

I THOUGHT I NEVER WANTED A BABY

AUGUST 5, 2014 REBECCA PILLSBURY

Life has interesting plans for us sometimes. We think we know the direction we're headed, and then *bamm!* just like that, what we thought we knew about ourselves goes out the window. That's been happening to me on a massive scale lately.

For example, I thought I never wanted kids. I've never felt that "mom" calling; I've never "cooed" at a baby. In fact, the sound that comes out of my mouth when I'm around them sounds more like "ewww." Of course, there are moments when I think a (happy) baby is cute, but overall, I've viewed children as the beginning of the end of one's life.

No more independent and spontaneous travel, no more packing light, no more quiet moments at home alone or with my partner. Babies are money and boob-sucking machines! Who wants *that?! I never understood it. At least not for someone with my nature and lifestyle. But then I met someone special. And he wants kids. And instantly I heard a voice inside me say, "Ohhh!! He'd be such a good father! It would make me so happy to be able to offer him that gift!" What is that?! Where did that come from?! Was that some talking hormone lying dormant in me my entire life, waiting for just the right moment to spring itself on me, "Hahaha! You thought I wasn't here! Nana nana boo boo!" The voice is like that annoying five-year-old child I never thought I'd have. But now, I'm not so sure.*

I was, in fact, prepared to live out the rest of my life as a single person. More than prepared—I was delighted by the idea. It's all about *me!* I giggled and did a little dance when I thought of it. Sure, I was on a

mission to spread joy and love with everyone whose path I crossed, but these were relationships I didn't have to sacrifice any part of myself for. Heck, I didn't even have to compromise. I held the secret to happiness! I kept my eyes alert to see if anyone sparked an attraction or interest within me, but those occasions were rare, and often over as soon as they opened their mouths.

But then I met someone special. And all I can think about is, "I want to live my life with this person." I start taking pleasure in the ways I can offer him all of me. And I realize I don't have to sacrifice a damn thing. In fact, he doesn't even want me to—he demands that I don't. It's all those little idiosyncrasies that attracted him to me in the first place—the fact that I wear no make-up, and often no bra (who wants to bother with those?!) The way I sometimes act like a five-year-old child myself—making fart jokes and pleading with innocent eyes that he bring me a bowl of ice cream (with Nutella on top, please!)

And then there's the whole "home" issue. As in, I'd have to live in one. The key word there being "one." You see, I take great pride and pleasure in being fancy-free. For the past year, I've skipped around from abode to abode sometimes on a weekly or even daily basis, working as a professional house and petsitter. I love it—I get to explore lounging on real furniture (I don't own any myself), cuddling with animals that my lifestyle has never allowed me to keep as my own (read: a plant can't even keep up with my vagabond lifestyle. How the heck would a pet or a child fit into this picture?!)

Oh, and then there's the fact that this "someone special" lives half way around the world. What the f@#& is that?! Actually, I'm not surprised about that at all—of course my heart would choose the adventurous route. Throw different languages, countries, and cultures into the mix, and I consider it the perfect recipe for a successful relationship. Wouldn't you?

So perfect, in fact, that everything I thought I knew about myself is

being questioned. Kids? Why not! Going to sleep with the sound of someone snoring beside me? Aww, how cute! Having to actually buy our own furniture? Well...for some reason I still struggle with that one. Maybe we could housesit around the world together? We could tote our little ones around in rucksacks—enroll them early on in Nomads 101.

Of course, I'm getting ahead of myself with all of this anyway. Because as I've said, when we think we know the direction we're headed, life shows up with different plans. And what a gift that is too, because if I knew now about the annoying child I would have in the future, I may never have sex again. I'll take my chances and just enjoy the life I have now while I can, because who knows? This may be the beginning of the end.

Or, just a glorious new beginning.