

## Boss of the House

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On Saturday, after a long day of swimming, Neill and Jackson (Becky's son) raced inside to find me.

Neill: "Mama, can I go to Jackson's house for dinner?"

Jackson: "Please, please can he come?"

I looked at the sunburned and tired little boys and said "No, its already late, you probably should just stay home."

Then in unison it started:

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"Oh Please. Just dinner, he won't spend the night. Please, please, please. I'll be so good. Just one time Ms. Angel. Oh PLEASSEEEEEEE!"

Finally, tired myself from a long day in the sun - I broke down - and said - "I don't know, go ask your Daddy."

The boys looked at each other, smiled and then raced to find Neill's daddy and as they did - I heard the words that I never thought - in a million years - would come out of Becky Andrew's son's mouth...

" Yes, let's go find your Daddy because everyone knows Daddies are the bosses of the house!"

My mouth flew open and just then Becky walked in.

“Where’d they go.”

“What in the world is being taught in the Andrews house these days?”, I exclaimed.

Becky’s face went white. “What, did he say a curse word?”

“Worse.”

“Two curse words.”

I paused, as I knew what I was about to tell her was going to rock her world.

You see, if you haven’t already figured it out by now, our little Becky is Wilson County’s biggest feminist. She actually has a photo of she and Gloria Steinem posing together after a speech Gloria gave - prominently positioned on her refrigerator. She reads all her books, quotes her incessantly and secretly believes that she is Gloria’s long lost daughter.

So - I had to be careful, because I knew Becky was not going to take it well - - - and that a young boy’s life was now in my hands.

“He said Daddies ....are the bosses of the house.” (Becky’s left eye immediately began to twitch - a sign Becky was not taking it well and that - - Jackson was a dead man.)

“He did not! JACKSON!!!!”

The two little boys came running towards us - with big smiles - because apparently the BOSSMAN had said Neill could go over to Jackson’s house.

“Jackson Andrews where did you hear that Daddies are bosses of the house? How many times have I told you that girls and boys are completely equal.”

I could almost see the inner struggle deep within Jackson. If he took up for the men of the household - his play date was doomed. On the other hand, his Father had told him that the lady posing with his mother on the fridge - was nuttier than a fruitcake.

Jackson pondered and then looked right at me and said, “I don’t remember saying that.”

He didn’t deny he had said it but didn’t admit to it either.

I looked over at Becky, “It looks like Jay has trained him well!”

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