

Wile E. Coyote / Mom E. Coyote

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Friday, 22 December 2006

I found myself relating to one of the most defining scenes of the classic Roadrunner/Coyote cartoon series…

If you'll recall, the coyote is once again engaged in an elaborate plan to capture the elusive Roadrunner. In this scene, he is in a railroad shack filling bogus carrots with TNT. As he carefully fills each carrot with a rubber hose, he smugly converses with himself, “Wile E. Coyote, Super Genius” extremely pleased, he continues, “I like the way that sounds!” He echoes, “Wile E. Coyote, Super Genius”. Meanwhile, the Roadrunner is cleverly moving the shed onto the train tracks to meet a certain doom.

Despite the unrealized success of the coyote, I was gleefully reenacting the famous scene. Just as the coyote must have been certain of his plan, I arrogantly snicker to myself, while filling juice pop wells with organic carrot juice, "Mom E. Coyote, Super Genius!"

I transcend into a dream-like state, “I am ‘Mom E. Coyote…Super Genius’! I will get that boy to consume vegetables, and he will sheepishly ask for more, and I will allow it, and he will thank me for the treat. What could be better? ”

That was the way I was seeing it. This was the answer to proper nutrition for my finicky five-year-old. Vegetable Juice Pops! It’s sheer genius!

Several hours later, my son had done a good deed. I jumped at the opportunity to reward him with a frozen treat.

Just as Wile E. Coyote realized his failures, so too did I, Mom E. Coyote, face a certain glitch in my plan.

Now, imagine the disappointment in both of us when my son realized this was not the sugary reward he had been expecting and I realized my vegetable pop endeavor was dismantling before my eyes.

I asked how he liked his treat, though I had an idea from the grimaced look he wore.

"I don't like this ice pop. I want something else" he demanded.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked.

"It's yucky. I want a real treat, Mom"

I couldn't argue with him as he did deserve a reward as promised for his good deed. I couldn't let on that I was conducting an experiment so as not to jeopardize future experiments.

I gave him a 'real' treat and went back to the kitchen - a.k.a. the drawing board. I realized my mistake.

Success was accomplished, the second time around, by adding apple juice to the mix. Live and learn, right?