

The Two-Hour Sleepover

By Are We There Yet



Photo credit: parents.com

“I’m sure it will fit”, puffed my youngest daughter, her cheeks red with exertion as she jumped on her knapsack, trying to fit yet another stuffie in there.

“You’re only going for one night. I don’t think you need 17 stuffed animals.”

“But Mommy, we *need* them! Besides, I already took out all my Barbies, and I’m not even allowed to bring my dollhouse, so it’s not fair otherwise! And if I brush my teeth before we go, I don’t even have to bring my toothbrush and that will make more room.”

It’s hard to argue with six-year-old logic.

It was her first sleepover. She was going with her older sister to stay at a family’s house that we know very well. We had been there a thousand times, eaten with them sometimes daily, and know each other’s houses as well as our own. There were two older sisters with two younger

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sisters, and it was going to be the party of the century. Hence, the 17 stuffies.

We all had dinner together at their house and listened as plans for the evening got bigger and bigger. They would stay up late. No, they would stay up all night. And eat popcorn. And licorice. They would watch more movies than anyone had, ever. And they would play *Just Dance* all night long, too. In fact, they would play *Just Dance* at the same time as they were watching movies, all while building a fort right smack in the middle of the living room, which they were normally never allowed to do, ever.

By 7 pm, both my kids were begging me to leave so they could start their sleepover. After all, it doesn't count if your mother is still there. I kissed them both and by 7.30 was back home, where I was looking forward to *my* night. Me too, I was going to watch movies all night long, only they weren't going to be Disney or anything that had princesses in it.

One hour later, the phone rang. I picked up the receiver and was greeted by tears. It was my six-year-old, sobbing.

"Mommy, I'm done my sleepover, I need to come home now, please come get me, *please*." I hung up the phone, got dressed again, and brought her back home. She was thrilled. "Mommy, I loved my sleepover, that was fun. Can I do that again? I'm a big girl now."

It may have been the world's shortest sleepover, but it was definitely a great success.

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