

POTTY TIME....

There was the usual wailing and gnashing of teeth... Somehow that was always the most difficult abdication of the day for him.

"I am so embarrassed that that wee bug that lives under our rug must be subjected to this uproar every evening... Could be she has babies, too, and this would be bad for them," said I, rolling my eyes heavenward and gesticulating wildly.

"Control yourself," said Jimba. "I have never really believed there IS a bug or a bug's babies under this rug!"

"What?" shrieked I, "then I must show you.. seems, in your mind, ..ah, er -- you have closed your mind to the realities."

"No bugs," said he, setting his lips firmly, and setting himself more firmly on the pot.

"Mrs. Bug," said I, in wheedling tones, "do you mind coming forth? We seem to have a non-believer in this household."

In a matter of seconds, Mrs. Bug emerged, stood up in front of little Jim and elevated her front feet.

There could be no doubt that he was thoroughly "surprised." As for me, I could have been pushed over with a feather.

He found his voice to say: "That IS a bug!"

I found my voice to reply, non-chalantly, "It is not just a make believe walking ... of that I assure you, son."

The proper ritual was performed on the potty. I do not recall there ever being other capers cut over it, thereafter, I took it that was in deference to Mrs. Bug and her new batch.

~~And then we began receiving complaints from all around the neighborhood because~~