

Boob Tube?!.Sock, That Is.

Description

If you read my first post, then you are painfully aware that my breasts, which at one time resembled a sorority sister's selfie, now look like tube socks with 8-balls at the bottom. Yes, I have used this comparison many times, and while I sometimes look at my children with pure love and a wee bit of resentment, I also reflect on the journey my breasts took to get to where they are. (Apparently, THIS yellow brick road only heads South).

When Asher was born, he had serious medical issues, none of which I will be discussing in this particular post, but may discuss at a later time, so I didn't actually get to breastfeed him until he was 4 weeks old.

At 4 weeks, the doctors and nurses allowed me to try nursing Asher, and the experience was awkward, to say the least. Not only was I in a room with 4 other families and their babies, but the entire time I was trying to nurse, I had 2 doctors, a nurse and a lactation consultant staring at my nipples as if I were about to squirt Cristal and caviar from my breasts. I just knew at any moment Rupert, the butler, was going to walk up and ask if I was interested in a champagne flute & some bruschetta. But that wasn't the most awkward part. The most awkward part, was that when Asher first made contact with my nipple, he started flicking his tongue on it. Listen I really can't lie; it didn't feel terrible. But.. what DID make things terrible, is when my nipple hardened as a physiological response, my loving husband took the opportunity to point his finger at me, smile and YELL, "Oh my God! You LIKE it!" The room was silent. And I mean silent. I'm pretty sure even the newborns in the room were as horrified as me.

I breastfed all 3 kids for 15 months. Think about that for a second. 45 months. For 3 months shy of 4 years, I had children treating my boobs like they were chicken wings at Hooters, and at the end of it all, what I was left with was footage from the National Geographic Channel, and possibly even Animal Planet.

At this very moment, I'm staring at my boobs, and aside from the fact that they are droopy, they are now also lopsided. And when I raise my arm, my nipple wrinkles up with rings, and I swear, if you counted those rings, you'd be able to tell my age, like a goddamned tree. I was at a friend's house recently, and I took her into the bathroom and showed her what I was workin' with. She literally cocked her head to the side, went cross-eyed with confusion, and said, "Oh, that's interesting." (Luv u, girl)

Needless to say, I'm pretty amped about getting new ones. And I'm even more excited, because I referred a good friend of mine to him, and she's getting hers done before me, so if they look like shit, I'll have dodged a bullet!! Thanks, grrrrrrrl.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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