

## kid-dropper /2/ **crazy bitch**

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 **fell** onto the icy **sidewalk**. I **was like**, oh shit! But this woman **walking past** us was **screaming** worse than I was.

She was **yelling**, "Is she okay? Is she okay?" and I thought, **what do you mean**, she? He a boy. Just because he's **wearing** his sister's old **stuff** doesn't mean he's a girl. And anyway, **mind your own business**. **That's what** I **should have said** but **didn't** because 'Drae **didn't seem to be moving** and **I figured I'd better** stop that blood **coming out** of his mouth. Still, that crazy bitch **freaked me out** more than anything else. And **there was one time** I dropped him only because 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 have to **carry him around**, **why don't you get** one of those things you hang around your neck and **put** the baby **in it**? I said **no way**—how can I cook on the **stove** with the baby **hanging** off me? That's dangerous. I have to have the baby **holding on to** my side. Damn, why are people always **giving me such a hard time**? Where are their babies? Sarah's so **busy telling** people what to do, she hasn't got a man **or** a baby.