

Meat Tenderizing and Thunder

If you read this column at all then you know that things happen to me. Some things are good and some things are bad. Some things are funny and some things are scary. You decide which this one is.

On Sunday night, July 1st, it looked like a storm was heading our way so I gave Frank his ice cream (sugar free) and his two baby aspirin and went to check the cat (Maggie) on our side porch. I had to move her food and water dished up against the back wall of the porch. This porch is on the storm side of the house. I was in between the metal storm door and the wooden house bent over moving the dishes toward me when a gust of wind came up and slammed the door shut. WHOA!! Not good as it started pouring rain, lightning, and thundering and the wind was blowing all of this toward me.

I tried to get in the house but the door was locked. Oh, crap. Barefoot and in between two doors wasn't too good as there is more of me that wasn't fitting in this small space too well. I started pounding on the door window in between screams of fright as lightning cracked around me. No response to my violent pounding. Now I started pounding on the door--still no response. Frank was sitting on the couch in the front living room eating ice cream and watching "Bones." Sure, he's dry and comfy and I'm soaking wet and hysterical.

I spotted the piece of board that keeps Maggie's (the cat) kitty condo from blowing away. I could really pound on the door with that. And did I ever. Finally Frank heard me and came to check out the noise. Yay!! I'm saved.

I said, "Didn't you hear me pounding?" He replied with only an answer that a man would give.

He said, "I thought that you were in there pounding on a cube steak to tenderize it."

Oh, really? It's 9:30 at night and dinner had been over for hours. And I am sure that even he should know that I don't start Monday night's dinner on Sunday night.

Well, that's my latest excitement. Do you think that it's funny or not?

'Till next month,

Judy