

(continued from website link)

... steakhouse EVER. Texas de

Brazil. Seriously. I loved steak when I was younger, but sort of lost interest in red meat through my teens and early twenties. I can honestly say that this restaurant is what reignited my love of red meat. Anyway, I'll write more about Texas de Brazil in my next blog, since I will be going there this weekend!

One thing that I have always noticed in Texas is how friendly the people are. Really, people are just nicer there. They are also a lot more patient. I realize that things are much faster and more rushed around home, which may explain the differences between people. But I just can't get over it - people in Texas are really nice. Don't get me wrong, I meet nice people everywhere I go, but in Texas they just seem happier and more friendly.

So, last weekend I worked in Houston. Once again I had the pleasure of spending a good amount of my early morning in the Philadelphia airport security line. Even though I've come to expect this it still irks me. There just doesn't seem to be a reason for it. See, I need to go to Texas and learn patience. :) Since I also have a habit of picking the slowest line once the big security line breaks into multiple smaller lines, I was happy to have someone in front of me that gave me insider tips on which line to pick...haha. I listened to him, and it did work. We totally beat the other line by a few people.

Oh and while I'm thinking of it, here are my other problems with airport stuff. First of all, if they are going to make everyone take off their shoes to go through security, maybe they should put more than 4 chairs within the first 100 feet after you get through security. Just a thought. Maybe people trying to shove their shoes back on while standing at the end of security where your bags come out is what is holding up the line.

My other beef, at least with Philadelphia's airport, is that sometimes they schedule flights so early that not a single store is open. Since you can't bring drinks through security, I am ridiculously thirsty by the time I get to the gate. But alas, there is no where to buy a drink. Not even a little stand that just sells drinks. I know I am an unusually thirsty person, but seriously. Help me out here.

Okay, okay, so back to Houston. I was flying from Philadelphia to Houston with a layover in Atlanta. Paul worked with us against this weekend. He was flying in from Detroit, but also had the Atlanta layover and we took the same flight to

Houston. When I was in Philly, I changed my seats on both flights. Paul changed his seat for the Atlanta to Houston flight when he was in Atlanta (before I got there). Somehow we ended up sitting next to each other. Crazy.

The layover in Atlanta was entertaining. Paul was already at the gate when I got there. We spent a few minutes talking, then I went to the bathroom. When I came back from the bathroom, Stevie Wonder was sitting in my seat. Okay, so it wasn't actually Stevie Wonder, but it may as well have been. It took me a few glances to decide that it definitely wasn't him. Paul started dozing off shortly after I got back from the bathroom, at which point some dude in a camo hat and camo jacket stared at Paul for an uncomfortable amount of time. I felt violated, and the guy wasn't even looking at me. And he wasn't in a daze, he was definitely consciously staring at Paul. It was weird. I think he may have been admiring Paul's camo Arai hat, but I don't know. I mean I really don't think I've ever seen anyone stare that long. Haha, except for me staring at people who are staring at other people. But no, this guy stared so long, that I felt like I had to stop watching him. Then I looked back and he was STILL staring. It was pretty good.

The flight was fine, nothing too exciting. Except that the steward forgot to bring my drink and laughingly admitted to me that he forgot about it (after the stewardess had already gotten it for me). Doesn't sound that funny - guess you had to be there.

We got to Houston and grabbed some lunch at Sonic - yum. They now have these "Mac n Cheese snacks" which are awesome. We spent a little bit of time at the hotel then headed to the show. It was a fairly steady Friday night. I was still sick from the prior weekend - it felt as if I had 5 cuts down the back of my throat. It really hurt to talk but I just sort of ignored it, since my job pretty much depends on my ability to speak.

After work we went to Joe's Crab Shack. Placed our order, and then waited. And waited. In fact, we waited 20 minutes for two cups of soup and a piece of cake before we bugged the manager about it. Like magic, our food appeared a minute later. The rest of meal went okay, though it felt like we were bothering the waitress by asking for things like silverware, drink refills, ketchup, etc.

