

Disney's Driving Lesson

My daughter Disney is 3 years old and full of questions. Today was her first dentist visit, and she had questions about every aspect of going to the dentist. On the way home, she had more questions: Can I still sneeze? Can I still drink? Can I still eat? She had no idea what life would be like with clean teeth. Before the appointment, she was a bit scared, but in the end she found getting her teeth cleaned fun and tickle-y.

After the dentist, something happened that will have me laughing for a long time. A stoplight turned yellow, and it was one of those with the pedestrian's crosswalk really far in front of the light, so I had to hard-brake, which for some reason prompted little Disney to pipe up from the back seat and ask me, "What the h*** are you doing?" I turned around and asked her where she learned that word, and her sisters looked terrified that they were going to somehow get blamed for this – the looks on their faces were priceless. "From Kirsten", said Disney, referring to her little friend at the babysitters. I was relieved to know that it wasn't something she had picked up from home, and we had a little chat about some words not being appropriate to say.

Kids will be kids, and I'm not worried in the slightest about my sweet little 3-year-old becoming as foul-mouthed as a trucker's reputation. Actually, I will think of this little episode every time I need a smile – it was so funny how she just blurted it out that way, it makes me laugh out loud just thinking about it!



my sweet little Disney