

I Need a Wife

Description

Day 4 with 3 sick kids, and coincidentally, itâ??s also my 4th consecutive visit to the doc to get this shit-show on the road. By the end of the appointment, I was so depleted with the will to go on, that I actually proposed to my pediatrician. Unfortunately, sheâ??s not a fan of being a sister wife, so I digress.

This post is dedicated to my 3 kids: 2 boys â?? ages 6 & almost 5, and a little DIT (diva-in-training) who just turned 3. There isnâ??t much I wouldnâ??t do for my kids, aside from remaining patient, apparently. I know I keep referring to the kids as â??mineâ?•, so donâ??t waste your time reminding me that they also have an amazing father. He is neither the subject, nor the writer of this blog, so for the purposes of satisfying my deep sense of narcissism, I shall continue to refer to them as â??mineâ?•.

Anyway, to those of you who know my family, you are already aware that my oldest (Asher) represents some challenges. He is one of the smartest, most sensitive children I have ever come across, and he has a heart of gold; but Iâ??m pretty sure only half is gold, and the other half is some sort of devil-possessed turducken straight out of an episode of Supernatural, because he loves to sporadically remind me that he is part ninja, part vampire and part zombie, and could therefore kill me in my sleep at any moment. Yay me! He is supremely defiant, and only knows two volumes â?? silence & screaming. Needless to say, the fact that I have not developed a severe drug or drinking problem is a feat of epic proportions. And to those parents and non-parents, for that matter, who find it extremely easy to stand back and label and judge my child, as well as my parenting abilities, please feel free to kiss my ass, right in the crack. Heâ??s acerbic and stubborn, constantly inappropriate and offensive, and loves to make others feel awkward. Wait â?? are we still talking about Asher, or has this turned into an autobiography? Regardless, hereâ??s a giant FUCK YOU to anyone who dares question my child. Heâ??s amazing and creative and brilliant, and some of my friends have had the pleasure of witnessing my wrath when a stranger feels perfectly ok with telling me I am a bad mother, or to get my kid under control. Walk a mile in my shoes, fuckers. I wear a size 9 1/2.

When I pulled into the parking lot, I gave the boys a stern warning about how to behave, and it was met with smirks, immediately followed by, â??We love you, Mommy.â?• At that moment, I felt like Fredo from The Godfather, and I was just really grateful that a rowboat wasnâ??t nearby. At this point, I parked the car.

In the waiting room, things werenâ??t much better. It was made evident to me almost immediately that Asher and his younger brother, Kellan, (donâ??t worry â?? heâ??s a whole different species. Iâ??m pretty sure his DNA originated from a planet called â??Fuck-Offâ?•, and it wouldnâ??t surprise me in the least if he were their leader, or their mascot, for that matter), were keeping themselves busy reading a potty book to anyone who would pay attention. Iâ??m going to assume that there was at least ONE deaf person in the waiting room â?? why else would they be reenacting the book like it was a game of Charades?

The nurse called us back, and it just so happened to be the same nurse whom I told to threaten Asher with a rectal thermometer just the day before. Awesome. Kellan decided to measure how tall his used

tissue was, and Asher whispered in my ear and asked if they could measure his penis. I told him to ask the nurse and see how she responded. He remained silent (poser!), and we proceeded to the examination room. Asher immediately reached for multiple tongue compressors, and when one fell in the nasty garbage, he attempted to retrieve it. I explained that spina bifida was highly contagious (itâ??s not), and that if he reached inside, he would contract it. He called bullshit. Fuck â?? I need to get creative with this one. Heâ??s like a miniature Bobby Fischer.

By the end of the visit, the doctor was shooting me glares of sympathy, mixed with amusement and shadenfreude, and since I was having a major pity party of 1, I caved and asked her to be my wife, which brings me to Craigslist.

Craigslist is known for prostitution and sketchy furniture sales, among other seedy things, but it would be so helpful if there was a category dedicated to Desperate SAHP (stay-at-home-parents). Just imagine! You post your needs, and someone fills them, for a fee. Wait a second â?? I can just hire a prostitute! Itâ??s perfect. They would still make money, and their vaginas (and other orifices) would get a much-deserved break. Cuz letâ??s be honest â?? even prostitutes need a breather every once in a while. Unless they work for a pimp. I canâ??t deal with a middle-man. Too much drama. Pimps are annoying & high-maintenance, just like high-priced escorts, so really I need an older prostitute whoâ??s been in the game so long that sheâ??s become jaded and wants to â??branch out.â?•

Let me know if you can think of anyone who could be of assistance. One with as few STDs as possible is much appreciated. Tata!

Category

1. Uncategorized

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