



# News from Peef & Lo

## WRL vs. MU: The REAL Smackdown

Stand back: there's news.

Somebody hired Lori. And it wasn't Little Professor Book Center AGAIN.

No, Lori is now the newest employee in the Education Department at Marquette University.

Nice change, huh?

Well, as with any job change, there were trade-offs. And some of them weren't so pretty. We've managed to sort out the pros and cons about her new position, and we thought you might be interested in looking at our results.

### #1 THE COMMUTE:

**CONS:** The drive is longer. The rush hour traffic is 40X more frustrating. The parking is 30 blocks farther away from the building than it should be.

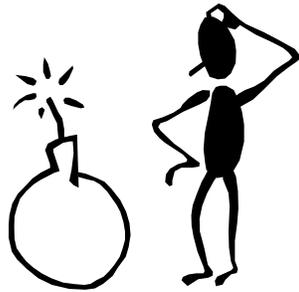
**PROS:** More time for morning coffee. More time for absent-minded staring (an absolute **MUST** in Lori's morning schedule). And as for the parking situation, well, we couldn't think of anything good about that, except that Lori might get some accidental exercise every morning.

### #2 THE JOB:

**CONS:** Same basic respect level as last position. Same

personality types present as last position. How can this be?

**PROS:** Lori has lots of practice dealing with people who are dysfunctional, computer illiterate and completely unaware of what their job entails. **THUS**, she's very good at this job.



### #3 THE HOURS:

**CONS:** Strange 8-4:30 workday. Less flexibility. Really long one-hour lunch break. No time to get home before Paul and cook really delectable dinner feasts.

**PROS:** Lori is mastering her sense of discipline and gaining newfound respect for odd office policy. Lori is eating lunch much more slowly (probably good for her body) and reading lots of cooking magazines (probably not so good for Paul's body). Paul has renewed his love for cooking dinner (lost previously by marriage to fairly good cook).

### #4 THE PAY

**CONS:** No leftover pay after student loans.

**PROS:** No negative balance after student loans.

We've determined that, overall, the job really was a good move, despite the compromises we've been forced to make. Lori is relatively happy in her new office, and has met many new people. Yay for Lori!!

In conclusion, I would like to share with you a very puzzling fact which Lori revealed to me the other day... There are actually more Catholic people working at Wisconsin Right to Life than at Marquette University.

Very weird.

## Quarterly Notes on Our Well-Being

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### Some Special points of interest:

We've decided that we have absolutely nothing really interesting going on in our lives at the moment. Isn't that a pity. Maybe if you came to visit us, our lives would get more exciting :)

**THE CONUNDRUM:** You might want to call first... we're really busy!

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## Paul Fredrich, Chef Extraordinaire

The new job has definitely brought changes to our lives, the biggest of which is a new schedule to which we must adapt.

With our new schedule, comes a new way of dealing with dinner. It used to be that Lori got home hours before Paul, and had copious amounts of time in which to plan and cook dinner. Alas, the days of such leisure are no more.

Paul's schedule alternates — every other week, he is home by 5:00 pm; on alternating weeks he is home around 6:00 pm. Lori is home by about 5:30 every day. Since all sane people (we are hopefully included in this group) have a tendency to eat around 6 or 6:30, we decided to share the duty of making dinner.

I continue to make dinner on Paul's "late weeks" — but on his "early weeks", the task is his alone.

This has proved to be a very interesting arrangement.

Paul was never frightened of the kitchen. In fact, he has been cooking

basic items since he was just a wee lad in his mother's kitchen. His specialties include a particularly great french toast recipe, which he still makes straight out of the same children's cookbook he used as a child...

In any case, I wasn't terribly concerned about letting him into my kitchen to cook dinner...

Well, at least for a while.

He started out admirably — with a delicious chicken fajita stir-fry. His timing was a bit off, so the veggies were slightly more "cooked" than he would have liked, but I thought the dinner turned out scrumptious.

He also managed to deliver a very delicious "Moussaka di Mare" — eggplant bathed in a tuna tomato sauce and baked gently in a moderate



It happened right  
In my own kitchen..

oven. Simply splendid!!

And then one night, I came home to find Paul smiling happily in front of the stove. He wouldn't let me peek at his creation, though my hopes were quite high.

He sent me into the living room, where I waited with baited breath for whatever smelled so delicious.

To my surprise, he brought me a plate filled with those hotdog things — the ones with croissants wrapped around the outsides.

"Wa-la!" he said "Dinner is served." And he smirked. Then I smirked.

"What?" he said, with a smile. "I just don't want you to get your hopes too high."

I smiled. A little bit. And bit into quite possibly the best junk food I've ever eaten in my whole life.

## The Lazy Article

This newsletter started out just great. Ideas were coming to me left and right. I felt confident that this newsletter would be a prime example of my extraordinary literary finesse.

