

Confessions of a KATY PARENT

We used only initials to protect the embarrassed.

Compiled by Lacey Kupfer Wulf and Cherri Northcutt

Mom Detective

"Recently, one of my girls became friendly with a boy named Caleb.

During some downtime at work, I decided to check out her social media accounts to make sure nothing inappropriate was going on. I saw emoticons of kissy faces and 'I love you' messages to and from a youngster named 'Kaylab.' I was really uncomfortable with my 12-year-old professing love to a boy that she barely knew. Later that day I asked her why she was texting kisses and love messages to this boy. Her reply was, 'Kayla B. is not a boy, she's my friend Kayla from church, and her last name starts with a 'B'. Boy, did I feel foolish."

- A.B.



Dipped in Ketchup

"My 2-year-old son will eat anything dipped in ketchup. Green beans dipped in ketchup? Hey, my kid eats green beans! Score! Salad dipped in ketchup? He's eating lettuce, carrots, and peas.

Go me!"
- A.M.

White-Knuckle Driving

"When she was learning to drive, my daughter was terrified of the freeway. One day during low traffic, I gave her convoluted directions to get her to go onto the freeway without her knowing what was happening. She got over her fear, but when we got home, she didn't speak to me for the rest of the day."

- K.K.

Double the Blowout

"One of the first times my wife and I took our infant twins to church, they both had blowouts, and we forgot to pack extra clothes for them. They smelled like poop the whole time, which meant we all smelled like poop. But we stayed, and that counts for something, right?"

- T.W.

All in the Lyrics

"I honestly think some of my fifth-grader's homework is unnecessary busywork. She had an assignment where we both couldn't figure out the word, 'A loud continuous noise: D I _.'" Then it came to me thanks to the lyrics of the Police song, 'Synchronicity': I remember Sting singing, "We have to shout above the din of our Rice Krispies."

Thanks, Sting!" - D.P.

Tantrum Trouble

"Once, my 3-year-old's tantrums in the grocery store were so bad that I calmly said for all to hear, 'Little girl, where is your mommy?'"

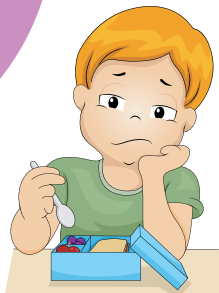
- M.K.



Skipping Lunch

"At my son's well-check, he told the doctor that he didn't eat his lunches. He said, 'Well you see, mom, those cookies that you send in my lunch, all the kids call them raccoon poop.'"

- M.W.



Road Rage

"After picking up my 2-year-old from daycare, we were stuck at a traffic light. I complained about how long it was taking for the light to change. Out of nowhere my little darling, from her car seat in the back, shook her fists and shouted at the other drivers, 'You don't even know how to drive. You're idiots!' Hmmm, I wonder where she learned that from?"

- B.G.

Do you have an embarrassing or entertaining parenting story to share?

Email us at editor@katymagazine.com. Don't worry. We won't reveal your real name.

Clean It Up

"We have tried many strategies to discourage bad language in our kids. We even tried putting Tabasco sauce in their mouths. After several dosages, our 4-year-old son said smugly, 'I love Tabasco sauce!' The strategy search continues."

-J.K.

Bleep Bleep

"I often curse and yell in traffic, and now my 4-year-old daughter uses curse words correctly in her speech."

-T.M.

Sharing Everything

"Discussion between my boys:

J: Can I try your fruit punch?

D: No, you'll get my germs.

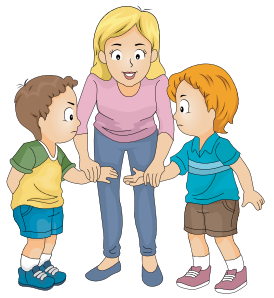
J: But you're not sick.

D: I am now!

J: Fine then, I'm sick too. Let me try your drink!

I'm not sure if I should be more disturbed about their concept of sharing or their fibs about sickness to get what they want."

- A.M.



It Wasn't Me

"I blame my occasional flatulence in public on my toddler."

-R.K.

Scared Silly

"My 17-year-old daughter loves to scare people. Once when she jumped out of her bedroom doorway as I walked toward the laundry room, I peed a little. Another time, she, her twin sister, and I were talking in their bedroom about scary movies. When I left the room, they were pretty creeped out. I crawled back into the room without them seeing me, jumped up, and screeched, scaring them to death! It was awesome."

- M.W.

I Smell Poop

"During a recent grocery trip while riding in the cart, B. says, 'Mom, G. stinks!' I reply, 'No he doesn't, he's a sweetie pie!' B. says in response, 'He has poop!' We were heading to the checkout so I figured we could make it to the car and then change him. I'm strolling through the store while G. tries to stand up and jump in my arms every two minutes. A few people give me the sympathy stare. Finally at the checkout line I get a whiff and hope no one else can smell the dirty diaper. I checked him to see how bad it was, and I notice it's not in the diaper. It's in his shorts dripping down his legs onto the cart and onto the food. And then finally on the floor. Thankfully, I'm buying wipes so I rip them open and start to pick up the pieces (literally). I rip open the box of diapers and say, 'We have a diaper emergency,' to the cashier while leaving my two baskets in her line. Needless to say it was the worst of all of the diapers I've had to change." - M.H.

Hotel Sleepwalker

"While staying in a hotel my 2 1/2-year-old woke up in the middle of the night, pushed a chair up to the door, unbolted it, and snuck out. The hotel staff found her and called us. My husband entered the front office looking rather zombie-like. She stared at him and showed no sign of recognition, so they wouldn't let him take her. No amount of explaining would change their minds. Finally, they escorted him back to our room, where my daughter's reaction to me soon satisfied them. Whew!" - K.C.



Be On Time

"When my three boys were in elementary, I taught at the same school. Being a teacher means you can't just up and leave to take your son to a dentist appointment, so my husband was assigned that task. I reminded him relentlessly, every day for a week that he would need to get D. for his appointment. I kept nagging that it was important to be on time. My husband began to feel like a scolded child. Thursday came, and I got a phone call at exactly 1:10 p.m. from my husband. 'I have W. and we are five minutes away from the dentist so you owe me an apology.' As my body went numb, I slowly explained to him that he had picked up the wrong child. I saw it as sweet revenge." - D.G.

Bought, But Not Paid For

"After leaving a store, my 3-year-old proudly exclaimed, 'Momma, I bought these earrings for you!' She had stuck a pair of earrings and some sunglasses in the diaper bag. I returned them to the store, and the clerks got a good chuckle."

-J.S.

A Little Cramped

"When our three kids were little, we took them on their first camping trip. Rather than invest in a new tent, my husband and I decided to use our old two-man tent. After countless hours of trying to get them to sleep, I heard a noise about 4 a.m. that every parent knows instinctively. My 2-year-old was about to be sick, and I could not get the darn zipper unzipped fast enough. So, there we were - all five of us covered in the remains of my toddler's dinner."

- K.A.

