

Jokes

I'm too tired to blog today, so here are a few jokes off the 'net. Hopefully tomorrow I will have a real post for you. Enjoy!

A lesson about blood flow and circulation

A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said: "Now, students, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face."

"Yes, sir," the boys said.

"Then why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

A little fellow shouted, "'It's because yer feet ain't empty."

Kids' Perspective

Kids' Views on School

A little girl had just finished her first week of school. "I'm wasting my time," she said to her mother.

"I can't read, I can't write – and they won't let me talk!"

On the way home from the first day of school, the father asked his son, "What did you do at school today?"

The little boy shrugged his shoulders and said, "Nothing".

Hoping to draw his son into conversation, the father persisted and said, "Well, did you learn about any numbers, study

certain letters, or maybe a particular color?"

The perplexed child looked at his father and said, "Daddy, didn't you go to school when you were a little boy?"

The homework schedule

Here is an explanation of the school homework policy for the average student. Students should not spend more than ninety minutes per night. This time should be budgeted in the following manner if the student desires to achieve moderate to good grades in his/her classes.

15 minutes looking for assignment.

11 minutes calling a friend for the assignment.

23 minutes explaining why the teacher is mean and just does not like children.

8 minutes in the bathroom.

10 minutes getting a snack.

7 minutes checking the TV Guide.

6 minutes telling parents that the teacher never explained the assignment.

10 minutes sitting at the kitchen table waiting for Mom or Dad to do the assignment.

Expanded Universe repeating history

I have been thinking about how the authors are killing a lot of the more popular characters off more and more often in Star Wars. Chewbacca, Grand Admiral Thrawn (though Timothy Zahn didn't know he was going to become a favorite), Anakin Solo, Mara Jade Skywalker, and I'm sure there are more that I'm not thinking about. I believe that once they kill off the some more, mostly Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and Leia Organa Solo, they will have to stop going forward into the series. They will have to go back and work from there. Though I might be wrong because the Solo children (Jacen and Jaina) and the Skywalker boy (Ben) might have cought the younger generation. They might want to continue reading about what happened to them, but so many who have grown up with Star Wars will most likely stop reading once at least when those three are gone. I might continue reading to see where they go, but it seems like they are redoing the movies (prequels). One of the Skywalkers is turning to the Dark Side trying to save something. In this case, Jacen turned to save the galaxy from war. Instead, he has just made it worse!

For Your Eyes Only

Is it just me or do some of the titles on my posts seem misleading. I am nothing if not creative. Today, I escorted my mother to the eye doctor to have her eyes dilated. Believe it or not there were some rather humorous moments waiting in the reception area. There was a patient who must have been extremely bored as she got up, walked to the 12" TV/VCR/DVD

combo and attempted to get it to play something besides the Toshiba menu making its way across the screen. Finally, she managed to start the disc playing. She commented that it was the same disc that was playing the last time she was in the office (I sense a link coming up there... but hey, ya know). The woman must be a regular.

The movie playing was [Seabiscuit](#) starring [Tobey Maguire](#). Since it has been a few years since I have seen the movie about the thoroughbred and his jockey, I cannot honestly give a full review but I remember that I did enjoy it. I do recall that Maguire needed to lose a fair amount of weight after playing Spider-Man to portray Red Pollard. Then after filming was completed for *Seabiscuit*, he had to hit the gym again to bulk up to play the superhero a second time. At least Maguire will not be typecast as a popcorn idol, summer blockbuster star as he has made several other films before and since which have been well received by critics and viewers ([The Cider House Rules](#), [The Ice Storm](#), and [Pleasantville](#) to name a few). Additionally, he also served as Executive Producer for *Seabiscuit*.

Although it did get a bit boring once the television whiz got called for her appointment, there was an adorable 3 year-old girl who kept those of us waiting entertained by explaining the trials and tribble-ations of a child. Apparently, a scary monster hid under her bed one night causing her to run into her parents' room to be consoled. She was not exactly sure what the creature looked like it was definately "big and UUUUUUGLY." The monster "sure did" go away after the precocious tot told it to.

The colorful people waiting in the lobby kept the waiting to a minimum; however, next time I will have to remember to take a book of some kind... hopefully a script. It has been a few months since I have had one. Perhaps by then I will begin to make my titles better fit the post... BUT I DOUBT IT!!!!!! That would just be no fun.

