

Not Even A Snow Day!

Our first ground-sticking, hill-sledding, angel-making, sidewalk-shoveling snow of the year is here. And why not – it's already December 6th!

I slept in this morning, which is more than I can say for my poor husband. Ironically, last night, he was all gung-ho about staying up late. He's like, "And we can stay up late because the kids have been sleeping in lately – nothing to do tomorrow until later..." And he was right – the two littlest ones *have* been sleeping in lately – until today, of course. We stayed up really late last night thinking the kids would sleep in, but WRONG! They woke my poor husband at 7:20 in the morning today! Myself, I didn't stir until 9:30ish, and I was lolling out of bed when WHOOOSH! The door to our walk-in bedroom closet flies open, and it is **snowing** into the closet! Turns out, the closet window was not locked, and so the winter storm had pushed it open, which pushed open the door to the bedroom, and all of a sudden, we had a winter storm *in our house*! 'I guess we're getting some snow," I thought as I pushed the window shut, closed the door, noticed the baby was still sleeping and climbed back into bed. A few minutes later, and WHOOOSH! It happened again. "Wow, we're *really* getting snow!" I said to myself as I noticed the ground was already blanketed when I shut the window the second time. This time, I manipulated the frozen lock until it was shut so we wouldn't have to experience the WHOOOSH effect again. Well, that's a heck of a way to wake up, especially twice. Besides, it was late enough and time for me to contribute to the daily household stuff. Once downstairs, I checked weather.com, which informed me that we were forecasted to get 1-2 inches of snow during the day, and another possible inch at night. Immediately we began making plans to go sledding, especially since our 4-year-old had been waiting for this all year. Well, it took us all over an *hour* to get ready. And that

didn't even include lunch. We dressed everyone in 2-3 layers, and then we realized we should probably have lunch before we tackled the sled hill. Seeing how difficult it was to unravel everyone from their winter clothes enough to find mouths to insert the lunch, we munched on a few pieces of lunchmeat before heading to the sled hill.

Well, the baby wasn't happy on the sled hill – and before I get all kinds of nasty comments, YES he was bundled intensely! 2-3 layers, then a snowsuit, then a fleece bag-like thingie, then a few blankets, and my husband and I built a little tent-like thing around his carrier... But he IS a July baby, and I have a theory that people are best suited for the season in which they were born, so... no sledding for the little guy. Or for mom, for that matter. I got down the hill once though, and it was lots of fun – much easier climbing the hill this time than last year being a few months pregnant! Although I was disappointed about only getting to go down the hill once, after that I got to sit in the warm car and catch up on my newspaper reading in peace and quiet after the baby fell asleep, so that was nice. And after sledding, since we had kind of cheated on lunch, we treated the kids to Pizza Hut because for some reason, they like to eat there. And every time we're set to go, I realize I don't like it, but I think I'll be able to find something – but I was wrong again! I just don't like Pizza Hut! Well, their iced tea is pretty good... but their buffet sucks, and so now I'm headed home with 4 exhausted kids and I'm all hepped up on iced tea... But the rest of the afternoon went surprisingly smoothly and we even let our daughter have a friend over – providing her mom drove her here so we wouldn't have to venture out in the snow again. When the friend's mom got here, we were chatting about the snow, and we were all dumbfounded about how much we were supposed to get. Usually, the weather channel will over-forecast us. If they say 1-3 inches, we usually get a ground dusting. Today, they say 1-3 inches, and for most of us, it snowed from the time we woke until well after the sun set.

We waited until it was finished to go out and shovel, and by then it was dark and we had gotten a few inches. Now I see on the news that we could get a few more inches...

But anyway, lots of fun today, and all without calling an official Snow Day! Can't all major snow falls be on Saturdays?!?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THE BEST!

Today is my husband's birthday! Poor guy, he has to work. It stinks that when you become an adult, you can't take the day off on your birthday. When you think about it, each person would get only one day per year, it could be easily proven when your day is and if you've already taken it, but I guess in larger workplaces, it wouldn't be very economical when there are lots of employees. Plus, it's not like you can take a break from every responsibility in life for a day – though that would be nice! There's no 'off' switch on the kids, the pets still need to be cared for, bills are due, errands to run... the list goes on... so why draw the line at having a day off work?

