stayed at the meeting and let the babies play together! Oh, well, at this point, I was just glad to be done with work and ecstatic to be well-rested so that we could go to the city and have SOME FUN!

Because we were on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, every time we wanted to go into the city, we had to wait for our hotel shuttle to take us to the ferry station, then wait for the ferry to take us across the river, and then board a Waterway bus (different from a city bus, as we later learned) to take us to our destination in the city. Not a big deal, but by the end of the trip, it had gotten a little tiresome to add that much traveling time to get where we wanted to go. So anyway, Saturday night, we ventured into the city to take a bus tour on one of those double-decker, open-topped buses. On the way to the tour bus stop, we weaved our way through the massive crowd that is the Manhattan theater district on a Saturday night. We did have a few celebrity sightings; including the actor Morgan Freeman:



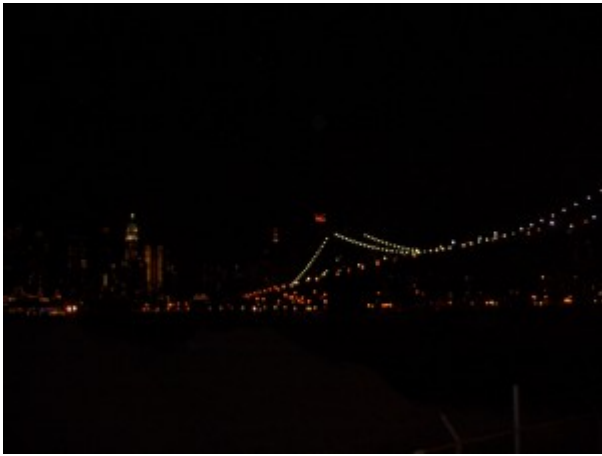
though Mr. Freeman did have the personality of a candle, as [Jamy](#) pointed out. We also saw multiple Statues of Liberty walking around, but a few of them were getting into trouble with the police. Now that's something you don't see everyday – a Statue of Liberty getting arrested – too bad I didn't get my camera ready in time to take a picture, that would have

been one for the scrapbook! We also saw Bugs Bunny, Elmo, 2 Cookie Monsters, a walking sandwich, a naked cowboy (don't ask), and Batman. Except I don't think it was the real Batman unless he's always been African American – besides, the real Batman would have been fighting crime in Gotham City, not posing for pictures on the streets of New York. Here is one of the Cookie Monsters – look carefully and you can see Elmo to the right:



We got suckered by some street vendors and sampled their wares of smoked meat, hot dogs, and art. My husband bought a caricature of our oldest daughter and a sign with our youngest daughter's name in calligraphy, but walking around with those souvenirs was like writing "suckers" on our foreheads – we got hit up for everything after that, from purses to sunglasses to comedy show tickets. Actually, we kind of got "had" again – when my husband bought the \$5 sign for our daughter, the artist started putting a frame on it, which would have upped the price to \$20. My husband kept saying, "no frame, no frame!" but all of a sudden, the artist no longer spoke English, so he went ahead and framed it and charged us \$20. My husband did not pay him the full \$20, but I know it was still more than the \$5 it was supposed to have cost – oh well, you only visit New York once, at least in our case – I won't go back, at least not with little kids!

So then we boarded our tour bus, and that was really neat, informative, and offered gorgeous views of the city at night.



Ok, the picture obviously doesn't do it justice, but here is my 2-year-old daughter seeing her first skyscraper:



It was kind of chilly, and we tried moving down to the first floor of the bus, but the view did not compare with what we could see on the top, so we ended up moving upstairs again. The city was gorgeous at night, but when we went over the Manhattan Bridge, it was so high up, it was kind of freaky! Being on the top of the bus and looking down, you couldn't even see the road, just the water below, and I couldn't help but think how easy it would be to just leap over the side... not that I would do that of course, I'm just saying.

After the bus tour, we tried to find the Waterways bus – the one that would go back to the ferry station, but we had some trouble. We ended up sitting on a street corner for about two hours. We stopped a passing taxi, figuring we'd just pay the expense just to get us and the kids off the streets of New

York, but we couldn't even all fit in one taxi. I was strongly against the idea of splitting up in any way, shape or form, so our next idea was to stop a passing horse and carriage. While asking the very friendly Irish driver directions to the ferry bus, his horse took a gi-normous leak right there on the street, but at least the girls were momentarily entertained. We declined the \$70 horse and buggy ride, and finally the Waterways bus arrived – my husband practically jumped in front of it to stop it since the previous one had passed us by, but it worked – the bus actually picked us up!

