

Tucked In Bed

January 16, 1964

There's just no livin' anymore with those teenage boys at my house, and no discipline, either. Take Monday night, for instance. As usual, shortly before bedtime I'm half-standing at my dresser, doing those things to my face and hair that all women do before retiring, half-standing, 'cause I've had a heck of a wearing day.

Dave and Bill enter, supposedly to talk one of them starts clowning, wrestling with the other.

I say, "Stop it." They say I've raised my voice. I say "Stop it I've had a rough day." Both agree I'm tired and should be in bed.

And lo, both have picked me up and I'm in bed, shoes, slacks, shirt and all.

I shout, I laugh, I get hysterical. Too weak to resist, the blankets are tucked tight. Two pillows under my head and a book over my face.

Afterward, I lie there trying to catch my breath, gusseted like a mummy. I think all is calm and suddenly Bill sticks his head around the door, blows a whistle and shouts, "Everybody up!" Now you just picture yourself in this idiotic situation. There's no point in shouting. I learned a long time ago to just grin and bear it. Otherwise, I might get hurt.

Take this summer. I wanted peace and quiet one evening. Again. I was told I had raised my voice. I got madder and a little louder. The next thing I know, one son has my feet, the other my arms and I am swinging high and higher. I get madder, kick viciously and all I get for my trouble is a higher swing. Suddenly the situation appears ridiculous even to me.

This time I burst into gales of laughter and guess what? I'm suddenly dropped on my backside. It took me awhile to get out of bed the next morning but I eventually recovered.

You won't believe this, but I'm too brittle for such shenanigans. The boys won't listen but one of these days, you just wait and see. I'll be limping up Main Street with an arm in a cast and then you can believe it, there's just no livin' anymore with my teenagers--and no discipline either!