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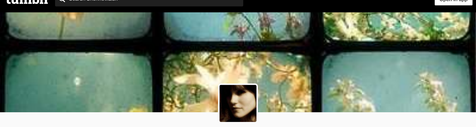

A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Mabel's not crazy... she's unusual."

I'm Back on the Dairy, and It's a Dangerous Substance

Looking at the new Tumblr interface I almost got too depressed to write anything. But here I am.

So I often hesitate about the mundane aspects of my life. But that's the shit people care the most about, I guess. So here I am, sliding into middle age, about to write a post about how adding dairy back into my diet is making me fart all of the time.

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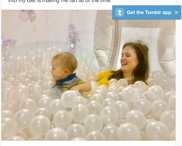


I very rarely write about Cass. Who is Cass? He's my second baby. He's really a beautiful child. He almost always has his mouth open, just like his daddy. As some of you may remember, Cass was once the child of my nightmares because he was colicky. He screamed all of the fucking time, and in my worst moment, I screamed at him, "Shut up, shut up, shut up!" And then I got really afraid that the father of my sister's baby was watching me through our smart television. Am I experiencing postpartum psychosis? Arguable.

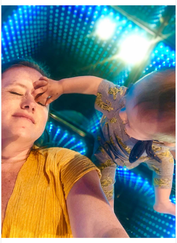
Then I cut out dairy, and Cass improved almost immediately. Everyone around me noticed, including my father, who usually tries looking at least a five foot radius away from me because he's afraid I'll whip out my nipple and start breastfeeding someone. I don't think my father was a Don Juan.

I tried adding dairy back into my diet when Cass was six months old. Do you know why? Eating a restricted diet is a fucking pain in the ass. You have to be very deliberate about what you order. You have to meal plan. Everyone thinks you're doing it for aesthetic reasons. I get that. My mom used to go into Chinese restaurants and say she was allergic to oil because she read in her nutrition newsletter that was one way to cut calories.

But I was really doing this shit for my baby, who was in genuine pain when I ate dairy. Trust me, I would not do it for myself. In a competition between being a people pleaser to everyone, including random people who pick up the phones at a restaurant, and my own personal comfort and well-being, I will choose the stranger every time. Does that sentence agree with any part of itself? The last one. I don't think so.

At six months, the dairy still made Cass scream, so I waited. Then I was like fucking starving after going to Target with my little sisters, one of whom had bought Doritos, and I was like, GIVE ME A FUCKING DORITO. Cass was ok after the Doritos, and then again after I ate some pizza at a third birthday party. Very quickly, I slid back into eating a high content dairy diet because dairy is in like fucking every type of American food with the exception of vegan food. Yesterday, on the brink of collapsing from exhaustion, I ate an entire box of Annie's mac and cheese.

And let me tell you something. It fucking hurt MY stomach. Three hours later, I was on the toilet, just begging that no one would start crying. Including myself. My stomach hurt. I also have a zit the six of a fucking mosquito bite in the middle of my chin. And I'm fucking exhausted. Like I can barely drag myself from the couch to the refrigerator exhausted. Is this related to dairy? I'm sure if I Google it, I will find out yes, but I also know that most of the dietary and nutritional science that is out there is TOTAL BULLSHIT. So I'm not going to Google. I'm just going to trust my body.



Is it insane if I stay dairy free AND don't drink AND exercise at 6am every day? Like what kind of person am I becoming? Am I sleep stalking Gwyneth Paltrow? Is this what happens to middle aged people? Are my eggs shriveling up and dying? By this time next year, will I collapse in the middle of the street, totally dead, and people will just step on my body because I'm invisible to the society?

Anyway, what do you think, is dairy making me fucking tired?

#Dairy Allergy #Dairy and Breastfeeding #Vegan #Veganism #Motherhood #Middle Aged

3 notes · Aug 6th, 2019

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A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Mallet's not crazy... she's unusual."

50 Shades of Grey: Literally.

Dude, one thing I cannot follow is the Russia probe, or the Russia investigation, or whatever the fuck it's called. Are we shooting Trump in a seven mile upstart? If not, I really don't give a fuck anymore. Like, I'm so fucking exhausted from the intricacies of all of these roads that lead to nowhere.

One thing I'm not fatigued by are stories about this year's Fic. Dude, two children have died from the flu in New York City in the past week. One of those children could have been my brother. I am terrified that after spending a day in the emergency [illegible] we are both going to come down with the flu and [illegible] [illegible] what is going on.

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The main problem in my life right now is that I get contacts, and now I can see what I really look like. It's not good. I liked the way I looked when I was slightly blurry. Now, I can see that my features are quite masculine, and moreover, I am fully graying. My hair is the 20%gray. I need to dye it, but I am way too cheap for that.

