

Sophies' Choice

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Do you guys remember this movie? If you've seen it, I'm sure you remember that gut wrenching moment when Meryl Streep was forced to pick between her two children. She was given the choice of deciding which would live and which would die. Her choice led her to madness.



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Well, I was faced with a much similar dilemma just the other day. No seriously, it was maybe one level below this - but a gut wrenching choice nonetheless.

One of my fondest memories of my mother is that no matter what she was eating, she would stop her fork in mid-air and give it to you. You just had to ask. Often, I would see her getting out her last piece of gum ... and ask "Can I have it?" Without hesitation, my mother would always

give me whatever she had. There was not even the slightest pause.

Now everyone has their vice. Mine is chocolate. One of my favorite sinful pleasures is a chocolate Caramelo bar. About once a month, after a particularly hard day, I'll stop by Zips and buy one.

I forego the bag and slip it right into my purse. You see, a bag would put my kids on notice.

As soon as I get home, I sneak it in the refrigerator for later. Believe me, there is nothing better in this whole world than a creamy, smooth, cold Caramelo bar - after all the kids have gone to bed.

So, the other evening, after everyone had said their good-nights, I waited a respectable 15 minutes to assure myself that I would not have any stragglers coming down those stairs. And then I cracked open the fridge and pulled out my guilty pleasure.

There I sat just me and my Caramelo bar. Reliving the day and with each creamy bite, realizing I was thankfully one day closer to retirement!

I was down to the last chocolaty square, when my middle child came into the room.

"Whatcha eating?"

"Nothing," I said, trying to pry my tongue from my upper mouth ensnared in caramel.

Like a tiger going in for the kill, she started sniffing. She got closer. Looked me right in the eye and said "Is that a Caramelo , can I have some?"

And there it was – Sophie's choice.

Ok, I get it, you're saying it's not quite the same but you are only saying that because you've never tasted a cold Caramelo. Believe me – it's practically the same choice.

I remembered my mother who freely gave of everything she had. I remembered Sophie and how she went insane after having to make her gut wrenching choice. And I remembered the long horrible day I had had.

And in that moment, I had to make a choice.

Suffice to say, I can only ASSUME that the last chocolaty square was as good as the first.

Angel Kane can be reached at