

# Five Lies Gilmore Girls Tells You

For the record, I like the show. But it lies to you. Lies so hard. Here are five examples.

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**1. If you eat enormous amounts of junk food, do not cook much on your own, and hate exercising, you will still be healthy and look fabulous.**

It's the life we all want, but we can't have. And please tell me there will be French fries in heaven. And coffee.

**2. Your wish for your studious, "good" teenage daughter to have moments of rebellion by participating in destructive behavior has no actual effect on her decisions.**

Were these longings for her teenager's rebellion due to parental boredom? Did Lorelai want to purchase the alcohol for Rory's underage drinking orgies? Was she disappointed in her daughter for striving to get into an Ivy League instead? Darn, I hate it when kids make correct choices.

**3. Being a single mother with one income will lead to *talk* of not having money, but there will never be any actual financial sacrifices.**

You can eat out as much as you want, actually eat out most every meal. You can own your own very large home in the Northeast. Your daughter can buy books all the time. You can wear whatever you like and find fashionable.[1. Time agrees. [Read this](#) if you don't believe me.] Ok, so Rory didn't buy

enough skirts for her private school. Lorelai insisted that was not necessary. (True. Private school skirts are indestructible.) And Lorelai had to make Rory's dress for prom. Real homemade clothes (when you're too poor to buy clothes) look nothing like Rory's designer "home-sewn" beauty. Believe me.

#### **4. You can know all the things about all things.**

Not only can you do lots of fun things and involve yourself in all the town's events, you can know everything about most everything: literature, movies, music, history, celebrity gossip, and more. There is such a wealth of knowledge, that you can have entire conversations filled with allusions. You'll end up like *The Little Match Girl* by the time you figure them all out.

**5. If you do all this cool stuff, and if you are witty, and if you have a permissive parenting style, your daughter will be your best friend.** Not just your best friend when she is older, wiser, and has had time to mature, but your best friend during each of the awkward stages of development, including pre-pubescence and adolescence.

I'm sure this show is how my friends pictured mothering teenage girls before they actually had a teenage girl.

Then they had a daughter. And now they're like, "Ain't no way we are having coffee as besties. I'm 'bout to lose it on you, and you only in elementary."

And I can't even share what my friends who have middle school daughters are thinking. That's confidential. (And these friends of mine who parent daughters are great mothers. This is just venting, people. Calm down.)

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So there you have it. Lies. Netflix is releasing sequels to the series—four episodes, one for each season, titled “A Year in the Life.” The day after Thanksgiving, I will be curling up with sisters, eating junk food, laughing, binge watching, and listening to more lies.

It will be great.