

Ages One Through Ten

by Jennifer Donnell

Age One: Smiling in fun. Also, breasts are delicious.

Age Two: Conning people into believing you're reading the newspaper is a great way to satisfy your toddler-aged urge for notoriety.

Age Three: Your brain isn't fully formed enough to remember the divorce.

Age Four: When you realize your mother is correct about the word being CAT and not DOG, lie. Lie through your teeth and insist it is still DOG. Don't go down without a battle.

Age Five: You know how your big sister told you that your kindergarten teacher was only nice to blonde kids? She was right. Feel both relieved and guilty for being blonde.

Age Six: Where the hell are the hand-puppets our teacher used last year?

Age Seven: Develop mysterious recurring sore throats while having to memorize your times tables. Be glad that you don't know this is the beginning of hating math.

Age Eight: Custody battle. Reassure your worried mother that it's alright, this will give you something interesting to tell your children one day. Until now, life has been very vanilla.

Age Nine: Your future step father owns a pony. Enough said.

Age Ten: No one mentioned that the pony doesn't like people.