Oh, how wrong I was. Things went a long just fine for most of the newsletter. And suddenly, I hit rock bottom. There was nothing else to report. Our lives had become a mass of completely boring drivel.

I contemplated writing about Paul's tragic thumb injury, but as I wrote, I realized that nobody really wanted to hear about our trip to the emergency



Paul chopped a large piece of  
flesh from his thumb last  
month. But he's okay.

room — which had to be like every other trip to the emergency room that anybody ever took.

I started an article about how we re-upholstered our dining room chairs one weekend in February — but that little project took exactly an hour and a half and consisted of nothing more than wrapping four chairs in new fabric and plugging a couple of staples into them. Whoopee-ding.

I hoped to get a good article going on the traditions of St. Patrick's Day — but March 17th kind of came and went — and suddenly, that wasn't such a good idea anymore.

As time wore on, I grew more and more restless about the blank space at the bottom of page two. It stared at me in angry white rage. And I grew scared. Today I finally decided that I had no choice — I would have to write something today, or admit defeat. And we all know how I feel about admitting anything about my feat. :)

So, this is the article, people, that has tortured me for at least three good weeks. This is the article borne of the worst case of writer's block ever witnessed.

And I'm pretty proud that I got this much down on paper. So, y'all have a good day now. And we'll see you again in about three months.

## Cooking with Peef & Lo: Dad eats TVP

If you thought our last feature was weird — you haven't caught wind of this story.

It's not really so weird to hear that Paul and Lori are eating all kinds of foreign-sounding foods. After all, Paul has a million earrings and Lori studied dead languages in college.

But, it's pretty strange when they can get someone else to share in their odd little feasts. This time, that unsuspecting stranger was none other than Wally Francis — self declared junk food junky.

How did this happen?

Well, he wandered into their realm around 6:00pm one clear Tuesday evening, looking to use their telephone to make an innocent

business call. He couldn't have suspected what awaited him.

(Lori answers the door)

"Hi."

"Hi. I stopped by to use your phone"

(both parties ascend the stairs)

"Go ahead. Hey, are you going right home? Do you want some dinner?"

Before he could think twice, Lori threw together a "chicken" sandwich, a few kernels of tender white corn, and a couple of token potato chips.

Before Wally knew it, he was gnawing on a sandwich containing something he had never even heard of before, let alone eaten: TEXTURIZED

VEGETABLE PROTEIN —that mildly rubbery, tofu-like substance that Vegetarians around the globe slip discretely into chilies and spaghetti sauces instead of ground beef. An ugly looking substance that could never survive if it was forced to depend on looks alone.



TVP for you and me

And guess what? He thought it was pretty good.

He didn't quite understand why you would bother going through the work of eating TVP instead of chicken — but he ate it without complaint. And that's pretty cool.

## Elmo: The Amazing Manic Depressive Kitty

Ever heard of a cat with advanced mental illness?

Not me.

I was raised to believe that animals were a lower breed — a species whose inner feelings were more or less limited to EAT, SLEEP and HUNT. A species whose nature demanded few major luxuries.

Boy, was I wrong. And today I have finally seen the light. Why? Because I own a depressed little kitten... well, sort of.

I'll confess that Elmo is not always depressed. Sometimes he frolics about in utter bliss, chasing his new little green mouse with the really long tail around until he practically falls over from exhaustion. Sometimes he's the most cuddly, content ball of bright orange fur that I've ever seen in my whole entire life.

But sometimes, he is not a happy kitty.

Some days, we make him angry. Very angry. So angry that he throws us killer looks of which no animal should even be capable.

You would think this anger would be enough. Most cats sulk for an hour or so, maybe take a sullen little nap or hide underneath something for a while. But not Elmo.

No, Elmo has to act on his aggression...

And what does he do?

He eats.

Our cat eats when he is frustrated, angry, or otherwise upset. He eats when we don't let him do what he wants to do. He eats when we do any number of the following things:

- Refusing to let him frolic outside on the balcony as he is often wont to do, even in the dead of winter
- Refusing to allow him to claw ruthlessly on our furniture,

carpeting or other valuables

- Ignoring his insistent need to be brushed or petted
  - Stomping on his desire to eat all green plants within a 1/2 mile radius of our apartment
  - Chasing him back upstairs when he insists upon following our departing guests home.



It's very odd. Our poor little Elmo is your classic Frustration Eater. And it's almost laughable to watch him scurry to his bowl each time something doesn't go exactly as he has planned. I think he would be a prime candidate for pet therapy — if we believed in such things. For the time being, we're trying not to upset him too often — oh, and we're severely limiting his access to our liquor cabinet. :)

## Quarterly Notes on Our Well-Being

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Amore Sitis Unifi!

