

40. Loud Mouth Fan

(*Guy or girl*)

1 Everyone loves to be cheered on. No doubt about it. The
 2 roar of the crowd when you spike a volleyball straight down
 3 before the ten-foot line. You'd be crazy not to get swept
 4 away by the chanting of your name. The adoration. It would
 5 make anyone stand a little taller, walk a little prouder.

6 (Pause) Except when that roaring crowd is your mother
 7 — the loud mouth who sounds like she has a built-in
 8 megaphone. And she thinks it's totally OK to not only holler
 9, at you the entire game, but to holler *nicknames* at you!
 10 Some of which you haven't heard since you were still
 11 carrying around baby fat. "You go, cheesecake!" "Awesome
 12 serve, Tootsie Roll!" Which might actually be OK because no
 13 one would actually know who that was, except she has no
 14 trouble standing and pointing while she's shouting.

15 There is absolutely no doubt who her kid is. Me. For one,
 16 I'm the player with the bright red face. The semi-good player
 17 who wants to blend in because with all of the yelling, people
 18 expect really big things. As if the star player has just
 19 walked onto the court. How can you be average when your
 20 fan club of one brings glittery signs to your games? And
 21 even makes homemade T-shirts that say, "I'm the Mom of
 22 Number Thirteen!"

23 It's completely humiliating. She even got yellow carded
 24 by the referee once. Told her if she didn't bring it down a
 25 notch he was going to ban her from the rest of the game. I
 26 think it was after that game that the signs were made. But
 27 the yelling didn't stop completely. She figured out the rules.
 28 You can only *not* yell when someone is serving. After that,

1 it's fair game. Open season.

2 I love my mom and the support she gives me ... so how

3 do I politely ask her to *shut up*?