

Letter - January 27, 2003

My Lady,

27 Jan 2003

I think I'll pass on something I've learned - Don't cross Julie. Remember the Christmas hamsters? Well, they are still at Andifer's, the original plan was for them to go back to the pet store when they were big enough. Now they are big enough but they are still there, Julie saw to that. She's a slick one.

Last week she bought a bunch of clear plastic hollow balls, I suspect they were made for this because they have little air holes and snap together. She put a hamster inside each one and set them on the floor, as the hamsters climbed up the sides the balls rolled. Soon plastic covered hamsters were rolling all over the house. The hamsters seem to love it, they can get the things moving pretty fast now - the cats love it -they push them around and jump on the balls - and Jerry absolutely loves it, he thinks they are the funniest thing he has ever seen. He actually turned off the television so it wouldn't distract us as he showed them to me (he physically has to close his eyes to stop laughing). These hamsters are home, they're not going anywhere now.

I have to admit, those rat powered balls rolling around are hysterical to watch. But Julie manipulating her Dad is the real show. Jerry doesn't stand a chance, I suspect some inborn talent of girls is at work here - but of course you already knew that.

The football game was disappointing. I watched part of it with Joyce, but got bored and came home just after the half time. The Raiders weren't doing so well and I began trying to remember. Years ago you and I went to a Raiders Superbowl victory party, it was fun meeting those guys, but looking at the team that played last night I was trying to remember. Do you think some of those same guys are still playing on the team?

Can I admit something? I never really enjoyed going to those Superbowl games. Oh, the meeting new people part was fun and exciting - but actually going to the games was more trouble than it was worth. Perhaps that's why over the years I've given away more tickets than I've used. Now, with that said, I have an idea for us. Next year let's watch the game in a sports bar - the kind with a big screen TV, snack food, and fans who don't really care who wins. One near a hotel - and we'll stay in the hotel, that way we can celebrate all we want.

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I will get us jerseys, one for each team playing, and we can make sexy bets on the game. Then go to the bar and try to divide the patrons into cheering sections by force of personality. I know that automatically puts me at a disadvantage, but I have to play against the best if I'm going to get better. We can party and cheer-lead until the games over, or we get tied of it, whichever comes first. Then go back to the hotel and pay off the bets. Oh yeah, that sounds like a plan to me.

But right now I have better start planning this week. It's fairly empty and I've got to "Make Something Happen". But these are just details on my way to a Superbowl date with you. Life gets good sometimes. Thinking about you girl.

Love,
Wayne