

Lunch With A Beauty

This morning, I awoke to find a box full of donuts on the kitchen counter. I found one that was half eaten inside so I decided that someone was full and left it. Little did I know that a little five-year old (her pre-school doesn't meet on Monday) was not finished and an hour after I finished the half-eaten donut, she demanded to know who ate her donut!

Poor Sydney was in tears because "Bad Uncle J ate **My** donut!"

To make up for my evil ways, I told her that I would take her out to the Bulldog Cafe for lunch so she could get ice cream which they just re-added to their menu after the height of the winter season passed. Unfortunately, they are closed on Monday.

So, discovering that we had coupons for FREE FROSTYS at Wendy's, I cleaned the beauty shop, took a shower, and took the little tyke to Wendy's. Then, we approached the door to the restaurant to find that the dining room was closed until the blinds are installed and I did not relish the idea of going through the drive-up. I could see ice cream all over the back... NO THANKS! So we went to McDonald's, ate lunch, and got a small milkshake to take home just in time for her one o'clock nap... seemed safer.

So... hopefully I more than made up for the donut mishap. It wasn't mentioned any further, but sometimes little things have a way of reappearing.