

Easy, Baby!

Whenever I pretended to be bored, he'd take care of himself—a quick little jerk-off, and—poof!—he'd fall asleep!

My breast is as dry as my heart; little Nuria, therefore, cannot make it through the night without a supplementary bottle. I eat rice and oats, I drink water—but to no avail.

My ample frame bears only two tiny nubbins of milk-producing glands.

I have added nettle-tip soups to the cereals, and I also sprinkle a bit of fenugreek seed over any dishes containing fennel.

That means twice a week, with two meals each time.

Eventually, the crustacean started grumbling and now sometimes prepares its own meals separately—much like the solo finishing hand-job.

The older one, Pedro is six years old and is the spitting image of his father, Jose; he can therefore drink the eutrophic water flowing from an old, rusty tap—without a care for the illnesses he might contract, such as those caused by Gram-negative bacilli.

That's what my scrawny husband came out with while they were standing by the tap—just as I was asking Pedro to let the water run for a bit.

"Now I?" asks Pedro. "Now we?" replies Jose.

And there they are, drinking together water that hadn't been drawn since the day before!

I cannot imagine the disease... What a drop out of my ass he is!