

How We Got Here

I wake up to the sound of crying. Barely coherent, my brain still asleep, I glance at the clock and make out the time. It's 5 a.m. Crap.

I roll over to find my wife gone. In a slow-motion panic, I drag my body out of bed. As I struggle to open my eyes, which have been sealed shut by sleep, I am following the sounds of sobbing toward the bathroom when I hear something drop to the floor. Uh-oh: Has she received some late night bad news? Did somebody die? As I scurry toward the light, I catch a glimpse through a crack in the door of my wife holding what looks like a thermometer. Double crap.

Just as I psych myself up for an early morning CVS run for meds or cough syrup or whatever it is she needs, I hear the words. "We're pregnant!"