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Fri, 2012-03-30 10:56 — Robin Olson

I managed to not drive like a moron, get us lost or scare Jackson with the driving skills I learned when I attended the [Skip Barber High Performance Driving School](#) [1] in 2000. Sure, I know threshold breaking and about contact patches, but does Jackson need a demonstration in the middle of the night? Taking a curve on an exit ramp at 80 mph is much more exciting during the day, anyway.



All roads lead to CVS.

We found a CVS, a different location, but part of the same chain I'd been in that morning to buy mascara. We were the only ones in the place other than a lone employee. It was surreal shopping under the painful glare of fluorescent lights with the snack deprived [Cat Daddy](#) [2].

Jackson had the hood up on his jacket to keep his head warm. **I looked at him from a distance and tried to imagine how I'd feel if I was shopping and looked up and saw him without knowing who he was. Would I swoon? Be intrigued? I think he would have scared the [censored] out of me.** He is so tall and was so bundled up, all I could see was his face, dark beard and sharp-lined glasses, his dark eyes darting back and forth over the choices in the snack food area. **But then, Jackson walked over to the aisle where the "As Seen on TV" stuff was located and mischievously said that "Furniture Fix," which are interlocked plastic strips you stick under the cushion of a "blown out" sofa or chair, actually work. See? Never judge a book by his cover.**

I told him I used plywood and it just made it feel like the sofa was blown out and the cushion was on the floor, but was glad to know that FF actually works (*no, that is NOT a JG Productions endorsement—sheesh!*).

Then I pointed at the box for [Pajama Jeans](#) [3], which are my new favorite thing to make jokes about now that Snuggles are passé. **I wonder what the world is coming to when people are so lazy they can't be bothered to take off their pajamas and get dressed.** Wait! What was I saying! I live in my pj's half the time. Who sees me? Maybe I should get some Pajama Jeans? At least they were dry!



Every fashionista's worst nightmare, but they come in "skinny" AND "boot cut." How cool is that?

We walked up and down the aisles and looked at the cavalcade of crap: chips and nuts and candy, oh my. We made jokes, talked about what we liked or hated. We both liked [Cap'n Crunch®](#) ^[4] when we were kids. Jackson chose something salty (*pretzels, what I always get, too!*) so I told him he had to get something sweet to balance it and he agreed. We both sneered at the *Oreo®*'s (*Sorry, Nabisco®*). **Then Jackson pointed out that peanut butter stuffed pretzels are ALWAYS sold in tubs, never in a small bag or box. I pretended to cry and said that from now on, every time I saw those stuffed pretzels I'd think of him. Then I realized "there's many a true word said in jest."**

Jackson gathered a few items and went to the check out. I used my Jewish super powers (*my Mother was Jewish so she handed her powers down to me before she died*) to guilt him into not buying *RedBull®* for the next day's recording session out of fear of what that buzz would do to his digestion, let alone blood sugar (*he wisely chose water*).

As we stood at the checkout, the young man at the register didn't realize who was right in front of him. **I looked at the kid's nametag. It read; "Jackson," so of course I started frantically poking Jackson's arm to get his attention to look at the name tag and he whispered to me that he already noticed and that I was slow!** What a joker. Gotta love that guy.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Jackson with his "mini-me" that a volunteer named Chris Fetcho made for [Kitten Associates](#) ^[5]. It's created out of "furminated" cat hair, wool and a maxi pad. Yes, there's a maxi under his shirt...under the faux-Jackson's shirt! Sheesh.

The short drive back to the hotel went just as smoothly as the drive to CVS. **Why I didn't floor it and kidnap Jackson so I could have him all to myself is beyond me. But no, I had to be a good girl and go back to the hotel when I had the chance of a lifetime. I blew it!** I've never been in jail before nor had a reason to be. I'm such a twit!

Poor Jackson was half asleep in the car. The jet-lag had kicked in full force and I knew it was time to say goodbye.

I pulled up in front of the hotel, killed the engine and got out. Jackson came over to me and we looked into each other's eyes. Jackson removed his glasses and blinked slowly, making that soft eyes expression he uses to soothe naughty cats on his show. I responded to his gesture by taking off my glasses and giving him soft eyes in return. I felt a purring sensation begin to rise from the depths of my soul. What in the world was going on? Was this guy some sort of [Svengali](#) ^[6] with women, too?

