

Talk like a duck

One of the things I remember doing (OK, I still do it ☹), was talking to the animals at the fair in their own language. Yes, I would snort and grunt at the pigs. Moo at the cows and steers. Neigh and bray with the donkeys and horses. And of course baah with the sheep and quack with the ducks.

Of course, I would then tell my children exactly what the animal on the other side of the conversation said. I don't know if I ever convinced any of my girls that I was 'talking' to the animals, but I had fun doing it. Still do.

This year at the fair, I heard an animal sound that I never heard before. Llamas in my experience were always very quiet. I'm not sure if this is a normal case, since I only see them during the fairs, and they are not very common at our little fair. It was an interesting sound and I got curious as to what type of vocalization they do. So I found [this site](#) that had a sound close to what I heard. Check out the humming vocalization. When one llama made this noise, the other responded. It was cool to see and hear them react to each other. It will take some time listening to the llamas to be able to converse with them, so I will have to wait until next year.

And for those who had a movie come to mind with this blog post, I will leave you with [this](#).

Solo Sailing...Almost

Well this is the start of my 3rd week without children at home, almost. I say almost since my darling youngest daughter

has come home the first 2 weekends and will be home the 3rd weekend too. I don't run around as often, but the drive is a bit farther now. Sure there are good excuses for all of the home trips, so I won't say too much about that.

I did find it funny/strange all of the young ladies my daughter rooms with have gone home for the first two weekends. I'm kind of glad at that. If I were in that situation, I would hate to be the one left behind on the weekend.

So on to me. What have I done the past two weeks.. Well, same old same old except I was a bit lazy last week. I found a web comic from an artist I enjoyed in my youth, and I've been reading his stuff. It may take me a while to catch up. Anyway I was looking for [this](#), but I found [this](#). Years of comic stories too catch up on. It may be something I will need in my personal library, but so far the web comic is ok. On this site I did find the original comics that drew me to the artist. Back in my D&D college days, I remember reading [Phil and Dixie](#) on a regular basis. Then the Myth series of books that Phil Foglio illustrated. Such fun memories..

Thinking of the Fair

Our local County Fair starts this weekend. I don't think I missed this fair since I came with my wife and oldest daughter back in 1983. While it has change some, it really hasn't changed at all. Most of the same vendors come year after year, the local producers (pork, beef, dairy) serve the same food. There are always fresh fair donuts. ☐ The biggest thing this fair has to offer is all of the hard work the kids put into their projects. Animals, displays, showmanship, riding skills can all be seen. The fun I get from this is seeing the fun the

kids have.

Even though my youngest was home for the Labor Day holiday last week, she wants to make the trip home again for a trip to the fair. She still has friends that will be showing their animals. She may get to run into a friend or two. One never knows at the county fair.

That's my job

As I've said in previous posts, my youngest is now off at college. Earlier this year she also turned 18. By the laws of this land, that does make her a legal adult. For the past 25+ years I've been doing my best to raise my daughters. I not only wanted to get them to legal adulthood, I've been trying to get them to mature adulthood. It was, of course, my job.

I've often said that I've had little to do with how my daughters turned out. Their mother was the primary reason they turned out the way they did. My job was to follow her lead. I thought I did that very well. Even after she died, I tried to follow her lead. She had a way with her daughters, I could never hope to do as well.

Anyway my youngest is now a young adult. In my eyes, she has grown in to a very mature young lady. Now I can say all four daughters survived into adulthood. Me, I'm just the guy who listened to their mother. Hey, it's my job.

Hamburgers and Root Beer

Years ago it was always a family treat to stop at the A&W to get root beer in a frosty mug. I remember as a kid getting the little 'baby' mug. I never thought it held enough root beer.

Slowly those stands started to close and were fewer and farther between. When I was in College, I only knew of two such stands in the 'local' area. One was in Delta Ohio and the other in Antwerp Ohio. The Delta Ohio A&W closed many years ago.

With my wife and children, we would sometimes make a slight detour on trips to Fort Wayne and stop at the Antwerp A&W. The children got the mini 'baby' mugs until they got a bit older. Always a good time and always good root beer.

In the past few years A&Ws have been making a bit of a comeback in NW Ohio. I know of two restaurants that are a combined A&W and KFC. Interesting letter combination. ☐ These aren't the old drive ups, but the root beer is still as good. The charm of the place is somehow missing.

