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## Stay Clean, Little One



Dear Little One,

I'm writing to you to request that you stop making such a mess. Just stop. Why, oh why, must I change your pants every hour? First it's stuff you've dropped on yourself during breakfast. How you manage to circumvent the table and the bib, I will never know. Then something always leaks during naptime, what with the many directions you wiggle in. We can only guess what that is. Then snack is another mess. Same with dinner. Please stop. I beg.

If you don't cease, I will have to take drastic measures. No more pretty pinks. No more lemon yellows. You will be forced to wear only shades that don't show your indiscretions.

Actually, truth be told, this doesn't sound like such a bad twist of fall fashion fate. Take these elegantly dark purple pants from French *Bon Bon*. Elegant, *Ou!* Versatile, but of course! And the French clearly understand my trials of keeping you in tip top baby form. Why else would they make such comfy yet functional baby pants? Even the gentle elastic bands seem to say, "We are trying to keep things both in these pants and out of these pants." It's a *je ne sais quoi* of French fashion that speaks to me.

The dark purple makes it almost impossible to see stains, so if I want to ignore that you just dropped a bunch on spaghetti on your lap, I'm going to do so. At least until the end of lunch. No one can tell. And you can't tell on me cause you can't really form sentences yet, can you?

Love,

Your Mother

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