

Historical Figures?

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Here we go....

As you know, my middle child is the child most like me. Every slight is egregious, someone else's fault and not to be forgotten.

Her vitriol continued...

"I was the ONLY one in my entire school who did not have a sports shirt!", which I knew was a big fat lie considering I had also forgotten to dress her little brother in a sports shirt as well.

As I was about to beg for forgiveness, she turned to me, with her hand on her hip and said, "Tomorrow is historical figure day and so what am I going to wear?"

That's right - it wasn't silly sock day, it wasn't hat day – but for goodness sakes it was historical figure day!! Where was I going to find a historical figure costume at 6:40 p.m. walking into Kroger?

"Why am I just finding out about this – NOW?" I shot back.

If a nine year old could curse, I'm sure this one would have. "(Insert curse word here)... I gave you the form last week!"

So, as we walked up and down the grocery aisles, I searched and searched for a historical figure costume section but could not find one. (Note to self – complain to management about their obvious failure to properly stock their shelves of basic necessities.)

This was going to be ugly – I could just feel it.

One hour later as I ransacked the house, trying to find something - anything I could pass off as a well thought out historical figure costume, I happened upon Mickey Mouse ears from our Disney vacation.

Eureka! She could wear her red and white polka dotted dress, a black purse, mouse ears and would be Minnie Mouse. And then as if lightening had struck twice – I found mirrored sunglasses for my son and decided he could dress up as a James Bond and/or a secret service

agent.

The next morning, as all three of my children were sitting around the kitchen table eating breakfast, my eldest child looked quizzically at her two younger siblings dressed in their “historical figure” costumes.

By now you are aware that my oldest is just like her father. She likes to sit back, quietly take it all in and then go in for the kill.

She looked at me, she looked at them, picked up her back pack and as she walked out the back door said, “On what planet are Minnie Mouse and James Bond historical figures?”

My middle child put down her spoon, looked up from her Cocoa Krispies and said ... insert curse word here!

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