I lost control of my fingers. My glasses slipped to the ground with a "clink." We fell into a passionate lip-lock, oblivious to the fact that it was [censored] cold outside. His beard tickled my neck as I got lost in his commanding embrace. My knees turned to jelly, but he held tightly onto me. Our bodies started to turn together, as if on a giant lazy-susan. There was no one else, no TV show or book tour to worry about, just us spinning in circles fading in and out of soft focus perfection...

...Really? Come on.

We gave each other a big hug and that was it. **I didn't even score a peck on the cheek, [censored][censored] [censored], but I can dream, can't I? This is MY story about dinner with Jackson so I can write whatever I want!**

I think we were both too tired to say much more. **I would have liked to tell him good luck with everything and thank you for dinner (thank you!) and a million more things**, but I had an hour and a half drive to get back home, so with great reluctance I got back into my old car, I mean my COOL Black BMW (*pwned it!*) and pointed it west as Jackson's figure disappeared, the Lobby doors closing behind him.

At least I'd been able to snag Jackson's yellow wallet during the hug as a souvenir. His Driver's License is a trip! There's a black wavy mustache drawn over his face in the I.D. photo.

-----TUESDAY 3/28/12-----

I got home at 12:30 AM. The drive along I-95 was spent following an ambulance running lights and sirens. Though I stayed far back from the vehicle, in a way it felt like I was getting an escort home, so I pretended I was a high ranking Government Official (*officially tired*).

I'd had a cup of tea while Jackson and I shared dessert earlier that night. (OMG I SHARED dessert with Jackson... swoon!) I'm very sensitive to caffeine and only have it, at most, once a day and well before 5pm, otherwise I can't sleep. I chose to have tea late, knowing full well I'd have to be awake to drive home.

Then I realized how stupid I was. I should have said I too sleepy to drive home! "Oh Mr. Jackson, please pity me. I am so tired and weary and have nowhere to rest my porn-star-hairdoom-head and I cannot afford to stay in this luxurious hotel and I am so far from my home. Oh, Mr. Jackson can you help me? I noticed there is a mighty big bed in your room." Wink, wink, nudge, nudge. Why aren't I more conniving, or at least catty? [censored] [censored][censored].

So there I lay, in my own bed, with dry (yay!) pajamas on, my porn star hair getting flat, covered in cats. My heart was racing from the adrenaline and the caffeine. I tossed. I turned. **I got up to pee and stepped in a puddle of cat urine that was on the floor by the toilet. I saw one of the cats sitting in the doorway. It was Pee-tunia. I know she did it: the little [censored]. I sighed. It was too late at night to yell, plus WWJD? He wouldn't yell at the cat so I cleaned everything up and went back to bed.** I tossed some more. I kept reliving the evening. I told myself to cut it out, to focus on the next day. Some folks from the local media were going to be here to document my rescue group, Kitten Associates, receiving it's biggest donation ever-2500 cans of cat food from HALO ^[7]. I'd have to be fresh and on point for them. **See, Jackson, I'm famous, too. Okay, not like you are, obviously, but...but...but...okay, maybe having my photo in The Newtown Bee ^[8] and The Danbury News-Times ^[9] does not qualify me for being "famous, " but it's something.**



The only physical proof, other than a beard hair I found in my car that this night really happened.

I couldn't sleep a wink. I tried to rest. I knew I was going to pay for it later. I'd told Jackson if he wanted to hang out while he was in town, to let me know. Since there was a slim chance I'd see him again, it was another reason not to want to sleep. **I wanted the day to get going so I could find out if I'd see him again; the heck with the Press!**

-----later that morning-----

I did my best to get up and go through my normal routine. I got ready for the Media to arrive, but I was so tired I didn't do everything I wanted to do before they got to my house. **I called Paula at the freight company, expecting her to tell me that the shipment would arrive some time in the afternoon. It was 11am. She said the driver should be there by Noon, the latest. NOON?!!** Oh no!

I sent out a few quick emails and made some calls, letting everyone know about the time change. They all made plans to arrive, but would miss the actual delivery. I heard something up on the street. I looked up. The truck was at the end of the driveway, on the street. Oh [censored]! It was 11:15!

