My maple story

By Matthew McCully

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ince it is maple month here at The Record and the paper has been ask-

ing Townshippers to send in their memories, recipes and stories about sug-

ar-ing and the maple tradition, I felt it only right to share mine.

Unfortunately, it is not quite as beau-
tiful and magical as some of the others I've heard so far this month with horses

and old wooden buckets and singing

songs while feeding the fire as the sap

boils.

In fact, it's a wonder I ever put my tongue to a spoonful of syrup after what I went through.

Even more painful, after confirming the details of the traumatizing event with my mother, was hearing the story from her perspective, which I now see was exponentially worse.

I'll give you both versions.

March begins with the long sob story of being the youngest of five children, too young for school, and getting dragged around town wherever my mom needed to go.

On this particular day, probably in March when I was around four, my mom was asked to accompany my brother's
class to a sugar shack, so off we all went.

Couple problems. The snow was waist-deep for adults, so practically over my head. I was in a snowsuit (probably a hand-me-down and either too big or small) which made it hard to walk and the sugar shack was at least a kilometer into the woods.

The kicker was when my mom had the nerve to try to put me in a kids' sled with a bunch of strangers. At the time, my French wasn't great so the invitation to sit under the blankets and enjoy a ride sounded like menacing threats.

I refused every attempt to get me in my snowsuit was drying, I'd had a bath and some fries.

I ate the Dixie Lee, but I'm pretty sure I pretended I didn't like it.

I went out for lunch before bringing her back to school for her afternoon classes.

My most vivid memory of the event was managing to hold my ground and be miserable even though everything smelled so good. Not an easy task for a four-year-old.

The day, according to my mother, was an even bigger mess.

In fairness, I still think the root of the problem was in my mother assuming that by the time you get to the fifth child, you've seen it all and you can han-

dle anything.

My least favorite memory of the event was trying to participate in the activities with my brothers while constantly reass-

uring people that I'm fine and not to worry about me walling in the back-
ground.