

Monday, Monday

Don't you just hate when you run out of certain household staples and a trip to the store becomes imminent whether you planned it for that day or not? Happened to me today, and wouldn't you know, it was a cold December rainy day. Complicating what should have been a simple run to the store were my 5 kids and the fact that the rain decided to change over into sleet and ice during the trip.

As always, it took us almost an hour to get ready to go. It takes forever for the kids to listen well enough and to stop playing long enough to pull on socks, shoes, and coats. Since 2 of my kids are in diapers and one is being bottle fed, my diaper bag these days is huge and takes some time to pack every time I leave the house; especially when I have to take breaks from packing it to tend to the baby and the various needs of various kids. Finally, we were ready to leave the house, but somewhere in the melee I decided to leave my 2 oldest kids home. Contributing to my decision, Sammie was having a rough and crabby day, so I decided it would be most productive for the family if she and her brother were separated since that's where today's fights were centered. Except that meant that I had to come up with a home-schooling project for the girls to do while the rest of us were out, which meant further delay.

I get most of our family's staples at Walmart because they are usually cheapest and it's the whole one-stop shopping thing. Except that their milk prices are horrible, so today I found it worth the savings to unload all 3 kids (ages 2 mos., 3 years and 5 years) to make an extra stop at Rite Aid. Besides, I've had a hankering for some Combos and Rite Aid often has them on sale. But wouldn't you know it, today was a Monday and there wasn't a sale on Combos, nor was there any milk on the shelves at all! "The truck is usually here by now," said the clerk when I asked about the absence of milk,

but his musing didn't help me any. So I re-loaded all the little kids and headed to Walmart – by now the rain was turning to sleet and the driving visibility was compromised. We made it across town safely with a quick pitstop at the gas station because it was coffee Monday, which meant all sizes of coffee are just \$.89. But they were out of 24 oz. cups. Which meant that I had to have a 20 ounce cup for the same price as a 24 ounce cup would have cost – the kind of stuff that normally gets my goat. No matter, I shouldn't have coffee greed anyway, but now I was cold, wet, and slightly irritated... and I had all these KIDS with which to deal... that extra 4 ounces of coffee could have served me well!

On to Walmart where I had to circle the lot 3 times to find a decent parking spot. Not that I'm lazy, but it makes me nervous to walk through the parking lot with so many little kids, at least one of whom doesn't listen well and tends to run off whenever he pleases. I got a break because my parking spot was next to a cart return, so I loaded all 3 kids into a cart – though it was a bit of a feat to fit them all in along with my huge diaper bag. We had plans to switch into a more kid-friendly cart once we got inside, but the kid-rider carts were all buried behind other carts, leaving me no choice but to leave my kid-filled cart in the path of every other shopper who entered the Walmart in that particular 5 minute span. The shopping itself was uneventful, unless you count the fact that my son tumbled out of the cart (did it have to be while he was explaining to me how he likes Justin Beiber's songs just not Justin Beiber himself? And one wonders what that all even means when coming from a 3-year-old...) We had to stop a few times to nurse his wounds and to feed his brother, but then we were on our way. I didn't realize until my groceries were all bagged up that I forgot my wallet, meaning that I had to drag all the kids back out to the car in the now freezing rain (it actually made noises as it bounced against our cheeks) to get my wallet and then to return to the store to buy our groceries... not to mention maneuvering BACK to the car to

load up all the kids and the groceries...

Following that, my intentions were good; I was going to bring Hubby a special half-price fountain drink from Sonic for Happy Hour, but I ran out of gas. Well, I didn't run out of gas and get stranded in the cold, so for that I'm thankful. But after all of the illustrations of Murphy's Law I witnessed on this Monday, I decided not to risk stopping at the gas station again for gas – coffee Monday or not.

In case you had the same sort of Monday and need a theme song:

Tale Of Tartar

I did not go to Walmart yesterday, but I still have enough of a complaint to sit and write a blog post about the place! In case you've missed my other (many) Walmart rants, I'll save you the search and link to a few of the various episodes depicting the times they wronged me. Like [this time](#). And [this time](#). And [this time](#), to name a few...

So anyway, back to last night – I needed tartar sauce for dinner and didn't realize it until after the kids got home from school, so I ran out (for what I thought was going to be) really quick to get some. I went to Walgreens first, but they don't carry tartar sauce, so I went across town to Dollar General, and they don't carry tartar sauce either. Is this a side effect of living in a small town – it's hard to find the things I need last minute if needed? If so, I will gladly take it in exchange for the traffic, air pollution, and the general stress that exudes from larger cities (see [hubby's blog post](#) about a recent news article about the most stressed cities – ew). But most likely the apparent lack of tartar sauce in rural NW Ohio is due to scenario #2 – ever since we got a Super Walmart a few years ago, the competitors have phased out certain grocery non-necessities like tartar sauce. Why should they carry old crusty tartar sauce when no one buys it there because everyone shops at Walmart? I begrudgingly include myself in that category – you can read those previous posts of mine if you really want to know more about my Walmart paradox and why I shop there. (At least my kids were never [slapped by strangers](#), and I haven't shown up [here](#) – yet.)

