

Bored!? I'll show you bored!

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The day started off as a big fat lie. My sister **Christy** visiting from Portland, Oregon had come to town and together we decided to take my children for a relaxing day by the pool. She didn't know any better. She can't be held responsible for agreeing that this day would be anything less than heavenly. I, on the other hand, should have known from experience that taking my boys anywhere while they are in the midst of summertime boredom (just 7 short days after a stay at the beach) was a recipe for disaster or at the very least a recipe for a fight.

When we mentioned going swimming both said something along the lines of, "Um. I'm not sure I want to go. Can we just stay home and you guys watch me make it to the next level Dragon Ball Z Bootikai Tenkaiechi 3? That would be better." When Christy calmly explained that there was no way she was going to watch them play a video game that she couldn't even pronounce when she could be soaking in a heavy dose of vitamin D on this reprieve from the northwest, they obliged to shut her up.

A little later we are at the pool and right about the time I start to dive into the latest issue of *People* a

soaking wet

Jacob

runs to me, throws his soaking wet goggles on top of my magazine and before running back to the pool says,

"These are too tight mom! Fix them for me."

After loosening the strap, they were too loose. Then too tight, then too loose until I said,

“That’s it! Just play in the water. Forget the goggles.”

Stomping off he whispered,

“I never get to do anything!”

When my youngest couldn’t find the toy he was looking for he asked-no, he demanded-I drive back home and find his Spongebob diving missiles. When he didn’t get the answer he wanted off he went telling anyone within earshot that he never gets to do ANYTHING and just to add effect he screamed,

“I am so bored. You don’t ever do anything with me! I just want my missiles!”

Something about their tone and insistence that they live a varidable life of solitude with no stimulation and absolutely nothing to look forward to really ticked me off.

I marched over to the pool and calmly told them to step over to our lounge chair. Perhaps it was my calm demeanor or the fact that I was talking through clinched teeth that let them know I was serious. I made them both sit out and think about how good they have it. And what better way than to tell them how my brothers and sisters spent summers when we were young.

“Bored? Did you say you were bored? There was never any time to get bored. We didn’t sleep in. In the summer we had to get up at 6am and go to work with your Papa cleaning carpets all day. You know what happened when we said we were bored? We were sent outside in the summer heat with a Lively Lad or to plant a garden or anything that would ensure ‘bored’ never left our lips again and also got enough firewood cut for the winter.”

They said nothing. Just looked at me like, “whatever, just give me my stupid goggles that don’t fit and I’ll just dive for your lipsticks.”

They weren’t getting off that easy.

“You just got back from the beach. A trip we took with friends so you wouldn’t get bored. Last night I took you to see that new vampire movie even though you know they freak me out, you’re swimming today and I got you a happy meal for lunch! You have done more in 7 days than we got to do the entire time we lived at home. Do you know how good you have it? Do you?”

Without hesitation my youngest said, “How come you didn’t take me to the movie?! That’s not fair!”

I had to laugh. As much as these boys o mine can take for granted all the things they have and get to do, I’m guessing they’re not the only ones. And as long as they do their chores and use good manners, I’m glad I can give them all the things I never had. That doesn’t mean they won’t get an introduction to the Lively Lad one day very soon.

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