



BEING MOMS

# For the Love of Cheez-Its

BY **WANNABEE BLUNT** - MAY 11, 2020



My son goes faint if he doesn't eat every hour on the hour. And it can't just be any food. He needs goldfish or granola bars or other foods in individually portioned, disposable packaging. And water. He needs lots of bottles of water, unless Gatorade is available. That works too. Powerade will do, but only red or blue, and Gatorade is just better. Everybody knows it.

But my son only needs the sustenance during non-school hours. From eight to four, he's fine. Put him at play rehearsal or baseball practice, though, and steady feeding is required.

Apparently, it's not just my kid who is like this. Others are too, which I know because at the beginning of every extracurricular activity, one of the moms will circulate a sign-up list, so we can take turns saving the kids' lives.

I asked another mom, "Is this all really necessary? Still? I mean, these kids are *vaping*, for gosh sakes. If they are able to score Juuls, surely they could manage to track down Nacho Cheese Doritos."

She explained, "If you don't have time to do it, I'm happy to take your turn. Really. It's not a bother."

Um, no. I'll bring the high school kids their playtime snacks, because I refuse to be labeled as one of those working moms who never does her part.

How do you think the kids manage during the school day? Is there a Dutch door in the cafeteria where an arm dispenses bags of Cheetos as the kids walk by? Does the school send rescue workers down the hallways, handing out 8 oz. bottles of Aquafina? You practically have to set up a FEMA outpost for theater tech week, so how does the school manage that daily?

There seems to be no end in sight to the suckling. When the kids are seniors, the moms organize Senior Lunch Days, in apparent apology for the steady "Did you get your application essay done?" grillings. I know all about these feasts, having gone through the senior season with my older son. It played out like this:

"What are you bringing for Lunch Days?", another mom asked me.

"Couldn't we just order them pizza?" I said.

"Hmmm, the kids don't really *like* pizza," she said.

“Are you kidding me?”, I said.

She knew I had her there, so she tried a different argument.

“It’s supposed to be *special*,” she said.

“Meat Lover’s it is.”

She was not amused.

And my kid? He fainted on the floor two weeks ago, and I just left him there. Should I take him some Cheez-Its to revive him?

Lucie is a writer in San Antonio, Texas. She spent her pre-writing life working as an employment lawyer. No longer shackled by clients and courts, Lucie can now curse freely. Fuck yeah!

You can find her at <https://luciefrost.com/> or on Twitter, Instagram, Facebook, and Medium:@luciehfrost

BOYS

HIGH SCHOOL

SNACKS



---

AUTHOR

## Wannabee BLUNT

Wannabe's are Guest Authors to BLUNTmoms. They might be one-hit wonders, or share a variety of posts with us. They "may" share their names with you, or they might write as "anonymous" but either way, they are sharing their stories and their opinions on our site, and for that we are grateful.