

Tales of a  
Slightly Off

# **SUPERMOM**



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Fighting for Truth,  
Justice, and  
Clean Underwear!

By Deb DiSandro



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*In loving memory of my father, Jack Dempsey*

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# Introduction

I believe it was esteemed author and poet William Shakespeare who once said, “All the world’s a stage, and for parents, ’tis merely one darn stage after another!” Or maybe it was Shakespeare’s mother.

Our little thespians first enter stage right mewling and puking. (If you threw out your high-school cliff notes, *mewling* means bawling like a baby, and if you don’t know what puking is, you’re not a parent.) Yes, it’s the infant stage, when all we yearn for is to sleep and wake up when our kids can pay for their own Nikes.

Then it’s onto the biting stage, which, unfortunately, some sportscasters and boxers never OUTGROW.

At about three, we wander through the I’ll-Do-It-Myself stage, which arrives when they can’t do anything themselves. So that by the time they finally get dressed in the morning, it’s time for them to put on their pajamas.

Then at six or seven, they enter the You-Do-It-for-Me stage, which lasts until, oh, about forty-two.

When your child’s chief advisor sports an earring through his tongue and pants the size of France, you know you’ve arrived at the And-If-Your-Friend-Jumped-Off-a-Bridge-Would-You-Jump-Too? stage.

But most dazzling of all is when your talented actor throws a temper tantrum in the middle of Kmart. No, this is not the Terrible Twos, but an upgrade called the Terrible-Twos-for-Teenagers stage, which occurs when you refuse to buy them the CD with the parental-warning advisory.

Oh, woe is *we*! Our children strut and fret each hour of every stage until, alas, we, the weary parents, have had it up to our Elizabethan eyebrows. But, ultimately, are these stages merely much ado about nothing? It will take some time before we can tell—pray, tell—if “all’s well that ends well.”

Now, join slightly off supermom, Deb DiSandro, as she takes you through the many ages and stages of parenthood. Once you see how this supermom is able to balance it all, you’ll breathe a deep sigh of relief and say, “Wow, and I thought my family was dysfunctional!”



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