

Baby it's cold outside, but I refuse to accept it

I am sitting in the Disney Wonder's adult lounge "The Cove" writing this to you. It is freezing, but I refuse to give up hope of seeing the sun I saw on the cruise's marketing DVD. So, instead of breaking down and shelling out \$50 for a cheesy, yet cozy, Disney sweatshirt, I walked around all day in my "Caribbean wear," which is my swimsuit, cover-up and flip-flops—it's 61 degrees outside right now.

We were unable to land at Castaway Cay, Disney's private island, today due to inclement weather. We will go tomorrow instead. The word from a chatty employee who was "guarding" the Captain Jack Sparrow line—which is a thankless job—is that usually we would normally just skip the island altogether and just have another day at sea, but Roy Disney, Jr. is on board. According to chatty line guarder, they have only come back to the island one time—ever. I suppose BEING a Disney has its perks.

So, thanks Roy, Jr. Skipping the island would have been a heartless move—though, I am sure, clearly detailed in my five-page Disney contract.

"Baby it's cold outside" by Ray Charles and Betty Carter (my favorite version of this song)