As we pulled away from a drive thru tonight, Hailey told me she hasn't seen very many dark people around. Anyone with a different colored skin she calls dark. She knows there are different types of people on this Earth and has never made a big deal about it. She said she has seen like about 180 of people like her but not so many dark people. Then she asked me what color we were called. I told her we were white. I didn't want to throw in the word Caucasian just yet. She didn't like that and she told me she wasn't white. I told her again and she told me "Why do I have to yell at you. I am not white!" Then she tells me, "When you're tan you're hot and when you're not, you're not". This then makes me laugh because Hailey has seen way too many commercials. This little slogan is for Tan and Tone America. She asks me how you get tan. I tell her the sun can do it but for people with skin tones like ours the sun can burn instead. She tells me she just wants to be a little tan then. I agree Hailey. Me too! The whole what color thing is so confusing for little children. When I taught school, it bothered so many children when they pulled out those crayons to color their bodies. I don't blame them. The white crayon isn't acceptable. We are not bright and brilliant colored. The flesh tone colored crayons just don't cut it either in my opinion. They seem too yellow or pinkish. So tomorrow I am going to tell her she is a Caucasian American!