

100 things:

1. I have too many hobbies.
2. Almost all of them require specialized equipment, often very bulky specialized equipment.
3. My two favorite active, outdoorsy hobbies are kayaking and scuba diving.
4. This is likely to change at ANY moment, but has been true for almost two years now. I think that might be a record. But three years ago, all I could talk about was running, so be warned.
5. I learned to knit in high school, but gave it up when someone convinced me that crocheting was “better” because there was only one live stitch at any given moment. Secretly, I now think that person was silly and a tiny bit lame.
6. I picked it up again last year when shopping for knitting-related gifts for my sister-in-law, and have now become obsessed. So obsessed that I have all but given up my second passion: books.
7. I love books. I love them so much that I have a ridiculously, embarrassingly hard time letting them go once I have them.
8. I will not tell you how many boxes of books we moved last summer when we bought our house, but let’s just say that it required an alphabetized, numbered box inventory.
9. Or maybe that’s more about me than it is about the number of books I have.
10. Yes, my CD’s are also alphabetized, as are the spices in my spice rack, which is huge.
11. Back when I lived alone, so were my medicine cabinet and my pantry.
12. Don’t ask about the yarn stash. You don’t want to know.
13. I am a foodie, but not a food snob.
14. I love to cook.
15. I love it so much that I had my own personal chef business before I moved to Boston.
16. However, I hate to do dishes. Having a dishwasher made that chore almost bearable, but now that I am sans dishwasher, I may never cook a real meal again.
17. I also collect cookbooks. Yes, they had their own separate inventory. (See #8)
18. I have two ferrets: Peanut and Wolfgang.
19. I have two cats: Empress Josephine and General Napoleon. They know themselves only as Josie and Leon. Thank heavens for that, because otherwise they might think they have the right to run our lives.
20. I love cats and always had lots of them when I was growing up.
21. I’m fairly seriously allergic to cats, and almost distressingly allergic to dogs.
22. Those last two things were not a good combination for me in my early years.
23. I was sick a LOT.
24. 10 years ago I gave up trying to have cats in my life. It was heartbreaking.
25. Then came the new generation of allergy meds. I’m pretty sure I take them all on a daily basis.
26. I am not being the least bit overly dramatic when I say that they have absolutely changed my life and not just because of the cats.
27. I have run a half-marathon. Well, two, actually. I know that’s not as cool as a marathon, but for a girl that used to smoke a fair bit and was allergic to everything, this was mind-blowing.
28. I was well on my way to the marathon, but then I got distracted. (See #'s 3 & 4)
29. I love randomness. I’m totally OK with random, mismatched, self-striping yarn, and I love the wheel-o-beerfortune at one of my local restaurants.
30. No, I don’t always like the beer, but who cares? Totally worth it.
31. I watch very little TV, and could probably be completely happy if there wasn’t one in my house. As a matter of fact, I lived quite happily without a TV for over 2 years before I met my husband.
32. When I do watch TV, it’s usually dorky stuff like Nova, Frontline, the History channel, the Science channel, Discovery, Public TV, or (sometimes) the Sci-Fi network.
33. I mostly hate network TV, especially “reality” TV, and the only series that I’m able to fully commit myself to are The Sopranos, and the new Battlestar Gallactica.
34. We bought an old house last fall and are in the process of renovations – starting with building a whole new bathroom from scratch.
35. The very first thing I did upon buying this house? Get myself some cats.
36. The very second thing? Painted the living room RED. I love, love, love a red living room.
37. One day it will be home to all of our books.
38. I guess then we will have to call it our Library.
39. I hate to get up, and am terrible in the mornings.
40. Seriously.
41. I refuse to be held responsible for anything I say or do in the first hour of the day, and would prefer to be invisible, deaf, and mute until I’ve had coffee.
42. I hate to shop, and do not understand the concept of shopping as an activity unto itself.
43. I believe that the internet was created for the sole purpose of relieving me from the utter misery of having to “go shopping”. If Peapod had better variety, I’d do all my grocery shopping online too. Hear me Whole Foods! Let me shop online and I will forever be your slave!

