



## turning into our mothers

Do you catch yourself doing things your mum does?

Does your mum have odd quirks you're afraid you'll pick up? Throat clearing. Backseat driving. Unusual sayings such as, "Home again, home again, jiggydy jog" (whenever you arrive home).

**My mum groans, yawns and sighs in the morning. Loudly. As if there is nobody else home, except there is.** When I was younger I found this incredibly disturbing and vowed never to make weird morning noises, or weird noises at any time of day. But over time I've realised the magic power of making noises – groans, sighs, slurps, whistles, clicks and hmmms – even shrieks and shouts. I let them escape without apology!

A good groan can make a Monday morning feel more bearable. A whistle can see disordered thoughts neatly arranged or turn an awkward silence into

a song. A slurp can mysteriously cool a drink that would otherwise be too hot to down. A shriek or shout can give you the strength to lift something heavy or turn what would have been a terrifying drop on a roller coaster into nothing more than a fun slip down the slide. Now when I visit my mum, I heartily join in with my own loud, weird noises. Each morning there is a chorus of groans as we smile smugly with bleary eyes and slurp our cups of tea. It's almost a competition! Mum's still in the lead by a long shot, but she's had longer to practice. > [Henrietta Lee](#)

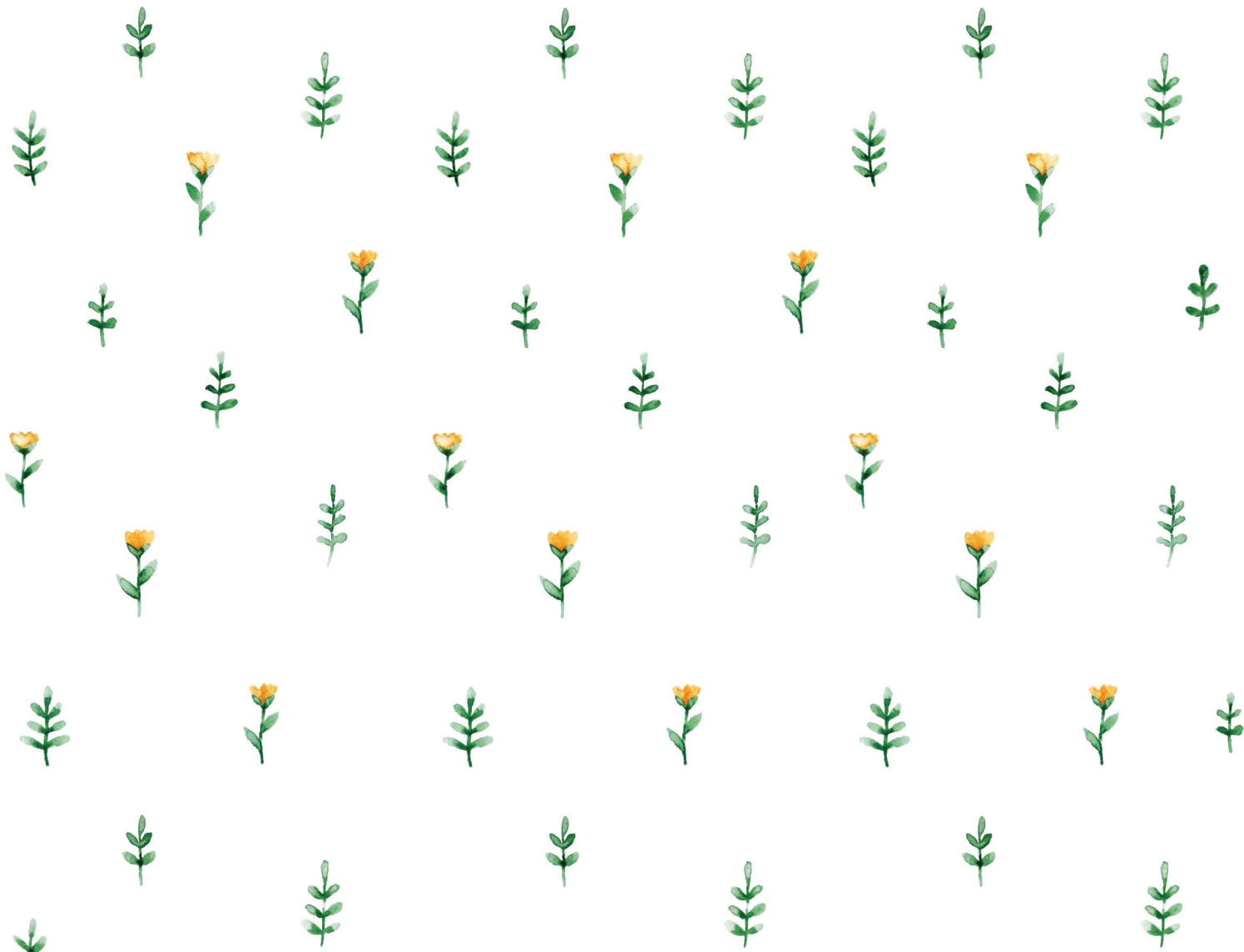
**I used to dread having to tell my mum some of my friends' names.** My friends had wonderfully unique names but my mum would never get them right! 'Richelle' would become 'Rachael' and even 'Gemma' could take on a completely different form! I would roll my eyes and

