

## The middle one

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But there before me were all three of my children, wrestling on the kitchen floor, pulling hair, screeching, seriously trying to injure each other.

In fact, I'm pretty sure I heard that youngest one shout out "I'll cut you" before his older sister took him out.

And then I turned to look at my dear husband, who was sitting at the kitchen table, oblivious to the massacre that was transpiring, eating his cereal and reading the paper.

I looked back at the children and thought...do I stop them? Do I ask their father ...to stop them? Do I let them kill each other....I mean there is something to be said about the survival of the fittest? Or better yet, do I acquire a taste ....for a little "something-something" in my morning coffee?

Unbelievably, the very cause of this death match was .....the middle cinnamon roll. A middle cinnamon roll, that over the past two months, has become the bane of my existence .

In my efforts to be super mom, I've taken to "baking" in the morning. Now, real super mothers out there know better, but in my world, opening a pack of cinnamon rolls, placing them in a round baking pan and turning on the oven - is reason to give me a prize. In fact, my husband and my children actually thank me when I push the "on" button to our oven - sad but true.

Problem is, my kids fight over the middle cinnamon roll. Not sure why? I think it's because the middle one ends up with the most icing. Whatever the cause, they call dibbs on it as they are going to bed the night before.

"You can't call dibbs, you got it this morning!"

"I don't care, mommy said I could have it, didn't you, didn't you.... Pleaaaaaaase let me have the middle one."

The crying and sobbing continues until somebody ...gets hurt ....and then it's lights out, so they can awaken to the scrumptious smell of cinnamon in the morning "baked" my mommy dearest.

Now, not being completely stupid, I thought changing from a round pan to a square pan where technically there would not be - one in the middle - would solve this problem, but apparently my kids aren't quite as bright as I had hoped and still demand "the middle one."

So as I watched them beating each other to a pulp Friday morning, I wondered if the middle

cinnamon roll was really a symptom of something bigger.

Always more than willing to engage me in conversation, I turned to my hubby to discuss the complex cinnamon roll issues presented to us at 6:32 that morning by our battered and bruised children.

“What do you think they are really fighting about?”

He looked up, turned to them, took in the gruesome scene and then said,

“Global warming, Iranian conflict, the falling dollar...who cares...quick give me that middle one before they see me.”

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