

## Little Black Book 2

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*As sometimes happens, life gets the best of us and that is exactly where I was on Monday night when I called Becky. "It's Monday night, and I've got nothing to write about!" To which Becky usually responds, "No problem, I've got something, so I'll write it."*

*But this Monday, Becky was as exhausted as I was. With work, the upcoming Holiday Expo and the latest edition of Wilson Living Magazine coming out next week, plus our customary drop off and picks up at basketball, football, cross country and soccer, neither of us found the time to write our article this week.*

*So, I hope you will indulge me this one time, as I picked one of my favorite past "Telling Tales" articles to re-run. As I read this article that ran 3 years ago – I had to laugh at how some things never change. ☐☐*

**By ANGEL KANE**  
*Wilson Living Magazine*

So the other day as I let my son out of the car to attend soccer practice - he looked at me - and said, "Where is my water bottle?"

I thought to myself, "Water bottle . . . are you kidding me? I forgot your cleats and shin guards,

do you really think I remembered your water bottle?"

I yelled back, "You'll be fine - it's just one hour - shake it off." And then I added, "Hey, don't get your school shoes dirty."

The look on his face wasn't disbelief nor disappointment. No, he's been my kid for 6 ½ years now - so he is way past that stage - it was a look of "I'm telling Dad."

Sometimes I think my husband has a little black book on me. Reason being he is an attorney. If you've ever been through a divorce trial or know anyone who has - you soon realize it's those "minor infractions" that often come back to bite you.

"Isn't true Mrs. Kane that you were late for soccer 5 times this year and each and every time you made your son play in bucks."

Sometimes I can almost hear the gavel coming down on me.

You would think this might give me pause. But really, I have no worries. I chalk it up to - we're just different!

Brody and I met in law school. He was the type who always sat in the front of the class with a myriad of books and notes. I was in the back quickly reading last night's assignment. He is just an all around nice guy. Tell him a secret and he'll take it to his grave. Need a dollar - he'll give you two.

Sometimes I think my own family likes him more than they like me. I gleaned that over the years because my mother often says "we like Brody more than we like you." My friends all joke "that he is my ticket to heaven."

Apparently, they think I'm going to need help getting in.

So when my son jumped in the car after practice, I decided I needed to reform his possible testimony. You see, in law school even those of us at the back of the class are listening.

"You were awesome out there. I'm going to take you to Burger King and buy you a Coke Isee. I think you should where your bucks all the time - they just make you faster. Mommy sure does love you."

I have a hunch he turned me in anyway, given his father bought him an extra set of cleats just to keep in my car.

Oh well . . . if the little black book does exist - it will be a fun read!

*When I first wrote this article, Neill was 6 years old and today he is 9. He now plays on two soccer teams, as well as playing football, and still looks utterly disappointed on the days he realizes that I will be in charge of getting him to his various practices.☐*

*That's ok though. What I have learned over the years, is that each parent has their own strengths. Dad may be better at planning and promptness but I am one heck of a night time cuddler and bedtime story reader.☐*

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