

# Look to the top

For those interested in Dungeons and Dragons, or Role Playing games in General, I started a new page to detail the adventures of a character I have in a game run by one of my son-in-laws.

It has been a lot of fun getting back into role playing again. I did it years ago when the girls were very young. I even taught my eldest daughter how to play.

The trials of raising a family brought an end to my role playing days. Well that and the fact that the game was changing and I didn't want to spend more money on it.

There was a time when I spent some time playing with a local group, but that ended when some people moved away.

Well, now my daughter and her friends run a game or two, and they kindly invited the old man to sit in. I have and have had a lot of fun doing it.

Just in case you miss the link on the top, you can [click here](#).

---

# Sitting in a Coffee shop

Going into coffee shops always makes me think of the good times I had with my late wife. This is not the same shop we went to for years, but they do have good coffee. I just wish I could get some of the quiche and cheesecake that was in the old shop.

Anyway, I'm sitting here waiting for my daughter to get out of a special audition. It is a closed audition, so there is no

way I can watch. She is singing in an ensemble group for a local talent show. I was able to see this group perform earlier and they do have talent. If they have enough talent to compete against others, we just have to wait and see.

I'm supposed to be heading out on the road today to get some stuff done for the Holiday season and a birthday coming up. Looking out the window, it looks like there is a lot of snow coming down. It may put a damper on my travels for today. I guess I may wait it out for a bit. Snow hasn't let up since I got up this morning. First good snow of the season. I'm sure one of my daughters is happy about this.

Until the dirty slush starts forming around town, I will say the white snow does look nice. If there were only a way to keep it off streets and sidewalks.

Well the my coffee is gone and I guess it is getting to be the time to move on.

---

## A different type of game

One of my friends and blogging buddy posted some [notes on a game we played \(click to read\)](#). These were written by they guy running the game, so they were an overall view, as if someone was watching the action. I was thinking of writing something like that from a player's (character's) point of view. Just not with that game. I'm thinking of a game I'm a bit more familiar with...

Dungeons and Dragons... My Son-in-Law's campaign. But first a background of the character whose story will be told.

A short history of Calinth Knight of Deinir

Calinth of some temple in some town was orphaned at an early age and raised on the temple grounds. The Clerics there were good to him, and taught him their ways. All there thought he would grow to become a priest in that temple.

When Calinth reached the age of 11, the town and temple were attacked by a large band of orcs. Calinth was weeding and hoeing the small herb patch behind the living area when he was attacked. He drove his hoe blade deep into the head of the first orc, and then picked up the orc's sword and shield. He was able to make it to the Temple stairs by fighting his way there. Cut and bloody, he fought side by side with the holy warriors of the temple. Both clerics and knights were side by side to prevent the orcs from the worship area.

A great knight was knocked down by what could only have been an Ogre. (as seen by the eyes of an 11 year old. Actually just a very large orc.) Calinth jumped into the path of the Orc's sword, blocking the killing blow with his shield. This blow broke his arm and threw him over the downed knight. The Orc was furious that his blow was stopped. He raised his battle ax high over his head to kill both of the temple defenders. Calinth saw his chance to save both himself and the knight under him. He pushed his sword up just under the Orc's breast plate with all his might. After that blow he passed out.

The next day he found himself in the infirmary, with the knight standing over him.

"I am Bahoson, and would like you to be my squire. I am a Paladin of this temple and I think you are also called to serve."

A warm feeling went over Calinth at that time. His arm was no longer sore. He felt a peace he had not known before. Yes, he would do that. He would be whatever a squire was.

Years passed, and Calinth learned the ways of the sword. He learned the ways of all that is right and good. In his 18th

year, he became a knight in his own right. In his 22nd year, he saw the injustice of his own service. His master, mentor and friend, Bahoson, was driven out of town by a corrupt and power hungry official. Rumor has it, that Bahoson was assassinated on the outskirts of town. The law of the land and his calling prevented Calinth from interfering. A priest in the temple told him of "another way", and he was given directions to look for Kandomere in some other town. This started him on the path of the Grey Guard. There were all kinds of evil, corruption and chaos in the world, and now Calinth had a path to follow that could fight these problems at the closest source.

Calinth traveled far and wide fighting evil at its most foul. On the way back home from a successful campaign, he stopped at a strange Inn for a light noon meal. In the middle of town far from any sea, a large ship stood. The ship itself looked as though it could sail at any minute, except for the doors cut into its hull. Here is where Calinth's next adventure begins...

