

Are You Going to Work, Or Are You Going to Twerk?

Description

Good morning, all! I know it's been a while since my last post, but this morning, while chatting with my friend, Lisa, I had an epiphany. While searching my brain, trying to think about the next thing to write about, the subject matter was literally in front of me. And behind me. And to my left. And to my right. And it just kept coming. It was as if the writing gods were throwing water balloons at me from the heavens, and I realized, "How have I NOT tackled this subject yet?" So today's the day. Today is the day, that I shall write about one of THE most entertaining aspects of motherhood - school drop-off. But more specifically, the OUTFITS & ATTITUDES witnessed at drop-off.

First, let me start by stating that 99.9% of the time, I show up to school in jogging pants, flip-flops, unbrushed teeth, my hair tucked in a hat, my fanny pack - yes, that is not a typo, and I'm sure some serious B.O. But the fact of the matter is, that at 7am, while trying to make 3 lunches, 3 breakfasts, and get 3 children dressed for school, I really couldn't give a flying fuck WHAT I'm wearing, as long as my "goods" are covered. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for everyone. And this, my friends, is where my dissection begins.

Moms come in all shapes and sizes, so this post has NOTHING to do with the specifics of our body types. I don't judge people based on that (most of the time). This post is more about what your drop-off attire and attitude may or may not say about you. And what impression you give off, may or may not be accurate, but the bottom line, is that it's YOUR outfit and personality versus MY mouth, so there you have it.

While trying to come up with adequate titles for these different drop-off-dames, I realized that it's as simple as using the very first thought that comes to mind when I see them. So, as you read, you'll know that, depending upon how you're dressed or how you act when dropping off your kids, that's what I'm thinking when we make eye contact.

1) The Standard

Living in Southern California, there's apparently an unwritten rule that, regardless of what time of the day you plan on working out, you must be in workout gear at drop-off. Sometimes I look at these women, and I think to myself, "Bitch - u and I both know that as soon as the kids are signed in, yo' ass is driving straight home and plopping down on the couch, not to move again until pickup time." It's cool. We've all heard the adage, "It's the thought that counts," so even IF you own the entire Lulu Lemon Spring Collection of 2014, you've wasted \$4,000,000,000,000,000 (yep - that's how expensive I think Lulu Lemon is). In either case, I must point out a couple of dead giveaways. First, if you insist on wearing workout gear, daily, yet I don't see ANY improvement in your physique after 6 months, you're a poser. Second, if you wear your workout gear to drop-off AND pick-up, and I don't see massive "pitting out", then I also know you're a poser, because no one works out at 8am, and then doesn't change clothes. Overall, most of the women I see in their workout gear, do, in fact, work out, so I have really nothing else to say, except, "don't wear workout gear if you don't plan on working out. You're not fooling anybody."

2) â??Bitch, I have a REAL Jobâ?•

I love these women. They show up to school in a full business suit, ready to take down any corporation, any time, anywhere. They walk with purpose and donâ??t usually have time to stay and â??chat.â?• And whatâ??s more, I feel like when the â??Standardsâ?• and the â??Real Jobsâ?• are in the same general area, they avoid each other like a scene out of West Side Story. I feel this may be due to a few factors:

- Perhaps the Real Job (RJ) mom is jealous of the Standard, because they know that when they leave the parking lot, Standards are headed to wherever, and RJs are headed to work.
- Perhaps the RJs are bitter because they HAVE to work, and they think the Standards are cruising Easy Street.
- Perhaps the RJs are grateful that they ARENâ??T Standards, because they love working and hate just sitting around.
- Perhaps the Standards feel intimidated because the RJs have a life outside of motherhood
- Perhaps Iâ??m reading too much into it, and I have no idea what the fuck Iâ??m talking aboutâ?|.

3) â??I Want To Have An Affairâ?•

It doesnâ??t matter WHAT the moms are wearing. Yoga pants, a suit, a romper, a giant diaper with a leash around her neck â?? whatever her clothing of choice, these moms are on the prowl. They make every effort to make eye contact and conversation with other dads, and linger a little too long. They twirl their hair, and act like lustful teenagers. Why are you such a nasty hoe? Now Iâ??ll stop for a second and point out that I have no objection, whatsoever, to moms and dads flirting with each other at school, as long as they are BOTH single. As the title suggests, however, these moms ARE married, but are miserable and do not have even an iota of self-respect. Theyâ??re looking for validation. Yuck.

