

I didn't sport a feather boa



Here I am at the Ducks game last week. I'm wearing the pink Ducks' jersey my brother gave me and I'm hugging a Duck. My prediction at the end of last year has come partially true: I'm wearing a big Ducks' jersey, but it doesn't say "Ducks Chick" on the back and I didn't sport a feather boa. So, I haven't gone completely over to the other side.

Haven't a clue what I'm talking about? Here's what I wrote at the end of last season:

Hockey-me vs. Girl-me

I was utterly blissful sitting in our borrowed seats at the Honda Center—The Ramones blaring, Ruby's tri-tip slider perched on my lap, and oh, yes, my big orange foam finger patiently waiting for the first goal...

Throughout the game I found myself locked in an internal dialog that pitted my new-found hockey me (my masculine self) against my girl me. Kind of like when you see a little devil on one shoulder of some poor conflicted soul and then a little angel on the other. Neither of my "me's" is good or bad, just indifferent to the other's point of view.

It went down something like this:

Girl-me: Oh no, that tri-tip must be a gazillion calories.

Hockey-me: Frick! Is that horseradish mayonnaise?

Girl-me: Is anyone going to clean up that blood on the ice? Someone is going to slip and fall...

Hockey-me: Drat! Blood? I missed it, what happened?

Girl-me: That's it Perry, playing well is your best recourse. Nice shot.

Hockey-me: Make them pay, Perry!

Girl-me: I think I will ask this nice gal in line at the women's restroom about the rules of the game.

Hockey-me: I think I'll just react with the crowd-scream insults, look peeved and motion fiercely toward the ref-find out what the deal is later on Adam Brady's Blog.

Girl-me: Oh, I hope his wife isn't watching.

Hockey-me: He totally deserved that body check.

Girl-me: I don't want Ben (our four-year-old son) to ever play hockey.

Hockey-me: I want Ben to be the best hockey player that ever lived!

It was an exhausting night, as you can imagine, with all the quarreling and posturing between the two "me's." It's going to get brutal next season when hockey-me insists on wearing a Ducks' Jersey with "Ducks' Chick" sewn onto the back and a bright orange and black feather boa around my neck.

See you next year, Ducks! I still love you! Get some rest, maybe take some time for yourself to reflect. Treat yourself to a massage. (That's girl me talking, alright.)

Now you're all caught up!