

angela the **kid-dropper** **/3/ the mother**

And my baby's **tough**. When he fell at Dollar City, he **hit the back of his head on** the shelf, then landed on his side. He was really screaming, but 10 minutes **later** in the **parking lot**, he was **laughing at** a seagull. **Screw** the doctor. Why should I **waste** two hours **at urgent care** when 'Drae's **just fine**?

Same for when 'Drae got that electric shock **from unplugging** the night light. I **put** him in his **crib** and the color went back in his face after like 10 minutes. After he **knocked** his head on the shelf, he slept for a few hours, **which** was **cool** 'cause I **got to** watch my soaps with no goddamn **interruptions for once** and **with the sound on**, too.

The worst was the one that happened **in front of** my mom. She's **such a** bitch, always **riding my ass** about everything. "Why's he out of his playpen, **anyway**?" **Have the landlord put in** some carpeting to **cover up** the jagged floor **so 'Drae doesn't** cut his face again." **Like** she has any right to tell me how to **raise** my kids. **Back when** me **and** my brothers were little, she was always **waitressing** or out with one of her boyfriends, and she never **got** us a sitter. So where the hell does she get off? "World's Greatest Grandma," **my ass**. I **sure as hell** didn't buy her that T-shirt.