

## How The Game is Played

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I have been under a lot of pressure lately. You see, I've had this huge project due and there are just not enough hours in the day to get it done. It's so important that it has kept me up at night thinking about it. The dining room has been turned into a war room as I toil over it and, of course, those who dare cross into the war room, do so at their own risk!

Finally, early this week, I could see the light at the end of tunnel. All I had left to do was print a few pictures off the internet and I would be done. So I was taken a little aback when my co-worker, who was also trying to print documents on the same printer, screamed out "If you print one more map of Africa, I am going to kill you!"

She walked into my office, slammed the maps on my desk and said, "Your kids are supposed to do their own school projects." She then walked out in a huff.

Yeah, I thought – said like a Mother of a B student!

I wasn't always like this. At one point in my life, I allowed my children do their projects on their own. They would take pride in their work and often would come home with an acceptable B. But a few years back, we had an event.

My husband calls it “the Wigwam Incident.”

Our eldest child was required to make a wigwam for a school project. I helped her look for pictures of a wigwam, gathered glue, scissors and construction paper, sat her down at the kitchen table and let her make a wigwam. It looked...like a perfectly acceptable wigwam to me. She made it all by herself and I made sure it met all the requirements as set out in the project instructions. She got a B.

Later that week I attended parent-teacher conferences and waited in the hall for my turn. I noticed the teacher had displayed all the wigwams outside of her classroom for all to see. I let out an audible gasp as I looked at the wigwams that lay before me!

There were three tier wigwams...an entire wigwam village made out of toothpicks.... and I kid you not.... there was one wigwam - made to scale - and covered in actual buffalo hide! Each child's grade was next to their respective wigwam. Most all got A's.

It was then and there that I learned how the game is played.

Since the “incident”, I have always insisted upon assisting my children with their projects. Of course, I don't do their project for them. I merely guide, assist, direct... cut, paste, color and skin buffalo, as the project may require.

So, as you can imagine, it was with great trepidation that I waited in the school pick up line Friday. Friday was the day we would be getting our project grade and I was anxious. Had I

properly followed the guidelines? Did I use creativity? Were all sources properly cited?

“So...what did you make on the Africa project?” I said, trying not to sound shrill.

“The what?”

“The Africa project – you know the continent that has 53 countries – the largest of which is Sudan.”

“Su - what?”

I got an A minus...I have a feeling the teacher may be on to me.

### **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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