



Fuck This Shit.

Description

Hey hey hey! I'm back from France and I will probably be doing a post on that soon, but today something of extreme importance came up, and I must get it out before it consumes my soul!!!! Whoa?! that was fucking dramatic.

Anyway, I've been thinking about what to complain, I mean write about next, but I've been seriously and ceaselessly distracted by three little demons who, according to some random dude named Webster, are known as my "children". By the way, when you read this, and you say the last part, make sure you squint your eyes, use air quotes and speak like Dr. Evil.

BT-Dubs, if you aren't immediately sure who that is, you can't possibly be of legal age, so exit this website immediately.

Then it hit me. Literally and figuratively! No seriously. A dog toy hit me in the fucking cheek, and the boys both stood there trying in vain not to laugh, but laughing hysterically, nonetheless. My daughter, meanwhile, was on the staircase, having a tantrum because she was struggling to put on her Ugg boots, and "oh my God. I just realized something". my daughter is only 4 and she's.. she's.. oh my God, she's! basic!!! Oh fuck. If she asks for me a pumpkin muffin or some spiced juice, I seriously think I'll die.

But back to the main point. All this was happening, and then when all was quiet, I was texting with my friend and complaining about all the bullshit the kids put me through and how annoying they are, and I was basically like, "You know what? FUCK THIS SHIT. I quit motherhood. I need everyone under the age of 25 to just leave me the fuck alone". which got me thinking. We always hear about all the wonderfully bubbly, flower field, puppy smell, daffodil crap that moms and dads like to talk about, and sure. we see memes and commercials showing moms and dads splattered with paint and laundry baskets atop their heads, looking defeated or **worse**, JOLLY & laughing..and you know what? It's fucking offensive. You know why? Because they're meant to be cute! BUT THEY'RE NOT. At least not to parents who aren't living in denial. So let's forget all that and get fucking real. The truth is,

Motherhood is amazing! but it also fucking sucks.

Speaking of suck!.

They Suck the Life Out of You! Literally

And by "Life"! I mean "social life." Before kids, I had so much fun, whenever the fuck I wanted!!!! No curfew. No babysitter. No one *needing* me for *anything*. My life was free. And then I had kids. And now, if I want to leave my house solo, I have to seriously think of all the shit that this "outing" will involve!.. For instance, especially without family around to help, the moment I walk out the door, I will become an employer. I will literally have to pay someone to guard my kids so I can get some fresh air and space. And the employee has a virtual time card, too, because you can get as much fresh air as you want, but fresh doesn't mean free, my friends. Oh no! That break you took to grab lunch and go to the beach just cost you at least an extra \$50. Thanks, kids! Now, I know \$50 means something different to everyone, but to me, 50 fuckin' dollars is 50 fuckin' dollars. Well now I've gotta weigh my options!.. cuz \$50 is also a cute top that I can wear more than once. Besides!.. there's fresh air in my backyard. And I know the kids won't stop hugging me with their big ar!..

BOOM! See? They got ya! Now you've talked yourself out of leaving the house entirely. Social life sabotaged? Check.

Apparently, They Are the Fucking Sun

Everything and anything in your life, as a parent, revolves around your kids' needs. Soccer at 4:30pm on a Tuesday? Bummer. Ballet at 8:30am every Saturday? Wakey, wakey, eggs & bakey!.. Basketball practice immediately following crochet? How can she have gymnastics and preschool Zumba at the same time? Fuck! Now I'll need to pay someone to help me divide and conquer!.. or worse!.. find someone with whom to carpool. (sad face emoji)

Now listen!.. I have nothing against carpooling itself, whatsoever. It's more a question of, can I stand this other parent long enough to even survive the exchange? They always want to chat and I'm over here like, ***"The point of carpooling is to SAVE time. Get my fucking kid to practice!"***

Anything and everything you wish to do or hope to accomplish will inevitably depend on two things: ***1) Your willingness to pay someone for your freedom, or 2) your willingness not to do anything! at all.***

(Obviously this doesn't apply to people fortunate enough to have family around. *For example!*.. I have a certain friend whose parents are amazing and just so happen to live nearby, and also just so happen to babysit all the time (which is FREE), and it just so happens that the grandpa still owes me dinner, and the uncle owes me free babysitting just because I said so!.. and he's like a big brother to me. Speaking of which, go tell your dad I want my dinner!)

They Make Sleep A Game of Russian Roulette

Except in *this* version, every single chamber is filled with bullets. Bullets filled with shitty, interrupted sleep. *Except for one*. One of the bullets is filled with a great night's sleep, but you know the odds?!

