Cake crumbs clung to George's small pudgy hands, a splotch of vanilla icing mixed with sprinkles smeared across one cheek, mouth stained red from the fruit punch. The small goldenrod bowtie askew, socks and shoes long since abandoned. The white dress shirt sported every ounce of fun he'd enjoyed since the ceremony. His curly red hair mussed, glasses smudged with fingerprints tilted as he wrinkled his nose. George covered his eyes and giggled as the bride and groom kissed. He peeked through his fingers for a second before squeezing his eyes shut again.

"Ew, gross you'll get girl germs, Daddy!"



This week's writing prompt was *The Kiss Reminded George Of…* While I couldn't imagine what a kiss might remind George of, the memory floated back to a young boy in my second-grade class named George. He always had a funny story about crazy things happening in his house, but thankfully nothing about kissing.

Then, my mind traveled down memory lane towards many years ago when my, then young, children attended their first wedding. Our youngest asked how long weddings take, and we figured his concern was about having to sit still. We assured him the ceremony wouldn't last all day, an hour max.

"Phew! I didn't want to wear a blindfold all day."

Confused, we asked why he thought a blindfold would be required. He stared at us like we were the stupidest people he'd ever encountered and shook his head.

"I don't want to see people kissing."

I suggested instead of a blindfold I could warn him when the kissing might start, and he could close his eyes. He turned the suggestion down, concerned his eyes might slip open, and thus to clear up the entire issue, I offered to cover his hands when the kissing began.

And thus at the exact moment before the kiss happened, I quickly covered my child's eyes while he said, "Oh, is the kissing about to happen?" Laughter and kissing ensued, but much to his own delight, he did not have to witness it.

The Reluctant Thor.