

“Mommy and the Craptastic, Full of Shit, Awful, Prozac-Popping Day.”

(Based on the book by Judith Viorst)

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I fell asleep watching Netflix (alone), wearing teeth-whitening tape; I woke up to a women’s prison scene, the bleach strip in my hair and my fat cat batting at my wet lashes, claws extended and sharpened. I could tell it was going to be a craptastic, full of shit, awful, Prozac-popping day.

At Starbucks, Ms. Cleavage ahead of me got the hot barista’s number on her recyclable cup, and Ms. Yoga Pants got a free venti upgrade on *her* sugar-free order, but with my skim latte all I got was caffeine-burned nipples.

I think I’ll take some Ativan.

On the subway train, a regular sat in my space by the grungy window. A tall and leggy guy manspread across *two* ass spots. I balanced on the germ pole. I had no moist towelettes. I said, “Excuse me, sir. I think I might throw up.” He sighed and watched cell porn.

I could tell it was going to be a craptastic, full of shit, awful, Prozac-popping day.

At work, my boss liked my frenemy’s Excel spreadsheet better than my empty Venn diagram of vodka versus Diet Coke. On a conference call, she said I was “whiney.” (My wife left me!?!?!)

I could tell it was going to be a craptastic, full of shit, awful, Prozac-popping day.

I could tell because Jane said I wasn't her soulmate anymore. She said that she didn't want to be tied down and that kids adapt to their parents' divorce and that monogamy is for the dull.

"I hope your girlfriend leaves you!" I said to Jane. "I hope the next time you get a twenty-two year old, DD-cup her parents stop her allowance and trust and your cootchie dries up!"

I got two emails re: custody before lunch, but my cube-mate got flowers. Sent in a vase. With a poem. And her boyfriend has only been with her four months. They don't even share an apartment or two cats. Guess whose ex-love always forgot birthdays?

It was a craptastic, full of shit, awful, Prozac-popping day.

That's what it was because after work Jane and I met at the mediator's office and he smiled, agreed with Jane. I wrote the check and made a solo appointment.

"Next week," I said, "Jane's paying with her girlfriend's card."

On the way outside, I tripped down three steps, broke a heel and then heard a rip and felt cool air on my rear. I limped towards the metro. Put a hand where it was chilly. And just when I started wailing, a homeless man asked for cash, and I said no, and he—

shook a cup at me and said, "I can see your beaver," which wasn't true, maybe cellulite, definitely more meat than Jane's *child*.

“I am having a craptastic, full of shit, awful, Prozac-popping day!” I screamed at a poodle. Said homeless man swigged beer.

I walked into an Ann Taylor for un-ripped pants. The saleswoman asked, “Can I help you?” I said, “Pants. In a size 10.” She handed me three hangers and showed me to a room with bright, brutal lights. My thighs raged against the slim pants. And...I noticed great bloodstains.

I was fucking flooding buckets of blood in too-small pants under fluorescent heat lamps, single with two young kids who had no idea their momma was into boobs when their mommy is fat everywhere BUT her mammaries. And she has sexy, numb C-section scars, too, and she sees a therapist weekly. She’s Norwegian, and has to wax her top lip. It was a craptastic, full of shit, awful, Prozac-popping day.

There were no size “ex wives” in the whole store, so I bought a sweater and tied it around my wide waist. The metro was full. I got sneezed on three times. I ran out of fare on my metro card and then had to ask a man for cash. He gave me two bucks and some trash.

When I got home, I Facetimed the kids but Double D answered by chance and Jane was nude in a towel behind her. So I hurled my phone.

Jane wants to sleep with that Double D, not with me. It is *still* a craptastic, full of shit, awful, Prozac-popping day. And yet two kids call me “Mommy.”

And I can take Ativan.