

# Skywatch Orange County: Mickey confetti



Disneyland really is filled with magic moments, you just have  
to know where to look.

"It's magic, I know. Never believe it's not so."

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For SkyWatch Friday. If you would just love to see what the  
sky looks like from all over the world, go here. Hundreds of  
people do each week.

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## Spooktacular fun at Mickey's Trick or Treat Party

Disney invited local mom bloggers out to Mickey's Trick or  
Treat Party at California Adventure. My family and I are  
Disneyland annual pass holders and go to the parks about once  
a month, but haven't ever gone to this special event. The kids  
got all dressed up—Troy Boulton & girlish pirate—and we made  
the fifteen minute trip to the park.

Despite Disney's insistence on promoting candy corn—the  
foulest candy ever made—we all had a spooktacular time. A  
frightfully sinisterlacious experience. (One more...) It was  
scary fun. It's sure to become a family tradition, like ice  
cream on Christmas morning.

Holding desperately to the belief that my videos are entertaining and unable to keep it under the optimal two and half minutes, I made this 3:30 minute video about the night. Yes, I talk about the confection crime that is candy corn, and yes, it includes '80s music.

\*\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE ALL COVERT OFFICE BLOG READERS\*\*\*\* The first 20 seconds of this video starts off loud (!) with raucous music. Take a minute and turn down your volume and take a quick peek over your shoulder to make sure coast is clear...

I'll wait...

...Okay, now enjoy.

Mickey's Trick or Treat at California Adventure from Suzanne Broughton on Vimeo.

Can I just say that my favorite part of this video is the end when I show clips of adults dressed in costume. There is a man dressed like Winnie the Pooh (Who I love—BTW) and I call his name “Pooh!” “Pooh!” “Winnie the Pooh!” and he finally answers, “Yes, sorry, hi.” Maybe you had to be there—so funny. I'm pretty fond of that clown, too.

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## Today's Snapshot: House for sale in Storybook Land



**HOUSE FOR SALE:** Rustic, waterfront home in the historic Storybook Land neighborhood in the heart of Disneyland. New roof freshly raked on every morning. Clever, energy-producing

waterwheel will save \$\$ . Granite counters in kitchen. Easement with Alice for easy access to Rabbit Hole. Watch Disneyland fireworks from front deck, back deck, kitchen, bedroom...Must see to appreciate peculiar charm. Taking all offers, seller relocating to Storybook Land, Paris. Bring your fussiest, smallest buyers.

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## Today's Snapshot: The Majesty of Coke



Disneyland understands my unswerving alliance to Coke

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## Today's Snapshot: My favorite game on Main Street



Bowling man at the Penny Arcade, Disneyland

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# The final numbers on our Disney cruise



Bummer, I wasn't able to post a single thing during our family's vacation on the Disney Cruise in the Caribbean. So now I have WAY too much to tell you. I will spare you and sum it all up like this: I would highly recommend you take your family someday.

It was everything you would expect from Disney—well organized, jammed-packed with activities for kids and adults alike, clean and safe, and had a few surprises tucked away here and there. Like this on deck pirate party which turned these mild-mannered Orange County housewives into swaggering, plundering scalawags—except for me. I didn't get the memo on dressing like a pirate. I was more J.Crew than D. Jones. Arr!

Here are the final numbers for our vacation:

**6** pounds gained (*First thing in the morning, not a stitch on—the only sensible way to weigh yourself.*)

**16** number of times my kids stepped on my toes

**3** times I was kissed by Minnie Mouse

**0** minutes I spent reading the book I brought

**4** number of times I cried out of pure joy watching my kids have fun

**11** inches that my husband's feet stuck out of the incy wincy bed in our cabin

**7** number of times I took a picture and thought "That is totally going to be our Christmas card picture."

**\$49** price of a Castaway Cay (*Disney's private island*) sweatshirt I said I would wear when I workout or just kicking around the house

0 realistic guess of number of times I will probably ever wear it again

2 minutes before boarding the bus to the ship that Ben fell, hit his head on a cement fountain and got a bump on his forehead the size of a large goose egg

4,325 loads of dirty laundry I have to do now (*DISCLAIMER: This might be a slight exaggeration fueled by my hatred of doing laundry*)

I promise I will now stop talking about the cruise—not another word about it.

**We had so much fun on the Disney Cruise!** Okay, seriously, that's it.

See ya real soon!

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## Kickin' it Disney style



Well, we arrived in Florida yesterday for our Disney vacation. Yes, we made it!

No matter how much you prepare for an airplane ride with young kids—sugar-infused snacks, Leapsters, iPods loaded with audio children's books, even surprise teeny, tiny army men—it is just against all laws of nature to expect a kid to sit for hours, quietly and orderly in such a small space.

At least that's the case for my kids. I have more of a chance of licking the moon than getting Ben (my four-year-old boy) to not play with the seat tray in front of him—it's like a cruel form of child torture to put

something so alluring and, well, awesome in front of him for a trip across the country without letting him mess with it.

