Oh, the things little boys will do to get the attention of a little girl.
My husband Jason and I attended a Halloween party with our son James last week. At the tender age of three, our boy has already started to notice the opposite sex.
Now mind you, he probably thinks girls have “cooties” and other unexplainable things. But he still takes notice when a little darling passes his way.
A small, blonde hair girl took a seat across from James as we all snacked on finger foods at the school party. She never really spoke to James, but she kept looking at him and smiling.
My little Casanova began to notice the little girl was watching his every move.
James had been sitting quietly next to Jason, eating his candy and taking small, steady sips of his drink. He would comment on another kid’s costume or ask what we would be doing at home afterwards. For the most part, he was my angel. He was calm, quiet, obedient, the whole nine yards.
All of this changed when he noticed the attention from the girl across the table. Then there was no reasoning with him. My little angel transformed into a another being right before my eyes.
The same little boy who was taking small sips of his drink was now gulping the punch with such force that I heard it splashing against his tonsils. Then, making sure the little girl was watching, he let out a man-sized burp.
It didn’t help that the little girl giggled at his antics because after we disciplined about how it’s not polite to burp, he “fell” on the floor.
A sincere fall would be attended to, but this was an Oscar-worthy performance. Reaching his lanky arms up to the sky, James hurled himself onto the floor. He even gave a passionate “umph” in his voice when he nailed the floor.
And, of course, the little girl giggled.
Then James grabbed his orange cupcake and shoved it in his face. The once clean child was now covered with icing. It was everywhere, going up his nose and hanging on his eyelashes.
And, you guessed it, the little girl giggled.
The chaos continued. James, now aware that the little girl thought burping was funny, went to grab his punch for another performance. But he was in a hurry and knocked his orange drink all over the table. I issued “the look” while Jason bent over to wipe up the mess with an abundance of napkins.
Dare I say it, the little girl giggled.
James decided his slapstick routine wasn’t enough. He began to loudly talk about bodily functions. He covered everything from the digestion process to excessive flatulence.

At that point, I didn't wait to see if the little girl giggled. I informed James that it was time to go. Grabbing his coat and a bag full of candy, I led him out the door. The two "lovebirds" were able to say their goodbyes as we left the party.

On the way home, James didn't mention the little girl. He was excited about playing monster trucks at home. He was busy talking to his baby sister Elsie about how spiders are mean but butterflies are sweet.

The giggling girl was nothing more than a distant memory.

But then there will always be the Thanksgiving dinner at school, the Christmas party and the Valentine's Day celebration.

James will see the cute girl in the corner. And the spills, burps, exaggerated falls and inappropriate conversations will begin.

It must be a boy thing. But come to think of it, he takes after his Daddy a lot.

We have been married for four years, together for almost six years. And Jason still makes ridiculous faces to get a laugh out of me. He still prank calls my phone at work. He has been known to fake a fall or two to get a smile out of me.

Oh, the things boys do to get a smile. And I hope it never stops.