

# It's beginning to look a lot like a kegger

Wide-eyed and excited, a little girl walks down the aisle at Toys "R" Us in Irvine. She stops at the Bratz section and picks up one of the heavily made up dolls who's sporting a mid-drift and thigh-high stockings.



"Stop right there!" I shout, startling her. "Put that down, NOW!" I scream as I lunge toward her and knock the trampy doll out of her little hand. Then I turn her quickly to the sweet My Littlest Pet Shop display. Whew! Future teen disaster averted!

Well, okay not really. But that's what I felt like doing last week. Walking down the girl's aisles at toy stores can sometimes feels a little like MTV's Spring Break. The level of inappropriate attire and activities gets jacked-up year after year. It makes a mom wonder what kind of little girls these toy producers are targeting.



I'm not one to blame the media or toy makers entirely for the trend—as parents, I think it's our responsibility to moderate what our kids consume and not make others responsible—but geesh, taken as a whole, I feel the sexualization of little girls is getting out of hand. It seems every year the boundaries get pushed a little further, dragging our daughters down the road to adulthood at a quicker rate than they are equipped to handle.

It's the growing floozy-fueled trend that bothers me, not the desire for a little girl to act girly. I let my six-year-old

daughter play with Barbies. I let her do her nails sometimes. I let her have a little bit of a heel on her fancy black shoes. Bottom line: I let her be a little girl. I liked being a little girl. Being a little girl is a lot of fun. But I draw the line at Barbie's Hot Tub Party Bus. I think the concept behind it is too exceedingly tart-like to support.



Fun in the sun is one thing—which I enjoyed endlessly with my Malibu Barbie Country Camper—but throwing my daughter on a “Party Bus” with all of her half-dressed friends to soak in a hot tub with Ken and his buddies is another.

(See the original commercial for Barbie's Country Camper  
here...Sigh...)

This subject of guarding our daughters from vile merchandise is near and dear to my heart. You might remember the subtle mandate (paradox intended) I wrote calling for the boycott of Juicy Couture because of their despicable products made for young girls—remember their “Trust Fund Generation University” line of purses? This holiday season Juicy has teamed up with Barbie to make supermodel Barbies for just \$125 a doll. Which would probably be these girls going rate on “the street.”

\*\*\*wink\*\*\*wink\*\*\*



Juicy also offers “A Week in the Life of a Juicy Drama Queen” underwear for little girls. So, for only \$58, your young daughter can have clever “Juicy” puns splashed across her bottom for...um, I would hope no one to see. And isn't Juicy considerate to promote the trait we ALL encourage in our daughters—DRAMA!



The sales gal at Nordstrom in the Spectrum assured me I would “be surprised” at how many they sell. She's right. I'm always surprised when parents throw their money away on inane products for their kids. (You can read my Juicy Couture Rant

here. I go into detailed about why all their products should be tossed into an angry sea.)

I know I must sound like the ultimate mommy buzz kill, and maybe I am a bit. But I didn't sign up for this whole parenting thing just to make and impress friends and I certainly didn't do it for the pay or the hours. I want my daughter (and my son) to have a total blast as kids, but sometimes it takes a purposeful effort on the parents' part to help them define what a "total blast" should look like.

Now let's see...I pointed out the evil trend of trappy toys marketed to our daughters...I showed you pictures of disgraceful Bratz dolls...I reiterated my disdain for all things Juicy...I encouraged you to dump unseemly products into an angry sea...I think my work here is done.

Have a nice holiday...and don't forget to try buying handmade.

*This was written for my blog at The Orange County Register,  
"Mommy's Mind is Not a Toy."*

Here are some other things I've written there that are bossy, snarky, and sometimes, usually by accident, downright true!

1. I'm afraid of wimps and you should be, too
2. Okay kids, time to break out the french maid costumes!
3. Social Etiquette 101 or Don't ever, ever under any circumstances ask a women if she is pregnant 101