

Okay kids, time to breakout the French Maid costume

Larry and I were over at the Costume Castle in Irvine letting the kids run wild through the severed heads and clown shoes when we caught this little dialogue between a young customer and the gal behind the counter—who goes by the name “The Queen of Halloween” because of her immense knowledge of costume-ish things.



The young girl was trying to purchase one of the less-than-modest costumes. Hint: fishnets were involved.

Queen of Halloween: How old are you, honey?

Girl: I’m fifteen.

Queen of Halloween: I can’t sell this to you. It’s inappropriate for your age.

Girl: ***Blink**Trying to compute new concept*** What do you mean?

Queen of Halloween: You are too young to be wearing this. I can’t sell it to you.

Girl: Dad!

Queen of Mean: Is your dad here? I’ll talk to him.

Spastic, breathless explanation from girl to dad about mean lady not letting her buy something she wanted.

Girl’s dad: What’s wrong with this costume? It’s fine.

Plops down credit card in a no-one-tells-me-my-daughter-can’t-wear-something fashion.

I guess he showed her.

Poor girl doesn't stand a chance.

When I was telling my friend Andy this story he responded, "Hey, how can he be her best friend if he doesn't give her everything she wants?"

Good call, Andy. You have this whole parenting a daughter thing down. (He was joking, of course.)