

My Parents Child Abandonment Game

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Parental Appeasement



Published on
Booksie

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My adoring parents loved to play 'Me Tree' with me in the New England summertime as a child. We'd frolic out to the back yard where my pre-dug hole awaited. Next they'd lovingly insert me and gently bury me up to my waist. "I'M A TREE" I was told to yell. They immediately left after the Russ potting ceremony was complete - which included dancing, singing, and a thorough pummeling of jet stream water via the 'special' gun-like garden hose sprayer thing.

Usually the dear souls would dig me out that same day but I understood they were too busy sometimes. At least I'd wake up to a sandwich that had been set in front of me while I slept. The sacrificial time they gave me playing games like this was the epitome of selflessness.

Then there was the 'Me Target' game with the lawn darts. It was a good source of exercise and agility skills. It was sort of like dodge ball except the projectiles were from the sky and being put out of the game was much more egregious. Oh I sustained a few boo boo's here and there but things happen - what's a few stitches anyway?

Also there was the 'Me Find' game where they'd send me into the store for ice cream. When I'd come out they'd be gone and I knew the game was on. I would wander the streets for hours or days sometimes with liquid ice cream latent hands trying to find my way back. Oh I'd find home sooner or later and their effervescent joyous wince upon my arrival said it all.

I believe all that nurturing and special attention may be the centrist of my incessantly strong sense of cerebral normalcy and level headed thinking, to this very day.

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