

November 2016

## Surveilled: Your mother knows (and spies) best...

Amanda Hawkins

### Surveilled



Amanda Hawkins

Oh, uh... Hi, Mom. I didn't expect to hear from you so soon. How was the meet---huh? Whaddya mean it was cancelled? You're coming home early? But you can't---huh? Your flight just landed? You're back in town already? But what about... I thought I had three more days! How am I gonna, um... get the place ready in time? I have to vacuum, clean the bath---

Never mind, I'll take the house as is. That goes for you too, sweetie. Don't bother to change. I'll be home in an hour and I'll take you to lunch. Just the two of us girls.

Girls? What girls? I'm, erm... your son.

I know very well what you are, dear. Why do you think I installed that nanny-cam in my bedroom? I just downloaded the video of you dressing to my laptop. And I must say, you did a wonderful job with your makeup. You totally rock the girl-next-door look. And that wig looks so real! I mailed in a snip of your own hair, so they could match the color, but I had to guess what length would look nice on you. Oh, and your nails also look pretty.

Thanks... I guess. Ya know, an hour is just enough time for me to pop out and die of embarrassment. So if I'm not here when you arrive, don't wait up.

Oh, don't be such a drama queen. If you want to be a girl, then be a girl. In fact, when I get home I'm going to call you Vanessa and treat you as my daughter. Sort of a trial run... to see how it goes.

Well... if you insist. Can we go to Dress Barn too?

FIN