Spring is in the air

It's that time of year again. Sun, warmer weather, swimming and yep, you guessed it, sunblock. Lots and lots of it. I was outside yesterday for about an hour and half. I thought nothing of it. It was a beautiful day and I wanted to get out of that school. The weather was just calling to me, and no one else was out there, so I went. I lay in the sun reading my book and relaxing. I went back inside and I was burnt. I had forgotten that even in the spring I can burn very easily. My arms are much better, but my nose and face still hurt a little if I scratch it or wrinkle my nose. I will have to get a small bottle of sunblock to carry around with me everywhere. ☐

Shaken Gang Syndrome

I am a current events junkie, so of course I've been following the recent story of the earthquake in southern Illinois. This earthquake was pretty strong; so strong, that tremors were felt as far away as large cities like Chicago, Indianapolis, and even Atlanta, Georgia.

Another recent headline in the news lately is the rash of gun violence in the city of Chicago. Seems the previous weekend saw 36 people shot in the city, 9 of them fatally. [Click here for that story.](#) Since they're saying that the midwest basically has not stopped shaking since the the earthquake last Friday, let me offer up a possible explanation for this phenomena: Shaken Gang Syndrome.

Sure, the gangs in Los Angeles can handle earthquakes without batting an eye, but it's not something that people in the midwest have had to adjust to. Maybe the instability of the earth's crust contributes to people feeling emotionally unstable, and this is illustrated with rising violence and civil unrest.

All jokes aside, let's hope this weekend's skyrocketing violent crime rate was an isolated incident in Chicago. The Chicago PD would like you to note that for the month of March, the violent crime rate was down by a whopping 1% compared to March 2007, so that is promising news!

Meet The Flagstones

✘ I was reminded of a small bit of trivia today (and I am sure that it was buried somewhere under the heading "Still more useless trivia" which sometimes comes in quite handy). The first couple to be seen on prime time television in bed together were Fred and Wilma Flintstone. Before that, television tots came from the stork, right? On "[I Love Lucy](#)," the word "pregnant" could not even be uttered due to censorship. Hence the title of the episode in which Mrs. Ricardo's pregnancy is revealed became: "Lucy is *Enceinte*" (the French equivalent of pregnant... why they chose French is anyone's guess).

Alrighty, back to my original topic. My favorite episode of "[The Flintstones](#)" is entitled "Hollyrock, Here I Come." In it, the title couple and their neighbors, the Rubbles, travel to the movie capitol of the then known-world. Purely by accident, Wilma and then Fred are discovered by a big-time television producer. Fred is spotted in the television audience snoring

loudly during a rehearsal. Mr Flintstone's boisterous voice and winning personality make him the obvious last minute replacement for the title role in the aptly entitled series "The Frogmouth." However, he becomes totally overbearing (ad libbing not only his lines but those of his castmates, composing his own music, etc) and the producer concludes that something must be done quickly or the show will be disastrous.

Something that has always bothered me about the series: Where is the cat that Fred is supposed to put out for the night during the end credits. And if we never see it how is Fred supposed to someday when the fight.

Small classes and early starts

7:15. That's what time a sub has to be at the junior high schools (still called that even though they are on a middle-school system- I guess they didn't want to change the letterheads ☐) in the district I was in today. That means being up before six. At least I had a solid night's sleep instead of constantly waking up like I often do. Once I got there, it turned out this teacher had a class that started ten minutes before the regular classes. Say what? Fortunately the plans said another teacher was asked to run this class so no problem not being able to completely go over the plans. The one I was subbing for was also a traveling teacher, which in this case could be called class-on-a-cart. This teacher had a class in a different room every period. One class even had two different rooms- more on that below.

So I got to the room with my cart and the teacher who was

supposed to take over (surprise to him!) just said that I could handle this and just ask if I had any questions since he would be in and out of the room. Well then, I had to look at the plans again after all. It really wasn't hard like he said. All I had to do was pass out quizzes they had to complete, inform them of their class/homework assignment once finished, and then monitor them. Fortunately I had second period off to look at the rest of the day.

The next period was communications, basically a speech class. Well, they were good at speaking all right- to each other in conversation that is. They were completing an assignment as well, so again no teaching- just monitoring. The next two classes actually lasted for a period plus another half-period. Being math classes this was a bit odd. This is actually why one of the classes was in two different rooms. They spent one period in one room, then had to move for the next period. I would gather the regular teacher in that room doesn't have two periods off in a row to allow us to be there for the full time. To get the half-period the students actually sacrificed their study hall half of lunch to have the longer math period.

