

Isabelle Flas & Annick Masson

How To Get Mom's Crazy



Mijade



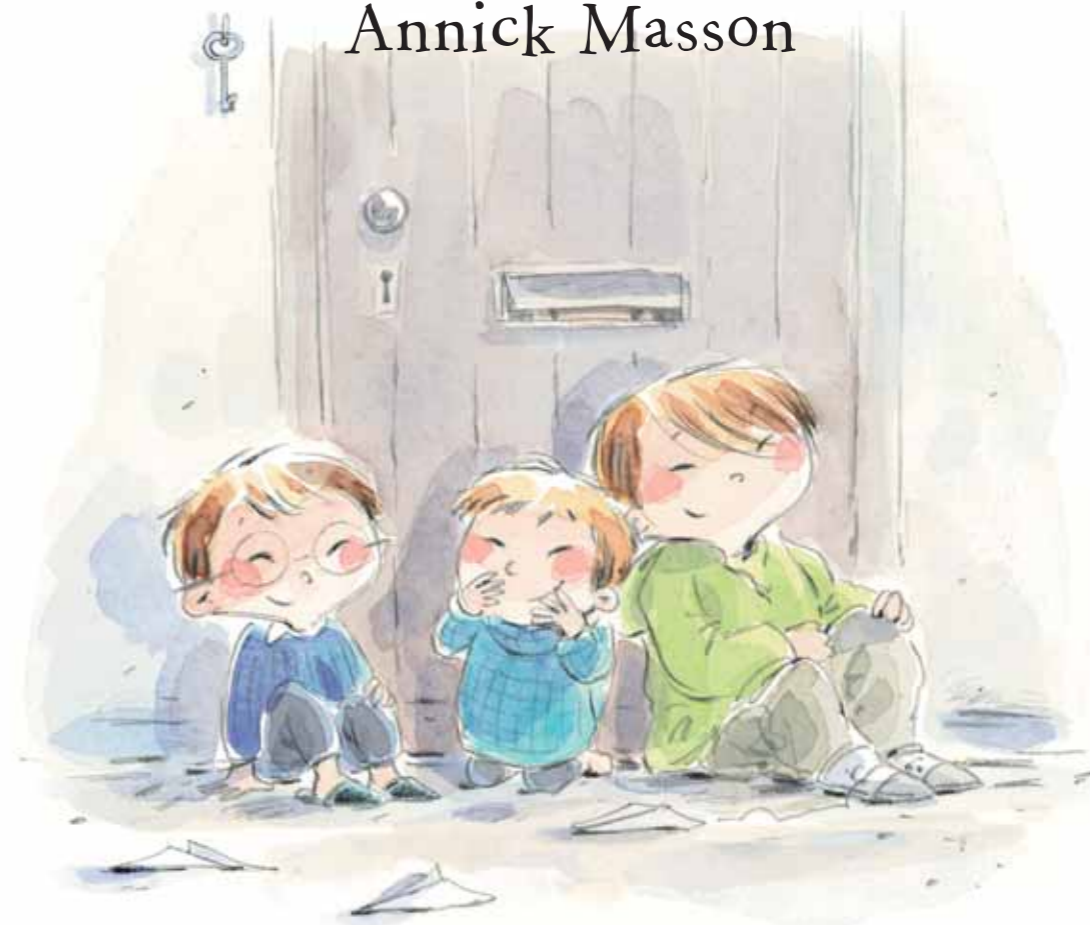
For my mother
A.M.

For my three kids
I.E



Isabelle Flas
**How To Get
Mom's Crazy**

Annick Masson



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Once upon a time there was a mother
who had three charming children.
They lived in a pretty little house
down a lane in the village.





From time to time,
when the room next door seemed too quiet,
she would peek at her little ones.
Reassured, she would continue to peel potatoes.

On that day, the three charming children
– the youngest one, the **middle** one, and the **oldest** one –
were playing quietly in the living room at the foot of the grandfather clock
while their mother was busy in the kitchen.

Suddenly, the mother realized that she needed a few vegetables for her soup. She decided to go buy some right away at the mini-market in the village.

She asked the children if they wanted to come along. Obtaining no response, she asked again, and finally heard them say,

We're playing!



This made her smile.

She put on her scarf, and gathered her basket and wallet. "I'm going out for a moment. Do not open the door to anyone while I'm gone!"



She repeated it a second time, just to make sure they had heard her. "I'm going out for a moment. Do not open the door to anyone while I'm gone!" And she left.

When she returned home a few minutes later, her arms loaded down with groceries, the mother searched her pockets but could not find the key to the front door.



No matter. She set her basket down on the doorstep of the little house and rang the doorbell.

She waited a few moments until one of her children – the youngest one, the **middle** one, or the **oldest** one – came to open the door for her.



She rang the doorbell a second time,



and a third time.



It was then she remembered her warning.
She decided to let them know who was at the front door
by shouting through the slot in the mail box:

Children, it's me!
Your dear mother!
I forgot my key.
Open the door for me!

She recognized her youngest child's voice:
Mother never forgets anything.
You are not our mother.
We will not open the door for you!



Astounded, she abruptly adjusted her scarf.
The thing is, it was getting cold...

She knelt down to the mail box, once again opened the narrow flap,
and repeated, a little more loudly and a little more firmly this time:



Children, it's me!
I forgot my key.
Open up the door!



The middle child answered this time and said:
Show us your hand to prove that you are truly our mother.

She sighed,
but squeezed her frozen fingers
as best as she could
through the tiny opening.

Mother has a nice, soft, pink hand.
Yours is all red and chapped.
You are not our mother.
We will not open the door for you!



Things had presently gone too far!
Mother shook a threatening finger
that almost got stuck
as she tried to pull her hand out.



