

Whatevs

Family

Pam Moore

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The Blogs Are Scaring Me

Lately, people have been asking me and Dan if we plan to start a family. Who are “people”? Just... people. Like the guy who knocked on our door the other day and promised he wasn’t selling anything just that he had lived here years ago and he was curious what new renovations had been done since he moved out in the early 90’s and could he have a peek. During the grand tour, he also happened to tell us how much he paid for the house in 1985 and how much he sold it for in 1995 and then I went in the bathroom and cried. Ok, not really, but I wanted to. Or our next-door neighbor. We dropped over a couple of weeks ago to invite him to our housewarming party and introduce ourselves (no, the neighbors did not come in droves bearing homemade cookies and casseroles the day they saw our moving truck. Not a one. We did have one neighbor come over the day after we moved in partly to welcome us to the neighborhood but mostly to let us know our floodlight shines directly into his bedroom window and could we please turn it off at night). So anyhow we’re standing on our neighbor’s front stoop, and he’s like “Do you have any kids?” and Dan cheerfully (as always) said “Not yet!” while I turned white and shook my head. As the story goes—the story being the one said neighbor told (repeatedly from what I heard) at our party, laughing “One of them said ‘Not yet!’” enthusiastically and while the other one gave him a dirty look.”

Well let me just clear a few things up. One of them is worried about peak oil, a possible water shortage in the southwest, and the stock market, prefers to watch stuff like “The Daily Show” and reads financial blogs with names like Calculated Risk¹. The other one is worried about what heart rate she is supposed to be training in, whether she can press snooze one more time and still make it to work on time even if the coffee maker messes up again and she has to hit Vic’s on the way, prefers to watch stuff like “If I can Dream” and “The Bachelor” and reads mostly triathlon blogs and few mom blogs. When and if a pregnancy occurs, one will be trying to stay out of the way of some nasty moods and demanding requests (not really an adjustment) and the other one will be bloated and hormonal (more than normal).

And another thing. Imagine if you watched Fox “News” all day long. Wouldn’t you be scared? After a while you might be terrified of national healthcare and social programs and a black president... No never mind that is a really bad analogy because Fox doesn’t broadcast actual news and I think the anchors are fake. They all look like Stepford Wives to me, except the men who look kind of like Ken dolls. And they are *trying* to scare you, that is their whole point. And just for the record, don’t get the wrong idea, I don’t actually watch Fox news. I don’t even have a TV, remember? I just catch bits of it here and there, sometimes at the gym, and usually in patients’ hospital rooms. So no, let me try again here... Reading these mom

¹<http://www.calculatedriskblog.com/>

blogs.. and the triathlon blogs too, considering many of the authors are moms, those scare the BEJEEZUS out of me. I read Ann Rule² before bed, so it's not like any stupid thing will scare me. I know its not about me but when I read these blogs that are like *I feel guilty not being with my kid because I am training/I couldn't work out because my kid vomited/My peers think I am a bad mom because I train a lot/People are telling me the baby will fall right out if I run during pregnancy*, I want to comment "Please stop scaring me!!!!" But I leave the comment field blank because obviously they have enough to worry about without being concerned or more likely annoyed that some grown woman finds their blog scary. And then there's the other type of blog that I try to avoid but like a lot of my favorite blogs and tv shows, they have that train-wreck like quality about them that makes you not be able to help but stop and stare, those ones that are like *My child is the best thing ever/ My child is the most beautiful perfect creature in the world/I did not understand love until this person came into my life*, those are like Kirsten Dunst times 1000. In other words, gag me with a spoon. ps I hate Kirsten Dunst. I think she is plain looking, mildly attractive at best and has no talent for acting and when I see her in a movie it makes me mad that I can't have her part.

And that's just the blogs. Actual people are just as scary, if not moreso. I was on a plane once and I heard this lady in the row in front of me telling her seat mate "Having a child is like having your heart beating outside your chest."

²<http://www.annrules.com/>

Gee, where can I sign up? Or one of my patients in the hospital today who told me “Having kids flips your life upside down. You can’t just wait to do laundry when you are down to your last pair of underwear when you have kids.” I wanted to ask her why not but I didn’t. A few years ago I was having dinner at a friend’s house. We sat down with her husband and two wee ones (one of whom was having some kind of conniption fit about not wanting to eat his dinner) and I asked my friend “Hey do you ever feel like...” and she interrupted me to say “Like slitting my wrists? Yes. All the time.” (If I remember correctly the wee one ate 4 bites of dinner and then he got an ice cream and my friend’s wrists remain intact).

I am not saying I don’t like kids. I mean, I *was* one. Kids are great. Some are exceptionally cute, especially my niece. The children are our future. I am just saying I’m scared of having them and no one seems to care, especially the internet. I know the best thing I could do for myself if I do intend to someday have a family is lay off the blogs. But seriously. There is work to be procrastinated and lots of it. I don’t think I will be breaking the blog habit anytime soon.