I'm going to be honest, it smelled like there was something dead in my truck.
Wrinkling my nose up, I couldn't make out what I was smelling. I just knew that it was bad, no...awful.
"What is that smell," I asked my husband Jason.
Jason, who by this time was turning pink from holding his breath, gave me the most disgusting face I have ever seen.
"I don't know," he replied. "I was about to ask you."
For the past few weeks, there had been a growing odor inside my vehicle. I did the usual checking under the seats for food or drinks that the kids like to shove under there.
I had been in this situation before with James. After devouring a bag of animal crackers and washing it down with a sippy cup full of milk, he shoved everything under his seat.
There are no words to describe the condition I found that sippy cup in a few weeks later. I threw the cup away immediately and said a silent prayer. It was disturbing.
But with this latest smell, I didn't find the usual suspects. There were no forgotten cups or snacks tucked away. There wasn't a Happy Meal box under the car seats. There wasn't a collection of slime from a gumball machine rolled around in peanuts.
I was baffled about the smell.
Like many mothers, I blamed the smell on something the kids or the hubby did and rolled my windows down. A quick drive through the country and some fresh air should do the trick.
But it didn't.
Then I purchased about $50 worth of scent accessories. Over the course of several days, a dolphin and a cardboard pine cone dangled from my rear view mirror. An assortment of gels and plastic containers held onto my air vents. The galaxy of smells, gels and fans would surely work.
But it didn't.
It got so bad, I refused to let anyone ride with me. I would purposely fill my seats up with useless junk so that I could use the "I wish I had more room" excuse.
I had reached the end of my rope when our son James informed me of how bad my truck smelled.
"It smells like doo-doo in here," he said, scrunching his nose up.
It had come to that.
As the children played inside the house with my husband, I armed myself with some paper towels and cleaning liquid. I was determined to rid my truck of the smell that had taken over.

As I raised the back trunk door of my truck, the smell hit me directly in my face.
“Oh, good heavens,” I said, refusing to breathe through my nose.
With my mouth wide open, I jumped inside the back of the truck. Digging around an assortment of beach toys, strollers and newspaper....I was horrified.
James had thrown his Easter basket in the back, unknown to anyone else. He grabbed his basket later, but not before six hard boiled eggs rolled out.
Hidden in the corner, six rotten eggs seemed to be smiling and laughing at me.
“Oh, gosh,” I yelled into the sky as I jumped out of the back. “I knew it. I just knew it!”
But I honestly didn’t know “it.” Easter eggs were the last thing on my mind.
Freaked out by what I saw and smelled, I gathered up the eggs in a plastic bag. There was some kind of growth on the outside of the shells. I threw the bag in the truck bed of Jason’s vehicle.
“Why did you throw them back there,” he asked, looking confused at me. “Why didn’t you just throw them down the hill?”
“I don’t know,” I replied, throwing my arms in the air. “Who leaves eggs around? You get rid of them.”
I couldn’t get that scene out of my head. For two nights in a row, I had nightmares of giant bunny rabbits throwing rotten eggs at my head.
The smell finally disappeared out of my truck. But the memory is still very fresh.
I guess I had better get used to forgotten Easter baskets, bags of Valentine’s candy, half-eaten hamburgers and dehydrated french fries. Those are just a few of the things that kids like to leave behind.
And with husbands, I guess I better get use to sunflower seeds in my floorboard.
Shaking the seeds off my floor mat at the car wash, a little lady rolled her window down.
“Been there, done that,” she said. “You must have kids and a husband.”
We shared a few laughs, and she told me about popsicles inside safety belt clamps and sherbert shoved into her air vents.
As I drove away, I smiled about what the lady told me.
And I kept on smiling until I noticed that Yoo-Hoo straw shoved into the CD slot on my radio.