She began to bang on the door.
She rang the bell once.
Twice.
Three times in a row.
She began to yell:

That's enough!
Open up this door!
Right now!

Even more loudly and even more firmly, she repeated:

Enough!
Open up!
Now!



This time, the **oldest** child answered:

Our mother has a sweet voice,
and she never screams so loudly.



You are not our mother.
We will not open the door!

Through the rectangular opening,
she saw their three heads
– the youngest one,
the **middle** one,
and the **oldest** one –



as they hid under the stairs to enjoy their prank even more.

The more the mother persisted laneside,
the more the children laughed inside...

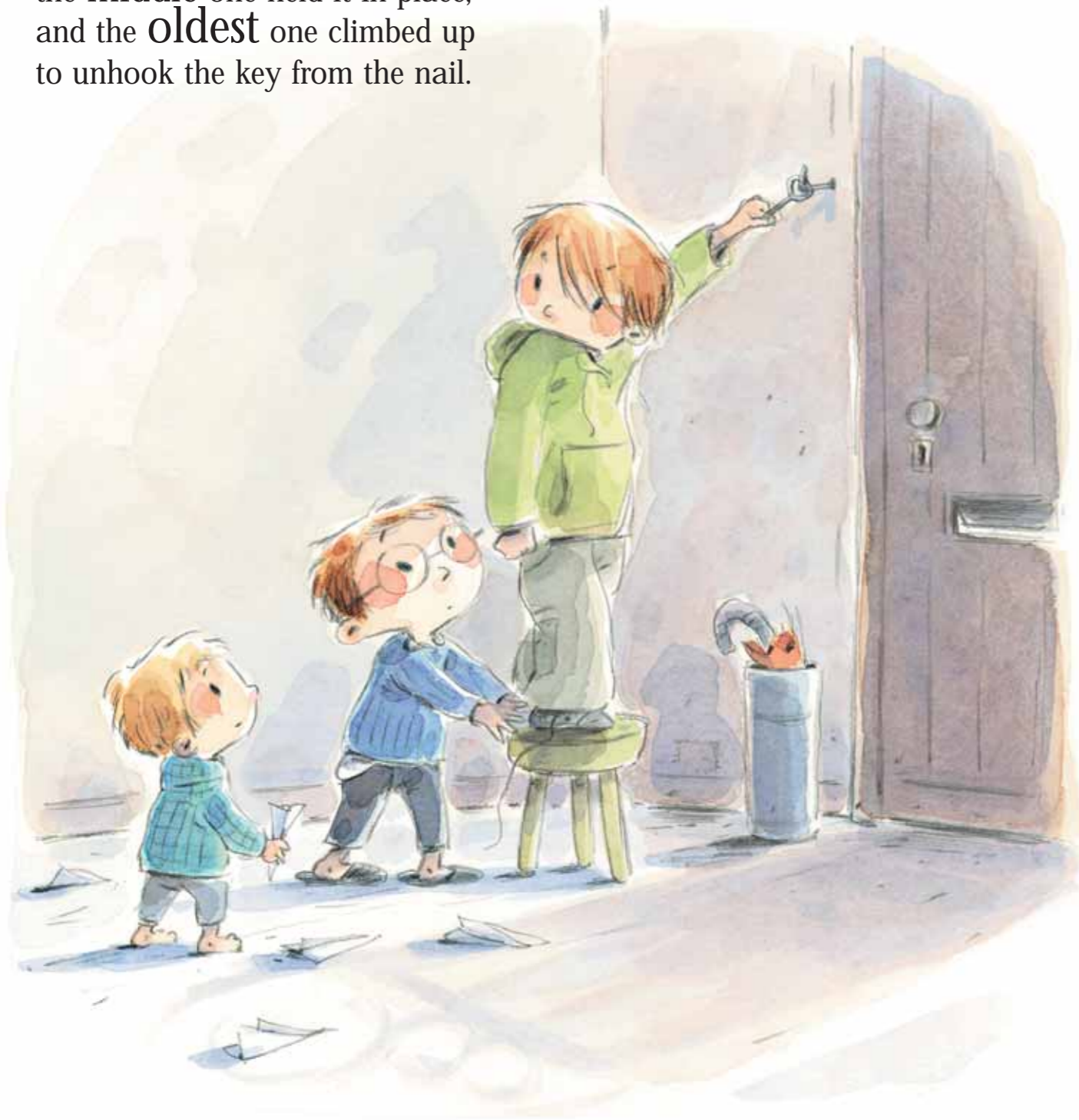


Determined to wait it out until they had had their fun,
she finally sat down on the doorstep.



After a while, frozen, discouraged, and furious all at once,
she re-opened the mail box flap and,
in a voice mixed with sweetness and impatience, said:
Come on, kids! This is starting to get my goat!

It was like a password.
The children stopped laughing.
In a flash,
the youngest one went to fetch a stool,
the **middle** one held it in place,
and the **oldest** one climbed up
to unhook the key from the nail.



He passed it
to the **middle** one
who gave it
to the youngest one
who offered it
to his mother
through the opening in the mail slot.



In the time it took their mother to turn the key
in the latch and push the door open...

... the three children,
– the youngest one, the **middle** one, and the **oldest** one –
were settled back at their spots in the living room,
at the foot of the grandfather clock.



As though nothing had happened...

This is where the story ends.



We never learned if the three children,
dared to play another trick on their mother.





Once upon a time there was a mother who had to run an errand.
She instructed her three children to open the door to no one!
When she comes back, she realizes she has unluckily forgotten her key.
Neither the youngest, nor the middle,
nor the oldest child agrees to open the door...

The famous tale of The Wolf and The Seven Little Kids, retold with humor.



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