

Darn...he noticed

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A few months back, I convinced my husband to embark on a small remodeling project.

And actually, remodel is too strong a word. It was really an organizational project.

We are a family of clutter. At any given time there are trails of tennis balls, footballs, baseballs, cleats, shin guards, backpacks, dog leashes, bathing suits, goggles, purses, and files leading the way through our house.

“I just want to put in some built-ins for all this clutter. Maybe bump out the laundry room. That’s all - promise.” were the words that came out of my mouth.

And yet as I sit here writing this afternoon, I’m staring into a huge hole on the side of my house.

I first saw the hole, several weeks back. I came home to find the contractor and his team hard at work.

Hole might not be a strong enough a word. But I'm not sure what you call it when the west side of your house is missing.

"What do you think?" said my contractor.

"Looks great, but I think **Brody** might notice it's gone, which might be a slight problem."

Unlike a new purse or jacket, which I can usually claim he's seen before, a missing wall, was maybe...just maybe, going to be harder to explain.

But I was fully prepared to try.

I immediately decided to cook something, put on lip gloss, and dress up in my finest sweatshirt - three things that were surely going to throw him off the scent.

"Hey, how was your day?" I said in my most dutiful wife voice, when he came in the door.

What I love about my husband is that he can play the game almost as well as I can.

"My day was great! How was yours?," he said acting like the tree that I could now reach out and literally touch, while standing near the stove, wasn't there.

He continued.

"The cubbies are bigger than I expected though, but that's ok, I'll just get a second job to pay for them."

Darn...I think he noticed!

And I really thought the aroma from the Cheeseburger Hamburger Helper, coupled with my lip gloss, might beguile him to the point that he wouldn't.

The silver lining, of course, is he didn't tell me to get a second job.

That might come next week though, when he sees the shower that is filling up the hole.

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