

The (more) Real(istic) Housewives of Orange County

I'm not a fan of the show The Real Housewives of Orange County which is in its fourth season on Bravo. Now, *being* a Real Housewife of Orange County you would think I would be eagerly watching every week to see what "we" are up to, but I can't stomach their horrific advice they give their kids, their inane banter, and heel heels heels...all those high heels.

It's not that I think they misrepresent Orange County Housewives. I know plenty of gals just like them.

My girlfriends and I are a different breed of Orange County Housewife; sometimes unkempt and unpowdered, with younger kids and nicer husbands.

Here are some scenes and excerpts from OUR "Housewives (HW) of Orange County":

—HW hastily throws Michael's receipt out the window of speeding SUV before her husband finds out she spent \$75 on ribbon.

—HW talking crossly to fellow HW about where to take the kids for the day, "If we go to Fashion Island, there is the carousal, the koi pond, the train and we can eat at Red Robin for lunch." Other HW shoots back, "Yes, but if we go to The Spectrum, there is the ferris wheel, the carousel, the train and we can eat lunch at Red Robin." This is what we call an "OC Housewife Standoff." (It really makes absolutely no difference who wins.)

—HW scolding herself in her mind as she is stuck in traffic, "I knew I shouldn't have taken the 55, now I'll never make "pick up."

-HW thinks to herself, "If the cashier at Trader Joe's calls me Ma'am one more time, I'm going to key his Ford Bronco."

-HW frantically talking to her husband as he speeds home on a Friday night, "Hurry, if we don't get to Wasa by 6:00, we're screwed."

-HW shrieks in horror upon hearing the tuition of "Lu" High.

-HW wakes in a fit of panic and screams as she realizes, "Oh no, our Disneyland Deluxe Annual Passports expired yesterday!"

-HW overheard complaining to fellow HW in school parking lot, "If I have to tell my husband one more time that going to the dentist is not "me time," I am going to throw him in our new Pebble Tec pool with cascading waterfall."

-One HW asks another HW over a Cafe Vanilla at The Bean, "Exactly WHERE is Cota de Casa?"



(Me, Jill, Jana, Vicki and Ericka...no wait, that's not right...)



(Right, good, here we are, Vicki, me, Jill, Jana and Ericka at the The ArtBar ...much better.)

This is a re-post of something I wrote last year. I'm on a trip up the coast of California. Talk to you on Monday, Suz