---

## **5 years ago (part 3)**

There are times I remember going up to Ann Arbor for radiation treatments. I didn't get to many of them, because I was trying to make sure the girls had as normal of life at home as possible. Her parents, my oldest sister and I all took her up for the treatments.

My memory is of one day. We were in the waiting room until the staff was ready for her. My dear wife started talking to another patient, laughing, joking and smiling about what they were both going to face. The other patient came in feeling quite down, and left with a very big thank you and smile. I've

often wondered what happened to the other patients we met.

I'm not sure, but I imagine that this happened more than just on my trips to Ann Arbor. It was her way of dealing with the stress. Sometimes she seemed just so tired, but she found time to laugh when she could. After her death, I receive multiple cards from the doctors and nurses that knew her during her hospital stay and treatment. I had multiple comments on how infectious her laugh and smile were.

Today, I miss that laugh and the smile. There are many things I wanted to do that year. One was to get a video camera to record some family history. I did not get the camera at that time. It took me until after she died to finally get that stupid camera. And what do I do? My first taping, I misplace the tapes. My daughters were in their first play at the playhouse. I put those tapes someplace safe. So far, I've only found 1 of 2. I haven't even played it through yet. Not even sure which act I have.

It was my hope to get some of our history recorded before we lose it. I don't have a recording of her laugh. I do have pictures of the smile. As my memory fades, I lose the sounds of her voice. After 5 years I guess that is the hardest thing. Forgetting more each day. The memories are still there, but they have lost the warm vibrant colors of years gone by. Each day they fade just a little more.

I miss that laugh.

---

## Searching for a movie

Well, I just got off the phone after talking to my 'lil sister. She was wondering about a movie she saw some time

during the 60's on Television. Not knowing the title of the movie, or any actors that stared in it will make it difficult if not impossible to find out anything about it.

Story line as far as we know:

Some guy (could be a prince) has to find a blue rose to save the girl (could be a princess) from certain death. Evil guy tries to stop good guy from finding rose to save girl. Eventually rose is found, girl is saved, everyone (except the evil guy) lives happily ever after.

So far I've found a movie called [The Blue Rose](#), made in 2007. Not that one. Another movie, [with the same title](#) was a silent film made in 1913. Not that one either.

I'm leaning toward a movie called [The Thief of Bagdad](#), but since I don't remember it, this may not be the one. It was released in 1961, and I'm not sure how long it would take to make it to TV. The plot summary (you have to dig for it) is almost exactly what I was told. This movie was a remake of [one made in 1940](#). One should really check this one out for the names of the characters. You could almost call Disney Studios, Thieves of the Thieves of Bagdad. And one more movie with the same title, but I'm sure 'lil Sister would have remembered this one, since it starred [Douglas Fairbanks as the Thief](#).

If it isn't one of these movies, I will have to continue my search at a later date.

---

## A multitude of tests

Well I spent most of the day at the optometrist today to have a series of tests run. The Dr. found something that concerned

him in my last visit, so I had to undergo a testing for glaucoma today. First there were pictures of the retina (those were cool) and then a series of pressure tests every 45 minutes. Numbing drops and the blue light coming toward my eye... Now my eyes are sore and tired. I'm not sure if that is from all the prodding or effects of the numbing drops. I was told I may have discomfort this evening. Good news is that I don't have to worry about glaucoma yet, but they will keep an eye on it in yearly testing. It's hell getting older.

Now for the fun part.. The blue light coming at my eye caused me to think many a strange thought. After seeing it for the umpteenth time, I was imagining alien examinations, eyes that go "POP!", CSI probing and the like. My multitude of voices were wanting to be heard, but since the Dr. was a bit concerned I felt levity in the situation was a bit out of place.

But now I can let that come out...

Imagine Bullwinkle (wow, Bullwinkle is in the spell check dictionary!!!) sitting in the chair. "Hey Rocky, why all the blue lights?" "I can't feel my eyeballs anymore, Rocky". "Where'd everybody go? Who turned out the lights?"

Or Stitch? "Blue Punch Buggy!!" "Stitch be good, take blue light away now."

Or JarJar Binks (Yeah!!, not in spell check)... "Weesa gonna die heere."

Some unnamed voice... "Go ahead strap me in. Turn on the juice. Say good bye to my Ma and Pa."

Forget the imagination, why shouldn't you be able to hear my thoughts...

