

A Post About Nothing

This post is about nothing because I should be in bed. I'm writing as a way to vent because I can't sleep. We've let our daughter have sleepovers pretty much constantly for the past 2 weeks. We've run into some of her friends and figured what a better way to end summer in a fun way than with some sleepovers, especially with these friends we don't see often.

Problem is, all these girls seem to lose track of the rest of the world when they're together. They run up and down the stairs like a herd of elephants (I am SO not going to mention this out loud – what could scar a sensitive pre-teen girl more than comparisons to the largest land mammal??), they giggle incessantly, and they BURST into our bedroom at midnight complaining of a scary noise. And that's what led me here. Having a group of kids burst into my room as I'm trying to relax with some quiet reading time at midnight apparently set off my adrenal glands – big time. It's now almost 1 am, and I can't even think of laying down again for fear of my quiet bubble being burst yet again. My adrenaline is pumping so hard; I feel like I've just ridden a roller coaster or like I'm about to deliver a speech. The kicker is, with little or no sleep, how I am going to be able to supervise 6 kids tomorrow – with one of them being a VERY exploratory 10-month-old?? I don't know how it's going to work. All because of a scary noise. Well, unfortunately for this group of self-absorbed 'tweens, they're about to find out that a long day with a very tired and grumpy Mom is *infinitely* more scary than any kind of noise or bump in the night.

Good luck, girls.