

Telling Tales: Tennessee Nightmare

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So the afternoon went something like this:

Picked up the kids from school. Drove all the way home. Unpacked the car, went inside, let the dog out, looked at the mail, changed into comfortable clothes, watered the plants, called Becky, swept the floor, thought about what I'd make for dinner and one hour later as I was just about to hit defrost, my middle child says, "My photos for my Tennessee Notebook are due tomorrow. I need 10 photos of me at interesting places in Wilson County."

I immediately saw the other two children look up from their perch upon the sofa. My eldest appearing more attentive than she had been in weeks. My youngest literally grabbing a bag of popcorn, as he knew this show was about to get good.

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"You need what? By when? Are you kidding me?"

The beauty of my middle child is she is never kidding me. No, this one means every word of what she is saying, all of the time.

No I'm not. I need 10 pictures by tomorrow. I told you about it last week and you weren't listening." (True fact, but besides the point)

After a 20-minute tirade, I spent another 20 minutes looking for my camera, all the while carefully watching the sun begin to set. A foreboding sign for the 10 pictures that lay ahead.

Finally, giving up on any hopes of finding the camera, I screamed out for everyone to get in the

car. The next few hours went something like this:

Ran to Walgreens and bought a camera. Drove to 10 interesting places in Wilson County. Stopped at each. Gently requested that the middle child get out of the car so that I could take her photo. Tenderly advised the youngest child to get out of the photo shot. Returned to Walgreens. Politely argued with the employee that “photos ready in one hour” should not mean come back in two! Lost the argument and returned in two.

And finally - photos in hand - with smiles on our faces - we began the drive home.

And the middle one says:

“Neill’s head is in some of these. I’m not turning these in. We need to go back!”

And just in case the last 4 hours of running around town had not quenched the “Mother of the Year” award for me, I decided to take it to the next level:

“Are you kidding me? %\$#^@ &#@% *&#^#%\$\$#^%* and you will turn them in and like it!!!

At which point my youngest pulled out his half eaten bag of popcorn, because he knew the show was about to take on blockbuster status.

Angel Kane can be reached at This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it . To read more of Angel’s and Becky’s columns go to www.wilsonpost.com and click on Columns & Blogs.

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