

Just being a mother

There was once a little girl who went into her mother's room to try on her clothes and makeup. I wonder what would it be to be like mother, she thought to herself while embracing a doll in her arms.

She then walked out of the house with the doll to the nearest playground near her home. Once there, she found a comfortable spot to sit under a tall tree surrounded by grass.

She seemed content, even happy, when suddenly she started screaming and beating her doll against the ground. An older man saw this fit she was displaying and ran to her aid.

"Honey, honey are you okay?" he asked with concern. "Sure, I'm fine, just being a mother," replied the little girl with a radiant smile.

As time passed, it became noticeably late.

I better get home or my mom's going to be mad at me, she thought as she ran toward the house, faster and faster.

Her mother caught her at the door and grabbed the little girl by the arms.

"It's late. Where've you been?" she screamed as she shook her daughter furiously. "I've been worried sick about you!"

The little girl just stood there speechless and shaking. Finally the mother noticed what her daughter was wearing.

"Why do you have my clothes on?" she asked with a calm, yet curious and confused manner.

The girl looked up and answered, "Just being a mother."