By means of either heavy medication or an act of God, the woman in the seat in front of him slept through the entire flight. But the fear of Ben smashing his tray down, rousing her awake, and the shaming glare that would follow kept me from ever fully reclining in my seat the whole trip.

I would love to stay and chat, but we have just ordered the movie "Enchanted" and I have been dying to see it. I just wanted to say one more thing about traveling on planes with kids...more of a suggestion really.

I think the airlines should hand every mom a medal or award as she disembarks the plane—if all members of the family have survived, that is. I can just see it: as I walk down the jetway, waving to the roaring crowd of admirers, I say, modestly, "I would like to thank my mom for helping me achieve this award. She taught me everything I know about patience."

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## **Moms of the Caribbean: The curse of having to wear a swimsuit in March**

My family and I are setting sail on The Disney Cruise this Thursday. The cruise is a gift for my fortieth birthday ...so mature of me, I know. I am an unabashed Disney freak (See [Proof Here](#)) and my husband and three other families have indulged me.

Our kids are beside themselves with anticipation, "How many days now, Mom?" They can't wait to jump into that Mickey-shaped pool (shhh, me either.)

Going on this cruise has pressed me (and my three girlfriends) into the most unnatural and humbling thing imaginable—shopping for a swimsuit in March. I won't give you the gory details, just the winning suit. This one from Athleta.

They are so sweet to us moms there at Athleta. They offer the much-loved and appreciated "tankini" with almost every suit and the beloved swim skirt, too. Their suits cover all the (um) essentials and don't require the usual tugging and adjusting you get from your standard J.Crew get-up. Plus, ordering a bathing suit from the internet allows you to try it on at home, in non-brutal lighting, as God intended.

I'll admit, I have been agonizing just a little about how I will look in the aforementioned suit, but dieting just before a cruise is kind of like cleaning your house right before you have your entire family—kids, dogs and all—over for Christmas. It's totally futile. All your efforts will be totally blown in the first ten minutes. Why bother, really? Besides, I'm there to have fun, not to seduce Goofy.

But, I will admit I do really want to get a picture of Mickey and me, just as the sun is setting into the sea. (I told you...FREAK!)


Don't fret, I will be able to post to The Mom Blog from the ship. Be prepared for a boatload (sorry had to do it) of pictures of me and my maties (ouch, that's the last one) on The Disney Wonder.

My, I did ramble today. Too much Diet Coke does that to me.

*\*\*Note about me\*\*I don't post pictures of my kids on the internet, but you can take my word for it, they are adorable. My husband and I made this rule when I first started blogging and I think it is a prudent one, given all the despicable creeps in the world. Oh, but they are so cute...*

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# I Want To Be A Pre-Peeled Orange Mom

Another blissful day at Disneyland yesterday (read about my  love for Disneyland Here.) You know you are dialed-in to the “Mom” scene of Orange County when you run into more than two people you know at Disneyland—which I did. (pictured right, Lisa, Nicole, Jana and Jill)

While there, I was intrigued by a mom who stood in front of me in line. She pulled out of her well-stocked backpack a pre-peeled orange in a baggie. This was the snack she had the forethought, energy and time to prepare before heading off to Disneyland. Who are these moms? I want to be a pre-peeled orange mom. I did throw a whole orange in my backpack which was immediately crushed and forgotten for a Disney kid’s meal.

(psst.. Disneyland...“Holiday” decorations in January are not magical anymore—just creepy.)

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# It Was A Blustery Day At Disneyland

I am a Disneyland person. There are three types of people in Orange County, those who love it, those who don’t and those who only like it on a perfect day. I am firmly in the first mouse-eared camp. I know you are thinking, hoping, crossing your fingers, that I am not one of “those” people who wear



their annual pass around their neck, filled with pins from past visits and an upgrade the price of a small designer dog. Well, sorry to spring this on you...



(Notice Winnie the Pooh Themed Pins.)

Larry, my husband, and I even have matching Disneyland jackets, but he swears we got them under duress, in a weather emergency (but you and I know we don't have weather emergencies in California). Needlessly ashamed, he won't wear it anywhere but inside the park.

Once, we had to stop for gas on the way home from a gleeful visit and he wouldn't get out of the car until he took it off. (Now picture humongous Larry, struggling with a bright yellow pullover jacket in the front seat of my Volvo. He really hates that jacket!)

I went to Disneyland last Wednesday with friends. It was one of those perfect Disney Days: blustery, but not cold; uncrowded, we walked on every ride; and tantrum free, both kids and adults. (I'm sure I just brutalized the punctuation on this.)

It was decked-out in all of its ~~Christmas~~ Holiday glory and looked, well, magical, darn it!



I am far too tired to get in to my long, involved relationship with Winnie-the-Pooh, but let's just say, I still love him, even though he is a total sell-out.



(Back when Pooh was still street: Original illustration by the

amazing, under-rated, grumpy, E.H. Shepard)