

Parents prefer the youngest

No matter how good we are at fighting battles and negotiating, there is one thing my brother and I cannot win, and it is an argument with our sister. The “little princess” - as dad calls her- has got both parents wrapped around her finger. And nothing we can do or say will change this fact. It is totally obvious to us that our parents prefer our little sister.

For example the other day, dad decided to take the three of us to a children’s museum. My brother and I did not want to go, we have been there like a million times – you know, been there, done that, bought the tee shirt! But Tiger had not, so off we went for a day trip!

The kids’ museum has a fun activity: a corridor made of glass walls and children can draw whatever they want with special pens. I admit; it was cool. Our sister loved it. She is really lame at drawing but she surely covered the walls with big blobs of different colors. And my dad was all like, “clever girl!! What a nice flower!” How he could even tell it was a flower is beyond me. Or, “Wow, very beautiful, is this a butterfly?” My sister does not speak much so she could not object but anyone could see it was just a big purple scribble. Dad even took pictures of the gallery of horror on his phone so he could show “mommy what a beautiful artist our little princess is.” COME ON!! She just scribbled on the wall which got pretty boring after a while.

My mom was the same. All “Wow” and “What a genius baby” and all that nonsense. The next morning, mom and dad were still in bed and Van Gogh9 was sleeping. Aaron and I decided we were going to greet them with a surprise. Given how much they enjoyed our sister’s “art”, we decided to draw a beautiful castle with knights, horses, a king and all of the medieval stuff; all with beautiful colors and our best drawing skills ever ... on the walls of the living room. Wow, it looked so good.

We could not wait to show our parents when they got up. Surely if they thought my sister's shapeless nothings looked awesome, they were going to be totally wowed by this.

Little did we know that they would flip. I mean, talk about losing it!!!. Dad was holding his head in his hand. Was he crying? I am not sure... Mom was frozen, eyes stuck on the wall and kept saying, "What have you done? Oh Gosh, what have you done?" She definitely had tears in her eyes...