

# Mom Doesn't Bluff: A sense of entitlement can get you into big trouble...

Amanda Hawkins

## Mom Doesn't Bluff *Amanda Hawkins*

No way. I still ain't gonna clean my room, or wash the dishes, or sweep the floor, or cut my hair. I still say long hair is cool, no matter how you style it. You can make me look like a girl if you want, Ma, but I won't--I just won't! It isn't fair! Other kids--their moms do that kinda stuff, or they got maids who come in twice a week, and for sure they all got dishwashers. Unlike us, for some weird reason. What's up with that, huh?

Yeah, sure, why not? What do I got to lose? You're not gonna do anything to seriously mess with me or screw up me growing up to be a regular guy, right? You can't... you're my mother. You have to look out for me and make sure I grow up normal and stuff. So what else can ya do to me now? Nothin', that's whut.

We'll just see about that... young lady. You cleaned up rather nicely at the salon, and your sister's hand-me-downs fit you pretty well. Now I'm thinking her old prom dress might make a very nice profile picture for your Facebook account. You'd need to go up a cup or two in your chest, but a quick trip to a mastectomy store should fix that.

I have two words for you, my love: cheerleader camp.

Huh? You mean that juvie outfit up-state Lindsey went to? Where she learned all those hippy-dippy chants and cheers and stuff? Do they even allow boys in there?

Gez whiz... you'd do that to your own son?

In a New York minute. That's way fast, in case you didn't know. A mother can't have too many daughters. Besides, your girl-self is already there on the family's page, from the time you went out trick-or-treating as my pretty little princess.

They do... but you won't be a boy. You'll be Nicole, Lindsey's pretty little sister. Just think: a whole month of cheers and stunts that'll give you a big edge in the demanding world of competitive cheerleading. They even teach choreography, so you'll finally learn how to dance. It'll be such fun!

Well, the jokes on you, Ma. You made me look so much like Lindsey, all I have to do is tell people you posted an old pic of her.

No way... you wouldn't, uh... dare?

I see... So you're considering calling my bluff, is that right? My 'so-called' bluff?

The wheels are in motion, camper. Unless you'd rather I upload the video I took of your makeover...

