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Instructor's Name

ENGL 1013

Date

Babysitting Brianna

Babysitting is usually the first job a teenage girl has. Likewise, babysitting my three-year-old cousin, Brianna, was my first job, and it was not a happy experience. I hated it because the three things that it required most were patience, energy, and authority.

First of all, I hated babysitting because it required a lot of patience. This was something which I lacked. Brianna always tested my limits. Every time there was something “off limits” or that was “not a toy,” it was only a matter of time before Brianna would be touching it or playing with it. The defiance alone would make my blood boil, sending my temper through the roof instantly. She would also chatter non-stop about anything she could think of, with few breaths in between. Usually, she would ask questions which I had already answered. The one I dreaded the most was the infamous, repeated question, “Why?” This would always get on my nerves faster than anything else.

Besides the patience that babysitting required, more importantly, I hated babysitting because of how much energy it required. Because Brianna was a toddler, she had ten times the amount of energy that I did. She could run circles around me before I could blink. By the end of the day my hair would be in a messy bun with Cheerios in it, and I would be struggling to keep my eyes open. I felt as if I had been stuck on a treadmill with no “off” button all day long. Brianna would never take a nap, no matter how hard I tried to get her to lie down. She would be wide awake from the time she got there until the time she left, and I would be so drained after

she left that all I could do in my free time was sleep.

Most importantly, I hated babysitting because the lack of energy I had didn't compare to my lack of desire to assert authority. I learned quickly that I had to show her who was in charge because otherwise she would run wild, but I hated having to be the disciplinarian. I am very passive when it comes to taking charge. I'm also not very good at punishing children because I don't like the idea of disciplining someone else's child. I didn't like to raise my voice, be really stern, or put her in time out, especially if she cried. I hated having to be the "bad guy."

The experience of babysitting Brianna for my first job revealed to me how much I hated babysitting. It required patience, energy, and authority, all of which I lacked, because she tested my limits, ran circles around me, and put me in the position of the dreaded "bad guy" more times than I wanted to be.