

Fashionably Late

“Try again,” I tell my six-year-old wearing red plaid shorts with an orange shirt.

He huffs and stomps away. Next comes stained gray sweatpants and a yellow polo.

“Dude,” I say, “you have to match colors *and* the level of formality.”

He throws his hands in the air, then returns in the red plaid shorts but paired with his firetruck t-shirt.

“That’ll do,” I say. “Now let’s go, or we’ll be late.”

As we climb into the jeep, his voice floats over the seat. “Mom, why do I have to match and you don’t?”

We were going to be late.