

Equal Time

Posted on Dec 30, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

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Growing up, the men in my family did not watch much football. We were a soccer family. My father played on an adult team and coached my elementary school team. My brother was such a good player that he won a college soccer scholarship and was the captain of his college team. My dad was so proud! But even so, none of us were nuts about soccer. It was just the sport that fit our “short statured” family the best.

Every once in a while, you would find my dad and brother watching a European soccer match on one of the satellite stations. When they watched it, my mom and I were certainly allowed to talk to them and if we were going out, my dad would simply turn it off and we would walk out the door.

My husband, on the other hand, who usually is an even tempered man – goes completely insane if you interrupt his football game. So much so, that it ticks me off.

I learned two things about football very soon into my marriage. Number 1 - when the little clock on bottom of the screen says 5 minutes left – the little clock is lying! 5 minutes in football time is 25 minutes in human time. I have missed many a dinner out or movie because those 5 minutes drag on and on.

Number 2 - if you interrupt my husband while he is watching a game – he takes it personally. Which I find to be a serious flaw in his personality! So much so, that I will do it just so I can tell him that he needs counseling. To which he responds: stop talking to me; no, we can't watch this together as a couple activity; you are blocking the screen; if I miss this play I am going to hate you forever; can you make me some Rotel?

I never could understand his bizarre fascination with the game nor why he turned into a junkie right before my eyes whenever it was on. That is...until I found my own "addiction"

Two years ago a television show called Housewives of Orange County premiered. It's a reality show that follows the lives of several super rich, super mean women in California. The show was such a hit, it was followed by the Housewives of New York and the Housewives of Atlanta.

From the first episode, I was hooked. Luckily the show comes on at 9 p.m. So each and every Tuesday evening, I make sure everyone is tucked in their beds promptly at 8. I then begin the preparations. Depending on my mood, I'll either pop popcorn and grab a soda or else cookies and milk. I then get all comfy on the sofa and usually start my - one person party - by watching re-runs of last week's show in anticipation for the new 9 o'clock episode. I literally count down the minutes.

At about 9:02, just when it's starting, my husband will walk in.

What are you watching? He says – knowing good and well what I am watching.

Don't bother me – my show is on.

Can we watch it together?

No – leave me alone. And these cookies are mine – get your own.

Lets talk about our relationship

There for a minute, I think maybe, just maybe, I should play his little game. I've got tivo and he is a complete amateur at the game of marital manipulation. But, the pull to see this new episode is too great - even to toy with him.

I pause my show and turn to him and say – if I miss this show I will literally take your favorite Dallas Cowboy sweatshirt and burn it.

He pretends to be shocked and says – When you are ready to talk about how we can grow as a couple – come see me. Until then, I'm going ponder your hurtful words while having some Rotel and watching Sportscenter in the other room.

He walks away – thinking he has won. Little does he know that at exactly 10:02, I'll be taking him up on his offer.

Touchdown!

Telling Tales □

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard.

They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column “Telling Tales” and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own “tales.” They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com

You can read Angel and Becky's weekly column on-line at www.wilsonpost.com under the Style section.

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