

## Little Havana

Posted on Oct 21, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

My husband and I are amazed by the fact our children continue to persist in the theory that America is a democracy. They wake up in the morning clinging to this belief and go to bed at night dreaming of the red, white and blue.



My husband and I are amazed by the fact our children continue to persist in the theory that America is a democracy. They wake up in the morning clinging to this belief and go to bed at night dreaming of the red, white and blue. Problem is, while America is a democracy, my children do not get to partake in this free and independent society.

That's because we like to run our home as a purely dictatorial society. In fact it brings us great joy to do so. Our favorite game is the voting game – a game very similar to what voting in Cuba is like. We let the three kids vote on where to eat dinner, what movie to see and so on. But then if the vote doesn't go our way, we simply explain to them that parents actually have two votes each and so no matter how hard they campaign - - they can never carry a vote. This is always a fun game, as is the enjoyable game of no you can't, because I said so, which I hear is a Fidel favorite.

I liken our home to other households in Havana where the three little people who live with us must follow our rules. We, their self appointed government, know what is best for them. Like

Cuba, we have those who follow the rules, those who pretend to follow the rules and those who are always trying to find a way to sail to Miami!

Before our third child was born, our little Havana was a dream. The children ate what I fed them, wore what I gave them to wear and went to bed when I told them to go. Home was like a utopian society where we all shared a common goal – keep Fidel (a.k.a. Mom) happy. But then my little insurgent was born. It's as if he came out of the womb holding the Constitution in one hand and the Bill of Rights in another.

Since the moment he learned to speak, he has been enlightening the other “citizens” that the conditions they live under are unconscionable. Oatmeal for breakfast – why when there are things out there called Pop Tarts. Brush your teeth with regular adult toothpaste – are they trying to poison us? Go to bed before prime time programming – put me in solitary, why don't you.

We used to think the insurgent was harmless. While he can give a rousing speech, he's only five, so naturally we assumed he was all talk. But recently, we've noticed that the insurgent's spewing of democratic propoganda is beginning to cause unrest.

He's been holding - not so - underground meetings in the playroom, touting the theory of – one man, one vote. He denounces the legitimacy of our government, as he was not allowed to add his name to the ballot. And lately he's been claiming that my unilateral decision to deposit his birthday checks into his college account instead of Toys R Us, is just another form of taxation without representation. His wild views are slowing catching on, just the other day all three of them staged a walk-out – refusing to watch Iron Chef America - insisting the vote was rigged.

Unlike Fidel, however, we are not interested in quelching this democratic movement. In fact, we are quite hopeful our little Patrick Henry's – give me a 9 p.m. bedtime or give me death – rantings will spur all three of our citizens to seek more freedom one day. That's because in our little Havana we really do want the oppressed to someday experience independence. Our motto is – as soon as you can afford to buy your own paddleboat, you can gladly set sail.

### **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)

You can contact Angel at [This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it](mailto:angel@wilsonlivingmagazine.com) - You can contact Becky at [This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it](mailto:becky@wilsonlivingmagazine.com)

Tags: Untagged