Busted in Bed

Have you ever had the feeling you were being watched? A couple of weeks ago I experienced that eerie sensation. I was in bed with my husband and deep in the throes of passion. I was enthusiastically tossing my hair and panting breathlessly when suddenly, I felt as if we were being watched. I slowly turned my head and opened my eyes to find my 8-year-old daughter nose to nose with me. I nearly jumped out of my skin. I fumbled and groped for the blankets as my husband quietly slid under them and out of sight.

This is the child that makes an uproarious racket wherever she goes. But for some reason, that night, she had the silence and speed of a Stealth Bomber with tiny pink feet. The dogs didn’t even hear her sneak attack. Their tails usually alert us by pounding out a friendly, "Hello" on the floor, welcoming anyone into our bedroom.

"I have a headache." She whispered as she rubbed her tired little eyes.

I snatched up my robe and hurried her off into the kitchen for a dose of Ibuprofen. She didn’t mention seeing or hearing anything, but she did ask, "Where’s dad?" I should have told her he was cowering under the blankets in shame.

My son, the middle child, was never one to wander into our room in the middle of the night. He did, however, have the keen hearing of a fruit bat. I discovered his supersonic hearing talent one evening during a family dinner.

Noticing my son yawning and looking bleary eyed, my father asked him why he was so tired. My son stretched and said, " Mommy was having a bad dream last night. She kept saying ‘Oh! Oh! Oh!’ And she got louder and louder. I didn’t think she’d ever stop dreaming."

I cleared my throat and gazed at my feet, "Anyone want more chicken?" My mother was appalled, my father was obviously amused and my son was clearly confused.

I thought I had gotten lucky with my oldest daughter. She never wandered into our bedroom at an inconvenient time nor did she ever overhear anything and announce it to the entire family. She did, however, develop impeccable timing as a teenager. The worse part about getting busted in bed by my teenager is that she let us know exactly how she felt about it.

Before moving into our house, my husband and I were sharing the sofa bed in the living room of our tiny apartment so our teenager could have her own room. She was out one evening, and since she wasn’t due home for hours, we decided to take full advantage of our time alone. At the apex of passion, the front door flies open, and there was our teenager daughter, two hours before curfew.

She stood there with her mouth gaping as she absorbed the site of her precious mother with her legs sprawled in the air. She wrinkled her nose in apparent disgust.

"What are you two, rabbits? Geesh, are you trying to scar me for life here?" She stomped off to her room, slammed the door and turned up the volume on her stereo.

We didn’t learn our lesson and the second time she caught us was far more humiliating. It happened during an overnight stay at a Ronald McDonald House. Our daughter was out and about in the house, hanging out with new friends she had met. My husband and I were stressed, tired and were in need some very quick comfort. So, as we were relieving some stress, we hear the sound of a key card in the door. The lights from the hallway spilled in and pierced the pitch-black darkness of the room. There we were, naked and eyes wide with shock, literally caught in a spotlight.

Our daughter stood there in the open doorway and read us the riot act. "Oh my God!" She exclaimed at the top of her voice, "You are in the Ronald McDonald House! Have you no shame?! Can you not stay off of each other for one night?! I’m leaving again, please be dressed when I get back. Eeeeeeeewww!" She shuddered as she slammed the door.

We got dressed right away and made sure we were fast asleep when she returned. We were humiliated, embarrassed and fearful as to how many guests in the house were aware of our deviant conduct. We felt like perverts. We had soiled the name of an upstanding clown and worldwide children’s icon. We didn’t have sex for weeks after that incident.

So, let our story be a lesson to you. Try not to freak out when your toddler wanders in and announces that he sees daddy’s bottom. There’s no need to cower in humiliation when your daughter asks you what you were screaming about last night. It’s okay, really. You will have plenty of time for humiliation when they are teenagers!