

Time to play “What’s that smell?”



When we got in the car to head down to Balboa, it reeked—real bad.

“What’s that awful smell?” I asked from the front seat, but the kids just shrugged and rolled down their windows.

After two hours in the sun down at the beach, again, “What is that putrid smell!?”

“I think it’s my meatball,” Ben casually said. “I dropped last week under my chair.”

“Oh, yeah it’s under his seat,” Emily adds.

Okay, information that would have been helpful when we started playing “What’s that smell?”

“What? Why didn’t you get it and throw it away, Nut?” I ask. I really wanted to know too.

“It’s all gross. I didn’t want to touch it,” Ben said, in a ‘no duh’ kind of way.

So, I pull the car over and open his door. Ben’s balancing a rotting, slimy, Trader Joe’s mini meatball on his index finger. He had the look of disgust on his face. “See it’s

totally gross.”

I have no idea why I did what I did. How I got the nerve. My motherly instincts kicked in I guess and I grabbed the meatball and threw it as far away from the car as possible.

Like it’s a live grenade.

“I can’t believe you touched it,” Emily chimed in. “That’s disgusting.”

“Hey, I just saved your life sister,” I pointed at her.

“You can’t die from a smell,” she said and looked back down at her DS.

Nearly nine-year-olds think they’re soooo smart.

For a photo slideshow from our day at Balboa, [click here](#).