

Tardy - who says?

Posted on Oct 06, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

I didn't grow up in a house where punctuality was a virtue. In our household, the start time of any event was more of an unrealistic expectation thrust upon us by people who were obviously not as busy as we were.

Then I married my husband who believes 8:00 means 7:50 and so on . . .

Over the years, its been a source of contention, to the point where my husband has repeatedly informed me "studies show that always being late, is a sign of arrogance."

To which I respond, "I can't help it if I'm better than everybody else. Now, stop honking that #^\$&*@ horn at me, I will be ready in another 5 minutes!"

(I know what you are thinking ... he's a lucky man, isn't he?)

But, honking is not the only means by which he has attempted to "encourage" my punctuality.

A few years back, I realized that none of my favorite television shows were starting on time. The clock would say 7:00 but the show wouldn't start until 7:10. This went on for days as I checked and rechecked every clock and watch in the house. Then it dawned on me -

"Do you have nothing better to do than to go around and turn every clock forward - including the one in my car!"

To which he responded with a smile, "It's been a good week for me! You've be on time for everything."

I can only say that his course of action is only slightly less horrible than another husband's I know of, who would pierce a tiny hole in his Wife's straw each and every time he bought her a soda at the movies.

"Do you have any idea how much a drink costs at the movies? I'm just trying to slow her down." he admitted with a grin on his face. Followed by a high-five, amongst all the men who heard about it his trickery.

(I know what you are thinking...she picked a winner, didn't she?)

So last week, my dear husband went out of town. As he always does before he leaves for a trip, he asked only two things of me.

"Get the kids to school on time. Feed my dogs."

The dogs survived. The kids...well...not so much.

As we left the house at 7:40 Monday morning, my eldest was already harping.

"School starts at 7:45. We are going to be late!"

Day Two - didn't go better. And Day Three - I swear - I had car trouble.

So, when my middle one informed me on Day Four, "One more tardy and we get Saturday school," I had to ask,

“How many tardies can you have?”

“Four and you got us three this week!”

Needless to say, Day Four and Five, I delivered them to school before the doors opened. So, actually, in my book, it all evened out. Three days late, two days early...we were good.

Their father didn't like my math. To which I responded....

(I know what you are thinking ... isn't marriage grand?)

To read more of Angel's and Becky's Columns go to www.wilsonpost.com and hit Columns & Blogs.

Tags: Untagged