

Psychiatrists would be **horrified**, explaining that this was a **mean thing to do**.

I gave up worrying about what psychiatrists think a long time ago.

It is not that I don't like my two sons. I like them **as much as** a father should. **It is just that, at the moment**, they **cause** me more trouble than anybody **else**, with their **constant** shouting and fighting and **demands for** attention. **Life** would be **a lot more peaceful** without them **around**.

You never know with wives. It's something I'll have to worry about.

I **would like to think** that the reason she chose me was because **not much** would change if I was **gone**, **since** I am at home less than anybody else. Or perhaps she was **punishing** me **for suggesting** the game.

He is **going through a bad phase** at the moment: **noisy**, **rude**, and **stubbornly refusing to do** his homework.

I knew that he **would pick** him, because the 13-year-old is the nicest, most **helpful** of the boys. **George has always hated** that and **this was how** he chose to **get back at** his brother **for making him look** bad.

He also **thought** we **should** kick out the nine-year-old, **like** everybody else **so far**.

You make a lot of noise. Can't you see I'm trying to work?

Why don't you try to be a little less clumsy? It wouldn't hurt, would it?

Look, why don't you make yourself useful? I'm out of cigarettes...

Are you sure you can trust me with it? I mean, aren't you afraid I might steal it?

If you want to steal it, that's your business. At least you won't be around here making noise.

It might be worth it.

I was trying to reach for one of the books and then this whole pile fell on top of me.

I didn't ask to come here. If you want me to leave, all you have to do is say so.

How long have you been here? It sounds like our time is up, doesn't it?

I sit here for two years without being able to write a word, and when I finally get started on something, when it looks like I might actually start writing again, you show up...

I'm sorry I messed up. You've been very kind to me ... But all good things have to come to an end, right?

No hard feelings, okay? It's a small place, and I can't get my work done with you around.

You don't have to apologize. The coast is probably clear now, anyway.

Don't worry about me. I'm cool.

Take good care of yourself, okay?

Make sure the light is green before you cross the street. Oh, by the way, I thought your book was great. You're a hell of a good writer.

I **wondered if** we could play it in our **household**. I **was going to make** a big mistake but had no idea **at the time**.

Six people **stuck** in a horrible house in **the suburbs** of London, **with no privacy** and no hope **of** escape, forced to **get along with** each other **despite** all their differences and **the fact that** they will soon begin to **drive each other crazy**.

Our house **has always been** almost exactly like the BB house: the **dull** conversation, the **pointless** games, the **irritating** tasks that are **constantly being set** for those **involved**.

The big difference, **obviously**, was that the **contestants were allowed to** choose one person who **they thought** should **be kicked out**. I **thought that was** a great idea.

If they **could do it**, then why not us? If they could **get rid of** those no one liked, **so could** we.

Since it was my idea, I **felt** that I should not be **included** in the nomination.

But **everyone else** disagreed.

If people think I **treat** my kid **badly**, that's their problem. I know I'm a good mom, and **that's all that matters**. But damn, **I'd better make sure** Social Services don't **go after** me **just because** I **dropped** Liondrae at Dollar City today.

Some **skinny** guy and some **uptight** bitch turned around to **stare at** me and I thought, "What **the hell** are you looking at?"

You could tell they were **judging** me and **wondering** if they should call the cops. I **would hate to see cops show up at** my door.

I **hardly ever** drop my baby. Why aren't people **around** when everything's fine? **What about when** Liondrae's sitting in his high chair **eating candy bars**? Or when I **let him play** in the **sink** with his diaper **on**?

I don't wanna **smack him around**. Rywanda, **she's the one** I wanna slap **once in a while**. But only because she **misbehaves**, not because I like to hit my babies **for no reason**.

Besides, it **wouldn't have happened** if he **hadn't been leaning over** trying to **grab** that pink thing **off** the toy **shelf**.

He **let go of** my shoulder and was **spreading his arms**, and I had my other hand on the **grocery cart**, so **all of a sudden** he **toppled over**.

I **can't wait to see you sail** that boat.
Rachel is **mean** and when her friends
ask her to teach them **how to** sail
she **treats them like dirt**.

You can say that again.

When we **were still dating**
and she took me out on the boat
she **wouldn't** let me help at all,
no matter how much I begged.

I **wanted you to help**, but you
couldn't move your **arms** because you
were wearing three life jackets.

You have to respect the sea. And
FYI, I was only wearing them **so there**
would be more room on the boat.

My father **used to yell at** me
all the time on the boat.

Does a good teacher say, "**Put down** the beer, **moron!**"? -- Does a good student drink seven beers before his first lesson **is over?**

You **knocked** that last one out of my hand! -- I didn't **want you to get hit by** the big pole.

It hit me **anyway!** And it **would've hurt a lot less if I had finished** that beer.

I will **tone it down** and stop yelling. **Although** I don't really **remember yelling** at you **all that much.**

So you won't **boss me around anymore?**
And you'll be **nice from now on?**

You've got to do something **about** Mike. You have to tell him that you **don't** think **the two of you** are **working out**.

I haven't **brought it up** yet but I'm **working up to** it.

The longer you put it **off** the worse he's going to feel.

I'm quite **capable of dealing with** such problems in a sensitive **mature way**.

I was just **settling in** for some pizza when Ron **showed up** with three people **I'd never seen** before.

I didn't know who **these people were** so I asked Ron **about** them, and **it turned out** he didn't know them too well, **either**. Apparently, he **used to** work with a couple of them.

I gave him a **dirty look** to show my **disapproval**, but Ron's **such a moron** I had to **make it clear** I wanted them out **by smacking him** over the head.

Being home alone for the weekend **might be just the thing** for someone in my **state of mind**.

His emails **have been extremely dull**, asking for news about football (**it beats me** why he can't **look up** the facts **on the** internet) and **complaining about** the school food.

Despite all the bad **stuff** that **had** happened, I thought dessert would more than **make up for** it.

I **had** Patti **turn down** the lights as I **carried** the dessert into the dining room. I put the dessert down and **marched** to our bedroom, because **that's where** the guests' coats **were being kept**.

I **rushed over to** Arthur and noticed that something was **sticking** from his mouth. Arthur **had choked to death** on my Beanie Baby. Well, after that, the dinner party just **fell apart**.