But anyway, my husband is going to take a half day off tomorrow so we can celebrate just the two of us; and we're both really looking forward to that – I just have to make it through today. I've had a terribly stressful day so far, but I shouldn't vent about it to my husband on his birthday... so instead I've recorded a time table of everything that's been going on in our house for the last hour. Normally, this wouldn't be that big of a deal, but since I'm now up going to the bathroom half the night and our kids spazzed about going to bed last night and kept everyone up late, today I was

really looking forward to some downtime and maybe even a nap. I was hoping to just sit here and write a blog post or two, mostly about how wonderful my husband is on his birthday... but instead I find myself venting about the kids because they're being really needy. Not bad really, but I am so tired! I don't know how I'm ever going to find the energy to take them to the carnival tonight! So anyway, my hour that I've set aside to blog before lunch has gone something like this:

11:24 – getting youngest something to drink (*and there's been lots of stuff before this, this is just where I got frustrated enough to notate everything*)

11:27 – sat down again

11:29-11:34 – setting up youngest outside at the 'picnic'

11:34-11:38 – sat down to blog

11:38 – a request comes in for more Pringles

11:39 – After some discussion, it's decided that if they eat their sandwiches, they can have popsicles instead of Pringles

11:40 – whats this about giving their lunchmeat to the dog?!?

11:42 – About this time, I should be getting up to go take a peek out the window to see if I can determine the fate of the lunchmeat. But I have a big long day ahead of me, and it'd be nice if I could sit for a FEW mins! I will just have to trust the kids to tell me the truth. I have a bad feeling about this.

11:45 – The back door opens. This time it's the oldest with an update – "Sammie stepped on dog poop and she doesn't have shoes on." UGH – I make a quick note of the time in my blog and head outside to clean it up.

11:46 – turned the hose on right on my sock-and-shoed-foot while washing dog poop off of Sammie's foot

11:51 – Friend shows up for help in carrying furniture – ringing the doorbell and making the dog go completely crazy. Shoot! I totally forgot he was coming today! Now my husband has EXTRA responsibilities on his birthday!

11:55 – UPS guy pulls up, dog still going crazy from friend stopping by

12:08 – Wow – have they really let me sit and type this for a whole 13 minutes?!? Uh, oh – back door opens again – “I have something in my hair.” – Guess who? Surprise – it’s the same kid who stepped in dog poop.

12:10 – bug detangled from hair

And the day is just beginning. So it will go on like this, and on, and on... So now maybe you have some insight as to why it takes me a good hour to write one blog post or get much of anything accomplished around here, really. But on to my birthday wishes for my hubby, since I only have 5 minutes left of my blogging hour.

So I have absolutely NO idea what to get him. I’d like him to have a gift to open, even though he says he doesn’t care. Everything he wants (and that’s not much, he’s not really into material things) he says he buys for himself and he’d be happier knowing that no money was spent on buying him any birthday presents. But the way I am, I like to give gifts; I like people to have something to open and to see them get gifts on their birthdays, so I feel badly that he doesn’t have anything. I was going to go out today and get something, but I really can’t think of anything to get him... I’ve had some good ideas in the past, but this year I’m at a loss... So I will just try to keep the kids good and out of his hair, which is actually much more difficult than it sounds for me right now. But my husband said earlier today that he wants to make my day extra special and good. He woke up early with the kids (as usual) and had the dishwasher emptied and the kids’ breakfasts cleaned up by the time I got up. Only the most wonderful man like my husband would go out of his way to make *my* day extra special on *his* birthday! And that’s why I say Happy Birthday to the BEST!!!

Reasonable Running Time?

How long does it take you to “run in” to a store? I suppose it depends on the size of the store and what you need. If you’re running into the gas station to pay for gas, then it will probably take a fraction of the time it would take you to “run in” to a Super Walmart and pick up milk, diapers, and say, deoderant, or something else that is usually located all the way on the other side of the store.

