



CribNotes

Three is Prime

Holy Trinity Batman! – I’ve a trio of years, but **don’t call me tertiary**, which can treble my fears. It’s true, I am secondary (after my sis) but in my mind, I’m mostly *numero uno*, (you get the gist). Okay, it’s not always glee being three, but from what I can see **I’m just reaching my prime**... non-divisible, sometimes risible, and occasionally hide-and-seek invisible. Yet try as I might to be three times as wry (why should I lie?), a threesome is infinitely not as cool as a pi. With my Mom, my Dad, and my big Sista too, they add up to a troublesome triumvirate of “Hudson, *don’t do...!*” Did you know that a ‘troika’ is a Russian carriage drawn by three horses abreast? Lots to *learn, learn, learn*, and I love to take it in like the best, yet sometimes *yearn, yearn, yearn* for 3-day weekends to rest. They say that **a triad is smarter by two** – dynamic, yet balanced and stable, which I knew, having experienced the hazards of living years thrice, but I dare say for the most part, it has been triply nice. Now the thrill of getting older, of tripling my age’s made merely grokking the clock make me feel like a sage. When I saw that trilogy of candles alighting my third cake, finally leaving the ‘terrible twos’ in its wake, it also occurred to me that there must really be more, to Life than waiting around to be... *wait for it...* four. **With no apology for the numerology, your intermittently odd, even wiser biPed Mini, Hudson.**



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