44. That is not to say that I have anything against consuming. I'm a very happy consumer.
45. I'm perfectly content to spend all of my money now and die a destitute old bat with 500 cats, 500 lbs of yarn, and not a scrap of human food in my house, much less a retirement fund or an "estate".
46. I'm also fairly certain that's how it would go for me if I was alone.
47. Thankfully my responsibility to remain relatively sane and solvent for my husband's sake keeps me in line, mostly.
48. Statement # 43 is completely null and void in the presence of yarn, fiber, scuba gear, kayaks, kitchen gadgets, and all books relating to said items.
49. I buy things like clothing in groups to minimize my shopping excursions. So if I find a shirt or slacks that I like and look decent on me, I will buy it in every color they offer and double up on the black ones.
50. It's a little like adult Garanimals, and also pays off for me while trying to dress myself in the morning.
51. I hate mornings. Did I mention that already?
52. I'm a little compulsive and a little obsessive.
53. Sometimes to a fault. For instance, if I want to make soap, I can't just go to the craft store, grab some melt-n-pour soap noodles. I have to get the most in-depth book I can (or 5), read up on it, scour half a dozen grocery stores for actual lye AND a grocer who will give me a bunch of gross meat trimmings to render down into clean tallow, and absolutely start from scratch. Hell, I'd probably drip water through ashes for my lye if I were A) patient enough (see #75), and B) not already cramming my head full of stuff for the very next hobby/obsession.
54. I grew up in Atlanta, GA.
55. When I was 10, I attended "Charm School". We all did. All of us girls, that is. Yes, it's a Southern thing. Should you ever need to know, I can tell you the exact way to get in and out of a car for any given social situation.
56. I have the best husband ever.
57. He's an aerospace engineer. Yes, that is indeed a "rocket scientist". I don't know why, but that's just adorable to me.
58. We met in Atlanta in 1996.
59. I proposed to him on Valentine's Day 1999.
60. At first he said no, but we were married 7 weeks later in a magical outdoor crawfish boil/wedding party with our friends and family surrounding us.
61. Despite the casual setting of our wedding, we still wore fancy wedding duds.
62. Except that I went barefoot.
63. He designed my wedding band and had it made to order. Yes, in less than 7 weeks. Crazy, huh?
64. I'm glad I held out for the right man.
65. For the getting married part, people. Sheesh, I was 31 after all. What were you thinking?
66. He is also very, very patient. This is an amazingly good match because, well, I'm not only not patient, I'm often downright insane.
67. I hate being hot and/or sticky, and will never, ever miss the heat and humidity of my home town.
68. When complaining about being hot (which I may have mentioned I hate) the length and number of syllables in the word hot increase in direct proportion to how hot and uncomfortable I am. Luckily, this is mostly humorous to most of my friends.
69. The temperature at which you're likely to start hearing complaints is somewhere between 80 and 85 degrees.
70. I do not like being in the sun, but love, love, love the ocean and the beach.
71. I start to develop a lobster-colored burn within something like 10 minutes of unprotected exposure.
72. Not that I EVER leave my house without sunscreen.
73. Except, of course, when on vacation near the equator and I lose my mind at the sight of crystal clear, warm, Caribbean water and fling myself onto the reef for an hour before remembering that such a substance exists.
74. Sometimes, despite my best efforts, I'm a dumbass.
75. Patience is most decidedly not one of my virtues.
76. I have a serious weakness for baked sweets, especially cookies.
77. A bar of chocolate can hang in my house for weeks without me even noticing, but for the love of God, don't ever stand between me and a fudgy brownie or a box of Thin Mints.
78. You won't win.
79. Sometimes I look down and realize I'm standing on a soap box.
80. I like to think of myself as a practical person.
81. I'm not sure that it's true.
82. I also like to think of myself as an organized person.
83. Most of the time I'm pretty sure that's true.
84. I used to think of myself as frugal, but now realize that I was just uber-poor and thus frugal by necessity rather than by nature.
85. I can be a wee bit impulsive.
86. I prefer to say that I am good at making quick, decisive choices.
87. I have been known to swear.
88. I hate to have to re-discuss any sort of decision more than once. It feels like an absolute waste of everyone's time. Just decide and get on with it.

89. When accomplishing a given task, I like to have a plan. "Plan your work and work your plan" makes me a very happy girl. In the absence of a plan, I will assume that I get "down time".
90. When just hanging out/relaxing/vacationing though, plans offend me.
91. This is probably why, no matter how much I want to take a bike-tour of Italy, I will never be able to actually take one. Too planned out=stressful=not really a vacation.
92. I must have darkness for sleeping. I'm talking cave-dark.
93. I live in a city, though, so instead I have a sleeping mask.
94. I also have to have some background "white noise", thus there is a fan running in my bedroom 24/7/365.
95. Sometimes I get inordinately upset over fairly smallish things and no amount of talking to myself about it will make me less upset. I hate this about myself.
96. It's best to simply ignore me when I'm upset because, honey, if I can't talk myself down, you sure as hell can't, and if you try I'm likely to do something childish, which embarrasses me, and then I'm only that much more upset.
97. Luckily, for some bizarre reason that I refuse to analyze (lest it stop working), nothing fixes this childishness faster than some Rage against the Machine or Nine Inch Nails. Why do these cheer me up rather than make me more angry? Don't know. Don't care.
98. Despite having been born in the country and growing up in the suburbs, I am, at heart, a city girl. I like that 5 miles seems very far away to me now.
99. That does not stop me from loving the outdoors and wilderness camping, backpacking, and, one day, expedition kayaking.
100. Nor does it stop me from having a bit of a self-sufficiency fetish, hence the intermittant obsessions with gardening, canning, sewing, soapmaking, homebrewing and the like.