But apparently the phrase “running in” has different meanings for different people. To me, it means ‘get in the store and get what I need as quickly as I possibly can’. To my husband, it means ‘get some shopping done so my wife doesn’t have to get out of the car, and we don’t have to bother unloading the kids’. The problem here lies where my husband is the *slowest shopper you will ever meet*. This is **not** an exaggeration. I’m very thankful sometimes that I was blessed with a man who doesn’t mind shopping, in fact, he even likes it, depending on what we’re shopping for, of course. But it takes him **forever** to get *anything*. I still can’t figure out why... is it because he reads every package of every brand of every product in which he’s interested in order to comparison shop? Is it because he is unorganized and doesn’t remember what he’s at the store to get? Is it because he gets sidetracked and ends up shopping for three items when he’s in the store to buy only one? It could be a combination of all the above; I haven’t figured it out yet. But what I have figured out is to no longer put myself in the situation of being the car babysitter while my husband’s 5 minute “run in” to the store turns to 10, 20, sometimes upwards of 30 minutes!

Now that I’m in the third trimester of my pregnancy, I don’t always want to go in the store, whereas normally, I don’t mind... like most women, I don’t mind shopping, even if hubby is taking forever and a day in the electronics section. Which reminds me real quick – TANGENT ALERT – a brand-new Super

Walmart in a town nearby has the right idea. They put a really nice big magazine section right by the electronics department with benches in between for the wives to park themselves while the husbands wishfully browse the electronics – Walmart doesn't often earn my kudos, but this is an example of some good store planning! Anyway, back to my venting...

So before the pregnancy, for some reason I was never the one who got to "run in" to the store – I always got the 'babysit-for-the-3-bored-kids-in-the-car' job, ugh. I finally put a stop to it because hubby's "running in" took so long, and then I got pregnant and don't have the foot power to last very long in stores anyway. So the other day, we're coming out of a store, and he says, very smoothly as he's already walking toward the Office Max and away from the car, "I'm just going to 'run in' real quick and check for something." Uh-oh. Did he say 'run-in real quick'? You may take me for a fool, but I believed him. I thought he would be really quick because we had a meeting with a start time about an hour away, and he knew I wanted to make a few stops before the meeting, so surely he wouldn't jeopardize my errands by letting Office Max take too long... So I was under the impression that after I waddled to the car and pulled up to Office Max, he'd be ready to go... WRONG! I've been through this enough by now to know not to worry... I used to sit there and seriously think, 'what if he's being held hostage in the Office Max or what if he's passed out and gotten hurt or something? But we've been together for over a decade, so I now realize he's just a "forever shopper". I finished reading the daily newspaper and glanced around – no husband. I put on the radio and listened to a song or two... no husband. I checked the time and started to get irritated, dreaming of the ice cream stop that was going to be one of my errands before the meeting... no husband. I put on the mp3 player and listened to about 3 songs, trying to keep calm and not cry out of frustration (impatience+pregnancy-ice cream = easy tears) ... no husband. Now our new car starts to rumble and shake. Since

we got rid of the Ford months ago, I didn't think it was a mechanical problem... then I remembered that the gas light had come on earlier, before my husband "ran in" to Office Max. I turned off the car, and waited some more. Finally he came out of the store – empty handed. I hadn't thought to turn off the car while waiting for him since he was just "running in", and now we were out of gas after idling for a good twenty minutes or longer – I hadn't been keeping track. Luckily there was a gas station right across the street, and instead of walking there and having to buy a gas can, he pushed the car and I steered it over to the gas station... it gave us time to blow off some steam... well, me anyway. I was also wondering what could possibly take a person so long in a store only to have them come out with nothing?!? But, I was literally too peeved to ask and I didn't want to talk about what happened at Office Max. All I knew is that my errands weren't going to happen and I was going to the meeting ice cream-less.

