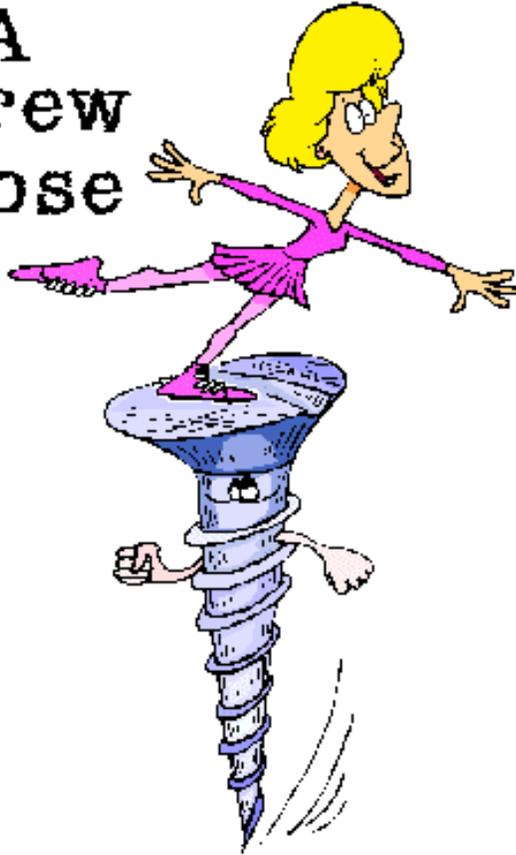


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A Screw Loose



by Liz Holzemer

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Moms Got Their Mojo On!

We've planned all week - the kids have sitters; the husbands have dinners.

My girlfriend and I are having a night out on the town. Ok, so it's not downtown, but to the local pub in our tightly covenant-controlled community. You can't complain about freedom, albeit if it's only a mile away.

We decide to meet for happy hour drinks on the upstairs patio of agreed upon watering hole, which provides a lovely view of the snowcapped Rocky Mountains. As I await Tam's arrival, I take in an environment once familiar to me say five, (ok who am I kidding), 15 years ago.



First, I notice the group of just-clocked-out-at-five 20-something guys making carefree plans for the weekend. They huddle around the open spit fire knocking back Coors Lights and deciding whether to stay in town and barhop or drive west and snowboard. Finally, they agree they can do both. Why not? After all, they are mortgage and kids free. I give them a knowing smile - I once relished those carefree days.

Out of the corner of my eye, I become acutely aware of a couple in the throes of a budding relationship. They giggle, gaze foolishly at each other and nuzzle closely together. I want to tell them the sheen wears off; takes daily work and fresh polish to maintain the fading veneer, but who am I to spoil the moment? Let them find out for themselves.

Tam arrives jittery and ready to forget she is a mom and wife for a few hours. I compliment her on her bejeweled turquoise camisole and va va voom lipstick I've never seen her wear before.

"Tonight's not about carpooling and sweatpants," she is quick to point out.

And I couldn't agree with her more. It's all about feeling human again.

We've made it before Happy Hour cut off and order the house specialty - Sunshine Wheat. The micro brewed aroma takes me back to stank fraternity basements and Taco Tuesdays. Yes, I really did live a different life than the one I own now.

When Tam and I inform the perky spiky-haired waitress we'll take our tab downstairs, she shakes her head.

"Don't worry about it, they're on me," she smiles back.

Tam and I chalk up our luck to a couple of desperate housewives who looked really desperate and exasperated. Or possibly the fact that we actually look quite nice for a pair of desperate housewives.

The downstairs bar is buzzing and there's an hour wait to eat. We're not leaving; we waited all week for our escape. We stake out our territory like vultures and plot our prey looking for impending vacancies. We inch in

*Bad Hair Day

*Mommy
Hullabaloo

*Dirty Laundry

*The Morrison Boys

*Side Dish

*Comments From
The Carpool

*The Foggiest Idea

*Home Away
From Home

*Small Town Soup

*Mommy - Daddy
Dance

*From The Frontline

*Life At 40

*Livin' In My Head

*Sigh, Moan &
Garfbuckle

*Don't Get Me Started

*Dad Libs

*Lady Of The House

*Blissfully Numb

*Mommy Chronicles

*Domestic Engineering



closer to a couple whose high-voltage-shocks-of-electricity to-notify-you-that-your-table-is-ready device looks ready to flash.

Five minutes pass. Then 10. Five pairs of eyes huddled over a pitcher of beer motion for us to join them. Tam and I smile politely at the husbands enjoying their own night off from nagging wives and whiney kids. After all, it's standing room only at their table and Tam and I are here for each other.

Just then the shocking device sounds off and Tam and I make our move. We stake our claim and settle in conveniently in front of the Sunshine Wheat dispensing spout. Within moments, Rob, the bartender from down under, greets us and refreshes our drinks. So this is what it's like for a couple of moms to get out on the town. *Clink*, Tam and I toast!

So engrossed in conversation about everything but our kids, husbands and the daily grind, we are shocked that hours have slipped since we first saddled up to the bar and nary a cell phone has beeped us with pleas to flee home.

It seems too easy. We agree this mom's escape must be scheduled like everything else in our lives. And when Rob announces his shift has ended and the cheque's on him, Tam and I toast again.

"To Mom's everywhere-get your mojo on!"

Liz Holzemer is the founder of Meningioma Mommas.org, an online support group she founded after surviving a baseball-sized meningioma brain tumor. She is a freelance writer, LizHolzemer.com and is currently looking for a permanent home and cushy advance for her book; I Have a What in My Head?! Liz is a 2004 Woman's Day "Women Who Inspire Us" recipient. She lives in Colorado with her husband and their two miracle children. Liz also maintains her sense of humor on a daily basis and can be reached at lizholzemer@comcast.net if you have a plum writing assignment to offer her.



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