One person who has always seen me in full focus, and let me know it, is my sister. "You look like shit today," she tells me. "Have you always held that lazy eye?"

I would like to hang sheets over all of the mirrors in our apartment as if we were mourning.

Caleb and I watched the movie 50 Shades Darker the other day. I've been wanting to watch it for a long time now because I thought it would have some good sex scenes. The sex scenes are not good. Christian Grey's dick looks like a mushroom and he's constantly thinking he's a fucking genius. Anastasia Steele's boss, and boyfriend, Jack Hyde, is a Russian spies, and Anastasia needs 24 hour a day security. Christian Grey also needs 24 hour a day security. Like what's the worst thing that happened to Christian Grey? One of his ex-girlfriends is a little psycho? No one wants to kidnap that motherfucker in fucking PORTLAND.

Oh man, that movie really pissed Caleb off.

"Is this what you want?" Caleb asked during a scene in which Ana wears vaginal balls to a party.

"Is this what you want?" Caleb asked when Ana wore extremely uncomfortable looking lingerie with many different tight, cellulite enhancing tools.

"Is this what you want?" Caleb asked the next morning when he chased me around the house with a wooden spoon, trying to spank me.

"Get away from me, Caleb!" I screamed, but we were both laughing. If there is one thing that's good about us is that we can always make each other laugh.

I really did think that 50 Shades of Grey was liberating for women, but it's total bullshit. It's just a fairy tale dressed up in fake pornography, and then masturbated to using floral scented body lotion while the cat watches you. Fuck that shit. I don't want a man to control me. I don't even want a man to pay for things for me. I just want him to love me and say, "Damn girl, you do a lot of work around the house." Let me put that my mouth and let you read in peace and finding the right words.

I want to write a post about what women want sexually, but maybe, if I can think of it, I'll make it funny.

By the way no one reads this blog anymore, really, it's very discouraging. What can I do better?

#50 Shades of Grey #50 Shades Darker #My life #Mallethaswell

18 notes - Feb 8th, 2018

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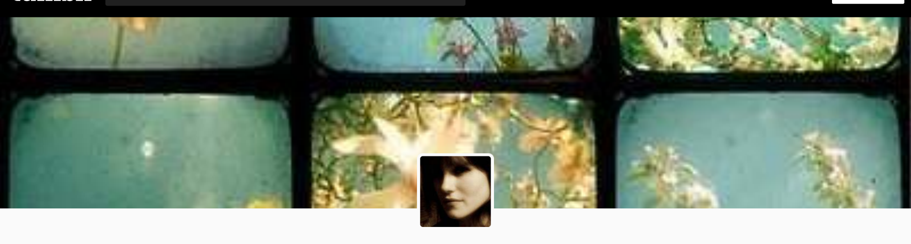
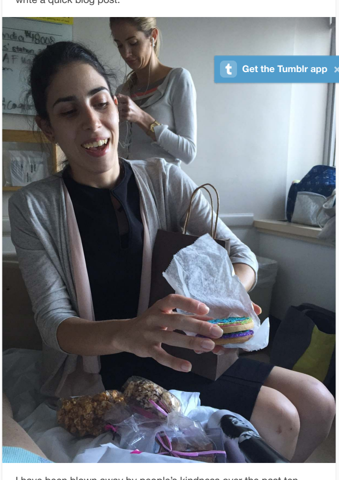


A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Mabel's not crazy... she's unusual."

With the Good Comes the Crazy, and I Love the Crazy the Best

Cleo's on my chest cooing after a nice little feeding, so I'm going to write a quick blog post.



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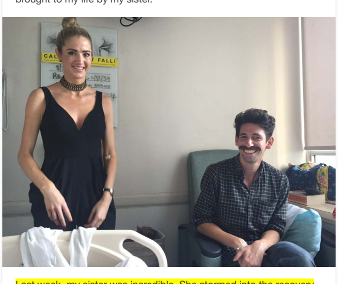
I have been blown away by people's kindness over the past ten days. Not only did a number of my friends and family members visit me in the hospital, but I have received countless emails and messages of support and love. I find myself feeling extremely lucky and undeserving. I also feel compelled to be a much kinder and more thoughtful person myself, when I am presented with the opportunity.

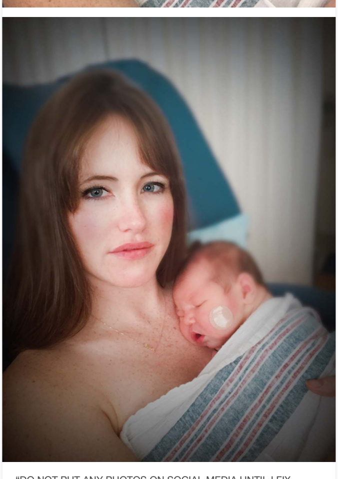
Last night alone, our friend Wes stopped by with a pepperoni pizza from my favorite pizza parlor. Not only did he let me eat it, he also let me keep the magnet it comes with so that when I collect 10, I can get a free large plain pizza.

