

Diddle Diddle

*By Sophy Churches*

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John/Went to bed with his trousers on/  
One shoe off, and one shoe on/Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

When I noticed my son sleeping in his bed with his trousers on and one shoe on, I touched my forehead and expressed great awe at the sight of him.

What is going to become of him? His whole future ran through my head, seeing that he was such a disorganized person that he couldn't take his trousers off and totally forgot that he had two feet with shoes on. And he was already seven years old!

I thought of the hundreds of schoolbooks, the hundreds of copybooks, the pencils, the pens, the erasers, the cut-out pictures, the live snakes and rats he would collect, running around in his room, with the occasional cats and dogs that I like myself.

This child is going to ruin my life, and I will never be able to re-organize him. He will probably have to go to an institute by ten years of age and get other disciplinarians to organize him. By 15 years of age, he will probably be a juvenile criminal, breaking into shop windows or committing even worse crimes. He will probably sign up to the military as soon as he can and will learn how to handle guns, and all other modern arms. He will probably enjoy using them and killing the enemy with them. When he will be discharged from the army after a few wars, if he is lucky to be alive then, he will probably not be able to stop the violent feelings in himself and will get a gun and turn to bank robberies and rape women and maybe he will turn against me, telling me that I let him sleep with his trousers on and one shoe on, so he could never be a proper boy.

Later, he would get into politics, and he would not stop until he becomes a dictator of our country, and he would have Hitlerian and Stalinistic and Sadam Husseinian tendencies, all combined. I would be so ashamed that I had such a son.

One day, I know, six policemen would be holding him down, and his tattooed body will show up and the policemen will force him out of my house into an armored car and all I will have to change my name and move into a small town to hide myself and never admit that I remember the big snake tattoo on his back, because he got a lifetime prison sentence at Alcatraz.

Tears came to my eyes looking at my little son, fast asleep on his bed like this. All these thoughts gave me a fever so much that I was almost fainting. I should have called in his father, but he was already asleep in his bed, with his oily overalls and work boots on from his car repair shop. Poor man, he was very tired.

Diddle, diddle ... I covered my little won with his soft, satiny blue comforter.