



A collection of silly MomFail stories written by moms just like you and me. If you ever feel like you failed as a mom, this book will help you feel less alone. It will make you laugh so hard, you pee your pants!

MomFails 24/7 Real Stories By Real Moms

By Erica Leigh

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ERICA LEIGH



MOMFAILS

24/7

Real Stories By Real Moms

some are cute, some are funny and some
are downright embarrassing!

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Chapter Two

Embarrassing Things Kids Say



When my daughter was in kindergarten, I would bring my three-year-old son with me every afternoon to pick her up. The front office would call for her through a walkie-talkie, and we'd wait for her to come out. Other parents were always waiting too, each one scrolling or texting on their phone. One afternoon, my son and I sat down next to a Black woman and her baby. The baby was in his stroller, happily playing with a colorful toy attached to his car seat. My son walked over and started making silly faces at him. In turn, he cooed and smiled. I said to my son, "You were just like that once."

Confused, he looked up and said, "I was Black?"

Every parent in the room stopped scrolling and looked up from their phones. Their faces were curious, yet cautious—like they knew the sheer magnitude of answering this simple, yet, complicated question. The world seemed to stop spinning for one second and I sensed their empathy. Sweating, I said, "No, you weren't Black, you were just that small."

My son shrugged, and everyone went back to their phones.

The other day, my mom told me I need to be more discreet around my kids. I had no idea what she was talking about. We talked a bit more. Apparently, my daughter told her, “Guess what? I’m not the only one who calls my dad, ‘Daddy.’ At night, in their bedroom, I sometimes hear my mom call him ‘Daddy.’ Then he tickles her and they laugh really loud.”

I couldn't look my mom in the eye for weeks.

When my kids were little, my husband developed an infection in his testicle. Without warning, his left testicle became red and swollen and got worse over the course of a few days. When he spiked a fever one night, we decided it was time for him to go to the hospital. He was in a lot of pain, but we didn’t discuss it with our kids. They knew Daddy was sick but that everything was going to be okay.

Two days later, when I picked them up from school, my daughter’s teacher asked how my husband was doing. I said he was much better and asked how she knew about the infection. She said my daughter made a loud

announcement to her entire class: “Daddy’s penis is sick, and he had to go to the hospital because it was gonna fall off.”

My husband and I realized that night that even though it may not seem like it, *kids are always secretly listening*.

It was two in the morning, and I awoke to my four-year-old standing over my bed staring at me. It was dark, save for the light of the moon shining through my window. I couldn’t see her face, so I asked if she was okay. At first, she didn’t say anything, which scared me even more. Then in a creepy voice, she said, “I want to peel your skin off.” This jolted me awake and I leaped over to turn on the light. For a second, I thought she was possessed, like in *The Exorcist*.

“Are you okay?” I asked. “Why would you say something like that?”

She cracked the sweetest smile and said, “Your sunburn, Mommy. Can I peel the dead skin off now?”

I breathed a huge sigh of relief, patted her little head and said, “Sure, honey, we can do it tomorrow.”

Anything's better than The Exorcist.

I am the only female gym teacher in an all-male physical education department. One morning over winter break, my entire department was in a Zoom meeting. It was taking forever for my boss to get through his presentation, and people were zoning out. One guy even fell asleep! My two-year-old was playing at my feet, and he was getting impatient and rambunctious. At one point, he asked to be lifted up so he could say “hi” to all Mommy’s friends. Trying to avoid a meltdown, I said “yes” and put him on my knee. But he didn’t say “hi.” Instead, he announced to my entire male department, “Mommy has big boobies.”

Cue the crickets...

Nobody moved or spoke. I had no idea what to say so I smiled sheepishly. As my cheeks turned a shade of red that could only be described as *blazing crimson*, my co-workers became spry and alert. Suddenly, everyone was

laser focused on their screens. Even the sleeping guy jolted awake! Eventually my boss continued his presentation, and we all went on with our days. I guess that's one way to liven up a meeting!



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