## Motherhood ©

## By Connie J. Schlosberg

It is 8:00 a.m. on a frigid January day. Snow has already accumulated on the grass, and the weatherman reported black ice on most roadways. I've just finished warming up the Outback Subaru and Isabella's finally put her black suede boots on. I'm already late in getting us out the door on time to get to school and work. Isabella's school is on the other side of town about a twenty minute drive north.

"Come on, Isabella. We've got to hustle. We'll never get to school at this rate." "Mommy! I don't like these boots. I want something different."

"Sorry Charlie. We don't have time to change, and anyway, we have to pickup donuts on the way. Mommy has a meeting to go to and I promised to bring donuts."

"You're the Queen of Mean!"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

Try mixing some description in with the dialog. What sort of expression does she have on her face?

Now, it's 8:15 and school starts at 8:50. I load our backpacks, lunch boxes, and the proverbial kitchen sink into the car and head for the highway. There's a sea of cars lined up on Powers Boulevard. No telling how long I'll be sitting in traffic. There's a small mom and pop bakery shop not too far from Powers. I turn on to the nearest side street. Walking into the bakery, the scent of fresh baked bread is awakening me. The glass cases tease us with over-sized banana nut muffins, cranberry scones, and corn bread. Pots and pans are clashing in the background while an elderly couple argues over what goodies to buy. I remind myself that I've come for donuts and that's what I'll leave with. I order a baker's dozen – mixed up with all kinds of those sweet fried cakes. I like this description of the bakery. Why not describe your home and daughter in as much detail?

<sup>&</sup>quot;Okay kiddo. Pick something you'd like."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Anything mommy?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Sure. Just remember. You have to eat it on the way to school."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Okay mommy!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Just don't tell anybody that I said you could have donuts for breakfast."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Sure mommy. You're the best!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Oh? I thought I was the Queen of Mean!"