I ran to the front door and opened it and almost walked into the driver. He apologized and told me the bad news. He would not drive his truck down the dirt driveway and drop off by the garage, so he'd have to drop the 1100 pound load about 200 yards away, leaving us to have to unpack the palette, load up a car, drive down the driveway, unpack the car, repeat four times, then re-load the palette with 290 CASES of CAT FOOD once it was moved into the garage. UGH!

I'll cover more of this story and complain about My Backache From Hell later...back to Jackson...

Actually, there really isn't a lot more to say about Jackson. **I was still "high" from meeting him, but the reality that it was over and done and that I probably wouldn't see him again, either ever or, at best at a Conference some day, left me feeling broken-hearted. I realize it's stupid to feel like that, but I was greedy.** I've been yearning to have fun for so long that when I got a taste of it I wanted more.

That the "fun" was with the acme of Cat Behaviorists, as well as a TV star was almost more than I deserved, but my birthday is in a few days, so I gave myself a break from feeling guilty.

It's not realistic to think that Jackson is available to be my buddy, especially now, with so much on his plate for a very long time to come. If we met under different circumstances maybe we'd be able to hang out and get to know each other, but we live 3000 miles apart. **I tried to be happy that anything happened at all, but it just reminded me of how sad I've been for so long that I wondered if maybe I should have just stayed home in the first place.**

Are you [censored] kidding me? Miss out on meeting Jackson Galaxy? **Never.**

After the Press left and the palette was moved, I went to bed. It was 4:25 pm. If Jackson was going to contact me about getting together, it would be within the next hour. I set my alarm for 30 minutes, not wanting to miss anything. Of course as soon as I laid down, I got texted by my ex-sister-in-law, who I adore, and who wanted to know if we could get together later in the week. **I didn't want to talk. I had the shakes from being so tired. I wanted to sleep, but I stayed awake and texted her for a while. I kept checking my email, just in case Jackson contacted me, but nothing new appeared in my inbox.**

I re-set the alarm for 6pm, knowing in my heart that I wasn't going to hear from him . I didn't sleep at all so I got back up and moped around the house. At 7:30pm I got a note saying he was hunkering down. There was simply too much going on with the show and the book and the...so he was going to stay in for the night. The Inn sent some chocolate covered strawberries to his room, making him feel like a "rock star."

I wrote him back and said I understood and wistfully told him to save me a strawberry.

I went downstairs and ate a scoop of ice cream for my dinner. A second day had passed and I'd hardly eaten, but I didn't care. I wasn't hungry. **I was just sad. I had a good cry, then washed my face and went to bed. I have to face my boring life** and go back to worrying about getting my taxes done, how I was going to pay my mortgage, when I was going to get my car fixed. **I didn't want to go back to all that without first promising myself I'd work on figuring out why I was so sad and how I could make changes to enjoy my life more.**

I would pick myself back up, gosh darn it, just like in a 1950's musical. I'd focus on my work and focus on my words. I'd rescue more kittens. I'd wash that man right out of my (porn star) hair. I'd had a very nice run of good news after a very long drought. **Meeting the Cat Daddy was as wonderful, if not better, than I imagined.** He's probably as good of a people-whisperer as he is with cats.

It's a delicious feeling to get swept away by the thrill of having a heart's desire realized, but it's also bittersweet when it has to come to an end.

At least we'll always have CVS and peanut butter stuffed pretzels [10].

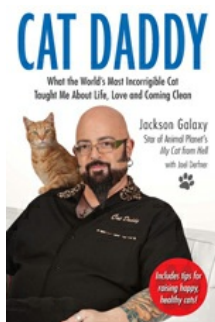


©2012 Robin A.F. Olson & Jackson Galaxy. This is how I would have preferred to end this post, but unicorns are tough to come by this time of year. Honestly, are we a cute couple or what?

As fate would have it, I got another email, but this one wasn't from Jackson and what it said made my Grinch-sized smile grow three times larger. But what could possibly top this? We'll see my friends. We'll see.

A serious note: To all of you who one day have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Galaxy, do me a favor won't you?

Treat him kindly. Protect him from stress. Don't ask too much of him right now. Give him some breathing room so he can stay clear, keep his Cat Mojo intact, stay sweet. The kitties need him and so do we.



