

## He Had it Coming

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Now, given, this person was only eight years old but victory was sweet nonetheless.

When I first became a parent, I didn't realize how much my children's day to day lives would affect mine. Most days when my kids get picked up from school, I ask them the same questions: How was school today? What did you learn? Was everyone nice?. While their responses to question one and question two are important, their answer to question three is the one that I

always have to hold my breath in anticipation for.

There is nothing worse than when one of your children tells you that another child didn't save them a seat at lunch or didn't invite them to a party or slights them in some other dismissive way. It breaks your heart. As an adult, you know that in the big scheme of things, these slights are trivial. But when you see that first big tear roll down your child's face, you literally want to find the little dirt bag and wring their neck.

Its good to know that I am not alone in feeling this way. Just last weekend a very calm and rational friend called me. It was Saturday morning and she was speaking very loudly and quickly. At first I had trouble understanding what was going on. Finally she relayed that a child had bullied her son at that morning's athletic event. She was enraged and being a good friend, I totally egged her on. We then proceeded to think of all the ways she could torment this child. At some point the conversation became quite comical and we ended up laughing so hard at the thought of two calm, rational, adult women spending Saturday morning plotting against a five year old.

But... oh it felt soooo good!

So back to my encounter.... To be completely honest, this eight year old has been a thorn in my side since as far back as Pre-K 4. I had instructed my child to do all the right things: first kill them with kindness, if that didn't work ignore them, and if that didn't work then rat them out to the teacher. But to no avail. So finally in desperation, I decided "it was on!"

Like a lioness protecting her young, I stalked this child out. And there he was, coming out of school, playing the "eight year old" innocent card to the hilt as he stood in the car pick up line waiting for his Mother. This was my chance. He looked at me and I stared back. I never looked away, never flinched, never blinked and then I topped it off with the universal "I'm watching you" sign. I am proud to announce that the eight year old looked away first.

I am sure he thinks I am crazy and that was exactly my plan.

Later that evening, I practically gushed as I told my husband about my triumph. “Are you kidding me? he said. “You picked a fight with an eight year old. Please, tell me nobody knows about this.”

“Of course not”, I told him. “I’ve just told one or two friends.”

(If you see Brody out, lets pretend I didn’t tell you)

## Telling Tales

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard. They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column “Telling Tales” and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own “tales.” They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at [www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com](http://www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com)

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