I Tell You What This Is

It's decided: this summer, I'm going on vacation to Graz, to stay with my parents, so they can spend some time with their grandchildren.

My eldest is fluent in English, German, and Spanish.

"Nunu" remains an expert and a virtuoso at babbling; she was diagnosed with autism at an early age.

One night, as I was escorting him out of my butt, Jose spat in my face and said, "Like mother, like daughter!"

It's been a few years—three, perhaps—since he last accompanied us.

Divorce proceedings are underway—he will find out about this while we are away—and I will not be returning to Spain.

And there it is—the crustacean—as if drowning in a glass of water.

It is completely unbearable.

In front of his buddies, he plays it cool, acting like the "second lady of the house," while claiming that I've got him on… on a retractable leash.

A retractable leash!

Kevin Ashdown