Intervention?

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Just for the record, I have never thought of myself as an addictive personality. Okay, yeah, there was the cigarette thing, for which I blame my college (in those days, the 50's, they let cigarette companies give out freebies in the dorms. We all became addicted to Marlboros, along with playing bridge and knitting argyle socks for our boyfriends. Later we wised up and quit it all, even in most cases the boyfriends.)

Booze? Nah, never caught on with me. I still buy wine by the label rather than the vineyard or the year. A gold-embossed castle carries a lot of weight for me in terms of wine selection. Or I go for the whimsical name: Fat Bastard has an appeal, as does Roo's Leap. And still, castle, bastard, or roo: I often leave half a glass to be tossed out by the waiter.p

Gambling? Porn?p Yawn: don't think so. p But this week (and presumably next, as well) I am addicted to the Olympics. And I don't know why. p I am not an athlete, never have been. I gave birth to two athletes: (one son: captain of his college baseball team, the other son: tennis team) but the giving-birth part (and the driving to lessons and games when they were young) was my only physical involvement. Now I drag myself to my gym reluctantly twice a week but this morning let a mild snowstorm cause me to cancel.
p

Nothing, however, seduces me into canceling my evening in Vancouver. Last night was the Westminster Dog Show---and everyone knows I'm a dog nut---but I flipped the channel over briefly just to watch the Tibetan Terrier and then was right back to Snowboard Cross and Men's Moguls. p

At other, more normal, times of year, I think a double axel is a car part and a toe pick is a tool for a pedicurist pp But now I am obsessively interested in people with names like Bode and Shani and Pang Qing.

And it extends beyond the athletes. I worry about the fact that Peggy Fleming seems to have Od'ed on cosmetic surgery, and I am very concerned about Dick Button's feet, which appear oddly chunky and ill-shod (I fear he damaged them years ago doing twizzles).p

In preparation for the withdrawal I know is on the horizon, I am admitting my powerlessness over this. I am preparing to apologize to those I have short-changed (like Martin, who used to get a full-fledged dinner in the evenings).

I will make amends. pBut not until after the closing ceremony.

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Tags: Untagged