In my husband's defense, he doesn't do this because he's not thoughtful or considerate; it's actually the opposite. He wants to save me from having to go into the stores, and save me from the trouble of having to deal with shopping hassles... and he takes long in stores even when I'm with him, that's just how he is... He just doesn't have a very good concept of time, and he doesn't realize that I'd much rather entertain the kids and myself in the store than in the car. Also, being a woman makes me prone to thinking ahead, while he is impulsive. If he had thought ahead about the Office Max errand, we could have discussed it, and I could have planned to get my errands done at the same time, or even gotten gas while I waited. Instead, since the Office Max errand was brought up at the last possible second when I couldn't even say no because he was too far away to hear me, I thought it'd be quick enough where I could leave the car on and not run out of gas. The good news out of all this is that the meeting ended early enough that I was able to get my daughter's birthday party stuff before that store closed, so really the

only errand I missed that day was my ice cream. And I can do without putting more weight on my poor feet right now anyway, I guess... And this experience reinforced my mantra that I will NOT wait in the car while my husband “runs in” to anywhere ever again. At least not without a full library of reading materials or a laptop so I can blog about him while I wait... In case you think I’m being too hard on him by the way, I told him I was going to be blogging about this incident – he took so long we ran out of gas, for crying out loud!!! And NEVER will I wait in the car for him to ‘run in’ anywhere while the kids are with us!

When Technology Attacks

I have a love/hate relationship with electronic technology. I love and appreciate the advances that have been made in the world, and I use lots of technologically savvy stuff every day. But I hate learning the new stuff, and if I procrastinate, it seems that when I finally break down and learn it, something new immediately comes along to replace what I have just learned. And I am married to a technology addict. I know it’s a common thing for men to be into electronics and the latest gadgets and all of that, but I think our house is exceptionally up-to-date on the electronic gadgetry, especially when it comes to computers. My problem with it lies where the technology becomes more of an inconvenience than it is a convenience. I have a few examples I will share:

1. Hi-Def Tv – My husband will sit and flip channels in the middle of a show just to try to find the hi-def version of the show. Of course he doesn’t choose to do this during a Chicago Bears game or something **he** is inclined to watch. For those

shows, he will actually think about it ahead of the show's start time. He'll sit and flip looking for high-def while I'm watching something, during shows like Dr. Phil or pointless reality shows. I know, these are dumb shows, so I shouldn't care about missing them. But if I'm going to sit and watch something, then I want to watch it, I don't want to miss any of it, otherwise I'm wasting my time. So, if I'm watching Dr. Phil, and hubby comes over and tries to find Dr. Phil in hi-def, I might just miss the background of a guest's story and not know what is going on for the rest of the show. Like I said, it's not like we're talking about high quality tv here, but who needs Dr. Phil in hi-def anyway?!?

2. GPS – I cannot tell you how many times our GPS guy has gotten us lost. Yes, we have a GPS system in our car with a male voice – he was on sale. I've always thought I was pretty good at navigating; pretty good at being a human compass and learning the layouts of strange cities and towns pretty quickly. In the years before we had GPS (and kids!) we used to travel by car A LOT, and I was always our navigator. I'd like to think I got us out of more than a few scrapes with just my sense of direction and an atlas... But my past experience gets me no where compared to the GPS guy. He has taken over. My husband will insist that we follow Mr. GPS' directions, even while I'm saying they don't make sense. For one thing, he's led us into a lake before, literally. Well, luckily common sense did prevail there at the last minute... my husband stopped the car before he drove into the lake, but he was tempted to trust Mr. GPS, and drive into the lake, I know it. Maybe it sounds like I'm jealous of Mr. GPS, but I'm not, really I'm not. I just suspect that he might have it out for us, or that he is a practical jokester who gleefully directs us into predicaments just to see how we get out of them... Kinda sounds like a dumb sitcom – tune in each week to see how we maneuver our way out of whatever mess Mr. GPS has finagled us into this time...

Don't get me wrong – I do appreciate all the technology most of the time, in a way. If my husband weren't so into all these things, I wouldn't have all the cool gadgets that I have, and I would not know how to use anything, including my computer probably! But how ironic is it that this post has been sitting in my drafts for weeks now, not getting finished, just because other things kept coming up that I wanted to write about, so I wasn't getting a chance to finish it. But how ironic, that today when I went to tangents.org, I got the following message about learning new technology?!? If you don't hear from me for awhile, I'm just procrastinating learning the new “back end” of tangents!