For every copy of **CAT DADDY** pre-ordered ^[11] before May 10, Tarcher/Penguin will donate \$1.00 to the cause of saving shelter cats. To make your preorder count, simply e-mail your receipt (or a photo/scan of your receipt) to: **CatDaddyBook@gmail.com** ^[12].

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Comments

Fri, 2012-03-30 11:22 — [Lisa Richman \(not verified\)](#) ^[35]

LOVED it! ^[36]

OMG - a maxi pad? REALLY? *snicker*

And the Halo shipment - even tho it arrived at 11:15 and caused serious back issues - was just awesome.

Pee-tunia? In the middle of the night? Not so much. :-)

Fri, 2012-03-30 11:37 — [Amy Shojai, CABC \(not verified\)](#) ^[37]

Sweet! ^[38]

Loved your posts, and can't wait to meet Jackson in purr-son someday, too. And Robin, you deserve many MANY more "good news days" and they will come. Happy schtuff has a way of trumping sad schtuff, and when you get a couple of happy-schtuff news together they make MORE come about. Just like cats getting together *ahem* and making more.

Thanks for making me laugh and smile and creating a "happy" for all of us readers-from-afar.

Fri, 2012-03-30 13:38 — Laurie and the ... (not verified)

Loved Loved Loved the blog! ^[39]

Loved Loved Loved the blog! It reminded me of the time and friend of mine and I caught the actors of Rent going out the stage door after a show in Washington DC. All of us were standing around waiting for autographs and when my time came I

lost my voice! All I could utter was a ahhhhhhhhh....The friend I was with just laughed and laughed for I almost never shut up!

I look forward to your next great blog!

Laurie

Fri, 2012-03-30 18:29 — [Liz | Natural C... \(not verified\)](#) [40]

OK, time to publish the novel [41]

"My dinner with Jackson"

Thanks for more heart-felt laughs, Robin. And you too, Jackson - co-star of this sweet mini drama.

Unicorns and rainbows...and YES, just about anything IS possible,

Liz

Sat, 2012-03-31 00:09 — [Robin Olson](#) [42]

Good idea! [43]

LOL!!!! Maybe if I can get Jackson to take me on a vacation, then I could REALLY write a novel-length story..hee hee...and we'd have to rent a unicorn for later. I don't even know if he READ any of this! Poor guy is so busy. I'm sad he may be missing out on the laughs..at least I HOPE he would laugh...I just want another hug!

Sat, 2012-03-31 08:45 — [kingslandkennels \(not verified\)](#) [44]

germanshepherd dog [45]

Nice blog

Mon, 2012-04-02 17:42 — [Debbie \(not verified\)](#) [46]

"Our Date" With Jackson [47]

Thank you for letting us come along on your big date. We had a great time too. :-) It would be a real thrill meeting him in person and "talking cats", music, and everything else and having a good dinner too. Ah the celebrity aura: Jackson responded to one of my Facebook posts and I felt pretty blessed too, LOL.

Bummer that the Halo driver wouldn't deliver the food 200 yards further to the garage, but what can you do, hu? At least you got some great exercise.

Wishing you many more good adventures ahead!

Tue, 2012-04-03 00:28 — [Robin Olson](#) [42]

LOL!!! [48]

That's too funny, Debbie. No problem sharing. You know it was one week ago, today..already..that I saw Jackson. Time flies way too fast. My dinner lasted a heartbeat, but it was priceless to have that time with him. I feel very honored, was left yearning for more and am very tickled I got to slip in under the radar before Jackson's career skyrockets into orbit. I think this was a once-in-a-lifetime lottery win, but who knows? Maybe one day when I least expect it, he'll wave the green flag in my direction and I'll come runnin'.

Thu, 2013-04-25 11:57 — [Catnyno \(not verified\)](#)

Thnx for this lovely [49]

Thnx for this lovely entertaining story! It has already been over a year ago, but I just read it for the first time (thnx to Google) I can so imagine myself repsonding the same way you did :) I really wish to meat him too, but since I live in Europe I'm guessing my chances are pretty slim.

Anyway, thnx for the laughs and suspence ;)

Sun, 2014-03-16 02:01 — [JJ \(not verified\)](#)

I just found your blog, and [50]

I just found your blog, and this story is hilarious! I laughed so hard, the cats were wondering what was going on! Thanks! (PS. I have a big crush on Jackson, too!)

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Robin @ [Google+](#)

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