

kid-dropper **/1/** judge not...

If people wanna think I **behave to** my kid **bad**, that's their problem. 'Cause I know I'm a good mom, and **nothing other is important**. But damn, **it is better for me that I am sure** Social Services don't **go after** me **just because** I **dropped** Liondrae at Dollar City today.

After it happened, some **not fat** guy and some uptight bitch turned around **and looked to** me and I thought, "What the hell are you looking at?" **it was possible to recognize** they were judging me and **thinking** if they should call the cops. I **very much would not like that cops come to** my door.

I **not often** drop my baby. Why aren't people **near** when everything's fine? **what when** Liondrae's sitting in his high chair **eat** candy bars? Or when I **let him to play** in the sink with his diaper on? I love my baby so much. I don't wanna smack him around. His older sister, Rywanda, **she I wanna slap from time to time**. But only because she **behaves bad**, not because I like to hit my babies **just so**.

and what more, it **wouldn't happen** if he **wasn't leaning over** trying to grab that silly pink thing **from** the toy shelf. I had him in my right arm and he **let** my shoulder and was **giving his hands away**, and I had my other hand on the grocery cart, so **from nothing nothing** he topples over! Doesn't he know I can't watch him every second?