

Telling Tales: Equal Justice For All

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By Angel Kane
Wilson Living Magazine

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“Take the dog out Neill”

“But I’ve taken him out two times today and Zoe has only taken him out once. It’s her turn, Zoeeeeeee come take out the dog! Mama said!”

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And there you have it...the law of equals.

It is an unwritten rule. No charts, no posters, no little golden stars - nope - these children on mine who can't remember to feed the dog, take out the garbage or not leave their stinky soccer shoes in my car - can always always remember - who did what last and whose turn it isn't!

To be quite honest, at first, I didn't quite like this rule. It appeared to be a usurpation of my parental authority - because I really don't care whose turn it is - if I need something done and you cross my path - BINGO - it's your turn! (Which may seem harsh to some of you, but for the rest of you, who like me, suffered through 18 years of your own indentured servitude - we all know that our day finally came when we had children of our own!)

About two years ago, however, I finally came to realize that there was indeed something quite magical about the law of everything being precisely equal.

As usual, there was infighting between the troops over the eldest pouring the Sprite. It seems the younger two believed that they had been slighted in the Sprite department. Which of course they were.

And then it came to me....

From now on one person would pour and then the other two would get to choose their glass first. So now whoever pours, pours soooo exactly, its as if they are performing intricate brain surgery. Believe me, when those drinks are poured they are exactly equal!

And so it goes now with everything in our home.

I merely need to utter the request and within two seconds, I'm told whose turn it isn't - which

means BINGO - I know whose turn it is. And there is no fighting or arguing about it. The children respect this rule so much, that they gladly do whatever is asked of them, knowing that the next two times, they are off the hook!

Of course, the law of equals sometimes has its failings. It goes something like this...

“Take the dog out Neill”

“But I’ve taken him out two times today and Zoe and Madison have only taken him out once.”

“I totally agree. But Zoe is at a sleepover and Madison is at soccer. And I no longer live with my parents which means I no longer have a turn. Take him out.”

Harsh? Well of course.

But then again, I only have one brother, which meant for 18 years every other turn was mine!

You can reach Angel at