

Sam crawled into bed with us this morning and somehow the conversation turned to who he's going to marry when he's older:

Sam: I'm going to marry Jessie! (His older first cousin)

Me: Uh no. You can't marry your cousin.

Sam: I'm going to marry Hazel! (His sister)

Me: Uh no. You can't marry your sister.

Sam: I'm going to marry Twig (Our cat)

Me: Nope. Not gonna happen.

Sam: Oh right, I can't marry Twig. He's a . . . . boy.

Me laughing uncontrollably: No, that's not the problem.