

Finalist, Non-Fiction

I'm Not Fat, I'm Pregnant

By Desiree Simons

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They sat cross-legged in a semi-circle on the purple and green “Story Time” rug. The girl at the edge of the circle raised her hand.

“Are you going to have a baby?” she asked. The boy sitting next to her gave her an elbow shot to the ribs.

“No stupid. Ladies in wheelchairs don’t have babies.”

I cleared my throat. “Well actually, sometimes they do,” I offered. “I am going to have a baby in about three months.”

I hadn’t planned on going *there* when a friend who taught elementary school asked me to talk to her first graders about ‘Students with Special Needs and How to Make Them Feel Welcome,’ but what the hell. It’s not like they were the first ones to wonder.

An obviously pregnant, obviously disabled women throws people off. Sort of like a three legged chicken. Not unheard of, but a definite anomaly. I told my husband I wanted a T-shirt made that read, ‘Yes, Some of Us Procreate. Get Over It.’

Pregnancy isn’t the only thing that throws people. Sex, in general, for recreation or procreation, and ‘THE DISABLED’ is a concept some people can’t grasp.

“She’s really pretty.” A college boyfriend of mine was told this about me, by one of his long-time friends.

Another friend chimed in, “Yeah, and she’s so funny, we like her a lot... but—“

“But what?” asked my boyfriend.

“Well, you know... how can you handle it?”

“Handle what?”

“Never having sex.”

His booming laughter was the only part of the conversation I heard from the bathroom.