Now in a local town there is a Sonic drive-up. They have car-hops on roller skates and a fun atmosphere. But there are no frosty mugs. I will say some of the drinks there are very good.

Today, on the way back from Fort Wayne, my youngest and I stopped at that A&W stand in Antwerp. It is still in business, and still serving Root Beer in the Frosty Glass Mugs. Many wonderful memories flowed. The root beer is still good.

☐

Saturday arrived

My youngest is settled in to her new apartment with her new roommates. I'm settled in to my new routine with the dog and chinchillas. Ok, not really settled in. We both are in our new places.

Her apartment is a nice place. I was thinking a bit small for 4, but it shouldn't be too bad. I think the de finitely only want to have one person in the kitchen at a time. They do have two bathrooms, so that shouldn't be too bad. They did have enough junk food to last for a while. I'm interested in hearing about how the four girls get along. I'm sure with her experience with all of her sister, my little girl should do just fine.

The college did have activities planned for this evening for all of the new residents. #1 it got the parents and other family members to leave and #2 it gave all the new students a chance to get to know each other.

I may blog more on my experiences living alone. It has been a few years since I spent more than a week or two on my own. That will be different.

Countdown to Saturday – You need to eat?

This is very different from my other experiences with college. The two daughters that went to college lived at home and did not need to furnish there own meals. I went to college and there was a cafeteria on campus. The meals were paid for in my

tuition. Not so with my youngest. The students live in furnished apartments and they have to fend for themselves as far as food goes.

So off I went to the store to get a few essentials for living. A few canned goods, some dry foods, snacks, a wastebasket, cleaning supplies and other necessities. At least she won't starve the first week into school. Tomorrow after we get here moved in, I will pick up some of the perishables. Milk, cheese, fruit, meat and frozen burritos (one of her favorites).

I'm not sure how it will work out with four girls in the apartment, but they will have to make a go of it. I'm sure more things will be needed as the weeks go on.

Tomorrow morning it is packing up the truck and heading off to the college.

Life is an adventure isn't it.

Countdown to Saturday – Checklist

scissors – check

scrubs – check

Stethoscope – check

coveralls – check

boots – check

white leather shoes – check

hoof pick – check

id – check

thermometer – check

I have to be missing something don't I? If we get everything packed we should have everything. Just a few odds and ends. Food, other necessities. We should be ready to go early Saturday Morning. I'm sure there will be something missed, but it is only an hour drive. An hour in a different direction from any other family members, but still only an hour.

I still find it a little hard to believe that my youngest is old enough to be heading off to college. Then again, I didn't think my other daughters were old enough to get married. Sad thing that their mother was not alive to see any of this. A lot has happened in the last 5.666666 years. Yep, this Sunday is 5 and 2/3 years since that lovely lady left this earth. Graduations, marriages and happenings both happy and sad., life has been moving along.

Countdown to Saturday – Tuesday already?

And we still need the bloody scissors... (that's the British use of bloody.) I was able to find a very expensive stethoscope, but the 5 1/2 inch Lister bandage scissors are not available locally. If I knew they would get here on time, I would order them online, but I didn't think of that sooner. These should be available at the school before classes start. I hope so. I still have one or two places to check, but the time is limited.

Scrubs are still in transit (as far as I know). I hope they get in soon too. I would like to make sure everything is in place.

Other than getting all the ducks in a row, things are moving

along. The countdown continues....

Countdown to Saturday

My youngest is heading off to College this Saturday. This week we are getting things together to make sure she has everything she needs to start the new year.

My daughter needs some special equipment for her college career. The non-special equipment/clothing became special because my daughter is small. The small/petite scrubs have to be hemmed to fit. We went all over the place to find a coverall that even came close to fitting. Rubber boots, same thing. You may ask what she is going into with scrubs, coveralls and boots. Her chosen field is Vet-Tech. So with the current clothing and equipment it looks like she will spend a part of the semester in a barn or two. The hoof pick she needed kind of gave that away.

We are also picking up a few things so she can set up house keeping in her new apartment. It is a furnished apartment shared with 3 other young ladies. This is my first daughter to live on campus during college. I may go through some empty nest feelings later, but for now I am just excited for my daughter. More on all of this later in the week.