

# The Meanest Mummy

Contributed by Catherine Jackson  
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According to a not-to-be named here Humungous International Advertising Agency, mothers can be divided into categories like Domestic Divas and Rage Brigade, allowing this and other HIAs to better create advertising which targets our varied purchasing needs. Apparently, we are pro-sumers: pro-active, information-empowered people whose attitudes and behaviors signal emerging consumer trends. Mommy purchase-power. I am dubious.

But this Earnest Mommy finds the whole business of being marketed to, and especially my child likewise being targeted and labeled to better nag and want, enormously offensive.

I am offended by logos stretched across our babies infant bodies, distressed to watch the boys beg for gear and armour instead of clothes and underwear, and want to run raving like a lunatic through the mall when I take my hyper-style conscious tween shopping.

This is why I think the Humongous Advertising Agency people will have to acknowledge another category: The Meanest Mommy In The World. I will gladly be the poster-Mama.

I have refused to buy any number of excessively pink or plasticky items, guns, camouflage, video games, clothing of all kinds. It has not been pretty. There has been whining, tears, and tantrums. One memorable stand-off took place in a shoe store in grade two when my daughter simply insisted, because her classmate had those boots that had heels and went up to her knee, she needed them too. Had to have them in fact. Her little heart was truly breaking over those boots. I was The Meanest Mommy ever. It was loud, it was public, and I did not cave.

Who among us has not stood in line to buy the newest have-to-have toy? The currently coveted item has always been a sought after ideal of cool. I remember fighting bitterly with my own mother about the correct colour of the tag on my all-important Levis. But we are scaling new heights in "I want-itis". All Mommies - Yummy, Domestic, Raging or Super - are targeted, and none of us, nor our offspring, are immune.

A friend recently told me about theft in her son's locker room. Hockey teammates were stealing each other's wildly expensive under-armour. Girls in the eight to ten year old set, the ones who are crazy about Hannah Montana & her Manolo heels - have been sexualized by marketers looking to sell fashion to younger and younger demographics.

How will our children learn to navigate this commercial matrix if we do not show them the way? We are drowning in stuff. The world needs Mamas and kids who are satisfied with enough, not with more and more. Whatever the battle of your choice, stand firm and don the Meanest Mommy In The World crown. Wear it proudly, unflinching, and hold your head high.

Catherine Jackson is a full-time Mum who lives and writes in Vancouver BC.

The Yummy Mummy Club [www.yummymummyclub.ca](http://www.yummymummyclub.ca) is the online destination for modern mothers looking for guilt free adult stimulation. The Yummy Mummy Club speaks to the woman in every mom. Created by celebrity Yummy Mummy Erica Ehm, The Yummy Mummy Club is a virtual meeting place where women can celebrate and commiserate the joys and realities of trying to balance motherhood with their sexy selves. Filled with cheeky articles, playful surveys, groovy giveaways, a sassy book club, and hot online shopping, The Yummy Mummy Club resonates with modern moms who want it all. Be sure to sign up for the free newsletter, win yummy prizes and be part of the fun! Spread the yummy!

