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Teethmarks on My Chopsticks

It was roughly around that time (2005) when “take your daughter to work day” became a thing. My daughter was born in 1997 so at this time she was old enough to be curious about what “Daddy does at work.” Emily had loved numbers and the concept of banking from an early age so it was natural to bring her in when the time was right. The first thing I had to do was warn my staff about watching what they said when anyone’s kid was in the office. Swearing was like breathing at the office. Hey, using swear words makes damn sure there is no miscommunication about how someone is feeling. Emphasis in communication is key so I am all for it.

Anyway, Emily and I take the trek in on the train and then ferry and hit the coffee cart outside my building. I get my two twenty-ounce coffees and she gets a bear-claw the size of my freakin’ fivehead. It was huge. Thank goodness I never got into the habit of having one of those puppies with my coffee in the morning. One of the guys on the desk was on vacation two seats away from me so I plopped her down in his seat and showed her how to get to the Internet to entertain herself. It was a pretty slow and uneventful day as opposed to other days. I was happy for that.

Teeth (300) Marks

Connolly

As the day ended I was relieved that she enjoyed herself and that no terrible incidents occurred. I had no interest in having to listen to my daughter recount fights and swearing contests to my wife that night. That would not have been good. So when I asked for her summary of the day on the train home, I was pretty sure it would be boring and PG-rated (at worst). I was surprised at what followed:

Daughter (blurting out): I heard the F-bomb seven times Dad!

Me (furious): You tell me right now who on my desk said the F-word.

I am gonna kill those guys. We went over this!

Daughter: The man two to your left said it once and the man behind you said it once. *OK, five more to account for.*

Daughter: The other five were YOU!

Oh boy, how do I turn this into some special teaching moment? Surely I am adept enough to think on my feet to take care of this situation in a manner that Ward Cleaver would be proud of. I thought for a moment of the perfect thing to say to make it all make sense to an eight-year old. Then I forcefully said: "Do not tell your mother!"

Mission Accomplished?