Well my friendly bloggers... I have some great news that is going to make you all very mad! Yes, you read that right. Tangents will be updated with the latest versions of the blog software by next Friday and as soon as today (whenever it is released). Why will this make you mad? Because the backend you have worked to learn is going to look significantly different. But don't worry! You have the basics down. Once you take a few minutes to get used to the new layout you will be comfortable again and blogging on Tangents.Org will be better than ever!

Mediocrity

Two things I was looking forward to watching today turned out to be disappointing. The first, a new horror movie in theaters called “[The Ruins](#)”, I wouldn't classify as a bad movie. It was entertaining, at least... I say that a lot about movies, I know. But if they hold my attention, aren't boring (like [The Night Listener](#)), and don't disgust me too much (like [Doomsday](#)), then I generally don't consider the movie a waste

of my time because I really like watching movies, spending time with my husband, and I just overall enjoy the movie theater going experience.

But as far as horror movies go, "The Ruins" is not my idea of a good one. I won't even go into the acting skills; it's so unimportant when talking about this kind of movie. No one stood out as horrible or unwatchable, and that's all that matters in a movie like this. I did lose a side bet with Hubby about whether or not one of the actors was also in the [Texas Chainsaw](#) remake – he was – but no matter, I really wasn't too sure about it anyway. The premise was interesting; 4 twentsters (people in their early twenties. Hey, I just made that up because as far as I'm concerned, many of them still act like teens, might as well give them a goofy name to go with their attitudes. Maybe it'll catch on...) on vacation in Mexico follow this German guy (actor with a fake accent. Why they couldn't just find a German actor is beyond me, but whatever) they just met on a trek miles into the jungle to see some ancient ruins. When they get there, they end up trapped on top of the pyramid thing by the natives who believe the ruins are cursed. That's basically it. The movie was pretty fast-paced, however, once I realized that the "monster" of this horror movie was plant life, somehow it wasn't very scary... Also, everything creepy was already shown in the previews – I HATE when they do that to movies! None of the characters were very likable, so when some met their demise, it wasn't all that shocking nor disappointing. I don't know why the movie was rated R – I've seen much scarier PG13 movies, they could have cut out the nude scene, and the gore in this movie was all (POTENTIAL SPOILER ALERT – IF YOU CARE) mercy limb cutting. I was thinking the movie could redeem itself with a good resolution, but that was not to be. I can't see any replay value of this movie. Worth seeing once but not again. One good thing though, it didn't have you leaving the theater feeling like crap about humanity, like Doomsday or some other movies I've seen – that's always a

plus.

On to disappointment #2 – Secret Talents of the Stars. A show about “celebrities” – and some people who call themselves celebrities who I’ve never heard of – who try their hand at other talents than what they’ve become famous doing. What was I thinking you ask? What would *this* shameless attempt at yet another celebrity reality show have that made me want to watch it? The answer – hype. It was hyped so much that I actually fell for it. And I really wanted to see [Clint Black](#) (I’ll forgive you this once if you don’t know he’s a major country music star) attempt stand-up comedy. That was until I actually saw Clint Black attempt stand-up comedy. Not very funny. And the show seems fixed too... ok, what show like this isn’t, but still... the “judges” all loved Clint Black’s comedy... probably because he was the most hyped star of the show, and they wanted to make sure he’d be in the semi-finals. And then there was [George Takei](#), of former [Star Trek](#) fame, now most famous for coming out of the closet, sad to say that has overshadowed his years on Star Trek, but I for one had never heard of him before he came out... So, in between several obvious and Clint Black-ish (meaning not very good) type gay jokes, George sang “On the Road Again”, originally by Willie Nelson. And if you don’t know who that is, you’re on your own, I’m not going to spell it out for you! Needless to say, he butchered it and got kicked out of the show – big surprise. The other 2 contestants tonight – Sasha Cohen and a singer called just Mya, were trying for talents that were somewhat related to their profession anyway – something I did not think was fair. Figure skater Cohen was being an acrobat, while singer/entertainer Mya was tap-dancing! The show is stupid, the format is obvious, the judges lines are scripted... but why will I be watching next week? Another country music star, [Jo dee Mesina](#) will be trying her hand at something other than country music and rehab. Low blow there, and I apologize... it’s late, and I seem a wee bit crabby, maybe I should have gone to bed instead

of staying up until 11 to watch this dumb show...