

# Snowball season is already here

It's snowball season! We had our first snowballs of the year just the other day, in fact. Me, along with my two children, ages 2 and 4. It was thrilling.

Actually, it was kind of nightmarish. But that's what I get for taking a 2-year-old and a 4-year-old to the snowball stand by myself. (Which makes no sense to me. Snowballs should be easy!)

So we arrived at the snowball stand, where the line was approximately eleventy billion people long and filled with all sorts of professional-looking, just-got-off-work types, who are all Very Important and probably hate small children. But they love snowballs. My kids, who are not fans of waiting in line, immediately started weaving in and out of the crowd, ducking behind random strangers and playing chase among their legs. I think my children are pretty cute, so this mildly amused me, but to my discomfort, I noticed the other patrons seemed most definitely not amused. Perhaps even bugged. Which left me torn between feeling like That Mom, the one who thinks her poorly-behaved kids are adorable even though everyone else knows they're annoying and wondering why the heck nobody appreciated the humor in my toddler promising to bounce her snowball in the basketball hoop (she thought it was an actual ball).

About 37 minutes



by  
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later, we had our snowballs. Wedding cake flavor for all of us. Because wedding cake flavor is the most delicious flavor in all of the world, and also because wedding cake flavor is blessedly COLORLESS. This is key when feeding melting, syrupy ice to small children, who will undoubtedly end up wearing their food at some point. By this time my 4-year-old had lost interest in the snowballs (crazy kid) and was running wild around the parking lot. My 2-year-old was happily eating hers at the snowball stand picnic table, when she turned to the stranger sitting at the end of the bench and reported, "I go tee-tee!" Of course. Of course she went tee-tee all over the public picnic table at the snowball stand, on the very first outing I had ever braved with her in big-girl underwear. Of course she did. And of course I failed to pack an extra pair of clothing for her because I am a fool woman who loves to bring shame upon herself. Awesome!

I dragged her back to our van, where I changed her into the single diaper I had packed in my diaper bag (why, oh, WHY do I not bring spare clothing

with me everywhere I go?), all the while she was kicking and flailing and begging to return to her snowball I WANT MY SNOWBALL TAKE ME BACK TO MY SNOWBALL!!! So I did just that, returning her to the table in her diaper, sandals and shirt, —looking like a complete and total Yard Baby. You know Yard Babies, don't you? A Yard Baby runs around in the front yard wearing a soggy diaper and maybe an old, tattered t-shirt, and the Yard Baby's mother is likely barefoot and hollering things like, "Get in here right now before I spank your butt!" from the front porch.

The Yard Baby cheerfully busied herself with her snowball while I went about the business of pretending not to know her (after mopping up the mess she had created). What else could I do? She was a total embarrassment, the kind of kid I would have looked at several years ago and thought, "That poor child! I cannot believe her mother takes her out in public and doesn't even bother to put pants on her!" Now that I have small children of my own, I know better. Pants-less kids happen.

By the time we left the place, I had pretty much lost my will to live. Recall that I am nearly eight months pregnant, so a simple trip to the mailbox leaves me short of breath these days.

All in all, a not-so-successful visit to the snowball stand. Next installment: our trip to the zoo! Wish me luck.