Along with food, he brought me a number of books to read while I'm breastfeeding. He went out and got Caleb his favorite beer because Caleb had not yet had his celebratory father drink. And he just sat here quietly with us for a few hours, loving Cleo, and making us feel human.

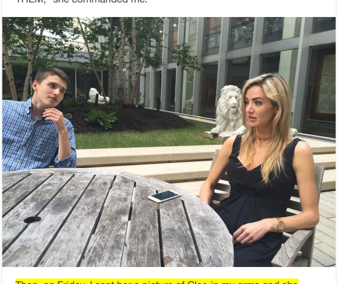
The good news is that with the good comes the hilarious, always brought to my life by my sister.



Last week, my sister was incredible. She stormed into the recovery room after my C-section at 4am barely able to stand from exhaustion with a gold necklace with three hearts as a sisterly push present. She went shopping for me, and bought me comfortable outfits conducive to breast feeding. She sat with me during my period of greatest pain, when I had gas bubbles pushing against my incision. She sat with me and Cleo on the first afternoon I was able to hold her in the NICU so that Caleb could go home and walk the dog. She arranged with her ex-boyfriend to get us a free parking spot near the hospital. She bought make-up for my post-birth photo session, and photoshopped every one of the images I sent her so that I looked "better" in them.



"DO NOT PUT ANY PHOTOS ON SOCIAL MEDIA UNTIL I FIX THEM," she commanded me.



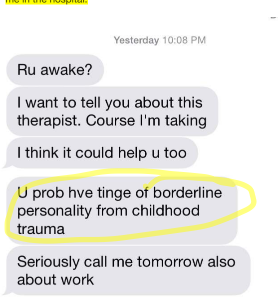
Then, on Friday, I sent her a picture of Cleo in my arms and she wrote back, "Remove me from this and all future text messages."

"Fuck you!" she screamed at me over speakerphone when I called her with my mother.

"Do you know what happened?" I asked my brother Brendan.

"No clue," he said.

For three days, she refused to talk to me. Then, she called me to let me know she was sending me a bill for all of the shit she had bought me in the hospital.



We've been on the road to best friends ever since. She's back to diagnosing me with mental disorders, and to calling me every 45 minutes with nothing in particular to say.

I love my sister so much, and I'm telling you, there is no one in my life who is more able to make me laugh.

#My life #Motherhood #Sisters #Sister Love

4 notes Sep 8th, 2016

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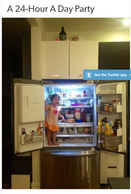
A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

A 24-Hour A Day Party



Yesterday, I was talking to my little brother (Superender) about why he loves hanging out with our Uncle Michael, my mother's youngest brother, so much.

"I just love his stories," he said. "It's like watching your favorite television show, and you can't stop."

When I was younger, I too loved hanging out with my Uncle Michael. He was fucking crazy, but he was entertaining as hell. Combined by nature, scathing in his critique of other people, kind (hearted to those in need, brutally honest. There was always some conspiracy he was working out in his head, always some adventure he wanted to go on, always a story he was telling about some of the craziest things. At one moment, he'd be telling us about his sexual issues with his latest boyfriend, and in the next, he'd be leading us on a wild goose chase through Nantucket that let us to a sheet of little presents he had buried in the sand on a beach early in the morning before we woke up. I learned all about blow jobs from Uncle Michael and a tan brush.

This week, the theme that's going on in my head is that I'm out of control. I've been behaving impulsively. Saying whatever I think out loud, drinking too much, writing things and posting them even though I know I shouldn't. Along with the impulsively comes obsessive thinking and anxiety. Fear that by acting unfettered, I'm ruining my life and that people will hate me for it. Last night, I realized that I had packed too many outfits for Chicago. I'm fear kept me awake all night, mentally packing and unpacking my suitcase to accommodate various weather permutations. I am going to Chicago, a cosmopolitan American city where I can buy literally anything I might forget, the anxiety was fucking psychotic.

In comparison to many of my family members, I walk pretty steadily on the side of sanity. But in comparison to the rest of the world — the people who succeed at their jobs, the people who sleep well, the people who don't constantly share their personal lives on the Internet, the people who never offend anyone, the people who never get crazy angry emails from publicists or writers saying things like, "you're a misogynist idiot bitch" after writing what they thought was a fair review, the people who don't have panic attacks in crowds, the people who get invited to parties, the people who go to parties and make nice chit chat and then are able to use their networking skills to fucking succeed at life — I am nowhere fucking nuts.

