

Have you ever noticed that things that you make fun of or dislike as a child have a way of haunting you in adulthood? I have had a number of experiences like this and I also use some of my sister's dislikes to get back at her now that she is an adult. My family loves to play pranks on each other. I was the youngest in the family so more often than not the prank was either being pulled on me or blamed on me. We all turned out quite good natured so I guess all the teasing and pranks helped form strong character in us.

When I was around ten until about age fifteen I had a thing for paint by number sets. I loved doing the paintings. Each year for Christmas and my birthday I would ask for a new paint by number set. I would save my allowance to buy sets for myself when I completed the paint by number sets that I was given as gifts. My favorite things to paint were scenery pictures. One year my mother bought me a set in which the background was black velvet I thought this was the best gift I ever received. When I first started painting my sister would tolerate the paintings, but as time past and I grew older and was still doing the paint by number sets she started teasing me about them. She made fun of the fact that I would rather stay home and paint than go out with friends. Many of the things she said were hurtful. That year for Christmas I wrap up one of the first paint by number pictures that I had done and gave it to her for Christmas. When she complained about the gift she was yelled at by my parents for not being grateful for something that I had made for her. That was the beginning of many paint by number pictures that she received through the years. Once I started going out with friends I gave up my hobby of painting by numbers.

My sister and I have become good friends as adults. We enjoy each others company and do many things together. A few weeks ago I stopped at a yard sale that was not far from where I work. The person that was running the sale was quite elderly and they had fairly poor quality things. I was about to leave when I spotted several paint by number pictures. They were very poorly done and very old. There were seven of them and they were marked one dollar a piece. I bought all of them so that I can start sending them to my sister as gifts. I had to laugh when I was walking to the car I heard the elderly man say to his wife that he had told her shes should have marked the pictures with a higher price!