

## Busted . . .

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### By BECKY ANDREWS

I freely admit a reality show addiction. Not of the 'Dancing with the Stars' or 'Big Brother' or even 'Survivor' type reality. Nope, my shows aren't that classy. In fact, there's not even a cash prize awaiting some of these folks. Just a lifelong reminder of how they behaved- good or bad- forever in minds of America.

It started innocent enough. The very first season of 'The Real World' started airing my freshman year of college. While I watched the show occasionally, it wasn't until the second season of the MTV franchise that I would make sure my class schedule didn't interfere with the latest episode. My roommates and I would loudly discuss each episode. Throughout the week leading up to the next installment, we'd discuss how we thought it should play out.

I was clean for years but then one day as I was folding laundry I caught the tail end of an episode of a brand new reality series, The Real Housewives of Orange County. At first I was appalled. These plastic women looked nothing like housewives I knew. They had trainers, Botox parties, homes as big as some mini malls and of course they had 'help' to make sure their home was properly maintained. And these housewives were sporting enough silicon to supply inserts to Victoria's Secret entire fall line of push up bras. It was a sad display and I pitied those women.

So much so that I began religiously tuning in every week. I reasoned that everyone deserves a little Botox and silicon in life even if it's indirectly through cable. Before long Angel and I were discussing these women as if they sat in the carpool lanes with us during pick up. This was an even sadder display.

When New York City entered the Real Housewives franchise all bets were off. My friends and sisters (and a few of those friends' husbands) were all addicted. But I took it one step further, I started reading their blogs (I know, I'm a loser). My secret was safe until one day when I was telling Angel about how Bethany and Jill are no longer best friends because they apparently had a falling out over the summer.

She said, "Where did you hear that?" Before I could think up a believable lie like, 'Well, Bethany told me' I blurted out, 'It's on her blog, duh!' Initially she balked but I knew the following week when Angel told me she heard Bethany was pregnant that she'd been reading those blogs too.

When you find out someone you know watches these shows it's like you've found a long lost relative. I was getting my eyebrows waxed last week and the technician and I were talking about how we both couldn't wait for the Real Housewives DC reunion. I asked her assistant if she watched it and she said she only watched Jersey Shore. She asked if I watched it and I softly said, "NO! I watched it once for a few minutes. It was just awful. I mean the only nice one is Pauly D. I think Sammie is the cutest girl.

But what about The Situation? I can't stand him or Snooki. She's a mess. And why are they so hard on Angelina. I can't believe she left the show. I think Ronnie is on steroids. What is with the GTL. I get the gym and tanning but why don't they get a washing machine and dryer at home? What's so cool about the laundry mat?" When I finished with my little commentary, I looked up and noticed both women looking at me in disbelief.

OK, I'll admit I've watched more than one episode of Jersey Shore but **I DO NOT** read their blogs (because I can't find them online).

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