

March Madness...

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Upon hearing this term for the first time, I thought it was some obnoxious sales plug for a shopping center. That is, until I came home one afternoon, stepped into the bonus room where my husband and our two children sat staring intently at the television.

Before I could ask, "What are you watching?" I got "shushed"... by my 7 year old. I should've walked away. But, because I showed a little interest, my husband and oldest child started talking about brackets circulating, hardwood hysteria, seed teams and something about stars being born next Sunday. All of it made as much sense as Charlie Sheen's new radio show.

I was a tad confused by my husband's enthusiasm. With the exception of March, the only time he watches basketball is when our children play. He claims that he's never been in an office pool or part of a fantasy league. But in March my children begin asking me if I'll spot them ten bucks so their father will give them the bracket list. It seems "madness" had become the operative word in that little phrase as my husband's love for this game had skewed his judgment to the point of trying to hustle our children.

When I asked my husband about it he simply rebuffed, "If you don't put in on this, I'm not at liberty to talk to you about it."

This past Monday my children begged me for a copy of *USA Today*. At first I was impressed that my little prodigies were interested in staying up to date on current events. Until my youngest said, "There is absolutely no reason to complete the brackets on my own." He noticed my confusion and looked at me over the rim of his glasses with all the seriousness a 7-year-old can muster and said, "I plan on winning this thing."

And my oldest child, who claims he doesn't understand algebra, becomes omniscient when

talking about “bracketology.” One afternoon he showed me how to mathematically eliminate teams based on player performance to predict the Elite Eight. I wasn’t sure I should ground him or insist he be placed in a gifted program.

It’s said that March Madness was coined because it marks the season-ending NCAA basketball tournaments. Actually it was some lady who to get a break from all the stats and shouting, and checked into a nice hotel room with padded walls.

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