

Hockey Me vs. Girl Me at The Ducks Game on Friday Night



My husband and I were lucky enough to be given tickets to the Duck's playoff game on Friday night. I know! This was my second hockey game (read the article I wrote for the Orange County Register about my first game [HERE](#)) and the game continues to swoon.

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: Why can't they still be called "The Mighty Ducks?" It was so paradoxical and ironic. *(Wait, that's the "writer me" talking. Shoo, go read something...you're embarrassing me!)*

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. It's going to get brutal next season when hockey me insists on wearing a humongous 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 message. *(That's girl me talking, alright.)*