Morning, Mum

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany loves her sons, and today is their first day of third grade! She's done all she can to prepare them for it, and now it's just a matter of getting them up for breakfast.

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Yesterday was the last day of the summer holidays, and Tiffany had spent it making sure her sons were ready for their first day of third grade.

She'd pulled together her savings to get all of their school supplies. All their books and textbooks, pens and pencils and cases, their bags and address clips, tailoring their new uniforms to fit as comfortably as possible— Maybe she'd gone a little overboard, actually?

Oh, well. That didn't matter now. She'd rather they have something they didn't need, than not have something they did need….

'Trent!' Tiffany called out across the house. 'Are you dressed, love? I'm starting breakfast if you want to help!'

At the word "breakfast" Tiffany heard her sons' bedroom door slam and heavy wet footsteps *schlap*ing their way through the apartment towards the kitchen.

Then her son, Trent, appeared in the connecting archway. He was still in his pyjamas and soaked from head to toe; his orange scales slick and shiny.

'Morning, Mum!'

'Morning, baby. Remember not to slam the door; you know it makes Logan upset,' Tiffany reminded; throwing her son a towel to pat himself down with. Then she gave a playful scoff. 'Aw, hon! Did you *just* get out of bed? Even though I woke you half an hour ago?'

'*Maaaaaybe*—' Trent echoed his mother's playful tone, before breaking out in a fit of giggles as she tickled him. 'Mum!'

'*You're* why we can't have carpet!' Tiffany teased, planting several kisses on her son's face.

'Sorry,' Trent laughed, throwing the damp towel on the floor and using his foot to sweep it across the trail if water he'd left.

'Ah, don't worry, hon, I've got it,' Tiffany reassured. 'You start prepping breakfast —don't use the stove without me— and I'll clean up and see if Logan's up yet.'

'He's up,' Trent confirmed as his mother took over towel-kicking duty. 'He was playing Pokemon.'

'Was he dressed?'

'Yep!' Trent nodded, and began gathering up the things they needed to make breakfast. 'He packed our bags, too!'

'He packed *your* bag?' Tiffany asked.

'Yeah, cos I was tired,' Trent blushed. 'He said he'd pack it and I could sleep a little more.'

'Aw. That was very nice of him,' Tiffany grinned, watching as her son began
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cracking eggs into a mixing bowl so he could scramble them. 'Did you say thank you?'

'*Course!*' Trent exclaimed, as if confused his mother would think he wouldn't have. 'It's only polite!'

'Good, I'm proud of you!' Tiffany praised, before picking up the soaked towel and taking it to the bathroom to deposit in the hamper. She retrieved the mop while she did, and quickly cleaned up the last of the water before heading to her sons' bedroom and knocking on the door. 'Logan, hon? Can I come in?'

'Yes, Mum,' Logan said; barely audible through the door.

'Thank you,' Tiffany replied as she entered the room her two sons shared. She could see Logan sitting backwards in the chair at his desk; his game already switched off as he watered one of his many plants.

She looked around the cramped room and let out a half-sigh.

They needed more space.

Their room was *far* too full.

Perhaps it wouldn't have been so bad if they could have had a bunk bed; that would have almost doubled their living space! But as it was currently, their bathtub-like beds were a necessity for their young triton skin.

God, she wished she could get the boys a bigger room— Or find a new apartment with *three* bedrooms, so they could have more privacy…. That might be something worth seriously considering, actually. They were getting older, and it wouldn't be fair to expect them to share a room in their teenage years.

Tiffany spied the dirty towel that had been laid over the floor, and she smiled. 'Ah, you already cleaned up Trent's mess, huh?'

'Mhm,' Logan gave a nod. 'Is he making breakfast again?'

'Yeah, he is,' Tiffany confirmed.

Logan smiled, and spun in his chair to look at his mother; kicking his legs out in a happy stim.

'You want to help out?' Tiffany asked.

Logan shook his head.

'Fair enough,' she chuckled. 'It sounds like you've done your fair share of chores today, anyway…. Come on. Come sit at the table while you wait.'

Logan nodded, and awkwardly climbed off his chair. 'Can I bring my game?'

'To the table, but not to school.'

'Thanks.'

Tiffany held out a hand for her son to take, and gently led him through the apartment to the kitchen table.

She sat him down and then, once he was happily settled with his Switch, stepped over to help Trent with the stove.

'Thanks for waiting for me,' she told her son. 'That was good of you.'

'It sure was!' Trent beamed, looking very proud of himself. 'I can't wait till I'm old enough to use the stove! I'm gonna make *so much* food!'

Tiffany laughed at that, and ruffled her son's head-fin. 'And all of it is going to taste amazing, I'm sure!'

'Mhm!' Logan's hum of agreement sounded from the table; though he didn't look up from his game.

'Can I try to cook the hot food on my own today?' Trent asked. 'Like. You can

turn on the stove and stuff. But I wanna try and do the rest myself! Can I?'

'Hmm…' Tiffany pursed her lips, mulling it over.

Her son was still very young, but… he was surprisingly capable. But he was still *young*. And she was a little hesitant to let him take complete charge of a burning-hot stove….

He *could* probably do it…. But….

Hm….

'Please?' Trent begged. 'I'll be careful! Promise!'

'I *suppose*…' Tiffany decided, slowly. 'But I'm going to be watching over your shoulder. Okay?'

'Deal!'

—END—

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