

# Butts On The Floor – In The Grocery Store?

I don't know how this memory came about, but recently I was thinking about how acceptable smoking used to be in our society. You were allowed to smoke anywhere and everywhere – airplanes, restaurants, bowling alleys, and grocery stores, to name a few places. Yes, I said grocery stores. I have distinct memories of being a kid and playing with the floor at the grocery store. I was playing with the floor because it had colored tiles on it that resembled a maze, and grocery shopping is *so boring* for a kid that there really isn't anything else to do but look at the floor and play with it. While navigating my maze on the floor, I distinctly remember seeing – and stepping around – cigarette butts. People used to smoke cigarettes while shopping for food – ew. So does that mean that all the food that was brought home had packaging that reeked of cigarette smoke? It's hard to imagine, especially given society's view on smoking today. But I remember it, and I'm really thankful that we've come such a long way. I can no longer stand the smell of cigarette smoke, and if I had to smell it while shopping at Walmart, it would make the place that much more unbearable.

And while we're on the topic of inappropriate places to smoke, that reminds me of something I forgot to mention in my Mummy movie review post. While watching the movie, we kept smelling cigarette smoke; 2 or 3 times. Someone was definitely smoking in the theater, but my question is, who would do something like that? Was their addiction so out of control that they honestly couldn't make it through an entire movie? And we're not talking about *The Dark Knight*, a movie that runs 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. The new Mummy movie was not even over 2 hours, and someone couldn't make it that long without a cigarette (or two or three)? That sounds like a problem they should get help

for. At the very least, they should have stayed home then, where they could smoke all they wanted without bothering anyone else. I was really irritated. Not just because I hate the smell and wasn't expecting to have to deal with it at a movie theater, but mostly because I had our new baby with me and I didn't want his innocent lungs poisoned with cigarette smoke. I never saw who was doing it, but I suspected maybe it was some rebellious teenagers doing it because they could get away with it. But I didn't see any teenagers leaving the theater. I tried to smell everyone that walked by, but I came up with no suspects. Oh, well... if it happens again, I think I'll report it; I just didn't feel like missing the movie. And I really didn't think that after the first cigarette they'd go ahead and light another... How utterly rude and completely thoughtless. I hope the culprit saw the baby on the way out and felt guilty... but I'm sure that someone with the nerve to smoke in a movie theater wouldn't care enough to regret it.

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## **NOT FOR THE FAINT OF STOMACH**

Over the many years I have been employed in retail, I have had several horror stories. Today, I had one involving a vendor and our restroom. The person who regularly brings in our daily supply of nation wide chain donuts had to use of facilities. Shortly after he returned, our assistant manager had to visit the lavatory. Minutes later, I was called to the front and was advised to go and look in the bathroom. I had my suspicions and said... that is ok, I can use my imagination. Shortly thereafter, I was informed that our delivery man must have had a weak bladder as there was a rather sizable puddle covering much of our rather small bathroom floor. To make matters worse, the sink was totally dry, no indication that he had

washed after he missed the stool. The female cashier and I had a short debate concerning male and female bathroom practices. The result of the incident resulted in a phone call to the donut distributor. I wonder if this particular driver will be making any deliveries anytime soon or if he does, will he be able to look at the store in the same light. I feel sorry for the next stop on his route. One thing is for sure, I will definitely not be eating any of their donuts for quite a while. Kind of reminiscent of a creamed chicken sandwich incident at a wedding reception. This deliveryman must qualify for a real genius.

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## Rollback, Shmollback

Now that I'm well on my way to full recovery after being unable to do normal things for so long because of the pregnancy and cesarean, I've resumed my big grocery shopping days at Walmart. And since I haven't been there much in the past few months, I was shocked to find how much many of the prices have raised. So this inspired me to make a list of all the prices I remember from when our Super Walmart opened 26 months ago. I did some math, and this is what I came up with. The first price is how much the item was for the first few months the Super Walmart was open. The second price is how much the item is now, and the percent is the percentage the price has increased in 26 months.

parmesan cheese – \$2.94 to 4.18 = **42%**

american cheese singles – 1.98 to 2.58 = 30%

shredded cheese – 1.98 to 2.58 = 30%

garbage bags – 1.67 to 2.98 = **78%**

bananas – 19¢ to 58¢ per pound = **almost 49%**

toilet paper – 1.00 to 1.24 for a six pack = 24%

baby wipes – 1.44 to 2.16 for one pack = **50%**

baby formula – 10.64 to 11.88 per can = 11%

milk – 2.00 to 3.80 = **90%**

I'm no math whiz, but if I did the calculations correctly, this is insane. I realize there is inflation, the economy is terrible, and food comes in on trucks which use gas whose cost has also skyrocketed, but this is still ridiculous. I used to love Walmart for their one-stop shopping concept, but now I hate them for ruining the little guy and for always changing their prices. It makes it impossible to shop around for the best price unless you have no job or kids – and they know it. **WALMART SUCKS!** But I will keep shopping there, and they know it. Why? Because with 4 kids, I don't have time to go to a bunch of stores trying to find the best price. I need to go where I can get it all under one roof.

