

# 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<sup>u</sup>ur 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.