

Get Messy!

Nothing is good about summer ending. Warm t-shirt, swim short days gliding peacefully along the pond in a 100 pound weight limit makeshift fishing kayak. Believe it or not my mom wants to celebrate this, she wants to CELEBRATE?! The end of an amazing season and the beginning of the long drag of winter without a single fish in sight. So without further ado let me present to you my mom's idea of a fun end of summer tradition (also sometimes my idea of fun too; (drum roll please); the messy playdate also known as get messy (year)!

The first activity is intro to the mess! This is when we do something that is not as messy as most of the activities. This is often body paint, one of my least favourite things, although it is okay. When we body paint, I smell the starchy scent of homemade easy off colours. Sometimes I feel the cool gloop gliding over my lightly weathered hands from a summer of fishing. I don't usually come out with much paint on unlike the other kids covered in the rainbow of my mom's colours.

The next activity is the powdered doughnut bash! Several powdered doughnuts hang on a clothes line at different heights for the motley crowd partaking in the challenge of eating one of the doughnuts without using their hands. GO! I hear the signal to begin and in one tickly gulp the whole doughnut is on its way to my belly. As I step away from the doughnut with the powdered form of glory covering my face, I hear scattered applause and cheering. It feels wonderful to see others attempt to follow in my large and grand footsteps.

After that is lick-it-a-cricket! In this event there are multiple bugs we can try eating. I walk over to the candied ants and take a chunk with a particularly large ant inside. I take a bite.

I taste the sweet watermelon candy and a tiny bit of ant. Next I walk over to the classic crickets.

I am handed a juicy looking cricket. CRUNCH! The flavour of cheese is overwhelming although I can taste the cricket underneath. Last but not least was the mealworms my personal favourite. I grabbed a handful. All it took was one bite to unlock the Mexican spice mixed with the earthy taste of nature's meals.

Now to get even messier is the shaving foam slip and slide. Two colorful tarps are laid out on our sloping front lawn and a puff of shaving foam is sprayed over them. Then the kids come, one by one peguining down the tarps. Finally it is my turn. I step up. Extra shaving is sprayed. I dive, gliding without a care, with shaving foam whipping in my face. The end that is so near can be smelled from a mile away. Then, all of a sudden, the tarp is gone and I'm thumping over hard ground. I say to myself the well-known motto: no guts no glory!

Maybe this isn't the worst way to celebrate the end of summer after all!