

MEANEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD

I had the meanest mother in the world. While other kids had candy for breakfast, I had to eat cereal, eggs and toast.

While other kids had cola and candy for lunch, I had a sandwich. As you can guess, my dinner was different from other kids' dinners, too.

My mother insisted on knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were on a chain gang or something. She had to know who our friends were and what we were doing.

I am ashamed to admit it, but she actually had the nerve to break the child labor law. She made us work.

We had to wash dishes, make the beds and learn how to cook. That woman must have stayed awake nights thinking up things for us kids to do.

And she always insisted that we tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

By the time we were teenagers, she was much wiser and our life became even more unbearable. None of this tooting the car horn for us to come running; she embarrassed us to no end by insisting that our friends come to the door to get us.

I forgot to mention that most of our friends were allowed to date at the mature age of 12 and 13, but our old-fashioned mother refused to let us date until we were 15.

She really raised a bunch of squares. None of us was ever arrested for shoplifting or busted for dope. And who do we have to thank for this?

You're right, our Mean Mother.

I am trying to raise my children to stand a little straighter and taller and I am secretly tickled to pieces when my children call me mean. I thank God for giving me the meanest mother in the world.

Anonymous