Overall, an interesting night in New York. And it's not like I expected people to be overly nice. I certainly didn't expect it to be like my hometown, where you can't walk down the street without strangers saying hi and you can't walk around with kids at night without people offering you a lift. But it was still an adjustment – every time we'd ask how to get to the Waterways bus, people would just point off in a general direction and grunt, even police. And it was amazing to me how a family with 4 small children could set up camp on a street corner for 2 hours without one soul taking notice – I swear, we could have moved there and no one would have known nor cared. By the end of it all, I can't believe how sick of Times Square I was... Oh, and I forgot to mention, while we were searching for the Waterways bus, we came across a small deli that was actually recommended to us by our tour bus driver – Z Deli. The place had amazing falafel and gyro sandwiches! And their prices were reasonable, especially for New York City – no, reasonable is not even the word for them. I'm talking \$.99 slices of pizza, and the huge gyro sandwich was only \$3.99! Its only shortcoming was the lack of places to sit, but the guys who run the place went out of their way to accommodate us (in anti-New York style, it seems), letting us dine at their "internet cafe" area.

So after the "miracle bus" picked us up, took us to the ferry

station, and we rode the ferry and picked up the hotel shuttle, it was very late and we were exhausted. It exhausts me just to type out the story, as it probably exhausts the reader to absorb my excruciating details, so now's a good time to cut this volume short – more later...

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## The Unborn Gran Torino

Luckily for us, Tuesday's date night was not hindered by the recent barrage of snow in any way. We ventured to the larger town nearby to see what all the Golden Globe fuss was about Clint Eastwood's latest movie, [Gran Torino](#) (they didn't have [Slumdog Millionaire](#)). But after the previews and especially when the movie started, it became painfully obvious that there was something wrong with the theater's sound – you couldn't hear the dialogue. My husband went to report it, and all that did was cause several loud popping noises and lengthy annoying electronic burps while they tried to fix it. There were 3 other people in the theater with us, and we all left – seemed like a movie where you really need to hear what the characters are saying. They offered our money back, but that wasn't really enough because we had spent \$7 on pop and popcorn that we wouldn't have bought if we weren't going to a movie. The incredibly flustered but sensible kid working the counter saw our point, and apparently his manager agreed, so they let us go into another movie AND get a refund – COOL! Earlier in the day, we had been up in the air trying to decide between seeing Gran Torino and The Unborn anyway, so I guess the choice was made for us – We only had 20 minutes to kill before a showing of [The Unborn](#).

The Unborn was just as I expected – a PG13-rated supernatural horror movie, not quite as good as others in the genre like

The Ring, Shutter, or One Missed Call. There were some jump-out-of-your-seat moments in The Unborn, but it was obvious when they were coming, at least to me. I don't want to give away too much like an article did that I read in the newspaper, so I'll just say that if you like the supernatural horror genre, check out The Unborn because it's entertaining. Back to the newspaper article I read... seems the little boy who plays a scary kid in the movie is from the area where I grew up, so they featured him in the suburban Chicago newspaper I sometimes like to read online – but they spilled a major spoiler about the movie at the end of the article! But anyway, that's another thing I enjoyed about The Unborn – it is set in Chicagoland, so I enjoyed the sweeping overhead views of the city and some of the familiar sites in suburbia. Apparently the screenwriter of The Unborn, David Goyer, has a fancy for Chicago since he also wrote The Dark Knight which was filmed in Chicago, although set in Gotham City. But anyway, enjoyable movie for what it was – I might have liked Gran Torino better, but I guess I'll have to see that one another time.

And that brings me to the Applebee's saga. We don't really like Applebee's. They try to tell us we belong there, but I don't buy it. Their food seems pricey for what it is, and we stopped going there when the kids are with us because their food takes *forever* to come out (that and the small fortune it would cost our family of 6 to eat there). My husband was given an Applebee's gift card for serving on the board of a local non-profit agency (no, I am not talking about the community theater – did you really have to ask?), which is really nice of the agency of course. We got the same gift card last year, and so back then we decided to give Applebee's another chance. Last year, we got some sort of bland pasta dish and an appetizer sampler and shared everything, but we left there hungry AND having to add money to our gift card in order to cover the check. Flash forward to now, and we find ourselves with another gift card. Time to give Applebee's