4) â??You Mad-Dogging Me, Bitchâ?•

I try to avoid these moms, whenever possible. They give off such an air of arrogance and fakeness, that I know when we make eye contact, Iâ??m NOT feeling them and they are NOT feeling me. We may exchange a fake smile, but I KNOW as soon as we pass each other, weâ??re both rolling our eyes. If we stare at each other too long, Iâ??m certain there will be some sort of confrontation, and since I LOVE a good confrontation, I avoid these women because, after all, it IS our kidsâ?? school. But I always hope I run into them at a bar. Then itâ??s onâ?|. I be like, â??Yo, you mad-dogging me, bitchâ?• Okay, I donâ??t actually talk like that, but ONLY because I know I wouldnâ??t be able to pull it off without sounding insanely white.

5) â??Whatâ??s Modestyâ?•

Ohhhhhhhâ?|.. these are my favorite!!!! They come in all shapes and sizes, and never cease to amaze me. It makes zero difference if after drop-off theyâ??re headed to Vegas or the grocery store, they are always either wearing shorts only found in the toddler section of Target, Lulu Lemon shorts that should really only be worn if youâ??re trying to get pregnant, or even better, a fucking mini-skirt or some sort of form-fitting outfit that is beyond inappropriate for your kidsâ?? school. I look at these moms and I think to myself, â??Where are you going after this?!?!â?• I remember I saw a mom once in head-to-toe leather. She had leather pants with 6-inch stilettos, a leather fringe jacket, and full makeup and hair. She actually looked great, and I even approached her and said, â??Wow! You look amazing! Where

are you off to after this?• I swear to GOD, she looked me blankly, and said, in a confused tone, â??Nowhere. Iâ??m just going home.â?• WTF? In my mind, the only way I could rationalize such a response was to convince myself that what she had MEANT, was that sheâ??d spent at least an hour getting ready for a Harley Davidson convention, and then on the way to school, it was cancelled? I ended that last statement with a question mark because I just donâ??t know!!!!!! Iâ??m confused â?? why try SO hard? Itâ??s school. Who are you trying to impress? Or offend? Do you not realize we are all laughing at you? It makes no difference if youâ??re the hottest mom around with a body to die for. There is NO need for a vagina-brushing root-suit, paired with heels one only wears when twerking past midnight. Again, fashion is subjective, and many outfits Iâ??ve seen are amazing, butâ?!. at 8am?

Sleep is so precious when youâ??re a parent â?? why get up EARLIER just to make yourself look like an escort? Or perhaps you DONâ??T get up earlier. Perhaps youâ??re the type of mom who gets up with the kids, but then immediately passes them off to their nannies so that you may start applying the clown makeup. If so, youâ??re an extremely selfish and self-centered mom. Take care of your own kids. Otherwise, why have them? Theyâ??re not pets.

6) â??I Swear Iâ??m Not a Lesbianâ?•

I think overall, I fit into THIS category the best. I literally do not care about my appearance in the morning, and more often than not, Iâ??m rocking whatever clothes I found on the floor that donâ??t smell too bad. Because of this, I often end up in my husbandâ??s clothes. Iâ??ll put on his t-shirt, sweatshirt, hat â?? u name it, and I just pack the kids in the car. I must admit, I have been put in the position of having to politely decline a womanâ??s advances while wearing these clothes, but I just donâ??t see the point, unless you have another job that requires you leaving your home office, or an appointment somewhere other than your couch.

7) â??Ahhhh â?? Sheâ??s So Cuteâ?•

I actually like seeing these moms. These are the moms who show up to school in cute outfits, with simple makeup and a smile. You can tell they take pride in their appearance, without having to sacrifice time with the kids in the morning. They probably get ready at the same time as the kids, and they look great. When I see these moms, I like to tell myself that Iâ??m not as lazy as I am, so I, too, can dress like that. In fact, the few times that I HAVE worn normal female clothing, Iâ??ve gotten gasps, stares and â??wowsâ?•. I take that as a compliment, and also as a slight hint that perhaps I should try a little harder. â?|â?|â?|Nah.

