

angela the **kid-dropper**

/2/ bouncing back

I've **only dropped** 'Drae maybe four times. The first time, I was **scared**. He was only two months old and **I guess** I didn't have him buckled in his carrier right or something. **In fact**, I **might have just forgotten** to buckle him in. I **tipped** his carrier down a little to get it into the back seat, and wham! He **slid off** and **bounced** onto the icy **sidewalk**. I **was like**, oh shit! But this woman **coming** out of the WIC building was **screaming** worse than I was! She was all like, "Is she okay? Is she okay?" and I'm like, **what's with** this "she" **shit**? He a boy. Just 'cause he's wearing his sister's old stuff. Like, **mind your own business**, bitch! That crazy bitch **freaked me out** more than anything else!

And like, **there was one time** I dropped him only 'cause some fat **moron bumped into** me **on** the bus. So that **one** shouldn't **even** count.

Plus, 'Drae's heavy. **Even though** he's only 11 months, he **makes my arm go** to sleep. That social worker Sarah said, if you got to **carry him around**, **why don't you get** one of those slings and strap him to you? I said **the hell with that**—how can I cook on the **stove** with the baby **hanging** off me? That's dangerous. I got to have the baby holding onto my side. Damn, why are people always **getting on my case**? Where are their babies? Sarah's so **busy telling** people what to do, she hasn't got a man or a baby.