

Loud Mouth Fan

Everyone loves to be cheered on. No doubt about it. The roar of the crowd. You'd be crazy not to get swept away by the chanting of your name. The adoration. It would make anyone stand a little taller, walk a little prouder. Except when that roaring crowd is your mother—the loud mouth who sounds like she has a built-in megaphone. And she thinks it's totally OK to not only holler at you the entire game, but to holler nicknames at you! Some of which you haven't heard since you were a kid. "You go, cheesecake!" "Awesome job, Tootsie Roll!" Which might actually be OK because no one would actually know who that was, except she has no trouble standing and pointing while she's shouting. There is absolutely no doubt who her kid it. Me. For one, I'm the player with the bright red face. The semi-good player who wants to blend in because with all of the yelling, people expect really big things. As if the star player has just walked in. How can you be average when your fan club of one brings glittery signs to your games? And even makes homemade T-shirts that say, "I'm the Mom of Number Thirteen!" I love my mom and the support she gives me...so how do I politely ask her to *shut up*?!