

THE FIRST TIME I EVER TOLD A LIE TO MY MOTHER

It was 1956. I was five years old, and it was the fall of my kindergarten year in Mrs. Brown's class. I'd never lied to my mother before, but on this day I told a big lie. Here's the story of what happened on that day.

It all started when we were at naptime. Earlier that day we played with clay in art, and a really good piece of clay was lying on the floor. I don't know why, but I picked it up and started rolling it around on my skirt. It made a big mess on my skirt.

When I got home, my mother asked me what was on my skirt. I didn't want to get in trouble, so I told her a boy named Glenn had put clay all over my skirt. She didn't believe me, because my brother's name was Glenn, but she didn't punish me. I never could figure that out. She just sent me outside to play. I'll never forget that day.

Figure 27-1 Nancie's Ineffective Memoir