

NEEDLENOSE NEWS

MAY 7, 2006

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SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- A bedroom switch baffles our dog.
- Power tools defeat Kim, but she still cuts the wood.
- Emily won the 2006 Cherry Blossom Queen title!
- Another friend weighs in on the value of the Needlenose News.

ODDS AND ENDS, BITS AND PIECES

It's been a busy few weeks in the Miyasaki-Renquist household, and so as I finish this edition of the Needlenose News, I'm nearly halfway into the next edition (see page 3 for more information on this phenomenon.) This leaves me in the odd position of not really having anything to write about in this, the premiere space (I always leave it until last), unless I want to scoop the next edition (which I don't). Hence the title — rather than a cohesive article, you're going to be treated to a stream-of-consciousness treatise wherein I discuss anything that doesn't merit an article of it's own.

First of all (and this is mentioned later, but it bears repeating), if you haven't booked a

place to stay for the wedding, and you are planning on going, you may want to consider doing so soon. Rooms are reserved at the Best Western Vista Manor Lodge. Call 1-800-821-9498. Unbooked rooms will be released July 1, 2006. If you need to suss out alternate lodging, check out www.gomendo.com for some ideas and contact information. There are about three billion places to stay in the surrounding areas, ranging from motels to bed and breakfast places, so you should be able to find something to suit your taste. Call or e-mail me if you need help or additional info.

Second of all, I couldn't manage to fit it in anywhere else, but when Matt and I went to

San Francisco for Emily's program (see page 3), we fed a giraffe at the zoo. Despite being surrounded by kids, it was pretty cool. It took all of two seconds for the giraffe to scarf up our offerings.



Matt provides a giraffe snack.

TOFU: IT'S NOT JUST FOOD ANY MORE

So, as you may remember, No. 2 met her demise a few weeks ago, leading Kevin into a frantic search for a new cuddly pet. The problem? "Hamsters don't hump this time of year." After several unsuccessful attempts to find a hamster, Kevin settled on Tofu (so



Tofu, posing for the camera

named for her white color). Interesting facts, according to Kevin (in his words), are:

She doesn't bite fingers.

She's really fat and doesn't like to run in the hamster wheel.

She only likes to eat

those stupid rat blocks, and she doesn't relocate her food.

She uses #2's treat dish as a potty (I'm actually a little irritated about this, because I have to clean it, because I'm trying to use it for her treat plate also.)

Oh well. Congratulations, Kevin!

POOR DISCOMBOBULATED PHILIP

During Kim's spring break (now, sadly, over), we planned to go to Monterey. We'd drop Philip off at GBark, we figured, take in the aquarium, do some hiking. . . and then we checked the weather forecast. Something like an 80% chance of rain made us decide that perhaps we should reschedule our visit to the beach for later. Like, June. So instead, we stayed home and did anti-spring cleaning. By which I mean we made a mess.

I place the blame for this mess squarely on the investors who bought the tear-down in the lot behind us and built a gigantic behemoth. There is now a bedroom window and a porch overlooking our backyard and bedroom, motivating us to move to the front bedroom. (There was also the minor fact that the back bedroom is larger than the front one, allowing me more room for my ever-

increasing collection of sewing furniture, but clearly, that's trivial.)

At any rate, we did some much-needed tidying (ask Kevin) and then did some heavy lifting (well, heavy scooting, really). Result: I have taken over at least half of the back room with my sewing machine cabinet, table, and new cutting table (half off at Meissner's Sewing and probably the real reason for the move — there was no room for it inside until we rearranged). Matt's desk is squeezed into a little tiny corner. In the front room, we've installed the bed and some dressers.

Now, this is where the discombobulation sets in. Because greyhounds, even amazingly adaptable greyhounds like Philip, like routine. Philip, unlike less secure greyhounds we've heard about, accepts minor upsets magnanimously. (Daddy, do

you ever intend to feed me? At 11:30? Okay.) Apparently, however, moving the bed does not qualify as a "minor upset."

I first begin to suspect this when we are arranging my sewing furniture in the back room. Philip wanders in, looks around, heaves a huge sigh, and settles on the ground where the bed used to be. Further evidence of discombobulation manifests itself later that evening, when Philip endlessly trots in a circle from the back bedroom through the bathroom to the front bedroom through the living room to the back bedroom. . . and then sits on the floor in the living room. Five minutes later, he repeats the cycle. It continues with (thankfully) decreasing frequency for a few days. Judging from the (substantial) time he spends on the bed, however, Philip has apparently adjusted. Hooray!



Philip enjoys the bed in the new (front) bedroom. Though he still enjoys circling through the house, he's clearly over the initial discombobulation.

Matt:

"I bought the actual TiVo brand because the interface is pretty much idiot-proof."

[Looks at Kim.]

MATT'S NEW NEW TOY

Once again, somewhat behind the times, Kim and Matt joined the technological masses. Last time it was a digital camera. This time, it was the TiVo. We've been discussing acquiring a digital video recorder for some time (like when our VCR died), so we went to Best Buy. "Just to look," said Matt. Twenty minutes later, we headed

home, TiVo in the trunk. "I bought the actual TiVo brand," explained Matt, "because the interface is pretty much idiot-proof." [Looks at Kim.]

"What," I say, "I'm an idiot?"

"No, no, no," Matt hastily attempts to backtrack. Whatever. Turns out he's right, anyway. When I'm watching

previously recorded stuff, I tend to forget I can fast-forward through commercials.

