

The Girls vs. The Boys

Posted on Mar 24, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

I was lucky to be raised in an equal opportunity household. My brother and I were treated exactly the same. If he helped Dad change the oil in the car, I was doing it the next time. If he mowed the lawn one week, I mowed it the following. (Right about now, my husband is wondering how this is even remotely possible considering I don't even know where he keeps our mower.) But, I'm not exaggerating when I tell you that my parents were big proponents of - anything a boy can do, a girl can do better!



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With that in mind, they sent me to an all-girl school where the indoctrination continued. By the time I graduated from St. Agnes Academy, I completely believed that girls truly did rule the

world!

Naturally, I was overjoyed when we had our two girls. Together, we three, were unstoppable. The house was overrun with bows, Barbies and baby dolls. When it came time to have the ultrasound for our third child, I didn't bother finding out what we were having – absolutely certain I was destined to be the mother of “girls.”

So six years ago, when Dr. Roundtree handed me my son, I remember looking down at him in the hospital – and thinking, “a boy – are you kidding me – what am I going to do with a boy!” My two little girls thought the same and were none too pleased that “little baby Anna” turned out to be a boy.

“Let's give him a chance,” my husband said, with a huge smile on his face. Somehow, I knew this was all his fault! But, nevertheless, we took the baby home and gave him a boy name as “baby Anna” seemed sort of cruel.

Miraculously, my little boy has turned out to be the coolest kid I know. Turns out boys aren't that bad. The girls, however, are not quite as enamored as I am. Their bows have been torn apart, their Barbies decapitated and their baby dolls turned into flaming torpedoes. Not to be outdone, the girls continue to try to convince their little brother that being their man-servant is a right of passage. His failure to do their bidding results in immediate physical retribution. You would think the constant tormenting by “the girls” (as he calls them) would scar him but he gives it right back claiming “boys rule and girls drool!” Followed by “and you are a fatty”, just for good measure... as he runs for his life.

Having another boy in the house has certainly evened the playing field for my husband. No longer, the only boy amongst all the girls, he now has an ally to battle the on-going sexism we girls like to perpetrate within our household. And together the boys are a united force. Be it scrabble, soccer or spoons, the teams are always the same – the boys vs. the girls.

And while I hate to admit this, it turns out girls aren't better than boys at everything. Just the other day, we girls lost a game to the boys. And we all learned an invaluable lesson - the boys are WAY better losers than we are.

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