I hate myself. I have no sense of myself. I can't figure out if I want to be your favorite television show, or whatever the opposite of your favorite television show is, which is probably "Keeping Up With the Kardashians." I want you to not be able to turn me off, but I also want you to love me. I can't stand the feeling of falling or being disliked.

My sister is a 24-hour party. All you have to do is sit down next to her, and she takes you along for a wild ride. Like, for instance, on her birthday, I took her out to dinner. Normally, when I go out to dinner, even with Caleb, I have like an hour-long panic threshold, and then I feel like I am going to die of claustrophobia. But my sister was sitting there, with her new fake tits, shaking the Tinder app on her iPhone, talking about her dating life, and before I knew it, three hours had gone by. She is by far the person the funniest person I know (even over Caleb), and she has the recently exciting that sometimes you actually feel for your life.

The seam side of this is that my sister gets tired from jobs all of a sudden, she can't keep apartments. She can't keep a boyfriend. She can't keep her weight from ballooning. She can't keep her friends (a fact Kardashian would hit me and her back hard). Jesse, who is 80 pounds overweight (lol, offense Jesse) and only leaves his father's penthouse on the Upper East Side if he runs out of food. That last sentence was offensive to Jesse, and I can't help myself from writing it.

If my sister is "id," I am "ego," someone who is constantly worried about the future effects of her present actions. When we're together, she says the things I cannot say, does the things I'm too cowardly to do, and doesn't worry about the consequences. But when we're apart, I take over certain aspects of her personality. These aspects come through most obviously on this blog, where I write what I think in long streams of consciousness.

The blog always fucking bites me in the ass. Because the problem is that I have a huge ambition. I want to be a writer who "makes" it. I want to be a writer that writes for the New Yorker. I want to be a writer who writes for the New York Times. I want to be a writer who supports herself writing. Whenever I think a precipitous nonsense with I feel a little shame at accomplishing it. But even this little shame is a lie. I'm ashamed of it because I know I'm supposed to be ashamed of such things might search for my name on the Internet, and find the insane document of my mind.

Why the fuck do I think I am a writer? Am I a blogger? Am I an art critic? Am I a journalist? Am I a loser who can do whatever I want because no one gives a shit about anything I write? Or are people who might hire me actually reading this right now, and thinking, this girl is an idiot and I would never damage my reputation by assigning something to her? Is this blog me, and should I stay true to me, or should I watch myself, and censor myself for some larger prize — a job, a Mike, a byline? Am I developing my voice, or ruining my credibility? I wish someone would just tell me so that I could maybe transfer my anxiety onto something irrelevant like how cluttered my closet is or something.

Anyway, I have a feeling that this post is heading like that taking of someone with bipolar disorder. Which maybe I (and I don't belong to the mentally ill community, so I'm sorry if I'm wrong) am. I'm in Chicago now, surrounded by family, and it's left me having a hangover, and this blog post is the only thing anchoring me besides my six hour long text message conversation with Sasha Lady.

"It's nice you have Uncle Michael to talk to," I told my little brother yesterday.

"It's nice to have you too," he said. Then I told him he needed to shave his newly spindled stud patch, and we parted along the Lexington Avenue subway line.

#My life #Bipolar Disorder #Writing

8 notes Sep 19th, 2013

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A Brief Grows in Brooklyn

The Kardashians of Westchester County: A Day At The Stables With My Family

A friend texted me the other day to say that she had a postpartum hunch that a new number should stay at home for 24 hours, because it was a Saturday and there were too many boxes. Alternately, my mother told me that exposure to farm animals would be good for me, and I should come home and help her shovel out Mexico City's dry cement mixture into holes in Westchester. My friend's hunch was right.

It was my sister's third birthday, and as usual, she was making everyone in the family pinky-swear that they wouldn't mention it until "Thursday."

"There is a little character coming out" she said to Caleb and I over food poisoning from Grand Central on Saturday morning. "The time is get broke to 70 people living, and they Crowpet just wouldn't understand."

Crowpet, Ma, just say Uber next time you get on the train?

"I am not coming up," she entreated. "I don't care what you say. It's my birthday, and I'm NOT GOING."

"Ok, fine, but I'll miss you." I told her. My sister has been threatening to move to Brooklyn since she was twenty-two, and I miss her. We haven't spoken for two 90-minutes. When she didn't pick up, she dropped herself in a blanket, and throw herself down the stairs.

"Ma, Rosa's phone is here and I'm there in about 10 minutes." I'm lying to her, because I'm not there in about 10 minutes. I'm in a room that spent much of the morning cajoling Rosa to put on pants that because if she didn't, we would miss the

train. Rosa's pants have been in the having people experiences other than presents, which I think is really kind. Last year, for Caleb's birthday, we had a Mexican-themed party, and I made everyone wear sombreros and ponchos. This year, she thought Tacos is inappropriate, being Jesus of the Hebrew in Brooklyn anyway, so Ma comes over to bring Rosa and her pants.

