

Apparently, McDonald's is my kinda place

McDonald's has really great happy meal toys right now.

Right there—that I'm telling you that—is a problem. I know it's a problem.

I'm not sure why this got me excited, but, sadly, it did.

When I pulled up to order for my kids and saw the toy was Wizard of Oz (girl toy) and Batman (boy toy) I was perceivably jazzed.

Sure, my kids got all twitchy and chatty in the back seat when they spied the big ad that graced the top of the ordering menu that announced their prize, but I had a real sense of...well...happiness, at the very idea.

I really haven't a clue why.

The inexplicable joy just got worse and more disturbing when my daughter opened her happy meal to find she had been given Dorothy! Dorothy! I could have cried from the pure triumph I felt that MY daughter got the star character.

We both just looked at it all giddy with delight as she twirled it around. Then she pulled out the clincher..."Mom...(dramatic pause)... I got Toto, too!"

I would have hugged her if we hadn't both been firmly strapped in our seats. She placed the basket on Dorothy's stiff, outstretched arm and held it up high for us all to admire.

Another mysterious emotion of motherhood revealed right there in the parking lot of McDonald's.

Then I remembered, I was so swept-up by the luck of the moment

that I forgot about Ben.

Poor Ben.

He pulled out his toy: The Green Goblin. A villain! Not even a sidekick, let alone the star.

He was robbed. Robbed I say!



(I hope she doesn't come alive at night and run around the house. She looks a disheveled and overwrought. Badly in need of a little powder pat-down.)