

The Sad, Lonely Life of a Mom's Coffee Cup

I feel sorry for my coffee cup. I do. Here...I'll show you why. Below is a breakdown on its daily activities.

6:30 a.m. Pulled from un-run dishwasher and hastily rinsed.

6:32 Abandoned in sink while I made Dinasa^r Egg Oatmeal (which I swore I wasn't going to buy again—but, hey, it's oatmeal.)

6:40 Poured coffee to brim, but not too high, must add froo-froo creamer.

6:42 Forgotten on kitchen counter due to mini-brawl that broke out between kids, something to do with "Wow! Wow! Wubbzy!" or "She slugged me."

6:57 Found cup, placed it in the microwave for warm-up.

7:00 Crap, 7 already? Ran upstairs to get kids ready for school—no cup in hand.

7:20 Scuttled downstairs to retrieve cup from microwave...cold again. Re-zapped.

7:50 Re-zapped, poured into thermos cup.

7:59 Hurried out the door as not to be late for drop-off—forgetting cup on counter.

7:45 Returned home to find cold coffee sitting on counter, poured back into microwaveable cup. Re-zapped.

8:00 Upstairs to take shower, make self presentable—plum forgot cup in microwave again.

9:00 Retrieved sorry cup of coffee from microwave, checked

temp. Re-zapped.

9:05 Started to return emails and check blog stats—Yeah! Two sips.

9:10 Remembered clothes in dryer will relentlessly wrinkle if not folded immediately. Ran downstairs.

10:00 Grabbed cup while rushing to put away clothes: left coffee cup atop Son's nightstand.

11:00 Official lunch time: Coffee out. Diet Coke in.

8:30 p.m. . While putting Son to bed, he complains of stomachache. "Do you think you are going to throw up?" "Can I Mommy?" "Yes." "Okay." Grabbed closest receptacle—dejected coffee cup on nightstand.

11:30 p.m. After barf-fest, with every towel, blanket and comforter in the house was in the process of being washed, went downstairs to do thorough, Silkwood-type rinse out of coffee cup.

Better luck tomorrow true and faithful friend.