Bedford is a place Martha Stewart hates. It is a hipster area where you aren't supposed to wear sombreros with a poncho. You can wear a suit! Another with her Mercedes. The summer camp included 13 hours of hiking, and a bunch of grooming classes.

"I'm not because riding going now a lot drink glamorous from a secure, in fact." Rosa whispers while my sisters and I are dressed and ready to go. Rosa's dad

"It's only 8:15 an hour when you break it down" my father barked. "Everyone's ready to go, and we're going to Hillsdale Stand Down or bust! We. Is. Always. Late. Leaving. Lunch."

My sisters and I exit into Grand Central the dysentery and the pressure of rolling brakes in general. My brother settled down with a newspaper and a cup of coffee, and I hear him say to my father, "Is this big-time Pegasus?" my sister said of one of the horses with trolls. "We'll fix cake."

"Dance with me." I said.

"I know, right?" he/self replied. My father would be more likely to dance with Jesus than with anyone.

After Rosa's mom, Rosa's aforementioned "Mexican" dance, where I get stuck in my chair cause the pointy thing keeps my "pointy" Mexican" who had to worry, jokes into two cans, and hooked up to Bluetooth. It was a very Mexican-themed party, and I made everyone wear sombreros and ceremonial ponchos and sombreros, even though the entire experience.

My stomach-ache has eased a Stadium, all whom of an including Rosa's Grand Rapids, and as immediately began searching for a new.

"Can you get out outside?" a stable technically, asked.

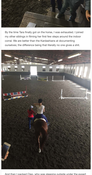
We are called outside, and my sister has some whipping by father and Caleb with an English crop when they turned their backs to "Rosa's Rosa."

I let a horse take advantage of the tablecloth my sister has within to leave. After one incontinence excuse, everybody was outside. We fix bowels so around my sister because like most people, he finds it very funny.

"Ok ok." I ask and the whole family stand around in the my gazebo. "I'm not taking a picture with you until you fix him." I tell my sister, who is now in a tux, and who I'm supposed to be with. "I have a social media reputation to uphold."

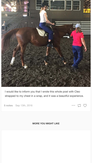
"Why don't you just write in the description, 'Rosa farted, family embarrassed, please send help to my place'?" she suggested as Caleb of a Uber he is substituting in a competition. "Ma, Angie's valet, wave a marketing business."

By this time, the Hudson on the horses, I was antagonistic. I cannot my other siblings in Rosa's Grand Rapids Rosa's Grand Rapids horse. We are better than the Kardashians at the pumping capacity. The difficulty is my life family, is my sister is a little



Another Lebanon tree, who was sleeping outside under the wagon wheel of a horse, who was sleeping on Mr. Crowe, or something, was in the

Caleb's Uber driver. When Crowpet appears and most importantly, the experience, but I haven't a job (job is a hard to find, or that I can't understand, or I don't want to do, or I don't want to do it, or I don't a lot of like asking people around and with people, and I'm talking about, I don't know, I'm a little



I would like to inform you that I wrote this whole post with Caleb strapped to his chest in a wrap, and it was a beautiful experience.

0 notes Sep 15th, 2016

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Of Gods And Men And Other Nonsense

Hot On Tumblr Now

Hey Lady Lazarus!

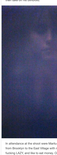
Bbs one who reads this goes to parties.)

The website I'm working on is getting closer and closer to launch. Yesterday I spent the entire day working on the website I've been making and becoming more and more apparent. Thus, much to my chagrin, I don't have much time lately to write on my stupid fucking blog. What I do have time for is the website. Anyway, I'm a little bummed that I haven't been able to write more because Christian (Thorne Raziner (sound the proper form a proffed pretty person)?) and spending an inordinate amount of time going to the bathroom.

Anyway, I'm sorry I haven't been around. I miss you all. I don't being as very efficient and productive with my time.

1. The Frequent Jones, with the exception of with the cutie Marcus Shark Mobcrush, and collector of vintage shagges from the Library of Congress website, and the vice operator of the 31 (in Pressure camera in the ENTIRE WORLD) who EVEN. The Man Housewives of Williamsburg.

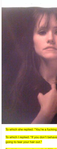
Thanks to him. Kieran also has huge socks (reminds of me looking like I'm the perfect dragon of coming soon from the beach) I found the thing, which I plan to paste to my bedroom ceiling for the next time I wakeup crazy, drag him to my apartment, he forts to the bed and that idea of his (no-thx).



