

Teacher's Pet – All Grown Up

While serving on the board of a local community agency, a certain personality type came to my attention: teacher's pet. Yes, these people are alive and well and living as adults. Surprisingly it's not something one grows out of when he or she leaves school; rather, the behavior seems to evolve and follow the person into adulthood. I use the term "teacher's pet" loosely here because I don't know how else to describe it, so I will try my best to give examples. Back to this person on the board – it starts when the person stops the flow of the meeting to contribute to every item on the agenda. I think it's good when people participate and share their ideas, but there is a fine line when their comments and "helpful" suggestions cross the line into being disruptive. Case in point – at a meeting recently, an item on the agenda involved discussing traveling to Chicago for a board training seminar. The teacher's pet of the group spoke up and went into great detail about how the board of this organization should actually be taking more than one vehicle on trips like these in case something happens to the vehicle. He explained that if the vehicle carrying the entire board of the organization were to crash or something else horrible were to happen, we would no longer have a board if the President, Vice President, etc. were all riding together. Good point, but a little extreme, I would say... This board is not in charge of running a country or anything close to that scale. I'm not saying that it's not important or that steps should not be taken to safeguard the staff involved, however, I don't think dividing up into 2 vehicles has anything to do with preventative safety and actually seems like it might put a strain on the budget (**insert another gas prices gripe here**). It's a good idea for the President and Vice President of the United States and other heads of government to travel separately but when talking about this particular group it just doesn't seem like a logical idea, especially not an idea

that should have taken 20 minutes or longer to discuss.

A second example of adult teacher's pet behavior happens often in community theater. My husband and I are active in our local theater group, and while directing a few plays together, we've come across at least one individual who was a bit over eager to please the directors. Again, don't get me wrong, enthusiasm, especially for community theater, is a great thing. But when you interrupt the process of producing a play in order to offer "helpful" suggestions that aren't really helpful at all and just keep the entire group waiting for you to finish talking, then it's probably better if you just let the director do what he or she needs to do. It's also especially annoying when people offer things to help with the show; be it labor, props, etc. only to not follow through and actually deliver the work and/or goods. Makes me think they were just sucking up to the directors!

So when I say 'teacher's pet', I guess I just mean those people who are so overzealous about showing and proving to others that they are participating in the group that they come forth with ideas that aren't always well thought out. Like I said, it's not that I discourage contribution, and by no means should people be made to feel that their ideas are stupid, however, they should use discretion in bringing up topics that are relevant to the conversations at hand and also make sure that they are going to follow through with what they say they will contribute.

POST DISCLAIMER: None of the above comments have anything to do with anyone who is a regular reader of my blog!!! □

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!

The Anti-Alice Wedding

While we're on the subject of politics, I was reading about Jenna Bush's upcoming nuptial's today, and I discovered an interesting article about the parallels of opposites between Bush's daughter and former President Roosevelt's daughter Alice, both of whom will be married while their fathers were Presidents of the United States; Jenna's wedding taking place over a century after Alice's.

From CNN.com:

Doug Wead, a former aide to President George H.W. Bush and author of a book on presidents' kin, calls Jenna's ceremony "the anti-Alice Roosevelt wedding." Former President Theodore Roosevelt's daughter was married in 1906.

"That wedding took place during a time of prosperity and peace; this one at a time of economic struggle and war," Wead said. "The Roosevelt family was outgoing, flamboyant; this is a private family. That was one of the most popular presidencies in American history. Even John Adams didn't go on Mount Rushmore, but Teddy Roosevelt went on Mount Rushmore. This is an unpopular presidency. Alice had no bridesmaids. Jenna has 14."

And one more little tidbit about Presidential offspring: Jenna is the 22nd child of a United States President to marry while their fathers were in office. Not that money is usually a problem for a president, but I wonder how many of those were daughters whose daddy's were expected to foot the wedding bills?

