

Greener Grass

Description

Happy Monday, everyone! And by "happy", I really mean "defeated", so let's try this again.

Defeated Monday, everyone! Hmmm! doesn't have QUITE the same ring to it. Anyhoo, today's post is dedicated to all of my girlfriends who have texted me and private messaged me, asking me to talk about a particularly sensitive subject "struggling to get pregnant". I have received 3 separate requests on this subject, and it took me a while to decide how to make such a sensitive subject humorous. Seeing as I have 3 children of my own, I thought about how I could broach this arena, and then one of the oldest adages came to my mind, and that adage is that "The grass is always greener on the other side of the street," and I realized, that instead of attempting to make infertility funny, because honestly, it's not, I decided to give my friends without children who may or may not want them, as well as my friends who are actively trying, unsuccessfully, to conceive, a glimpse into what life is like with and without kids. So for the purposes of this post, I will be listing just a few things that change, now that I have kids. Hopefully, as you read this, you laugh through your tears.

Prior to becoming a parent, Mon-Fri was pretty repetitive. I went to a 9-5 job that I was good at, but hated, and at the end of the day, I was fucking free. I could go and do whatever I pleased, and had zero responsibility, aside from the usual (bills, BJs, etc.). And weekends were the BEST, because if I felt like sleeping until noon, I did. If I had the urge to spend the day watching Friends re-runs, I did. If I wanted to go out til 4am, I didn't have to add babysitter fees to my bill and then go to bed knowing I'd be up again in 2 hours. It was AWESOME! But the thing I miss most about life before kids, was that I got to sleep naked! I loved it! I relished it! In fact, I loved it so much, that even AFTER having kids, I tried to keep the nakedness going as long as I could. And I got away with it until one morning when my then 2 year-old decided to wake me up by yanking on my nipple like it was a leash. I couldn't tell at the time if that was his way of letting me know that he wanted to take the dogs for a walk, but alas, at that moment, I realized my naked nights were gone, and I knew they wouldn't return until 2029, when my youngest leaves for college (or Juvenile Hall whichever comes first).

Another thing that people without children don't realize, is that once you have kids, you are "required" by some unspoken law, to join Mommy & Me groups, WHICH, by the way, is not an accurate name. If we were honest with ourselves, then these groups would really be called, "Mommy Might Make a New Friend, But Probably Not, and If That's the Case, At Least We Can Sit Back and Compare Our Child to Everyone Else's" and Hopefully Feel Better About Our Own Plight" groups. I've run the gamut of meet-up groups, and they are essentially all the same. To save you some trouble, I'm going to give you a brief breakdown of some of the "types" of moms who go to these things, so prepare yourself.

1. First, we have the "athletic" mom. If you were to rummage through their closets, everything is designer-labeled, and these moms come to these groups wearing NOTHING aside from **Lulu Lemon** or **Vuori (if you're a dad)**, and they will ONLY talk to other moms who are just as enthusiastically

athletic as they are. They stand around in groups, talking like cheerleaders, and when you walk up to them, they smile politely and then turn their backs on you! unless, of course, you're wearing Vuori or Lulu Lemon! THEN you get a free pass inside their club. I'm still waiting to learn the secret handshake.

2. Another mom trend you'll notice are the "Before Moms". I call them this, because they looked and dressed fabulously before kids. They were in shape, outgoing, and were always down for a good time. This, of course, was BEFORE kids. Now that they HAVE kids, these are the moms who have essentially given up on life, in general, and more specifically, on themselves. They were hot in their prime, and then did a bait & switch once the kids were born, and now resemble someone from the cover of an Indigo Girls album. Their jeans are frumpy, their hair is short cuz they're too lazy to brush it, and the Keds on their feet are a good indicator that they are one Jaeger shot away from leaving their husbands for the other frumpy mom to their right.

3. This brings us to the Crypt-Keeper moms. The moms who decided to have their first child at age 52. These are the moms to whom I'm afraid to speak, because more often than not, my first interaction with them usually goes something like this:

"Hi! How nice of you to bring the grandkids and let their parents get some rest!"

"I'm not John's grandmother am I? I'm his mother."

"Oh so his biological mom/dad ran away and left you with raising him as your own?"

"No I gave birth to him myself." (cue awkward silence, followed by Crypt-Mommy scooching to the left, as far away from me as possible)

4. These next moms, the "I'm not here to make friends, and little Sarah has 8 other activities, following this one, so hurry the fuck up" moms, are my favorite. These women march in, smart phones in tow, and stand around, waiting impatiently, until they can race off to ballet, followed by piano, chess, and last-but-not-least, night swimming lessons. Don't bother even giving these women your attention. They don't care about you they are too busy planning the inaugural ball for their children, whom they are certain will be one day become president, and are therefore too good to hang out with yours. Fuck those chicks. We all know they pop prescription pills like Pez, and their kids will grow up to resent them. Their sons will see all women as controlling, and I'm pretty sure there's got to be at least one prison study out there to support my theory.

5. And lastly, you have the moms like me. I'm not sure what I'd classify myself as, other than a Shock Jock who makes it my personal mission to make others as uncomfortable as possible, purely for my own twisted satisfaction. But if I HAD to group myself with others, I would say that I belong in the "What the fuck am I doing here? None of these chicks have any sense of humor, whatsoever, and I'd rather be watching Bravo moms. We are the moms who reluctantly show up to these things, hoping beyond hope that we'll meet at least ONE other mom we can connect with. I can honestly say that two of my favorite people in the world I met simultaneously at one of these meet-ups, and we are still friends to this day, almost 7 years later. Other moms, with whom I thought I would have long-lasting friendships, later on decided that I was a little too insane for their lives, so they cut me off. I love it! Now whenever I see them, I try to act as obnoxiously happy to see them as possible, solely for the purpose of making them as uncomfortable as the law will allow.

Let this be a warning to everyone. NEVER mess with an â??I donâ??t give a FUCKâ?? mom, because you will never win. We are like Death Row inmates â?? thereâ??s nothing u can say or do to phase usâ?!, why? CUZ WE DONâ??T GIVE A FUCK!

I could keep writing for hours about life before and after kids, so consider this just a glimpse. Iâ??m certain I will revisit this subject matter at a later date, but to all you women and men who are struggling to start families, know this: You are NOT alone, you are NOT broken and NEVER give up. BUTâ?!. I take that last part back if you belong to group #3. If thatâ??s the case, THEN PLEASE give up!!!! No kid wants to pray that their parents live long enough to see them graduate elementary school, YAâ?? HERRRRD?

Category

1. Uncategorized

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