BREE

Yes, Mom, I do. We went to McDonald's to eat sodium packed pink slime McNuggets because, as horrible as that may be for their health, my attempt to actually cook after the day I had had would have been much worse. So please don't give me one more thing to have mommy guilt over because I will lose my mind. Both kids get Happy Meals. We're at the drive-through because, not only do I want my kids eating crappy food, I want them to eat it in the car so I can mess up their digestion from now until forever too. So the lady asks if we want the girl toy or the boy toy with our Happy Meals? And I already know Chloe wants the Barbie and I look at Michael and he says he wants the Barbie too. So I say two Barbies please. And it would have been fine, except when we drive up to the window, the woman looks in the car and says very sweetly, "Oh sorry, I thought you said two girls' meals but I see now that you have a little boy. Here is your car little man." So much for the *Happy* Meal. Michael's bottom lip starts to quiver. He doesn't know why he wants the girl toy, he just does. No, I say, two Barbie meals are what we requested. And why the hell do you even call them girl meals and boy meals in the first place? Why don't you just ask if they want a Barbie or a car? I'm a girl and I love cars but I loathe last months offering for girls: Hello Kitty. Hello Kitty doesn't even have a mouth! Talk about keeping girls voiceless! She stutters some half formed incoherent response as I snatch the dolls, give them to my kids and drive off as fast as I can.