Tiny little motherfuckers!!!! I have a hard enough time falling asleep, and these creatures turn nighttime into a game called, *Who's Try to Murder Us First?* I swear! the first time, I try really hard to simply walk the little princess back to her castle, but these kids are **Sneaky. As. Fuck**. I'm pretty sure they'd successfully make their way through an invisible laser alarm if I had one above my bed.

Mommmmmmmmm! I'm too tired to brush my teeth.

(But I'll be a fuckin' ninja doing backflips and yoga the second you hit REM sleep.)

Usually I don't even notice the kid is in my bed unless one of three things occur:

- 1) It's morning, and I look over and make visual contact with the subject.
- 2) I'm struggling to breathe because my daughter has chosen my face as a perfect spot to snuggle with her giant stuffed hippo.
- 3) I'm knocked out of unconsciousness via some sort of violence inadvertently directed towards me. It's usually a punch to the mouth or a foot to the face, although I have been head butted once or twice. But regardless, THUMBS DOWN. *(Except for the first one. I secretly love it)*

And forget getting violently woken up. how fun are the nights you're awoken by the sound of a fucking PARTY going on in your son's room, and every guest is a goddamned LEGO?! All 485,668,350,234,859,098,481,123 of them. Awesome! Now I get to navigate my way through a literal Lego minefield just to get to my kid who is just sitting there, smiling at me like he's about to say, **Hey! I'm so glad you could make it!**

Fuck you, dude. Get the fuck back to Ouch!!!

The Day the Music Died

This one is near and dear to my resentful heart, because one thing I LOVE LOVE LOVE to do is car dance. Oh yea! when the beats are good, my body's in the hood. Yea, I said it. I like it gangsta. Which sounds hysterically white coming from me, but seriously, Wiz on Pandora is one of my favorite stations, but once the kids enter the vehicle, it's bye-bye Promises and Howdy Do, Cotton Eye Joe! It fucking sucks!!!! I can't lie. I let my kids listen to hip-hop and house music sometimes because if I don't, I'll let the kids out, then drive myself, my van, Laurie Berkner & HER band off the side of a motherfucking cliff. I get it. You're sitting here and you're 3 days old. Well guess what. Get yourself an agent, because at three fucking days old, if you can put together a band and record a fucking song about how you are literally three days old, I'd say it's a pretty safe bet that you've got some scholarships headed your way!

Why must I, as a mother, be subjected to boring melodies about friendship and numbers? If we're gonna teach our kids about the world through song, then the lyrics should read like this,

Today you are young. One day you'll be old.

*Then one day youâ??ll die, and your estate will be sold.
In the meantime, Iâ??ll tell you, itâ??s important to know,
That while youâ??re in school, the economy wonâ??t grow.
Youâ??ll get a degree, but wonâ??t find a job.
But still make your bed, and donâ??t be a slob.
Be kind to others and donâ??t break the laws.
But most importantly, find a way for women not to have to wear bras.â?•*

Having to Make Other Mom Friends

Okay. This one trickyâ? I know A LOT of moms throughout San Diego, and I genuinely like 80% of them. 15% of the moms are the kind Iâ??ll hang out with if they â??just so happenâ?? to be there, and the last 5% I really try to avoid, at all costs. Iâ??m not going to go into detail, because some of you paranoid women already ended friendships with me over information you read and took personally in various posts that, in actuality, had nothing to do with you. But since I donâ??t have the time or desire to coddle your insecurities, I wish you nothing but the best!

*Credit for the epiphany I had for writing this post goes to my friend, Hannah â?? a brilliant human being who has an insanely stunning personality, and literally NO cellulite. That pretty much makes her a Goddess. Sheâ??s also a writer and extremely well-versed in living a healthy lifestyleâ? HeIIIIlerrrrrrr? NO CELLULITEâ?!.? Hereâ??s the link to her blog. Check her out.

<https://wordpress.com/read/blog/id/55508056>

DISCLAIMER: I literally feel like an idiot for even feeling the need to add this little epilogue, but for those of you out there who read this and are concerned for the safety and/or well-being of our children, I can assure you, they are in safe and secure care. I write what I think â?? and 99.999999% of the public can relate to this, so I guess what Iâ??m trying to say isâ?!. chill the fuck out. Iâ??m not dangerous.

And for those of you who read this and consider me â??ungratefulâ?• because so *many couples are unable to have children of their own*, you also need to chill the fuck out. If they donâ??t have kids, you never know. They might thank me.

Category

1. Uncategorized

Tags

1. fuck this shit
2. high as a kate
3. highasakate
4. motherhood sucks

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