[some unnamed voice](#)  
[jarjar](#)

[stitch](#)

[bullwinkle](#)

[The funny thing is, they are all me.](#)

Strange I thought of a lot more sitting in the chair, but seem to have forgotten most since I've been home...

Well, looking at the screen doesn't seem to be helping much, so that should do it for a bit.

---

## Changing the past/future

Yes, I'm watching the [Back to the Future](#) trilogy. Fun little group of movies. But what I want to talk about is time travel and the little word 'if'.

If you could go back and change something, would you? These thoughts have been in and out of my mind for the past 5 or so years. There are times when I would want to go back and try to change things. But I've always had the feeling that things would change for the worse. Kind of like the [Back to the Future II](#). Change one thing and oops there goes everything else. Would it work like that. Most likely.

So knowing I couldn't change anything that would make any changes. What about little things? Sure wish I could at times. Little things like being a better husband, a better son, a better father. What would it take, and what would that change?

Things going through my mind at this time. Changes to make or be made. I guess that is really the question. Every time I think about changing the past, I start thinking about changing the future. things I can change to be better than I was in the past. Worth while investment in time that. Instead of



wondering about the what ifs, maybe I should wonder about the what wills. What will I do tomorrow, next week?

Food for thought.

---

## A parade

I'm not really big on winter parades unless I'm parked in front of a TV with a mug of something warm. I imagine going somewhere warm to see them would be OK too. Today I did get to see my hometown's holiday parade of lights. Wagons, tractors, sleighs, horses, mules, donkeys, ponies, miniature horses (which are different from ponies – so I've been told) and reindeer. And lights, every thing being pulled and in some cases the things doing the pulling had lights.

Armed with a large Mocha, with extra Espresso, I braved the cool evening to watch for my youngest. She was on one of the wagons with most of her show choir. They sang Christmas carols for the parade. Unfortunately, they didn't stop long enough for a complete song. That was disappointing, but somewhat expected.

After the parade, I did get to go and see the reindeer. Wonderful creatures, reindeer. Their wide hoofs and thick fur make them ideally suited for harsh winter weather. Interesting thing about reindeer, the females also have antlers. The two reindeer in the parade were females, as the males tend to be more aggressive. Not good when small children want to pet them. Very soft fur, and extremely nice animals. Except of wanting to move their heads to all sides (to see who was around them) they made no moves to hurt anyone. Getting whapped by their antlers could be painful, but they seemed to try to avoid that. The handlers made sure to keep a decent

grip on the heads too. I really like these beasties.

---

## **Five Years ago Today (part 2 – The blur)**

Those days between Thanksgiving and Christmas were a blur. Seemed like non-stop travel from home to hospital, or home to in-laws. When my wife was released and scheduled for cancer treatments, she had to stay within an hour of the Ann Arbor Hospital. Our house did not meet that restriction, so she stayed with her parents. So between work (we still weren't accepting the forgone conclusion), taking care of the girls we would drive to see her often. Ann Arbor is about 2 hours away, her parents 1 hour. That meant a lot of time in the car. Often in very poor weather. It became a blur. Very few days stick out in my mind. I remember the blur.

The stretch of 23 between Toledo and Ann Arbor has been in my nightmares. I saw that road too many times during that month. I've had dreams of car crashes, getting lost or stranded on that section of road. It was not a road I traveled often before that November/December, but it became one to avoid if at all possible. It brings up memories of the Blur.

---

## **Five Years ago today (part 1)**

Day 1 is almost finished. 5 years ago today, I found out that my wife had terminal cancer. We knew it was cancer before that

day, but we didn't know anything about the kind of cancer. At the University of Michigan Medical Center we found out it was a very rare aggressive cancer, most likely terminal.

This day five years ago put a gray shadow on the Thanksgivings that were to follow.

I don't care what people say, time does not heal all wounds. Time makes some wounds bearable.

Well I did make it through the day. Actually had a relaxing time. Spending time with people/family who knew my wife and were not afraid to bring her into the conversation of the day helped.

We didn't have a traditional Thanksgiving meal. There was no turkey or dressing. The mashed potatoes were part of a Shepard's Pie. Breads of all kinds filled the table. There was plenty of food and even more conversation.

I had a long talk with my dear wife's parents. They do treat me well. Saw two of my four daughters. One is still many states away, the other spent the day with her future husband's family. That is the way life goes. Families grow and the young leave the nest. This really isn't a sad time for me, I'm proud to see my children grow and become adults.

So there are things to be thankful for after all

Good night folks.