

Understanding pregnancy: a man's eye view

ASK ROCCO
WITH
ROCCO CASTELLANO



I'm going to get my ass kicked and kicked hard for writing some of this week's column but as someone very famous said once, "write what you know." So I am. I wrote about my wife being pregnant in a couple of my last columns. Now, let me tell you a little about my wife. She is the hardest working, smartest woman I've seen in the now 50 years I've been alive, but she wanted children. Every time she would talk about it, the word "children" would leap from her lips like it was the Olympic trials. Although I'm older I really wanted the opportunity to raise "a child" in the way I truly believe "a child" should be raised. I won't get into my belief systems for this column but let's just say I think most parents are pussies that raise pussies.

My wife, God bless her, wanted "children." Like I said, every time we talked about her becoming pregnant she would say how she wanted five, yes five, f-ing children. Now I don't want to divulge my income but let me tell you, every time she said "five," my SEP IRA screamed bloody murder. Shit, AARP send me a membership application! Aren't these my Golden Years? Ahem, NO!

So I'm lucky, I'm in a business that allows me to basically print money, but I'm a selfish, life-loving Mother F-er and sharing my hard earned cash with a bunch of rug rats wasn't what I considered a good time. Call me a douchebag - I'm pretty alright with that. My lovely wife would bring up the subject of having five kids and I would always just listen, because as harsh and conflict-orientated as I am, I'm smarter than the average bear. I choose my battles carefully and I am patient. I actually know more than I should.

I let my wife talk... and talk... and talk, never saying word. So many times the words were choking me, trying to come out, but I kept them down.

The idea of five children is literally a stupid idea for the normal red-blooded American. It just is, but my mouth stayed shut. For the stupid f--ks out there, learn to listen and shut the f--k up.

Patience prevailed. Back in October we brought our dogs to the park and I was presented with a box. I was shocked as shit to be getting a present in October. As eloquently as she could, she said "Just open the box and shut up."

I did and like and idiot I asked, "Why are you giving me a not-pregnant pregnancy test?" "Look a little closer," she said. I did and almost shit myself. I looked at her, looked at the test, looked at her, looked at the test... and obviously this sounds like a stupid scene from a movie... and it

became a visceral aversion. Her sense of smell became so heightened that she could smell our little dog's breath three floors up. Really, super snout? So began the insanity. But, wait for it, that's right, wait for it, the misery turned out to be my blessing. God came through in the clutch, and came through big time.

The words I was hoping for but never thought I would hear rolled off her lips like water off a flat rock. "What the f--k was I thinking when I wanted five kids? This sucks, I can maybe do this one more time. MAYBE."

Ahhhh, patience.

So now the conversations are all about how wonderful it will be being parents to a beautiful boy and the talk of siblings is met with a frowny face, two hands rubbing a very pregnant belly and a look that could and may kill me in my sleep. I'm optimistic though and can't wait to have the five-children conversation after my son arrives. I hope that my douchebaggery doesn't backfire on me.

seemed like it was at the time, but that's how it went.

Now why am I telling you this? Because, God... I know, you would never have guessed that you would see his name twice in this column, but God has always had a great sense of humor when it came to me and this time he let me soak it all in. He decided to turn the tables and it has been a miserable and exciting time for me and my wife. Miserable for my wife... and exciting for me.

Now, it sucks what my wife had to go through, it really does. I'm not happy about all the shit but, and I mean but, I am happy with two specific results. Before I tell you where my happiness stems from I need to tell you how f--ing hard this pregnancy was. Everyday from the time she gave me the box of paternal joy, she was vomiting morning, noon, night, overnight and every other time of the day. She was miserable. Then she began spitting saliva that filled gallon jugs in a day. I still get goose bumps thinking about how f--ing disgusting it was. Everything she loved to eat

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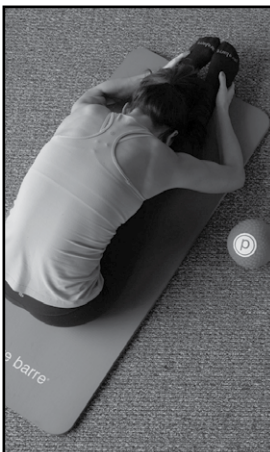
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