Political Mishap

While I am a current events junkie, I am most reluctant to follow politics for some reason. Give me true-crime stories, entertainment news, or natural disaster tales any day – I can't get enough. But when it comes to politics, I have trouble even forcing myself to follow the news, even though they talk about it on one of my favorite channels (CNN) nonstop lately. You'd think it'd be enough motivation for me to follow politics just to be "in the loop", but it's a natural instinct of mine to tune out political news. How

interesting then, that my husband is really ONLY interested in current events involving politics... I guess you could say we compliment each other that way. So while he had on CNN following some of the last of the primaries tonight, I heard an interesting story developing... it seems poor Hillary Clinton, who lost horribly in North Carolina today, couldn't even get a break today at her wrap-up party after the primary... They had 2 confetti machines ready to shoot confetti over the crowd, and they malfunctioned, only to shoot the confetti a pathetic 4 feet from the machine... just not Hillary's night, I guess...

100!

This is my **100th** blog post! What a long way I've come from my first blog post, aptly and boringly titled, "First Post" – it was a description of me learning to blog! And what a variety of subjects I've covered, from retractable sharpie pens, to kids' blankies... from movies and tv shows to animals, trips, and family life... It seems like forever ago that I was taking you all through the 11, 572 snow days we had, and it's been fun to share all these aspects of my life on the internet while learning things about my friends and family who read and/or comment on my posts. So thanks to all my readers, even if you just read because I make you, thanks anyway... I truly appreciate each and every comment I receive – written and spoken, keep it up! And might I add that I'm the first tangents.org blogger to achieve this milestone... hope to have others join me soon!

Brown Recluse Spider Warning!

This is the THIRD time I've gotten this email forward, so I thought it was worth mentioning in my blog. The subject line of the email reads: Fwd: Dangerous Spider Bite – Brown Recluse Spider (Graphic pictur...

The body of the email shows some awful pictures of someone's infection on their hand that they supposedly got from a spider bite. Since I am a skeptic of ANYTHING I get via email forward, I looked up this warning on snopes.com, the website that investigates possible urban legends and their origins. Actually, while I was at it, I looked up snopes on snopes.com, seeing what they'd say about their own site being an urban legend, but that's another post...

Anyway, back to the spider bite warning. Instead of posting the pictures of the infection here, I will just provide a link to the snopes.com entry about it since the pictures are pretty gross... [Click here](#) if you have a morbid curiosity and you'd like to see what the inside of someone's hand looks like.□ So anyway – and I find myself saying anyway again, which means lots of *tangents* in this post :). **Anyway**, when I looked up the brown recluse spider bite warning on snopes.com, it said that the status of this legend is undetermined, which means that they don't know if it's true or not. Evidently, the photos are real, and it's really an infection in someone's hand that is pictured, but the origin of the infection is not necessarily the spider bite. Here is a description of the incident by the victim her-(or him) self:

I suspect a spider bite was the cause. I was out in the wood at Caddo Lake and noticed a bite on my thumb. The doctor I was seeing thought it was a spider bite. Other doctors told me it was a brown recluse bite. It was also a MRSA infection. It became so infected

because the first antibiotic I was on was not doing any good and I tried to finish the semester before going in to see the doctor. It was a very interesting experience and I no longer wait to go in to the doctor. Whether or not it was a brown recluse bite or not I can't say. I saw some very good doctors who specialize in spider bites and they thought it was. But you have probably seen the latest info on MRSA infections being misdiagnosed as spider bites.

Umm... this person described this experience as "interesting"? Wow, what a mellow personality one must have to possess a wound that looks like that and describe it as interesting...

So, the moral of the story is, be careful with spider bites. Be even more careful with email forwards, and most importantly, (especially if you've read my post called, "Don't Let a Hospital Kill You) take good care of skin infections before they become as serious as the one pictured in the spider warning email, or you will have an "interesting experience" of your own!

