

My family noticed before I did, on the night I served them miniature lasagnas from a muffin pan. The process had taken approximately twice as long as making one big lasagna would have, yet I was smiling madly over the cutest, most labor-intensive meal I'd ever prepared. My family knew it then. Pinterest has a dark side.

My love for Pinterest runs deep. *Hours* deep. So deep, in fact, that to look at my page could lead one to all sorts of questionable conclusions, like the idea that one of my foremost life goals is to operate a lavender farm, or that brunch is my job. A reasonable person could assume that I have an encyclopedic knowledge of nail polish, or that the lunches I make for my children look like pandas. While these assumptions are false and I probably won't start making my own lip balm or doing inventive things with my hair any time soon, Pinterest has introduced me to a whole world of interests I didn't even know I had.

For me, the habit was all fun and clicks until I was forced to recognize that in addition to the significant time lost to devastating baby animal photos and my growing feelings of home décor inadequacy, my favorite site had another serious drawback—dangerous access to fashion trends.

I was on Pinterest this fall when I found the reindeer sweater. It was adorable, and both festive and affordable enough to allow me ignore the fact that it was modeled not by a soft 40-year-old in mom jeans, but by a dazzling college co-ed with a distinctive broom quality to her body type. I ordered it immediately.

On the day it arrived, I nearly tripped over myself in my haste to try it on. Running up the stairs, I imagined the delighted gasps of co-workers when I wore it to the office, the profuse appreciation for my clever holiday style. "Pinterest," I'd say with a casual shrug. "So many good ideas. Have you tried the mini lasagnas?"

At the mirror, it was clear that not only would I never wear the sweater to work, I couldn't even wear it in front of my children. With equal parts amusement and horror, I looked at the red glittered antlers, draped over the business section of my chest like a pair of gloves lovingly cupping me in a warm Christmas grope. Below, a blank reindeer head stood by expressionless, silent but no doubt contemplating the many meanings of the word "rack".

"Pinterest," I thought in that moment. "So many good *and* bad ideas." It's a fact now verified by eight miniature lasagnas and one dirty reindeer.