Sex Talks to Girls

Seaton, Maureen

Published by University of Wisconsin Press

Seaton, Maureen.
Sex Talks to Girls: A Memoir.
University of Wisconsin Press, 2008.
Project MUSE. muse.jhu.edu/book/8743.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/8743

For content related to this chapter
https://muse.jhu.edu/related_content?type=book&id=189711
Bad

I watched a movie where _bad_ girls escaped from boarding school and dove headfirst into an empty in-ground pool. The fake black ketchup blood was enough to teach me about consequences. I was nine or ten, not too young to learn a significant lesson.

When I found out I was pregnant with our second child I was twenty-seven. Our old fertility doc, whom I’d gone to see for my yearly check-up after enduring every test imaginable in those days, reopened my file, wrote _SUCCESSFUL_ across the first page, and called to tell us the astonishing news. _Due: January._

Our adoption caseworker (who’d unwittingly approved the applications of two practicing alcoholics—two nuts who actually thought they could raise more kids—or one nut who thought she could and one who found it less of a hassle to acquiesce) was understanding, but told us we would not be able to adopt a child now that
I was pregnant. She was sure, however, that she would be able to find another home for the baby boy who had just been born the day before. Coincidentally, she called us right after the doc did. In one day, I lost a newborn and gained a fetus. I was exhausted.

Harper hadn’t come home the night before (off on a toot), and I was very upset when he walked in, disheveled and still high, at 10 a.m. Clio was at nursery school and I could hear myself breaking my own peace and quiet rule. It may be the only time I can remember in our ten-year marriage that we had a shouting match. Then the doctor called with his surprise, and I suddenly and absolutely didn’t care if Harper had flown to Vegas in a blackout or taken the train to Quebec to visit the shrine of Our Lady of Hopeless Drunks. The fetus was inside me, not him. I looked at him with his hung-over, hangdog face, and I knew I didn’t give a flying fuck what he’d done or would ever do again.

I had nine months to change my life. I didn’t think this, but I knew it. Everything that had happened before, except Clio, had been bullshit. I also didn’t think that, but my unconscious self was suddenly using profanity and I liked it. I drove to the Hudson at Scarborough station and sat for a long time until I felt my unborn child’s enormous soul arrive inside me and my own timid soul leave on the next train out.