Saturday was a good day. It was sort of unusual for a show - usually we get a pretty big afternoon rush, while the morning and evening are steady but much

slower. I would say that in Houston the attendance seemed pretty low overall, but we were steady all day long. It was a good day, except for when I bit into an awful Slim Jim. Just the week before, Paul had shown me the disgusting stuff that comes out of a Slim Jim when you squeeze it (why didn't anyone tell me about this before?). It grossed me out, but the smell of Slim Jims lured me back in within a day or two. Anyway, this Slim Jim was different. I bit into it, and it was the most swollen, soggiest, softest slim jim i'd ever eaten. it was sick. [i'm not using capital letters anymore because my left hand is numb and i'm trying to rush.] yuck. i don't know what was wrong with that thing.

saturday night we went to some "cantina" place. waited 25 minutes for our seat, no big deal. the waiter came up and asked if any of us got motion sickness. when we said no, he said "good, because you're about to go for a ride on the flavor train." sounds awful, but he knew it was really cheesy, so it was funny. we thought "finally, we're going to get good service." (we've been having a run of bad service at restaurants for the past month). well, we were wrong. the waiter finally took our order 40 MINUTES LATER. when rob said something to him about it, he said that most people don't notice that kind of thing and are more laid back about it. somehow i don't think that someone who is going in for dinner is not going to notice when their order isn't taken for 40 minutes. but whatever. then it took forever to get our appetizer which would be out "in 3 seconds". 20 minutes later we got a bowl of lukewarm cheese (was supposed to be queso, which is usually all melty and hot). the cheese was actually starting to solidify again. we got it "warmed up", but it didn't actually seem to get any warmer. strange. anyway, the rest of the meal went the same way. Rob ordered fajitas and didn't get his tortillas. took asking the waiter twice and eating a third of his meal without tortillas before they finally arrived. my meal came and it was shrimp instead of chicken. i was pretty hungry, but considering that i don't like any seafood, this was not something i could overlook. all in all, we ended up being there for a few hours and left feeling disappointed (although Paul and I did both really like our food. Rob wasn't too impressed with his).

Sunday was another busy show day. Again, I was surprised. Sunday's are usually okay and steady, but this was busy one for us. This is of course taking into consideration the low attendance. I don't think anything too exciting happened. Rob forgot to set his watch back and thought the show was over an hour before it actually was. He started doing inventory and was ready to start packing up before he realized his mistake. That was pretty funny.

Pickup went exceptionally well. Done in 2 hours, then we headed to the Olive Garden. We sat down in this little room that only had two tables. The dude at the next table was so full that he was slumped in his chair, with his head laying back, his arms dangling over the arms of the chair. Yet he kept eating for the next 15 minutes. It was awesome. Later into the meal, Rob started making fun of me about something and I was laughing really hard. This resulted in Rob laughing really hard. Then two girls at a nearby table started laughing at us. Rob kind of turned to look at them as he was laughing, and he SNORTED just as he looked at them. He was obviously snorting from laughing so hard, but it appeared as if he was actually snorting AT the two cute girls. It was great. We had a really good dinner and enjoyed some much needed laughter.

We went back to the hotel, got some sleep, and before I knew it, it was time to head to the airport. I had two uneventful flights home, during which I slept most of the time.

When I got to Philly, it took forever to get my bags. Then I headed outside to catch the shuttle to the "economy" parking lot. I don't see how \$9 a day is economical, but I guess compared to the other parking lots there, it is. Anyway, the shuttle finally came, and it was so full. Other people that were waiting with me rushed up to the bus, as I tried to drag my suitcase and a huge 30 pound cardboard box towards the bus. Well, the other people filled it up and I couldn't get on. I waited a little while for the next bus to come. This one was also full. Too bad, I was getting on it no matter what. So I shoved in, put my suitcase on top of the box, and that was that. Luckily I was the first stop in the parking lot, so I didn't inconvenience anyone else. All in all, it took an hour to get to my car from the time I landed. It felt endless.

Wow, what a negative sounding blog. Sorry about that. I guess that's why Rob has nicknamed me "Negator". I would like to be a more optimistic person, but I have to admit, I do like that nickname. It sounds tough.

Oh, and as for the subject line of this blog, I can't take credit for it. That quote was stolen from Paul. It's a long story as to why he said it and who he said it to, but just trust me that it was awesome.

All in all, it was another great weekend. I'm looking forward to this weekend in Fort Worth, Texas. Pawn shops and Texas de Brazil! I can't wait!