another try, we decided; after all, how bad can it be? They have lots of corporate suits overseeing those kinds of places, so maybe they've implemented lots of changes in the past year to make it a better establishment. Not the case. First, our food took forever to come out. I had gotten a soup-and-sandwich combo, and the waitress came to tell me they burnt the soup and it would be a few minutes while they made a new one. My husband wondered if that meant his food was sitting under a warmer while mine was re-prepared, and his concerns were legit because when he got his food, the shrimp was cold. Not only that, but they had given him the wrong kind of buffalo wings. So they apologized, and that's another thing about places like Applebee's that really bug me – the pesty fake gushy niceness. I do appreciate a friendly server, but the people who work at these places are way over the top... I will cite an example in the hilarious movie [Office Space](#) – there's a character in the movie who is Jennifer Aniston's coworker at a TGIFriday's type of place who acts just like these people... annoyingly and unrealistically enthusiastic about his job – funny stuff, but only in the movies.

So anyway, we're waiting for my husband's new wings when the manager comes out to say that they have now put the wrong sauce on them, and they'd have to make him yet *another* order. Honestly, what is the cook *doing* back there? Again, for the second time this day (see my Dawn's Great Idea post), my fears of starring in a hidden camera show run rampant... And what has happened to all the food that they've messed up? From just our party of 2, they must have had 2 orders of wings and a bowl of soup all go to waste. I've often thought that restaurants should have a deal with local homeless shelters, giving them their leftovers and food mistakes, but I guess that wouldn't be considered sanitary. I wish they'd change this; something tells me that food is food and many people would be very grateful for restaurant "leftovers"...

We calculated our bill correctly this time, and we were about

to rid ourselves of the entire giftcard, when the waitress showed up to tell us that because of all the errors, they were going to give us the employee discount on the bill. That was really really nice of them, but that means we STILL HAVE \$ LEFT ON THE GIFTCARD for another trip to Applebee's! I told my husband, maybe we'll just stop in for a couple drinks sometime, but of course, you can't use a giftcard on drinks, at least on alcoholic ones, and after trying their flavored tea yesterday, I won't be stopping in for any more of that – yuck! And in case you're wondering, both my sandwich and my soup were virtually tasteless, save for the cheese on top of the soup – that was really good!

[poll id="7"]

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## Early Morning BatPost

Before I get into the meat of my post, I would like to apologize to my new theatre chum whose name I could not remember until tonight. All I have to do is recall the name of a state capitol that shares its name with an omelet... hopefully, it does not come to that. I am terrible.

Anywho, *The Dark Knight* is an interesting problem. There are pros and cons to the latest caped crusader adventure. As anyone who has access to any type of media knows, this is Heath Ledger's swan song. His Joker is the highlight of the movie. Everything about him just reeks of sadistic villainy. Just looking at him is enough to send chills up and down one's spine. But more than that, his entire characterization was evil to the core. I am sure that there will be parallels drawn to the performance (there already have been) and his untimely demise; yet, he was utterly phenomenal and should be

remembered for it.

I found one aspect to be both a plus and a negative. I actually liked some of the depth of the key players. However, there was a bit (or A LOT) more than we needed. It seems that we knew the life story of EVERY character who has a name and this made the movie drag at times. Anyone who is remotely familiar with Batman knows that he fights to clean up the corruption within Gotham City... However, it seemed you could only count on one officer to be totally uncorruptable. I will say that it is a case of too much of a good thing. That being said, I believe that Mr. Nolan has gotten the characters and the overall atmosphere right in this film as well as *Batman Begins* (there are no nipples in the batsuit, and Bruce Wayne IS a playboy millionaire... although it is probably billionaire by now... and who is not above falling asleep in his own board meetings after an evening of "fun").

So, while it was lengthy and had lots of down time between action pieces I did consider it worthwhile to be among the first to see *The Dark Knight*. The major action scenes were fun to watch and as I keep commenting, Heath Ledger was phenomenal as the CLown Prince of Crime. The hype about that is totally true. Plus, it was awesome just to be among friends old and new (if I can just remember names). Also, I was the only person brave enough to bring my bucket for BYOB night at the movies. We did arrive before midnight after all ☐ .

I almost forgot to mention my favorite bit. DA Harvey Dent's line:

*You either die a hero or you live long enough to see yourself become the villain.*

Prophetic sentiment.