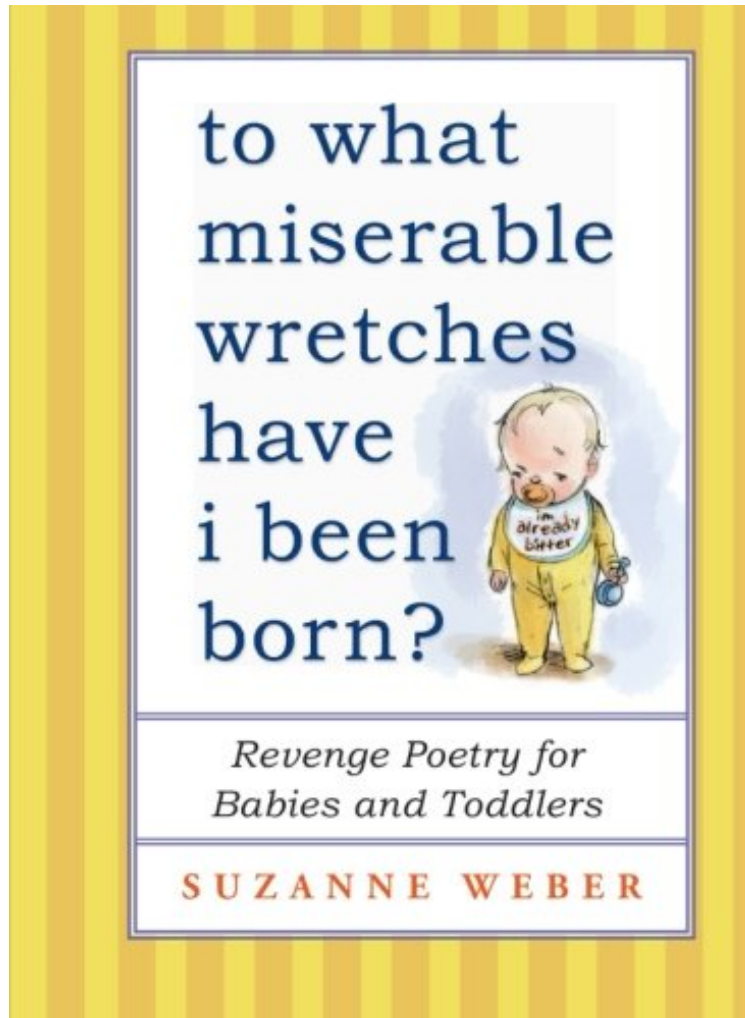


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To What Miserable Wretches Have I Been Born?: Revenge Poetry for Babies and Toddlers

Suzanne Weber

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Suzanne Weber : To What Miserable Wretches Have I Been Born?: Revenge Poetry for Babies and Toddlers before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised To What Miserable Wretches Have I Been Born?: Revenge Poetry for Babies and Toddlers:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Only for those with a sense of humor (who, by the way, make the best parents).By Patrick's momI have to laugh at the negative reviews of this absolutely hysterical book. They are clearly written by people who would need a tractor to pull a needle out of their butts. Does something have to have foul language to be humorous? Not necessarily. But in this book,it works. It TOTALLY works. I was doubled over in the bookstore reading this, tears rolling down my cheeks. It's witty, spot on and simply side-splittingly funny. I add it

to baby gifts for all of our friends and family who have wicked senses of humor and don't take themselves too seriously. And as great of a baby gift as it makes, it's even BETTER for seasoned pro parents who have been there, done that and "get it". Definitely give it to mom and dad at baby's 1st birthday. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Great gift for new parents! By CDEGRU Hilariouss and a great gift for new parents. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Funny and true By Lisa H Laugh out loud funny - although it's funnier after your child is about a year old (if you're a first time parent) so you can appreciate it. I've started to give this as a gift to my new parent friends. Some language may be offensive.

Q: How do you breed contempt? A: Have a baby. Hey. It's me. Your baby. Let me say, first off, that I love you. I do. You're a great parent. You do a lot of things right. I know how devoted you are to me and how invested you are in hitting this whole parenting thing out of the playground. Okay. Now that I've given you the validation I know you need, let's get a few things clear . . . I'm not as innocent as you think I am. You don't realize it because you're blinded by my sweet good looks, but I am aware of way more than I can convey. I feel more than I can express. I have more going on in my soft, little baby brain than you could possibly imagine. Until now. The book you're holding finally reveals the complexities and nuances of my life so far. From my point of view. Unapologetic. Unplugged. Unswaddled. Be warned . . . it's not always "adorable."

"Brilliant." --"Redbook" Twisted, clever and hilarious. I laughed out loud on every single page. You'll never look at your child the same way again." Stefanie Wilder-Taylor, author of "Sippy Cups Are Not for Chardonnay" "Brilliant." "Redbook" Twisted, clever and hilarious. I laughed out loud on every single page. You'll never look at your child the same way again." --Stefanie Wilder-Taylor, author of "Sippy Cups Are Not for Chardonnay" About the Author SUZANNE WEBER is a writer perhaps best known for creating and performing the character Anita Liberty, a performance poet who achieves notoriety by devoting her entire career to humiliating her jerk of an ex-boyfriend in public. Weber penned three books as Anita Liberty – HOW TO HEAL THE HURT BY HATING, HOW TO STAY BITTER THROUGH THE HAPPIEST TIMES OF YOUR LIFE and the young adult title, THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE (YEP, THAT WOULD BE ME). Her short film, ANITA LIBERTY, was a Sundance selection and was co-written and directed by R.J. Cutler (The September Issue). A native New Yorker, Weber currently resides in Los Angeles where she writes television pilots and has started taking her coffee with soy milk. She lives with her husband and her daughter, a sassy little chip off her mother's block of contempt. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Fussy Loves Company Why are you always on me about being fussy? You're fussy. You're fussy if you're tired. You're fussy if you're hungry. You're fussy when you have gas. You're fussy when there's nothing on TV. You're fussy when you're too hot or too cold. You're fussy in the morning before caffeine. You're fussy when I wake you up in the middle of the night. You're fussy when you look in the mirror and don't like what you see. You're fussy when your mother pays too much attention to you. You're fussy when your mother doesn't respond to your call. You're fussy when you're over- and/or under-stimulated. You're fussy sometimes for no apparent reason at all. The gist is we're not so different— you and me. Clearly, the fussy nut has not fallen far from its fussy-ass tree. Suck It Can you explain to me what makes you so very uncomfortable with my pacifier? I like to suck. You taught me that. I got rewarded for sucking. I got fed. With warm, delicious milk. I felt close to you. Heck . . . I felt close to achieving Nirvana. Can you blame me for wanting to keep that sense of peace and oneness going for just a little longer? Sucking on something makes me feel like I might have a chance at being a truly successful human being. Can you say that about any of your vices? You wish you could find something that makes you feel this good about life. Something that wasn't bad for you . . . didn't rot your liver, give you cancer, slow down your brain. Just clean, honest impulse satisfaction. It's hurting no one. Except maybe you and your fragile sense of confident parenting in the face of some random stranger's perceived judgment while on line at CVS. iConfess iHave to say that sometimes iLove your iPhone more than iLove you. iSorry. The Sounds of Being Humiliated "What's the doggie say?" Oof. Ooof. "What's the kitty say?" Me-owww. "What's the rooster say?" Ack-a-doodle-doo. "What's the lion say?" Rawr. "What's the pig say?" Oink. Oink. "What's the horsie say?" Nay-ay-ay. Okay. Enough. I'm out. I'm done. I'm bored. I am not your puppet. I am not your clown. I am not your trained monkey. Eee-eee-eee.