Ok, I'm done venting... at least until my next Walmart trip...

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## **Ok, I just thought this was neat..**

I was just doing a little late night surfing and found this in the "Odd News section". Seems like [fighting beetles](#) is a big thing.

After you see the video can you imagine the size of those beetles? According to Wikipedia, the [Rhinoceros Beetle](#) are among the largest beetles in the world. I don't think I want to see something that big crawling around in my house.

I'm not sure I like the idea of beetle fights, but then again we still have one or two frog jumping contests in the US.

Probably much the same.

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## Drinking Games

Ok, there is a war on drugs, a war on terror, a war on wars, but now [a war on beer pong](#).

I never really heard of this game until I was with some young people just after my daughter's wedding last summer. I never really saw much point to the game, and it seemed to me that the people playing were drinking just as much beer while playing the game as they were forced to by the other team making a point. Not much to the game at all.

But it was going to be released for the Wii and all heck breaks loose. I can see why you wouldn't want to condone the game, but it isn't any worse than some of the other games out there. Judge it with you Dollars folks. If you don't like it don't buy it. Bad products will fade away in time. Drawing it to our attention in the news is just free advertising. I didn't see it there, but I wonder if beer pong spread anymore after the announcement of the beer pong fight...

Oh well...

Anyone care to join me the the Star Trek drinking game. ☐

This blog does not condone the use/abuse of alcohol. Please remember don't drink and drive. Alcohol should only be used by adults over the age of 21.

IF you don't like anything you read here, you can just ignore it. It may just go away on its own.

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# Toledo Blood

While I've been recently listing my many recent medical procedures and complications, it seems I forgot to mention the blood transfusion. When I found out I would need one after the surgery, my mom generously offered me some of hers, but the nurses politely refused her, saying our hospital gets its blood supply from Toledo. So, there you have it – I guess you could say I'm now an official Ohioan with Toledo blood and everything! Go Buckeyes!

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# Flashback!

In the last few days, my recovery from the emergency c-section has not been going well. I awoke from a nap Thursday night feeling awful, but luckily my medication kicked in, and I was able to enjoy the midnight showing of *The Dark Knight* – more on that later. Friday we met Grandma in South Bend Indiana which is halfway between Chicago where she lives and Ohio where we live to transfer my kids for a week's vacation with Grandma. I felt awful all day, and I started shivering in the restaurant. I knew there was something really wrong when I went outside into the 90° oven and actually *enjoyed* it – uh oh.

When I got back to Ohio, I had an appointment with my doctor for her to take out my staples (yes, they had to actually use *staples* to put me back together, yuck) and that actually went well. Hardly hurt at all, just a little pinch, and it didn't take long. I brought up my symptoms to my doctor and she said

everything was normal, and I believed her because when I had my other babies, I would heal up right away, so I figured these were all just side effects from the cesarean. But I took another nap when I got home and when I woke up, I felt like I was dying – that’s really the only way to describe it. We took my temperature and it was 102.7°, so of course I had chills, the sweats, headache, and pain. A quick look on the internet gave us the diagnosis: mastitis – a common infection often suffered by breast-feeding mothers. We called the doctor and they wouldn’t prescribe any antibiotics over the phone, so we headed to the hospital for the 2nd time in a week...

The admissions people panicked when they saw us coming in with the baby, but we quickly explained it wasn’t him, thank goodness. Anyway, after a quick look, the ER doctor confirmed our internet diagnosis and sent us home with a prescription. But since all the pharmacies were closed in our town, they gave me some medicine right then and there. “Name and birthdate”, they always ask at the hospital before they give you your meds, and I was like, FLASHBACK! I thought I was done with this for awhile! But for spending a Friday night in the ER, it wasn’t so bad; we were actually in and out in an hour. If this had happened in suburban Chicago where I used to live, it would have taken 3-4 hours to wait our turn in the ER, and they would have wheeled a few body bags past us while we were waiting. So today, I feel much better comparatively, and since the girls are with grandma, I slept until 11:30, so I’m sure that also helped. The antibiotics seem to be working already, and it was nice to wake up and not feel like I was dying, something that hasn’t happened for a few days. I also feel better that now I think my recovery from everything is headed in the right direction, whereas when I felt crappy and didn’t know why, it was discouraging because I was thinking, will I ever feel better?

My husband is peeved at my OB-GYN for not checking me more

thoroughly during my visit with her yesterday. I agree; I did mention my symptoms and she was too dismissive, but being a man (especially one who won't listen to doctor's orders – if the doctor tells him to do something or recommends some sort of exam or test and he doesn't want to do it, he just won't) I don't think he understands how important to me it is to have a woman OB-GYN, and she is the only one in town. Besides, I do like her, she is gentle and she has been through 3 c-sections herself, so she knew exactly what to tell me about what to expect. If we do have any more children, there will be some debate about which doctor we will use. Well, anyway... off to Walmart to get my *third* prescription this week!

