

***How to get punched in the face by a hormonal, postpartum mommy
AKA: 11 Things NOT To Say to a New Mom***

I get it. We moms who've lived through all the newborn crap (both literal and figurative) know what's up. We've seen the pediatrician more than our friends, read the books, wiped the butts, had the freak-outs. We speak from experience, yo.

So, it can be *hard* to refrain from doling out unsolicited advice to new moms. But whether you're an experienced mom or grandma, or just a dude making conversation in line at Target, please attempt to say nothing but a heartfelt "Congratulations!"

New moms: the comments and questions are going to come in before your milk even does. Try your hardest to ignore, smile, and not strangle anyone with a sour burp rag.

Experienced moms: do your best to zip it and remember how sucky it was when anyone said any of the following . . .

When are you due?

See also: "Did they leave one in there??"

Listen, we are not all Kardashians, emerging from the hospital in less time than I can watch Bachelor in Paradise, looking flawless in heels and bronzer. Most of us are lucky if we have a fresh pad when we leave, let alone a fresh blowout. It takes a good while for the uterus to contract back down—that thing's not a rubber band and there's no immediate snap back.

Grocery store cashier, stop staring at my belly and trying to figure out how I also have a newborn in my shopping cart.

And, for what it's worth—maternity pants are not like white after Labor Day. Wear that stretchy goodness 'til the baby can tie his own shoes if you wanna.

That's a . . . unique/different/interesting name.

Look, we all know someone who named their kid something super cringey or added an apostrophe or special character like their baby's moniker is their work computer password.

Whether or not a kid will ever find a personalized mini license plate in a souvenir shop is up to the parents and the parents alone.
Be polite, say “that’s lovely” or something equally pleasant . . .
then go text your friends in private about the spilled Boggle letters these crazies used to make a name.

Are you breastfeeding?

Co-sleeping? Cloth diapering? Baby-wearing?
Nope. All the nopes.
Don’t even open this overflowing, 30 gallon drum of worms.

You ready to try for another one?

You might be surprised to know that my husband actually CAN keep his hands off me. Strange, right?
‘Cause these mesh undies are Victoria’s Secret sexy, and my protruding belly def has a “come hither” vibe.
Nothin’ says “do me” like Tucks pads on the nightstand.
I can’t even think about doing a single Kegel, let alone seducing someone.
And those stitches aren’t an embroidery pattern. They’re holding together my lady-parts-turned-Spaghettios; no one wants to even look down there right now, let alone venture that way.
Ask me again in 5 years.

Are you sleep training?

Nah, I’m too busy marathon training, weight training, dog training, job training, alllll the trainings.
My baby sleeps when she finally stops crying and surrenders.
Or when the swing has done it 94th oscillation and it satisfies her.
Or after I’ve aimlessly driven her around so much that a neighbor posts on NextDoor about the SUV with the car seat “casing houses.”
She snoozes on my chest while I lay perfectly still and watch old Hoarders episodes, too scared to move a millimeter for the remote and disturb her.
To sum it up: She sleeps and WE are trained.
Trained to STFU ‘cause the baby is FINALLY asleep!

Soak it all in. Cherish every moment.

The days are long but the years are short.

Any variations of these phrases should remain on vinyl wall decals at Hobby Lobby. The only things new moms are soaking in is spit up, poop and sour formula—really any fluids besides clean water from a shower. They're hormonal and feel like they're effing it all up. They are so in love with their baby they could cry (and do), but they're also overwhelmed and tired and furiously flipping through *What to Expect the First Year*. *Your* years are gonna be short if you say that crap to me again.

Your boobs are huge.

Yes. I no longer have a cup size but a zip code.

They are full. They are sore. They are likely leaking.

I have dinner plates smaller than my nipples.

Please hand me a nursing pad and avert your eyes.

Or don't, I don't even care--at this point, everyone within a ten mile radius has seen my rack whether they wanted to or not.

You should dress him/her in blue/pink.

I can't tell if it's a girl or boy.

Seriously, if you have boy clothes all saved up in plastic tubs and you have a girl, I promise you she'll come out unscathed from wearing blue onesies with dump trucks and dinosaurs.

Hell, she might even be able to change a tire before she gets into big-girl panties. Win-win.

Let him cry it out.

Um, have you *heard* the banshee-level wailing of a pissed off baby? It's like my college roommate bawling about her ex after too many Jager bombs, TIMES TEN. She's redder in the face than me after ~~six~~ two flights of stairs and flailing her legs like an Irish dancer. And I'm supposed to chill and catch up on laundry and Netflix?

I can't be the only mom who seriously thought my infant was gonna burst a throbbly vein during a crying spell. My swaddled babe looked like a possessed burrito. All I wanted was a break, a drink and a Ouija

board. “Crying it out” is great in theory, but I’ve yet to meet even one mom who can handle it.
That sh*t is haaaard.

Anything other than “What a beauty.”

Now that my kids are older (and solid 10s), I can freely admit that they were fugly babies. Vaginal deliveries created total dunce cap-ish coneheads, and one had bright red, streaky “stork bites” on her eyelids and forehead, looking like she got in some kind of gang brawl in the nursery. Add that to the weeks of cradle cap and baby acne and you’ve got a rough few months. They were the “before” pictures of infant makeovers. But I saw them through mama goggles (like beer goggles without the regret). I thought they were beautiful and perfect and the most gorgeous creatures second only to unicorns. And I’m grateful to those who allowed my delusions and ooh’d and ahh’d over my unsightly babies. (And worry not, new moms: the fugly stage is short, the adorable stage is forever.)

You think this is bad, just wait ‘til she’s two/ten/16.

Forget two, I’m tryna get through TUEsday.
Please don’t tell me what fresh hell I have to look forward to.

If only the epidural made us numb to this foolishness . . .

Certainly, not everyone is trying to be a total A-hole in their well-meaning(ish) comments. It’s just that some remarks (see above) can really rub an emotional new mom the wrong way.
Our hearts (and nipples) are sensitive.
Proceed with caution . . . and love.
And good intentions. And hugs.
And offers of pizza, wine and laundry folding.