



Cozies are sweet. Southern mysteries have a bite. When too much cookie-cutter sweet has you cranky for change, this game does the trick. Share a "cozy" habit that hides a "cranky" edge and learn something new about your best buds.

Jane Elzey's Cranky Confessions

"I bake cookies for the neighbors... but only so they'll owe me a favor."

"I bake bad casseroles for new neighbors so I can judge their ability to tell a lie."

"I joined book club for the good reads, but I stay for the award-winning gossip."

"People think my plants are thriving. They're all dead and buried in the back yard. I take photos at the plant shop."

"I alphabetized all my spices, but I still have say, LMNOP. Every darn time."

"I love small-town life... except for the small-minded people who live here."

"I get to yoga class early. But only to hear the gossip."

"I'm sweet as Grandma's tea until someone takes my parking spot."

"I volunteered for the community rummage sale so I could get first digs."

"When I light a serenity candle for hope, I'm secretly hoping to see a little drama."

"I say I don't eavesdrop in restaurants, but I absolutely do. I read lips, also."

"I tell everyone I watch true-crime shows for research. But it's really to see if I recognize anyone I know."

"I own more neck scarves than alibis and I rarely need either."

"I tell my friends I write in a journal every day. It's really a list of grievances. I like keeping score."

"I told everyone I was on a cranberry juice cleanse. It was really rosé."

"I bake for therapy. But gossip gets better results."

"I pretend to be shocked by scandal. I'm actually looking for a front row seat."

"I believe in forgiveness. But only after a full day of retail therapy. With his credit card."