

## Little Black Book

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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 a divorce lawyer. If you've ever been through a divorce trial or know anyone who has - you soon realize its 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 his divorce lawyer status might give me pause. But really, I have no worries. I chalk it up to - we're just different!

My husband 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 nights 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 mom 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 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 Icee. 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!

*Angel Kane can be reached at*