

Clap, Clap, Slap The Chest...

What IS this? It's something that is popular among tween girls lately. They walk around doing some kind of ritual that involves clapping and slapping their chests, among other things. I didn't really think much of it, until my daughter's 9th birthday party, and there were other kids here doing it. When my 2-year-old picked it up, it became annoying and I decided to take action by writing a blog post and looking it up on the internet. I asked my daughter if it's from a movie or a tv show or something, but she didn't seem to know where it came from. When I tried to look it up on the internet, I just got instructions for other games of this type and didn't see anything about any sort of fad that's sweeping our tweens. So is anyone reading this whose kids do the same thing, or is this a NW Ohio thing? I'd like to know where it came from so I can decide if it's a behavior I want all of my kids duplicating.

Road Kill Etiquette?

Saturday morning started off completely crazily of course – it was the morning of our oldest daughter's ninth birthday party. We were running around like lunatics, trying to take care of our own 4 kids and getting last minute details for the party worked out – we didn't even know how many kids were going to show up since people refuse to RSVP, but that's a separate post altogether. I had invited 25 kids – I know that sounds completely crazy, but my daughter's school has a rule that you have to invite the entire class if you're handing invitations out at school (understandable, don't want any kids' feelings hurt) – so with the 17 in her class + Brownies

+ outside of school friends = meant almost 30 eight and nine-year-olds could have shown up at my house on Saturday. But thank goodness, only about 6 or 7 showed up (they never stood still long enough for me to count them), which is another reason why I invite every kid my daughter knows – if we had only invited 5 kids, none of them would have been able to come probably.

So Saturday morning was hectic, to say the least. Various kids were melting down in anticipation of the party, and adults were scrambling to decorate and plan games for somewhere between 5 and 25 kids. My husband is brilliant and came up with an idea to do a craft, and luckily we have a pretty big supply of craft items. So we threw a bunch of stuff together, and the kids made Christmas ornaments out of small red plastic cups and whatever else we found and had an awesome time doing so. I was feeling much better after the craft idea was hatched, because it was almost time for kids to arrive and now everything was ready. My dog started barking, so I went to the window to see what the barking was about this time. Just as I got to the window, a squirrel ran out in front of a car and got hit – right in front of my house and my eyes – ugh. What an awful way to start a birthday party – I'm really sensitive about those kind of things. I wanted my husband to go out and move it – it was right in front of our house – but he refused. I can't say I blame him, I wasn't going to go near it for anything, and I made him tie the party balloons out front. But I knew at the very least, kids (especially boys) would be talking about the dead squirrel for the entire party. At least it wasn't warm out, which would have increased the chances of the party spilling outside, further leading to more attention on the poor unlucky squirrel. So I don't know, what's road kill / birthday party etiquette? Should we have removed the squirrel? Never had to deal with THAT problem before. And I hope I never have to again; it cast a terrible shadow over my day. But as it happened, no need to worry about the squirrel – by party time

he was flat as a pancake and no one noticed him. By the end of the party, he had disappeared completely. I'm just glad none of my kids had to see it happen; I think that would have been rough on them. And I'm happy to report that the birthday party was a HUGE success with several kids exclaiming that it was the best birthday party they had ever been to... of course one of those comments came from a kid who was at his first birthday party ever. But we did catch one kid lying about calling her grandma to come pick her up. She said grandma wasn't home but it turns out that she had never dialed – I'm glad I'm well-informed of that trick now. This same kid's grandma didn't show up last year until an hour after the party was over, hmmm... As President George W. Bush would say – Fool me once, shame on... fool me twice... if you get fooled, you'll be fooled again.

Happy 9th Birthday Taylor!