I Wish My Mom Knew How Lucky I Am

What is something my mom doesn’t know about me that I wish she did? Well…nothing.

I know, lies. Everyone has something they don’t want their parents to know, even if they won’t admit it. I have things I don’t want my *dad* to know, because he’s a pain in the ass. But mom thinks so too, and there are things *she* doesn’t want him to know.

My mom and I are each other’s confidants. If we didn’t have each other to rant to, we’d probably lose it. I know what you’re thinking: *This is going to be one of those lame “I love you, Mom, and thank you for everything you’ve done for me” kind of articles.*

Nope. Those are bullshit. I know it; you know it; and your moms know it. It’s just that my relationship with my mom is a little unorthodox.

I’m a boring college kid. A *good* college kid, you might say. But, really, I’m just boring. I don’t party, don’t drink, don’t smoke. I’m responsible. I have to be, you see, because my mom is not.

My mom acts like a 49-year-old typical college kid. She parties, and drinks, and smokes. My mom is exactly the kind of bad influence that your mom warned you about. She has tattoos, cusses, drives a bright red Mustang GT too fast, and spends most of her time painting pictures of naked women. True story.

All of my friends love my mom and wish she were their mom, and she will pretend to be, if, for example, they need parental permission for a tattoo. And that is why I’m so thankful for my mom. She’s generous and kind and full of love for everyone.

Sometimes, though, my mom annoys me. She’ll get tipsy and say stupid things and laugh at nothing. One time, she got drunk and my brother and I had to spend a good thirty minutes wandering around a massive resort, dragging her with us, to find our room. Another time, my brother and I had to go and find her, wherever she had landed, and my brother had to drive her car back home while I drove her in my car. Her artwork is all she does, all the time, and sometimes I want to tell her to come back to the real world—just for a while.

But I thank God that my mom is the way she is; I have seen other people’s moms, and they’re way worse. I have friends who have strict curfews, whose moms track their every move with an app. Friends who are not allowed to watch *Harry Potter* or *Star Wars.* What?! Why?! Because of magic or the devil or something.

Seriously. There are moms out there who don’t let their kid breathe and want to know every single detail of every single second of their lives. Moms who don’t want their kids to go out, or talk to people of the opposite sex, or have a life at all.

My mom? She doesn’t know *all* about my life. She doesn’t want to. It’s *my* life. She’s there if I need her; otherwise, as far as she’s concerned, I have to figure things out for myself. From what I can tell, my mom’s hands-off approach to my life has worked out pretty well.

The kids who get in trouble seem to be the ones whose moms are the strictest. They have the most ridiculous “helicopter moms” (as my mom calls them) who hover over their every move. Those kids, the ones who have to be home by eleven, are the ones getting into trouble. The fact that something’s against the rules is why they do what they do. *They get in trouble because they wanted to rebel against their mom.* Me, I don’t have that problem. I could stay out all night, and my mom wouldn’t care. I don’t have anything to rebel against, so I don’t.

That’s what I wish my mom knew. I wish she knew how glad I am that she’s wild and that she lets me be me.