Doors to Nowhere

In the town where we live, I've noticed a weird phenomena: there are many houses with second floor doors that lead seemingly nowhere. Well, they lead outside, but that's it – no stairwells, no balconies, no screened-in porches. Just random doors on houses. Perhaps there used to be something there, maybe a staircase, etc. It would be one thing if there

were only a few houses like these, but in my town alone, there are at least 10, one being next-door! In a town this small, that is a lot. Actually, they aren't all second floor doors. The church down the street has one that is about 3-4 feet off the ground – enough to see that it's a door to nowhere, but not enough to be on the second floor. I wonder what the purpose of these doors are and why there are so many? Maybe it's something to ask the library historian about, or maybe some of you fellow NW Ohioans who read this blog and have lived here longer than I can enlighten me – people didn't waste doors in Chicago!

Don't Let a Hospital Kill You

What a time for me to stumble across this article on CNN – [Don't Let a Hospital Kill You](#)

I visit the doctor's office monthly, and it's time for me to start visiting every 2 weeks already! Also, I will be a resident of a hospital in about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ months! As I've written before, I try really hard to put my faith into the doctors and nurses who care for me, however, my husband is a born skeptic of the medical community. Sometimes it's difficult to cast his doubts and concerns aside, especially when I read something like this. Also, since I grew up in a huge metro area, even though I love our small community, I have to be honest and say the small hospital here scares me a at least a little. I haven't shown my husband this article yet... maybe I'll wait until the baby and I are home and healthy in July?

Take Me Out to the Ballgame – Uecker Style

Well, the Cubs lost their second series to the Brewers this season, but equally upsetting is what happened today during the 7th inning stretch. Taking place at Wrigley Field, today's game was the "rubber game" of the series. Someone decided Bob Uecker, aka 'the voice of the Brewers' would be a good guest to come and lead the crowd in 'Take Me Out to the Ballgame'. Nevermind for a minute the events that took place during the song today; this decision doesn't seem very wise to me from the get-go. Bob Uecker was born and raised in Milwaukee. He grew up watching the minor-league Milwaukee Brewers, and the first team he signed with in the major leagues was the Milwaukee Braves. He's been doing the play-by-play announcements for the Brewers on the radio since 1971, and still holds the job. Why then, did someone deem it a good decision to have him come to Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs, to lead the crowd during the 7th inning stretch? If we pretend the Chicago White Sox don't exist – the Cubs have their biggest rivalry with their neighbors to the north, the Milwaukee Brewers. So why invite someone who has obviously been a lifelong Milwaukee fan to do the 7th inning stretch during a Cubs / Brewers game on Cubs turf? I just don't get it...

Here is a play by play of today's incident. Bob Uecker comes out to sing the 7th inning stretch. Nothing seemed amiss, until the part in the song that goes, "root, root, root, for the *Brewers*". He actually said 'root for the Brewers' at Wrigley Field. He was immediately BOOED LOUDLY by the crowd, of course, so then he sings, "you do the same for the Cubs" to the tune of the song, but by this point, the organist just gives up because now he's out of tune and has lost the organist in the song. In order to get back on track, he then

proceeds to skip ahead, or maybe it's because he realized it would be an even worse decision to say something like "if they don't win it's a shame" about the Brewers in Wrigley Field. Either way, he skips ahead to "for it's ONE, TWO, THREE (*organist comes back into the song, hardly missing a beat except for the made-up lyrics*) strikes you're out at the old ball game!" I had kids to tend to, so I didn't see the entire fallout from the fiasco, but I did get back to the tv just in time to hear Ueker say, "I'm rooting for the Brewers, what do they want me to do, root for the Cubs?" YES! Of course the Cubs fans want you to root for the Cubs, especially at Wrigley Field! And if you can't do that, pretend! And if you can't pretend, then stay in Milwaukee!

Well, forget Bob Ueker and whoever invited him to Wrigley today – that person was probably fired before the beginning of the 8th inning anyway. The Cubs are off to a great start this year, and I can only hope I get less busy so I can see more games because they are playing some great baseball, and it's fun to watch! I can only hope they beat the pants off the Cardinals who are in first place in the Cubs division by only a half game... That series begins tomorrow and I will be watching – in between kid duties, of course! GO CUBS!