

Note to self: Don't ever mention my feature in The Register again

I almost forgot to tell this story.

I was at Chick's today looking for a Roller Skating helmet—which they seem to like to call a skateboarding helmet (notice no caps for skateboarding)—and I asked the man working there what kind of helmet I would need for Roller Derby.

He then said...*hold on...It's replaying in my head in slow motion...like a movie...* “Well, I just read a feature about Roller Derby in the OC Register and the pictures showed the girls wearing helmets...” At this point it's all a little foggy, but, I'm pretty sure I two-hand shoved him. I'm certain I touched him in some way. Maybe with just a hard poke on his chest and then I squealed, “I wrote that!”

He was very, very disappointingly unimpressed. I expected at least a small nod and a fresh accolade, but he just said, “Really?” And then kind of rubbed his chest where I most defiantly did poke him.

Later as I spastically tried to call my husband in front of the dressing rooms he said, “I showed that article to my wife and she...” I interrupted, “You showed it to your wife? Does she roller skate? Did she like it?”

Obviously sorry he brought it up again he handed me some things I wanted to try on and shut the dressing room door on me.

Did you ever know you are annoying someone, but feel totally powerless to stop yourself? It was like that. But, made way

better than that because he brought up something I wrote. *I'm doing it right now, aren't I?*

I promise, this is the last time I will bring up the Roller Derby article. Totally moving on...

On a related topic, (but not exactly talking about “you know what” again) I got these pom-poms from my husband for our anniversary last week.



You can get a pair for yourself or someone you love at RollerGirl.