

Your Permanent Record

Posted on Dec 28, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

End of the year means lots of things to lots of people.

In the Kane household, it means...check ups. From the adults, to the kids, to the pets – everyone gets their annual physical right before the year ends.

And in our household, we are firm believers that doctors are on a need to know basis.

That's because I have every intention that one of my children will one day be President. And as we all know, when that time comes their medical records become public.

If I were to allow their permanent record to reveal how much television they really watch – well – their candidacy would be toast!

So, as we enter the pediatrician's office, I give each of them the eye. (My kids call it the crazy eye.)

After their doctor checks their ears, eyes, heart, weight and height – he sits down and brings out the dreaded chart. And his black pen.

“Let's review a few things, shall we?”

“Neill, how much milk do you drink each day?”

What an amateur question, we have this one in the bag!

“I drink three glasses with each of my three hot meals!” (Bingo! My boy is soo getting a Sonic slush when we are done!)

“Zoe, how much television do you watch a day?”

My middle one turns to me and – dares - to give ME the eye! I wait with bated breath. She knows how important I consider this permanent record to be!

“We don’t watch television in our house, we read!” (And another slam dunk!! Thank you very much!)

He continues...

“Madison, does your family have a fire escape plan?”

I look at her and see the fear in her eyes. A question we were completely unprepared for!

“Um....I don’t know – get out quickly!”

He shakes his head.

The middle one tries to come to her rescue, “Stop, drop and roll.”

Realizing this is also a wrong answer, the little one exclaims, "Save yourself first!"

Then, the so called doctor chuckles, writes in their permanent record, and turns to me, "Mom, you need to go home and make sure they know your fire escape plan."

Crazy eyed – I see my puppet master dreams of running the White House going up in smoke!

Great – at 41 – I'm going to have to have another kid!

by Angel Kane

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