

The Asian Reporter

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MY TURN

■ **Wayne Chan**



The three-headed monster with six arms & six legs

We have a problem. In our home, there's an incredibly destructive force we've been up against for quite a while. It's a physical menace, wreaking havoc on anything of value that we hold dear. We've tried our level best to protect ourselves and our belongings, but to no avail. No matter what we do, no matter what we try, something in our house will be destroyed.

The worst part of it is, we brought this on ourselves. We willingly brought this burden into our homes. As hard as it is to believe, this is something we actually wanted.

What is this nuisance that affects the very fabric of our lives?

One word — children. You may have heard of them. We've got three of them, as if one child destroying the home wasn't enough.

I know what you're going to say — "Children, the magic of life, so pure and innocent, they spring from our protective arms to take with them all the love and curiosity they have and make the world a better place."

Really? Well, our first magic of life knocked down an expensive sculpture in the hallway while playing ball in the house, despite being told more than a million times not to play ball in the house. What's even more galling is that this magic of life had the nerve to actually look surprised when we started yelling at him for knocking down an expensive piece of artwork while playing ball in the house even though we've told him not to play ball in the house more than a million times.

Our second magic of life decided to reheat a burrito in the microwave. Despite me showing him the proper way to open this microwave oven is to first lift up on the handle then pull the door open, he yanked on the handle so hard that the microwave

came out of the cabinet and smashed on the floor. But hey, at least he managed to heat his burrito.

Our third magic of life, our beautiful daughter, managed to top both her brothers in the amount of damage she could inflict while simultaneously leaving no options for us to punish or even admonish her.

Being the helpful child that she is, she volunteered after dinner to put away all the clean dishes that were drying. In the process of putting away a valuable piece of china, she accidentally dropped it on our expensive glass stovetop and smashed the stovetop into a million pieces, breaking not only the costly stovetop, but the high-priced china as well.

Despite being full of rage and now needing to replace a brand new stovetop and throw away now-shattered china, I don't even get the satisfaction of chewing out my child for breaking it in the first place.

What am I supposed to say? "How many times have I told you not to help out around the house?"

Before you start in with me about the beauty of children, listen, I get it.

Sure, they were cute when they were young. And yes, I'm sure I'll be a proud dad when I see my kids graduate, get married, and start careers of their own, out on their own. But one is in the past and the rest is all in the future. As Janet Jackson once sang, "What Have You Done For Me Lately?"

I'll let you in on one secret I'm really looking forward to — grandchildren. Grandchildren are what I call "payback time."

One day you'll see me in my rocking chair, a gregarious, cheerful grandpa looking over the magic of life that are my grandchildren. I'll bounce them on my knee, give them hugs, and hand out baseballs by the crate.

Opinions expressed in this newspaper are those of the authors and not necessarily those of this publication.



Celebrate the Year of the Sheep!

February 19, 2015 to February 7, 2016

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