I knew something was up the second my husband Jason starting encouraging me to get out more with my friends.
Over the past month, he has been more understanding and willing to keep our children while I do things with my friends.
As a working mother of two, the idea of meeting a girlfriend for supper, going shopping with some old friends or even taking a movie in alone is a luxury. So I started getting suspicious when Jason was recommending I do some of these things.
No, dear readers, it's not another woman or other life. It's something far more complicated. I don't have a dog in the race on this one.
Deer season begins this weekend.
I first noticed the "signs" when I discovered a bag of fertilizer, oats and other seeds in the back of my truck.
Then his younger brother Eric started popping in almost every weekend. The two would frolick out to their land and not return until after dark, smelling like a tractor.
Eric even had that gleam in his eye.
Then Jason began to cook just about every package of venison we had in the freezer. From sausage to burger to steak, I have had just about every form of deer there is to eat over the past few weeks.
Jason started to get a little skip in his step. Pretty soon, he was obsessed with the weekend weather forecast.
"Why can't it get colder," he mumbled with frustration, as he left the room.
Then the gun cleaning boxes start to get left out on the dining table. The guns that were hidden began to make an appearance.
I found a bag of bullets under my car seat last week.
Our son James began to let the cat out of the bag too.
"We put up a deer stand today," he said, strutting inside from an afternoon with Dad.
And then there comes the printing of deer camera pictures. These are pictures of bucks that he shows to friends and keeps on standby in case a complete stranger sparks an interest.
And, more importantly, he doesn't complain about my requests.
"Could you watch the kids tonight while I go get some shopping done," I ask.
"Sure, I've got nothing to do tonight," he said. "Take your time. Be sure to keep your eye out for Christmas presents. I'll bathe and feed the kids too."
I freeze with concern and confusion. He is grinning at me like a madman.
"Oooookkkkk," I respond.

And when I return home, the laundry is done and put away.
Yep, that is when it occurred to me.
“You know next weekend is deer season,” my friend told me over dinner earlier this week.
“I knew it,” I said. “I figured it was coming up.”
We both stare at each other with an understanding. We know what that means.
To me, hunting season means early morning exits, late afternoon retreats, weekend getaways, a house full of kids, bullets found in the dryer, deer urine containers left on my nightstand, deer calls left in the bathroom, skinning racks outside my bay windows, obnoxious brothers barreling down my driveway blowing the horn with Bambi’s dad loaded in the back, tall tales, “baby, look at this” moments and skinning knives left in my kitchen sink.
This happens everyday until February. Every...single...day.
I have to sneak my “girl time” in during the week after I get home from work.
The once accommodating husband is nowhere to be found.
What do you mean...entertain? It’s hunting season.
Well, who is gonna watch the kids? I’ll be in the woods.
It will be dark before I can get to that.
I don’t care about after Thanksgiving Day sales. You can’t leave at 5 a.m. cause I’ll be in a tree.

Did you wash my camouflage pants?
Where is my grunter?
Smell this new doe urine I bought.
Ridiculous if you ask me.
Well, I just better accept it and get ready.
I can tolerate this for a few months.
Trust me, when he gets my shopping bill from “the season,” he might reconsider next year.