



When I was little, before my brother CJ and sister Chloe were born I played with my mother's short, curly, dark, brown hair. Those were the good old days.

When I was young, I would put barrettes all over my mother's short, brown hair. I would wet her hair and comb it until it was straight.


With so many colorful barrettes in her hair, it seemed like her curls were multi-colored.

I always wish she would grow out her short, brown curls so I could make her hair into messy little ponytails and funky twists instead of braids, which I couldn't do yet.


I liked to sit on the back of the couch, with my back to the wall, and my legs stretched to their fullest extent of a straddle.

We used to laugh, and then





we would fall silent. She would make me shriek with laughter again by tickling my baby toes.



But that was before the birth of my brother and sister, so it was alone time with my mother. I don't have much of that now, with two siblings a dog and all, but we do make time because we love being together so much. Now she plays with my hair, and does all sorts of funky stuff with it. She uses big barrettes instead of the little flimsy ones I had used. I will always remember the times when I was an only child. Sometimes, when I need more Mom time I wish I still was an only child, but then I know that I would get extremely bored and lonely, and besides, when I wish that I feel too guilty. All in all, these still are good old days.