

Reasons Mommy Drinks

The Park

When Mommy loads up the stroller with enough crap to open a Babies “R” Us, it means it’s time to go to the park. Mommy brought wholesome, organic snacks, but the first thing you do is eat sand. Mmm, notes of raccoon pee. Also, she forgot to pack your hat, which, according to the Unspoken Rules of Parenting, is the equivalent of leaving you outside naked in a snowstorm. At the playground, parenting shortcomings never go un-noticed. Flanked by Stepford Wives who whisper their disapproval and a gaggle of nannies who openly discuss it in a foreign language, Mommy is living an Orwellian existence. At least this means there are lots of other kids for you to play with/catch illnesses from. Including Terror Toddler. Mommy suppresses her inner Jerry Springer and tries not to freak out when this bully-in-training shoves you, snatches your pail, and comes dangerously close to blinding you with a shovel. Who is this kid’s parents? Oh, it’s Weekend Dad, who is busy texting last night’s piece of strange on his hip-bolstered Android. Mommy decides to give Terror Toddler a pass, since that kid is going to be filled with self-loathing (and, let’s face it, pharmaceuticals) in about a dozen years. Meanwhile, Mommy gets her cardio burn on by chasing you backward up a slide, moving you out of the way of big kids on swings, and catching you from falling off the playground stairs. At least she no longer feels guilty about her lapsed gym membership. Speaking of exercise, now Weekend Dad is doing chin-ups on the monkey bars to impress the local MLFs. Maybe he should spend more time on his parenting skills and less time on his upper-body strength since Terror Toddler is currently aiming a Super Soaker at a sleeping newborn. Oh the park, where nature and nurture come together to b*tch-slap each other in the face.

Parks and Wreck

3 oz. lemon juice
2 teaspoons raw sugar
1 oz. light rum
Sprig of fresh basil

Rim a glass with some of the lemon juice, then sugar and fill the glass with ice. Pour in the rum, lemon juice and the rest of the raw sugar and stir. Garnish with the basil.



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