In attendance at the shoot were Marlo Ia, who took a car service home, Kieran, who took a car service home, Jessica, who was hoping HOT, and Kate A.ak.a. Honey. On the way back, the cab driver got lost going over the bridge (bridges are straight lines), almost hit a pedestrian, and then ran a red light. We had to pay the cab charge at 9PM. Where we would only pay $15. So we got out of the car in the middle of 2nd avenue and 7th street, and started dragging our ass home. Kate A. was wearing a pair of shoes that I'd lent her. Now, just because they were Anne Klein, not because they were protecting us. Fun times. The inverse East Village. Saturday fucking night.

Where Marlo did his thing, the artist David Hendricks and some shagges (in the photo) were hanging out. I wasn't great friends but I recognized the guy from the bar. Kate A. was hot for him. I'm not certain he gets mad at me, so I'm not going to say anything more.

There also was in attendance, but we left after a short period of time because she was also didn't realize the shoot was going to be "not serious." I was like, mothafucker, the film for this and over thousands of dollars is both, and you are sticking your hand in my face questioning about using my iPhone right when Demi is starting the film.



So what was wanted. "You're a hosting editor, I am going to sell you!"

So what I wanted. "Do you want Vanessa yourself (no cupcake, I ate the last one yesterday)?"

So what I got. "Vanessa is a Pressure camera (sound the proper form a proffed pretty person)?"

So what Brie's website, in a complete nutshell. "Alright, I'm going to meet my friends, hope you good!"

Fun times. All around. Biggest full moon in years.

Fucking sad. Saturday night.

2. The Girl's Guide to Hosting and Flaking. ...Fat Men, which is the dating guide for metaloud girls that I'm going to write...never.

(You forgot I was making a list about things I wanted to write about, didn't you?)

The website is in shelves, all you need is a hosting space.

3. A review of Of Gods and Men, a French movie about monks...you already suspect reading. That's why I'm not gonna write a review. Yet.

But seriously, you should see the film, because it's gorgeous, and really Catholic, and it made me cry. (Decided I shagged him (please see above) and I'm not sorry. Not sorry at all. Not sorry at all. I'm just little sorry to you, who will alternately believe sleeping on your shoulder and giving you hand massages for the entirety of the film, and then, when we get to Mass and Coke and a hand massage to bring me. Ohm's a good deal.

4. Gone The modern equip of my unfinished mind. Take you in the sensational, life-saving!

Share Of Gods and Men - Amy Ole
4 notes Mar 21st, 2011 ... 0 0

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A Brie Grows in Brooklyn

"Maybe's not crazy... she's unusual."

15-Year-Olds Don't Care About My Issues

Holy shit.

I went up to my mom's house so that I could get some rest and help.

I lasted roughly 24 hours, which is longer than Caleb thought I would last.

I left hysterically crying, with Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles playing over our car speakers because I couldn't b

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disconnect my bluetooth.

I've been struggling a lot these past few weeks, with anger, which is typical, but also feelings of self loathing, which is also typical. I'm just so exhausted from constantly having emotional confrontations, currently around Cleo, but honestly, nothing new. I've been thinking a lot about why I make friends, and then turn the friendships in effigy, for example, why I can't let simple slights or insults go, why I care so much what other people think and say about Cleo's behavior.

Then I stayed with my mom for a night, and I was like, "Oh damn, yeah, that's right."

Last night was typical in the sense that nothing was easy. I bought Cleo a blow up toddler bed, and she was like, "Hell no, I'm not sleeping in that." She climbed in bed with me and Cass, and then proceeded to keep us all up until 10pm, talking, punching, kicking, smashing her head against the eaves of the bedroom where we were sleeping, jumping off the bed, begging for food, begging for water, whining, scratching, telling me she loved me. When she finally fell asleep, she did so diagonally. Throughout the night, she woke me up with violent flailing body movements.

Then she woke us up at 5am. The morning went fine. Anyone who has a child knows that it could not possibly have gone fine for very long. We tasted until about 11am.

Then I put Cleo, Cass, and my niece Evie in our car together.

Cleo got the "lesnes," in a paranoid schizophrenic way, that the Evie was scoping out her Mickey Mouse automatic bubble machine.

She then proceeded to scream at Evie, "I'm not Cleo, I'm Cleo!" Then she scratched her and squeezed her arm fat a few times. All the while, I was in the front seat, trying to hold her arms down. Evie started to cry (yet so fucking angry when Cleo wouldn't stop) and turned around and screamed at her at the top of my lungs, which made Evie cry harder. Then someone honked at me, and I screamed, "Fuck you, you motherfucker!" and gave them the finger.

By the time we got out of the car, everyone was screaming crying, including myself, and I just like needed my mother.

I told my mother what happened. I asked if she thought there was something wrong with Cleo because I wanted her to tell me, "Of course there's nothing wrong with Cleo, she's a normal toddler."

Instead, my mother said, "I can't answer that question, I'm not an expert. Perhaps you should take her to get checked out by a specialist."