What do we have set to tape? In alphabetical order: 24, Battlestar Galactica, Deep Space Nine, Divine Design, Good Eats, Gardening by the Yard, Lost, and Nova. Guess which are mine and which are Matt's.



Matt shows his love for the TiVo. (Okay, so the actual TiVo device isn't in this picture, but you get the idea.)

KIM CUTS WOOD

This may not sound like a big deal to you, but it involved several things I'd never done before:

- A. Going to a home store by myself to pick up a 1 x 4" (actually more like a 13/16 x 3 1/2")
- B. Folding down the seat of my car (in the rain!) to accommodate the 8-foot board.
- C. Cutting the board to the

appropriate lengths for the window valences I wanted to make.

To cut the board, I thought I'd use the new battery-powered circular saw Matt got for Christmas from my folks. So I got it out, but the blade wasn't on it. Since I couldn't find the blade (it was hiding), I pulled out the old plug-in circular saw, which, frankly, defeated me. It was loud and unwieldy, so I couldn't keep

the cut even. My greyhound abandoned me due to the noise, so I abandoned power tools and pulled out ye olde plastic miter box and hand saw. I cleaned up the rough edge from the circular saw and put the blasted thing away. Sewing the valences was a breeze compared to the process of cutting. Sigh. I hate reinforcing gender stereotypes. I'll have to cultivate power tool skills.



Above: Kim models her circular saw technique. (Safety note: It's not plugged in.)



Below: Kim models the actual supplies used.

CONGRATULATIONS TO EMILY!

My cousin Emily is the 2006 Northern California Cherry Blossom Queen. Yay for Emily! Auntie Jeanne, her mother, now refers to herself as the "Queen Mum."

I witnessed the coronation first-hand (as opposed to, say, third-hand) to support Emily because, as my mother put it, "I think Emily's biggest fear is that they'll call her name and no one will clap."

So Matt and I left the dog with Jon and Alonzo and toddled off to SF to take in the zoo, a MOMA exhibit, and Emily's triumph.

Queen title notwithstanding, the "program" that the organizers swear up and down isn't a "pageant" (even though that's what it says on their website) doesn't judge beauty, but rather intelligence, creativity, confidence,

poise and leadership, and since Emily is so clearly superior in all of these areas, SHE WON, thereby justifying sitting through the three-hour program (plus the hour early we went in to get good seats (and get out of the cold)) and saving herself from being tracked down by the Japanese mafia and pummeled with branches adorned with cherry blossoms. Congratulations again, Emily!

Emily is the 2006 Northern California Cherry Blossom Queen!



FROM THE PUBLIC EDITOR

Today I answer some frequently asked questions.

Q: Why is the publication schedule of the Needlenose News as irregular as Philip's bowels?

Related Q: How do you have time for this?

A: I don't write these all at once. I keep an open, incomplete edition on the computer

and add to it as Needlenose News-worthy items manifest themselves. Some time periods are more news-productive than others, resulting in an irregular publication schedule.

Q: How is Philip's wedding tuxedo coming along?

A: So far, it's not. Check back after June 17.

Q: Speaking of the wedding, I really should be booking a room about now. Where did you reserve them, again?

A: You're in good company. Rooms are reserved at the Best Western Vista Manor Lodge. Call 1-800-821-9498. Unbooked rooms will be released July 1, 2006, so you still have a while. Contact Kim for more info.



Kimberly Miyasaki is the ombudsman for the Needlenose News. She can be reached at kim@miyasaki.net.

P.S. This is her wedding makeup.

Adopt your own.

www.goldengreyhounds.com

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Needlenose News

YOUR BEST SOURCE FOR GREYHOUND NEWS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, PART 2

Previously, this space featured Emily's "Shortest and Most Demanding LED Ever." For those wondering what an LED is, it's a light emitting diode. You know, like in bicycle lights. I was wondering myself, but I figured, "Oh, Emily's smart; she knows some acronym I don't." I thought that perhaps LED stood for letter to the editor. Or something. And then I saw Emily and she commented on how she had a typo in her letter and it should be a LTE, and then I felt really stupid.

However, mere stupidity

won't deter me from publishing accolades for my paper. So, without further ado:

I . . . would like to officially say for the records that there is nothing I love more than Needlenose News. It is not only informative about such interesting issues as Philip and his dietary needs, but it also keeps me up to date on the pressing questions of our time, such as the state of your gardens, rats in the attic, and so forth. Thus if Kevin makes any snide remarks about said flier, he should know that he is in the minority, and will no doubt suffer

being beaten severely about the head and neck with copies of the aforementioned flier.

Amanda Johnson
Pittsburgh, PA

Hah! Doubling Kevin, take *that!* (Note to those who abhor violence: Kevin doesn't even receive the Needlenose News. "Don't waste a stamp," he told me. "It'll just go in the recycle bin." I'm assuming, though, that by publishing this, our family will shame him at holidays.) Further accolades will be gratefully received at kim@miyasaki.net.

For those who are wondering, have a brief Philip Dietary Update.

We've spent weeks (close to months, now) on vet-prescribed, \$2-a-pound rabbit and potato dog food. Philip adores rabbit and potato dog food, and his GI tract, for a change, agrees with his palate. However, for reasons I believe to be obvious, we're going to try *one last time* (famous last words) to switch him onto a readily available commercial food that contains no allergens. Our choice this time is California Natural, chicken flavor. Wish us luck!



This fine publication provides important information about Philip. Worried about him? See above. He's fine.