sometimes groan, "No Mum, that's not the right name."

And it didn't stop there – oh no! My mum's mispronunciations would extend to calling people by the wrong name altogether! She would name all my siblings and me in a long list before she got to the one she wanted, "Samuel – Ashleigh – Lachlan – Elizabeth!"

To my mum's credit, her mispronunciations have taught me to persevere through learning all the unique names when I'm teaching kids at swim school. I'll trip and stumble over the names, over and over again. I say them out loud until it comes out right and have the student remind me lesson after lesson how to say their name correctly.

Then finally! With a satisfied nod I'll call out their name and proudly tell other



teachers how to pronounce it. But then some days I'm caught off guard by a simple 'Sarah'... or is it 'Sophie'? And I'll wonder why my student isn't moving or responding when I call. Then it will hit me with a BANG. I've been calling them by the wrong name! I'm turning into my mum! > **Liz Schultz**

**I've always loved my mum's cooking.** Even when she cooks spicy food I usually wouldn't go for or her Filipino meals that look questionable but taste phenomenal. She hardly uses measuring tools, knowing exactly how much she needs just by looking. It's a skill I wish I had; I'm still a novice in the kitchen. But whenever she cooks, my mum has a habit of leaving all the vegetable scraps, egg shells and rubbish in the sink. Leaving a special gift of assorted food scraps for whoever has to do the dishes later.

I didn't think used to think much about it. Her kitchen, her rules. I simply got about fishing out the sink scum and throwing it away. But mum takes this habit wherever she goes, even when she comes and visits my home. While I appreciate her cooking for me – no complaints there – when I look in the sink and see it's chock full of onion skin, veggie ends and chopped up bits that didn't make it to the saucepan, and the bin is right there... I can't help but feel frustrated. My kitchen, my rules! No scraps in the sink, Mum! > **Cielo Klass**

**My mum will clean her nose out with a tissue, while she is talking to you.** I will never do this. I will leave the room to de-booger my nostrils. If I know you very well and we're having an important conversation and I just HAVE to remove the crusty snot from my snout because IT HURTS, I will face into the corner of a

room and hunch over, preferably crouch down. I would rather you exclaim, "Uh, are you OK? What on earth are you doing?" Than have you see with your eyeballs as I grope around my nose with a tissue. I mean what is the person watching supposed to do?! Someone has to turn away!

I once confronted my mum about this disgusting habit and she retorted, wad of tissue firmly up her nose, "What's wrong with it? It's only SNOT." Ummmm... exactly, Mum. My point exactly. > **Angie Dasch**

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 Could you write a short piece on the odd, annoying, sweet or cliché things your mum does that you either desperately avoid or have decided aren't so bad after all? Send your story to [hello@bellaraemag.com](mailto:hello@bellaraemag.com)