I retaliated that my mother had 6 children, and was actually something of an expert in children, so could she just tell me, "Was there something wrong with Cleo?"

And then my mom got mad, and walked out of the room, denying me even a conversation.

So I packed up all of our things, and put the two kids in the car. I was hysterically crying, I got to the middle of my parents' driveway, and had to return, because I realized Cleo had forgotten her shoes. Cleo was screaming, "I don't want to sit in the little seat, I want mommy to hold me!" So I took her out to hold her, and when I tried to put her back in, she flipped out so hard that my mother, who is like the most epic of ice queens, and I know will ignore me for years, if not months, after our fight, had to come out to see if everything was ok.

During all of this, my 15-year-old sister was around, and I just kept on saying to her, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm such a bad mother." And she was like, "Dude, I want to make this frozen pizza I've been holding in my hands for 45 minutes."

Anyway, the reason why I think that there is something wrong with my kid, and my parenting, and my entire being is because my own fucking mother will not reassure me that I'm doing ok, I'm ok in who I am as a person, I'm normal, I'm not an outlier, I'm not dark with shame, I'm not a firebrand, the way I was born does not prevent me from being a successful, kind, and loved person, etc. I don't know what her deal is, but I do know that being a parent is the hardest fucking thing in the entire world, not just because of the sleeplessness, or the physicality, or the boredom, or the pain, but because it forces you to confront yourself, and either change, or become an abusive fucking parent. And you have someone else's life in your hands, and it's no fucking joke, and you can't fuck up because it all means something. Unlike all of the writing jobs I've done in the art world.

And I don't want to be an abusive parent. I don't want to be a screamer, or a hitter. I don't want Cleo to have an eating disorder, or a complex, or be medicated from the time she can pee in an adult toilet. But I honestly do not have the tools at my disposal to figure out how to be a "good" parent. My mother is not there for me lessons. She's playing tennis. I'm an amateur, and I don't have a lot of time or energy to learn, and I'm scared. I don't know who to consult, or what to read, or what the right thing is.

Anyway, I'm happy to be home. I have some really good friends here, and also a television. I don't know how to end this post. Bye.

#Motherhood

4 notes · Jun 17th, 2019

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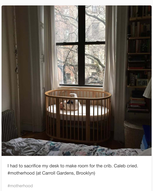

I had to sacrifice my desk to make room for the crib. Caleb cried. #motherhood (at Carroll Gardens, Brooklyn)

#motherhood

8 notes

Anaal of Breastfeeding: I Don't Know, Something Is Going On Here, It Seems Like People Are Profiting Off My Misery

So I'm going to keep on writing stuff about new motherhood because it seems to help people, and moreover, it helps me. It might get annoying on this blog but check back in six months when I can watch television again or some shit.

Anyway, as I mentioned, I've been having a hard time, but it's not all hard times. Today, I woke up feeling great. I actually like being up with the baby in the middle of the night, feeding her. Caleb is a great partner, and is totally 100% in it with me, which I think makes things a lot easier.

The thing I'm freaking out about today is not my history of being a fucking depressive, but instead, again, about breastfeeding. First of all, can someone please tell me why breastfeeding is the so fucking fraught in our society? I have a few theories. The first is that not every woman has breast feed easily throughout history. I seem to remember from reading fantasy novels and novels about King Arthur that there would occasionally be wet nurses who were like BALLIN at breast feeding multiple children, and then like other woman who couldn't really do it. The task was relegated to those who took to it easily. It seemed like maybe breastfeeding, at some point in our human history, or for most of our human history, was a COMMUNAL sort of activity, performed by those who took to it easily. Am I wrong here? I'd love to do some research, maybe I will.

Secondly, there is an insane industry around breast feeding that makes a lot of money off new mothers completely freaking the fuck out, and probably benefits from making women feel like incompetent messing failures. The more people I speak to about it, the more confused I get. The less I speak about it, the more easy I am able to cope with feeding my baby.

Here's basically what has happened to me thus far. On Saturday, we took Cleo Anne into the pediatrician. I hadn't slept the entire night, and neither had Caleb. I had make-up running down my face, and I am surprised the doctor didn't speak to me in a soothing tone normally reserved for lunatics. We told her that Cleo had been up all night trying to breast feed, and that finally, after hours of fussing and crying, we had given her FORMULA. We felt so fucking guilty, and bad about ourselves. FORMULA IS POISON RIGHT? I started crying again.

"First of all," the pediatrician told us, "You have a very big baby, it's very unlikely you will be able to feed her with your breast milk, especially after what you went through. Secondly, I don't believe in nipple confusion, so if your baby is taking both a bottle and the breast, great. Thirdly, I want you to supplement 80% of your feedings with formula."