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## Congratulatory Dinner

Our small hospital does offer at least one benefit when you have a baby there: the congratulatory dinner. They have a woman who caters a dinner, and the nurses give you a choice if you want baby to join in or be babysat at the nurse's station to give mom and dad a "date". Although the setting is in the hospital, they take you down to a special room that overlooks the city, and we're not talking about hospital food! This is gourmet, delicious, and for dessert, a cake to celebrate baby's arrival. The dinner was so good when we had my 21-month-old that I told my husband we have to take pictures next time because it was hard for our friends to believe that food this good existed in our small town. But it does, and here are the pictures to prove it! I only wish they sold it in the hospital cafeteria on a regular basis – now that would totally redefine the term "hospital food"! By the way, those are giant shrimp in the picture that tasted like lobster; complete with a vat of butter for dipping. And that isn't a bottle of wine but sparkling grape juice, in case you were wondering why



they would give a breastfeeding mom a bottle of wine ☐



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## An American Girl – The Movie?

Because I have 3 daughters, I am no stranger to the American Girl doll franchise. Given their extremely high price tags, I was once a big opponent, however like any parent, once I saw how much my kids enjoy something, I've changed my mind. Grammie bought our oldest daughter an American Girl doll a few Christmases ago, and then her little sister got one for her birthday, so at least the fighting over who gets to play with the one doll has ended. Their other grandma has made clothes for their dolls, thus saving us money on the really expensive clothes. Overall, the dolls really haven't been that expensive for us, probably because we don't buy them any clothes or accessories; thankfully there isn't a place in our rural area that carries any American Girl doll stuff, so that helps also.

A few weekends ago, I took my girls and a friend to see the new American Girl doll movie, [Kitt Kittredge](#). I wasn't expecting much, but I just love [Abigail Breslin](#), and I also really like to learn about the Great Depression era. The movie did a great job of portraying life during this period in

history, at least to the best of my knowledge. It seemed historically accurate; complete with hobo secrets and terminology. I really enjoyed it – it was a cute little movie, and it even had some twists and turns that I didn't see coming and which supplemented the plot nicely. Abigail Breslin was delightful as always, [Joan Cusack](#) was a riot, and [Stanley Tucci](#) was wonderful as a mysterious magician. Their roles were all well-played along with most others as the movie was very well-cast.

The only problem I had with it was that if you didn't know any better, it didn't seem to have much to do with American Girl, and especially not dolls. But if you know anything about the franchise, it makes sense. Each doll in the series has a "backstory" – she comes from a different background and time period and there are books that explain the backstories. However, on our way to the movie, I asked my girls if they knew what the movie was about, and they suggested that maybe a girl's doll comes to life or something. But like I said, the movie actually had nothing to do with dolls at all – it was the backstory of the doll named Kitt Kittredge. The girls didn't seem disappointed, and only the 8-year-olds got a little rambunctious. I also had an 11-year-old with me who really liked it, and a 4-year-old who seemed to enjoy it also – especially the use of animals in the movie. My 4-year-old daughter LOVED the monkey and his antics.

Overall, it was an entertaining afternoon; well-worth the matinee price for the girls to see it, and I was entertained as well. My husband didn't want any part of it, so he stayed home with our 21-month-old who can't sit through movies anyway. But it's a good family movie; although it might add some wishes to my girls' list when they visit the American Girl doll store in Chicago with their grandma next week – not an accident on the part of the American Girl doll franchise, I'm sure.

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# The Weed Saga

We became home-owners about a year and half ago, and as fellow home-owners know, it's a lot different than renting. For one thing, we now have a yard to maintain and being 2 very busy people who know absolutely nothing about landscaping, we've found this aspect of home ownership quite challenging. As many of you know, my husband is a very hard worker, and when he is off work, we are usually out and about with the kids – no Saturdays working on the yard for us! So I usually venture outside while I'm playing with the kids in the summer and make a haphazard attempt at pulling weeds and trying to make the yard presentable. The good news is we have yet to receive a complaint notice on a stick from the city, like I sometimes see in other less fortunate yards. The bad news is that if we were to ever get one of those notices, I fear now would be the time since I have been immobile with my pregnancy so far this summer.

So my awesome husband tried to make arrangements with a local fellow to have the weeds done for me on my birthday, but the guy showed up and was gone by the time we returned from lunch, etc. less than 3 hours later. He did get some of the weeds, but not all that many, and lo and behold, the other day we received a bill from him – for \$140!!! Even if he had been here 3 hours, that would be over \$46 / hour and he didn't even do nearly everything he was supposed to do! Needless to say, I'm going to dispute the bill, but first I'm going to have a baby and get out of the hospital, so he's going to have to wait. In the meantime, we've enlisted a friend who is a landscaper to help, and he's going to visit and work hourly on Thursdays... not the immediate weed relief I was hoping for, but I'm sure he will do a much better job for a much more

reasonable rate. He already visited after weed guy #1 and confirmed that there are still LOTS of weeds in our yard. I just don't know what weed guy #1 was thinking... it's tough times in the economy and he seemed nice enough, but he must be crazy if he thinks we're going to pay him that much for what little weed relief he gave us... My town is going to be offering college classes soon so maybe I should just take a horticulture class and do the landscaping myself from now on...