Where does the small classes part come into play? Well, you three who actually read this blog (□) already know special education classes can be smaller. Well, two of the math classes were such classes- the first had about eight students in it. Most of them worked well, but there were two girls who thought they were in that communications class and chatted pretty much the entire time, sometimes with others across the room. At least they did *some* work so I was able to put up with it without sending anyone to the office. I left a note about this of course. This was the first of the two special-ed math classes. The second, get this, had **two students**. That's right, just two. They pay for a teacher to teach a class of two students?? I would really like to know more about this but as a sub for just the day I really only know

what's in the notes- nothing about it there!- and from what I might pick up from other teachers, but I didn't want to be nosy. Oh well, some things just remain mysteries.

Until tomorrow then. Time for me to sleep..

That time of year

Today was the day for my yearly review at work. In the past, I've dreaded these conversations with my supervisors. I'm never quite sure why, since in all my years working, my reviews have never dropped below a good review. I've even had some outstanding reviews. Now in my old age, or maybe after all the years I've had on the job, I don't really pay much attention to the whole review process. Yes, I'll make my views known, and I will listen to any constructive criticism my supervisor has, but that is all I get out of it. I don't get super excited about excellent reviews, or down over the just good reviews. I imagine the only review that would bother me is a poor review, and I would hope I see that one coming before it happens. If I don't see it coming than I deserve the poor review.

I think another part of not paying too much attention to the whole review process, is that for the past 4 years, I haven't had my sounding board. I would talk with my wife about my self review and then again after the supervisor's review. This made the review, and my input to it more real (if that makes any sense??) This lack of discussion with someone who really knew me makes the whole thing seem like a dream. Maybe so, but then some of the last four years has a dreamlike quality (mostly the nightmare type). Such is life. After typing this, I feel that this may be a big part of my current

feelings.

In case anyone is interested, I had a good review.

A Day of Mini

Finally the snow has stopped (quick, where is some wood for knocking?!? Our snowblower has been put away, which is enough of a jinx, but add a comment like the above, and I'm asking for trouble!), and the weather is finally being cooperative enough for some outdoor fun. So this weekend had us taking in the first mini-golf game of the season with friends. Unless, of course, you count the mini-golfing we did in Florida in January, but I don't count that since in Florida the mini-golf is more like a distraction to the lizards hopping around the course and the captive alligators you can feed at our favorite mini-golf place in Orlando.

I did not do very well this weekend. Of the four of us actually playing (the kids futzed about the course), I came in last. I will blame it on my pregnancy bump – it's getting quite large lately and is throwing off my balance, not to mention my stamina. I was distracted by looking for a bench to sit on after every hole. Yeah, that's it, I can't mini-golf while pregnant. Nevermind all the practice I got on my computer this winter (see previous mini-golf posts of mine where I have links to (mostly) cool computer versions of mini-golf), I just can't mini-golf while pregnant. Oh, just kidding, I've done it before, it's no big deal and not that much different, just gotta swing around the bump. I just lost because I was rusty, and I didn't take my time putting. Besides that, my husband did extra well this time, and he usually comes in last, so last place had to go to someone. I

don't really care if I win or lose, for me, it's just about learning what the ball does in various situations, gaining that experience, and most importantly, having fun! I did win the mini-bowling we played afterwards though... I really want to get one of those for my basement. I've always liked bowling, and here is a way the physically impaired (as I am for a few months here) can still enjoy participating in the sport. Pipe dreams, of course... if I had that kind of money or space in my basement, I could think of a dozen better things to put down there... mostly animals...

But anyway, I looked for cool mini-golf shots on youtube, and I actually didn't see any... just a lot more people worse at mini-golf than I am who don't even realize it. But I did come across this pretty cool contraption at a mini-golf course in Colorado, check it out:

No Country For Old Men... When There's Yet ANOTHER Fog Day!!!