8) â??I Donâ??t Need Clothes â?? Iâ??m Hunched Over, Pushing This Double-Stroller, So No One Sees Shitâ?•

Pretty self-explanatory â?? perhaps they could just wear a robe.

9) â??Medusa Momsâ?•

It doesnâ??t matter how theyâ??re dressed or where theyâ??re headed â?? they donâ??t have time for you, for the teacher, for the idle chit-chat, and they barely kiss their kids good-bye. Theyâ??re better than us, richer than us, more intelligent than us, (or perhaps I should say â??intelligenterâ?•), and it all may be a giant farce, but thatâ??s the air they exude, so there you have it. I call these moms â??Medusa Momsâ?•, because they are so forceful in their blank â??Iâ??m going to pretend I donâ??t

see youâ• straight-ahead stare, that Iâ•m afraid if we WERE to make actual eye contact, what would happen? The possibilities are endlessâ•!.. and creepy.

10) â•Lurkersâ•

Class has already started, the hallways are empty, and these moms are still hanging out, cornering some poor soul in the parent/teacher lounge who just wants to get to her yoga class. Sometimes I wonder if they linger because they donâ•t have food at home, so they spend an hour scarfing down as many croissants as possible. I know these moms exist, because theyâ•re chatting away in the lounge as I enter the school, and they are literally standing in the same position, when Iâ•m on my way out, while the front desk looks at me like, â•Doesnâ•t this woman have a life?â• â• Which brings me to my next momâ•!

11) â•Desperately-Seeking Susansâ•

These woman are desperate for attention. So desperate, in fact, that they will start rumors about other moms at the schools just to have something to talk about, and to seem â•in the knowâ• and important. I know this first-hand. I have a potted plant in front of my parking spot, and someone had pulled into my spot after me and accidentally ran into the pot, breaking it. I didnâ•t even notice, and then found out that this particular â•Susanâ• had started a rumor that I had broken the pot myself and was trying to blame others. Hahahahahah!!!! I actually laughed when I heard that. First of all, as big of a loudmouth as I am, if I had broken my own ceramic planter, not only would my bumper be severely damaged, but I would have immediately let the school know. And anyone who knows me knows this to be fact. And the best part, is that every time we see each other, she tries to smile and say hi. I donâ•t respond, and most recently, she said â•hi,â• and I responded with, â•whyâ• and walked off. I made sure to say it in a condescending tone, because I despise NOTHING more in life than a FAKE. YUCK!!!!!!!!!! Donâ•t pretend to like me when we both know you donâ•t. Itâ•s okay. Iâ•m fine. I couldnâ•t give a shit, even if I had one neatly wrapped in a jewelry box, set in the palm of my hand. But donâ•t be an asshole and then try to act like weâ•re cool. You donâ•t know a thing about me, and youâ•re gross.

Regardless of how you choose to dress or act when dropping your kids off, remember one thing: If youâ•re dressed like a drag queen, a hooker, a power lesbian, or a homeless person, people will judge. But who gives a shit â• theyâ•re just clothes.

What REALLY matters is how you act. So if youâ•re nice, none of the above will matter. But if youâ•re a fake, nasty, gross, shit-talking, fakeity-fakester, please stay away from me, because if you try to act like weâ•re cool, and I know for a fact that you bash me at every opportunity, Iâ•ll probably morph into some sort of a mutant â•Mad-Dogging Medusa,â• and thatâ•s a story that wonâ•t end well for *anyone*.

Allow me to end this post by pointing out that there are plenty of dads I could describe, as well, but Iâ•m PMSing and have a large disdain for men when PMSing, so Iâ•ll do everyone a favor and not say a word.

Moral of the Story? Just drop your fucking kids off. Itâ•s not that complicated. And now I must go. Iâ•m grumpy, tired, spent, and craving ice cream. Iâ•ll talk to you folks later. ð•••

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created

April 25, 2014

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