

004 – An errant cupcake

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So, Daughter Two was being a bit annoying the other night, ordering us around, treating us like servants. You know, normal teenage crapola. I'd already made dinner and done the dishes while her mother (my wife, technically the only one in the household I actually AGREED to live with) filled out her FAFSA and other forms for college admissions. Daughter One had just returned from work and was eating a late dinner.

One might think Daughter Two would understand that reclining on the couch contributing nothing to the common weal other than the occasional pithy comment about whatever show was playing on the TV, was not the best way to ingratiate herself to Dear Old Dad. And raising her head every ten minutes or so, mumbling out her latest demand for couch service did nothing to elevate the charm factor.

"If you're going in the kitchen, would you bring me some juice?"

"Can you hand me the controller?"

"Is anyone going to the store?"

I can't say why the request that someone fetch her a cupcake became the tipping point. I think I remember that somewhere between tripping over her discarded shoe on the way to the kitchen and being rudely accosted nose-first in the crotch region by her moose of a dog on the way back, something in me went sideways. I'm not sure there was even any thought process involved. I don't recall deciding, I certainly spent no time on planning, it just sort of happened.

The tragedy occurred when, instead of jerking her head away from my hand, she leaned abruptly forward. As her nostril took a core sample, the rest of her face absorbed most of the chocolate cupcake, so that she resembled nothing so much as a monochromatic Leroy Neiman painting on a human canvas. She spent the next twenty minutes alternating between Betty Crocker sneezes, rinsing out her favorite hoodie and wiping smooshed cupcake off her face, neck, hands, etc.

Apparently, Daughter Two was not entirely pleased with my choice of cupcake delivery method. I understand she intends some sort of recompense, at a time and of a type of her choosing.

Bring it on, girl – I'm thinking berry pie next time.