A Terribly Naughty Thing to Do: Eat your turnip!

Amanda Hawkins

Hi, sweetie-pie... That's what you used to call me, right? So get used to it. Yeah, it's me in here... I'm the mommy now, so I'm gonna call YOU sweetie-pie... or Gavin, when you do something wrong. I bet I'll have to do that a lot. So... how's being a 14-year-old boy treatin' you so far?

Why the... slip? Is that what this is? I've been kinda busy tryin' on a whole bunch of your dresses. Now I know why it takes you so long to get ready... it's like really hard to just pick one. I'll probably go with the short black one, 'cause it matches the shoes I found. That's what we women have to do, ya know. We have to color co-ord-in-ate our clothes. But you wouldn't know ciddly-squat about that, would ya? Little boys don't know squat about ladies wear... But I sure do.

How? Oh, easy-peasy. I've been watching you get dressed my whole life. As long as I can remember anyway. Then going through your stuff when you go out. I used to have to wait until the sitter fell asleep, but it got easier after you started leaving me on my own. So yeah, I know how to wear your clothes, and I can do a pretty passable job with makeup too. Your latest boyfriend won't notice anything different... I'll just pretend to be a bit tipsy when he gets here—because then he won't expect me to act like a grown-up for our date. I bet he won't mind either. I'll let him talk about himself and I'll giggle a lot, and when he brings me home I'll let him kiss me... and then we'll go and do whatever it is you guys like to do in bed.

Why? Oh gawd, how would I know? I just get such a charge out of wearin' this stuff, and pretending to be a grown-up lady... who knows why? Probably something to do with daddy not bein' around, and you making me wear all those girly outfits for Halloween. But who really cares? What does it matter? Like Popeye always says, I yam what I yam.

You wanna know how I did this? How I switched us around? C'mon, Gavin. Why would you want to know about that? Gasp! You wouldn't be planning to steal mommy's body, would you? That would be a terribly naughty thing to do. I'm afraid it's no pizza for you tonight, young man. You'll eat your turnip and like it!