If you're still with me – I've linked all over the internet in this post, so I wouldn't be surprised if I've lost some people – I'm going to blame Walmart for my lack-of-tartar-sauce

problem. And in case you're wondering how it all turned out, it really wasn't a problem after all. We just convinced the kids to try ranch dressing instead of the tartar sauce, and they actually liked it – well, until the ranch dressing came out too fast and spilled and incited a tantrum that caused a chain reaction that ruined dinner, but that's another post! And before my comment board lights up with healthy eating advice, I'm already aware that the kids really shouldn't grow up so sauce-dependent. But in these parts where the kids outnumber the adults, you must adapt to survive, and “pick your battles” is essential parenting advice!

Butts On The Floor – In The Grocery Store?

I don't know how this memory came about, but recently I was thinking about how acceptable smoking used to be in our society. You were allowed to smoke anywhere and everywhere – airplanes, restaurants, bowling alleys, and grocery stores, to name a few places. Yes, I said grocery stores. I have distinct memories of being a kid and playing with the floor at the grocery store. I was playing with the floor because it had colored tiles on it that resembled a maze, and grocery shopping is *so boring* for a kid that there really isn't anything else to do but look at the floor and play with it. While navigating my maze on the floor, I distinctly remember seeing – and stepping around – cigarette butts. People used to smoke cigarettes while shopping for food – ew. So does that mean that all the food that was brought home had packaging that reeked of cigarette smoke? It's hard to imagine, especially given society's view on smoking today. But I remember it, and I'm really thankful that we've come

such a long way. I can no longer stand the smell of cigarette smoke, and if I had to smell it while shopping at Walmart, it would make the place that much more unbearable.

And while we're on the topic of inappropriate places to smoke, that reminds me of something I forgot to mention in my Mummy movie review post. While watching the movie, we kept smelling cigarette smoke; 2 or 3 times. Someone was definitely smoking in the theater, but my question is, who would do something like that? Was their addiction so out of control that they honestly couldn't make it through an entire movie? And we're not talking about The Dark Knight, a movie that runs 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The new Mummy movie was not even over 2 hours, and someone couldn't make it that long without a cigarette (or two or three)? That sounds like a problem they should get help for. At the very least, they should have stayed home then, where they could smoke all they wanted without bothering anyone else. I was really irritated. Not just because I hate the smell and wasn't expecting to have to deal with it at a movie theater, but mostly because I had our new baby with me and I didn't want his innocent lungs poisoned with cigarette smoke. I never saw who was doing it, but I suspected maybe it was some rebellious teenagers doing it because they could get away with it. But I didn't see any teenagers leaving the theater. I tried to smell everyone that walked by, but I came up with no suspects. Oh, well... if it happens again, I think I'll report it; I just didn't feel like missing the movie. And I really didn't think that after the first cigarette they'd go ahead and light another... How utterly rude and completely thoughtless. I hope the culprit saw the baby on the way out and felt guilty... but I'm sure that someone with the nerve to smoke in a movie theater wouldn't care enough to regret it.

Rollback, Shmollback

Now that I'm well on my way to full recovery after being unable to do normal things for so long because of the pregnancy and cesarean, I've resumed my big grocery shopping days at Walmart. And since I haven't been there much in the past few months, I was shocked to find how much many of the prices have raised. So this inspired me to make a list of all the prices I remember from when our Super Walmart opened 26 months ago. I did some math, and this is what I came up with. The first price is how much the item was for the first few months the Super Walmart was open. The second price is how much the item is now, and the percent is the percentage the price has increased in 26 months.

parmesan cheese – \$2.94 to 4.18 = **42%**
american cheese singles – 1.98 to 2.58 = 30%
shredded cheese – 1.98 to 2.58 = 30%
garbage bags – 1.67 to 2.98 = **78%**
bananas – 19¢ to 58¢ per pound = **almost 49%**
toilet paper – 1.00 to 1.24 for a six pack = 24%
baby wipes – 1.44 to 2.16 for one pack = **50%**
baby formula – 10.64 to 11.88 per can = 11%
milk – 2.00 to 3.80 = **90%**

I'm no math whiz, but if I did the calculations correctly, this is insane. I realize there is inflation, the economy is terrible, and food comes in on trucks which use gas whose cost has also skyrocketed, but this is still ridiculous. I used to love Walmart for their one-stop shopping concept, but now I hate them for ruining the little guy and for always changing their prices. It makes it impossible to shop around for the best price unless you have no job or kids – and they know it. **WALMART SUCKS!** But I will keep shopping there, and they know it. Why? Because with 4 kids, I don't have time to go to a bunch of stores trying to find the best price. I need to go where I can get it all under one roof.

Ok, I'm done venting... at least until my next Walmart trip...