

Sometimes I wish that I could stop you from talking...



I like shopping at Costco. Well, let me restate that, I like eating lunch at Costco. Their definition of a “slice of pizza” does my guilt meter good. “I’ll just have a slice,” I tell myself, which any place but Costco would be a medium pizza and their audacious cup of ice cream is unmatched—anywhere.

On a recent trip to the Irvine Costco I was strolling down the condiment aisle and I noticed a couple. The woman was positively gorgeous. She had what I call a “bridal look”—perfect make-up and hair, fresh French mani and an ensemble that was (naturally) perfect for the occasion.

A put-togetherness most of us girls can only pull-off once in our lives, for the big day. Other than our wedding, the odds of having ALL of these elements working for us on one day are slim...and dead zero if you’re a mom of kids under the age of ten.

The guy looked like your brother. I don’t know your brother, I don’t even know if you HAVE a brother, but I bet he looked just like him—just a average guy.

As I maneuvered my massive cart around theirs, I overheard their conversation. She was hanging on his shoulder, her head resting on her hands. It went like this:

Bride: I don’t like that brand of syrup, it tastes too...earthy (with accompanying icky look).

Brother guy: Well, it’s all natural and it IS from a tree.

Bride: What? No it’s not. Syrup?

Brother guy: Yeah. M-A-P-L-E syrup. You know, from a M-A-P-L-E tree?

Bride: 0000000000h, that's why they call it that. I thought it was because of the COLOR maple. I didn't know it was from the maple TREE. (Then she laughed and playfully pushed him away.)

And you could tell at that moment it was over for the guy. It didn't matter how stunning his girlfriend was, he just couldn't date someone who didn't know syrup came from a tree. Somethings are just deal-breakers. How could he tell his friends? How could he face his old girlfriend when he bumped into her at The Bean with his new girlfriend who didn't know syrup came from a tree? His ex would just know. She was like that.

I watched their relationship die right there as we all strolled past the gallon sized mayonnaise and teriyaki sauces.

I saw them later in the check out line. She was playing with his hair and talking about making him her special chocolate chip cookies. She seemed like a sweet gal-happy. She chatted with other people in their line as it snaked slowly toward the cashier. But you could read it on the guy's face, he planning his exit speech.