She gave us a schedule. Fifteen minutes on each breast. 2 ounces of formula after. I was to pump for 20 minutes during formula feeding. Pumping fucking sucks, by the way. Like you have to sit up very straight, and you have no free hands. I want to text or read the New Yorker. Also the milk inevitably ends up soaking whatever I'm wearing when I take those motherfucking suction cups off my nipples. Anyway.

Keep reading

#breastfeeding #motherhood #My life

13 notes

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"Mabel's not crazy... she's unusual."

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I accomplished a lot today. I finally closed the stroller with one hand. WE WAS ADVERTISED. I had a lovely conversation with three men outside of a homeless shelter on fourth avenue. I pulled quotes from my upcoming novel and read them to the men, who liked my writing. Liked a lot. I put away the winter clothes that fit my post-pregnancy body, which are all the clothes that never really fit in the first place. I dressed a plan with my sister for [illegible] 21st birthday. I pissed off her current boyfriend. I put on a date with a [illegible] support group, where I successfully claimed [illegible] have made some friends. I fed my beautiful baby solely from my magnificent breasts.

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Then, all about 4pm, I almost completely lost it.

Cleo had just fallen asleep on my chest after feeding on my wasted breasts. The doorbell rang. I knew it was the delivery guy from Munchery, the service from which I ordered tonight's dinner. Ordering dinner in advance was another thing I accomplished today.

Frankie responded by barking her head off. "Shut up, Frankie!" I hissed. "Shut up!"

It goes without saying that she barked louder. "Shut up, Frankie!" I yelled. I choose to believe that it was Frankie who woke up Cleo. Cleo started screaming. "Leave the food inside the first door!" I texted Robert the delivery man, who had just sent me a friendly but aggressive text informing me he was waiting. I hate internal food start ups with a passion.

"Stay what you did, Frankie!" I screamed at Frankie, who barked louder. Cleo's screaming reached a frenzied pitch, so I pulled my left nipple out of my breast, and shoved it in her mouth.

As soon as she calmed down enough that her eyes had begun to roll to the back of her head, someone knocked on my door, and the whole thing began again. "Shut up, Frankie!" I said to Frankie, and then I screamed it. I put Cleo down in her bouncy chair so that I could open the door. I thought about how nice it would be if I could attack unsuspecting people in the other side, and then kill my dog.

I opened the door. It was my upstairs neighbor, her own cute baby attached to her chest. "The delivery man left your food outside in the sun again," she said, holding out a bag.

"Thank you," I smiled.

I picked up Cleo from her bouncy chair, where she was screaming like her reality was that she lived in the total bowl of a crack den, and this time aimed my right nipple in her mouth. She pummeled my a few times with her fists, and then her uncut nails, before settling down.

The door buzzer rang again.

"Shut up, Frankie!" I hooted at Frankie. I didn't even bother taking Cleo off the nipple. She started hooting anyway. I wished for whichever stupid ass motherfucker was at the door to go the fuck away. Then they rang the buzzer again.

Most up Frankie!" I screamed at the very top of my voice. I sharply pulled my sheep over my shoulders, and went to open the door. Frankie tries to get out from in between my feet, and I intercept her by pushing her away. She bit the shit out of me.

"Oh hey," said a really nice woman who lives down the street. "I brought you some extra diapers."

"Thanks!" I said through gritted teeth.

"Are you ok?" she asked.

"I'm ok," I said. "I just sort of want to throw our dog out of the window." On my breast, Cleo hooted. The woman did not think my joke about killing my dog was funny.

She looked at me carefully. "Are you sure you're ok?" she asked. Are she was thinking maybe she should call child protective services, or at the very least, a mental hospital. I assume my nipple was hanging out. Cleo, spread-eagled them, was bright red.

"I'm ok!" I chirped.

"You sure?"

"Yes!"

Inside, I tried to feed my daughter, but my breasts were tapped the fuck out. And my anxiety and rage were not helping me produce any milk. Cleo sucked on my nipples. When nothing came out, she howled in rage. She pummeled my breasts. She opened her fists, and clawed my neck, and her own face.

"Shut up, Frankie!" I hooted in desperation.

I put my daughter in her bouncy chair, where she wailed like she instinctively knew that when she turned 14, she would fucking hate me.

Defeated, I made her a bottle of formula, and thought, for a second, about locking myself in the bathroom so I could watch the end of the Amanda Knox documentary.

I watch people on reality television shows trying to get pregnant, and I'm like, "DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING TO YOURSELVES?" I see them at launches for their candle stores, drinking champagne and I think, "You don't even know how good you have it."

I wrote this all in bits and spurts because every time I sat down Cleo, who is attached to my chest in a wrap, starts wailing. It's time for me to take care of my daughter. I'm going to walk her to the subway where we will meet my husband, who hopefully will allow me to take a shower.

#My life #motherhood

18 notes · Oct 4th, 2016

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