



Life After

BY STEPHANIE BLUM

Kids

When I was pregnant, my friends with children warned me, "Your life is never going to be the same!" But it wasn't until after my son was born that I fully understood what those words meant. Here's a look at how things *really* change once you become a mom.

Before Kids

You can sleep as late as you want.

You visit the doctor for an occasional checkup.

You're thrilled to have a rainy day to relax, watch movies, and doze on the couch.

You spend your time engaged in intellectually stimulating conversations with your colleagues.

You slip lipstick and a credit card into a sleek handbag on your way out to the mall.

The kitchen floor is so clean you can eat off it.

You and your husband consistently enjoy hot sex.

You coordinate the perfect outfit to wear for a night out dancing.

You get to take long, hot showers and have time to shave your legs and smooth on the kiwi-scented body gel.

You save money to treat yourself to a Kate Spade handbag.

You dine on low-calorie, low-fat lunches at trendy new restaurants.

You can easily finish a great book.

Your idea of bliss is being with the love of your life.

After Kids

You can't even sleep through the night.

You rush to the doctor whenever your baby doesn't seem to be blinking enough.

You dread a rainy forecast because if you have to watch *Beauty and the Beast* one more time . . . someone's gonna get it!!

Conversation? What's that? Nowadays, you spend your time trying to persuade your child to stop picking his nose in public.

You stuff diapers, wipes, animal crackers, Sippy cups, Band-Aids, coloring books, crayons, Thomas the Tank Engine, and a bottle of aspirin into your diaper bag on your way out to the playground.

You can eat off the kitchen floor because there's food all over it.

You and your husband occasionally enjoy a hot meal.

You grab something out of the laundry basket and pray that no one at the puppet show will notice the breast-milk stain.

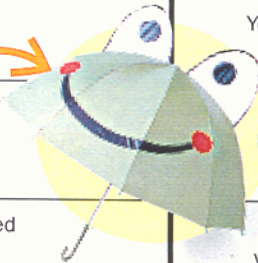
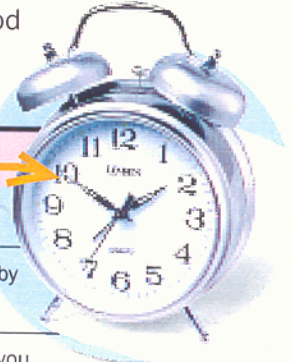
You spray on some deodorant and call it a day.

You save money to treat your son to a SpongeBob backpack.

You wolf down someone's leftover pizza and cake at a Chuck E. Cheese's.

You're barely able to finish a simple thought.

Your idea of bliss is tucking the love (or loves) of your life into bed each night.



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