We stayed up late watching the Oscar winning movie, ["No Country for Old Men"](#) last night, so when the phone rang at 6 am this morning, my husband was overjoyed about the fog delay. I did not hear the phone at 6, nor did I hear the follow-up call at 8 saying school was cancelled for the day. I was up by 8:30, since that is the time we have our alarm set and my biological clock won't let me sleep past then for fear the alarm won't work and we'll be late for school. My husband was shutting off the alarm when I said, "We can't sleep too long cuz Disney has a doctor appointment at 9:30. Look at all those delays on the tv for Toledo. Wonder how we got spared?" Turns out, we did not, I just didn't hear the phone ringing and Hubby was wondering why I was taking it so well that we couldn't sleep in after all. I don't understand why it is that every time we have a doctor appointment scheduled for the morning, we have either a school delay or cancellation, meaning we can't sleep in even if we wanted to. And of course on these days, the kids always sleep in, whereas on the weekends, they're up at their usual 7am wake-up-for-school time. So now, they have yet ANOTHER day they have to make up in the summer, which brings them to July by now? Dunno, I've lost track.

And today's fog cancellation means we had to drag the entire family into the doctor's office for our 18 month-old's checkup – which did not go well. Remember how I said the kids were going to sleep in today? That means our 3-year-old, who is a stinker anyway, was not ready to get up, so she screamed from

the time she was dragged out of bed until we got called into the doctor's office. So of course, the chain reaction was set into motion. Seeing big sis so upset made Disney upset, and now she was screaming about everything the poor nurse and doctor were doing to her. All painless stuff too that normally would not have been a problem – SCREAM, measure her head (46.7 cm), SCREAM, measure her length (32.5 in. – tall for her age), SCREAM, weigh her (22 lbs. 14 oz. – normal for her age, but a little on the skinny side because she is long), SCREAM, look into her ears, SCREAM, have her walk across the room to Mom and Dad... well, actually, walk to big sis Taylor since she was upset with Mom and Dad for being accomplices to all the other horrors in the doctor's office. When it was finally over, she was better, and in the end, she didn't want to leave because she was really happy with a toy they had in the waiting room she was playing with while I was making her next torture date, err appointment. The good news is that Disney is exhausted from being so upset all morning, so I should get my nap today while she takes one... hopefully.

Also, staying up late last night to watch the Oscar winning movie was regrettable. I just didn't get it. I think I understood the movie, but not why it won 4 academy awards and got nominated for a bunch more. I liked other Coen Brothers movies too – [Fargo](#) is really good, but this one was not very good in my opinion, and my husband agreed. Just a story about a man who stumbles upon a crime scene and finds a ton of money, then he spends the rest of the movie trying to outrun the psychopath who is chasing him down for the money. I was pleasantly surprised to see [Tommy Lee Jones](#) in this movie, because I didn't know he was going to be in it and I always enjoy his work – from Two-Face in the 3rd Batman movie, [Batman Forever](#) to [Men in Black](#), to [Volcano](#) and [The Fugitive](#), he's a pretty good actor and always fun to watch – even in this movie, which I would officially classify as a waste of time. Sure, it wasn't nearly as bad as the other stinkers I've seen lately, like [the Night Listener](#) or [Doomsday](#), the standard bad

movies that I judge all bad movies by, but that's only because it wasn't as boring as the former and not as gory as the latter. Academy award winning movies are always a hit-or-miss as far as I'm concerned. I used to write them off, but when I started giving them a chance, I've actually enjoyed some, such as the aforementioned Fargo and [As Good as it Gets](#), to name a few. Now that I think of it, Coen brothers' movies are kind of hit and miss also. [Ladykillers](#) was just ok, Fargo was very good, [Big Lebowski](#) was average, I didn't care much for [O Brother Where Art Thou](#), and I'll have to see [Raising Arizona](#) again since it's been awhile, and I didn't realize it was a Coen brothers movie.

I think I will skip the other Oscar winners from 2007 – seemed like a slow year. I might be more open to nominees from other years past though... a friend borrowed us [Walk the Line](#), the Johnny Cash biopic. I'm not a huge [Reese Witherspoon](#) fan, but I do like Johnny Cash. Been trying to get Hubby to watch it with me, though I'm as yet unsuccessful even though he admitted we should have watched it last night instead of No Country for Old Men. Oh, well, now we have some Oscar-winning-film watching experience under our belt for future reference. YES – the baby is down for a nap, think I'll join her... and a side effect of the fog day, actually a GOOD one – no need to wake from my nap by 3:30 to pick up kids! Now if only the older 2 can settle down for an hour or more to give me peace and quiet..