

THE BAD MOMMY

EVERY TIME I SEE A TRAFFIC JAM, I THINK OF OVERPOPULATION.

Last week I was stuck in Friday rush-hour urban gridlock as I inched along 14th Street in Midtown Atlanta, the late-afternoon November sky a cold deep blue only moments away from succumbing to total darkness. I had tuned the car radio to an AM station that gives traffic reports, trying to figure out the best way to sidestep all the overpopulation and get the fuck home.

The radio spat out some creepy, haywire interference as I crossed a bridge straddling the merged 75/85 Interstates, overlooking a static red blanket of brake lights facing downtown and a crawling white wall of headlights trying to escape from downtown.

Too many people.

A few minutes later and about a hundred yards further down the road, I was able to hear the radio again. A news reporter told of a breaking story from Augusta, GA—normally only two hours away, but in this traffic, it might take you a day to get there—involving a mother who'd allegedly murdered her two children inside a gas-station bathroom the day before.

The saga is so grisly, gruesome, horrid, and depressing, I'm surprised it hasn't broken out as a huge national news

story. Some might say it's because the accused mother is black and the racist media doesn't care about black people like it cares about white baby-killing mommies such as Susan Smith. Others will say it's because she's black and the PC media worries so much about not appearing racist that they're afraid of making a big stink whenever black people commit heinous acts.

Either way, I finally squeezed through traffic, got home, and searched for details online. The accused killer, twenty-two-year-old Jeanette Hawes, had been fired for the second and final time from her postal-worker job around a month ago. Now, if you've ever experienced firsthand the sort of savage, arrogant slothfulness that characterizes postal service in Georgia, you'd immediately discern that Hawes had to be a MAJOR fuckup to be fired not once, but twice. I'm constantly amazed they haven't fired EVERYONE that claims to "work" there.

The story quickly became more complicated. The weekend before last, another woman had stabbed Hawes's brother's pit bull during a street altercation. Ominously, Jeanette Hawes was interviewed about the incident by a local TV station and said this:

I just think, you know, it was wrong for her to actually do that because she could've went and got help or whatever, and you know, an animal is like a human being. That is like killing someone else, so I just think it's not right. She didn't have to go that far.

Only days after saying that, Jeanette Hawes, accompanied by her children Shakayla (3) and Jordon (1), walked into a Food Mart convenience store/gas station in south Augusta. A clerk who was familiar with Hawes said that something seemed "not right." Hawes entered a restroom along with her children. The clerk says she heard screaming and then silence. After banging on the locked door, there was no response. She called police, who pried open the door with a screwdriver. Police say they found Hawes on the bathroom floor, covered in blood and holding a steak knife.



One-year-old Jordon was already dead, and Shakayla died on the way to the hospital. Both had been repeatedly stabbed in the chest.

One observer who witnessed dead baby Jordon being hauled off inside a plastic bag said that as Hawes was being taken away in handcuffs, she seemed emotionless and detached.

Already the feminist voices are yabbering—without the merest shred of evidence, of course—that Jeanette Hawes was an obvious victim of abuse at the hands of EVIL MEN and that she needs our pity and emotional support. Teddy bears and flowers now form a shrine near the bathroom that Hawes allegedly turned into an infanticidal slaughterhouse.

In Hawes's mug shot (pictured at left), all I can see in her eyes is empty self-pity. One imagines the toddlers looking up hopelessly at their crazed mother as she hacked away at their existence, performing retroactive abortions with each swing of that bloody steak knife.

To me, it seems like Jeanette Hawes was the sort of unthinking, impulse-driven breeder who walked around with a vagina that men used as a cum dumpster before they gave her a fake phone number and fled the scene. There are far too many of her type, and they've polluted the world possibly beyond repair with their doomed, dysgenic offspring.

For me, the most notable missing fact in this egregiously notable story is that not ONE of the news reports makes mention of the children's father—or, most probably, fathers. We are left to assume he or they were nowhere

near the crime scene and in all likelihood had been nowhere near mom and kids for a long, long time.

THIS MISSING INFORMATION SEEMED IMPORTANT TO ME, because less than five hours before hearing of the Hawes double murder, I learned for the first time in my long, long life that I will become a father.

My girlfriend, a Georgia woman like Jeanette Hawes (but that's where the similarities end), emerged from the obstetrician's office early Friday afternoon with scientific confirmation of why she was so goddamned late getting her period. The weekend before last—while Jeanette Hawes's brother's dog was getting stabbed—my girlfriend bought a pair of home pregnancy tests, both of which resulted with the two thick lines that signal I've knocked her up.

Sometime in the middle of last summer as we careened down a hot-asphalt Georgia highway with the convertible top down, she tossed her birth-control pills out of the car.

I jizzed inside her nearly every night since then, both of us intending to produce something with a better-than-average chance at having a higher-than-average IQ.

Popping out of my mom's snatch as I did a dozen years after my nearest sibling, it seems apparent that I was an accident.

The little gumdrop growing inside my girlfriend is no accident. Reproduction isn't an accomplishment. Mosquitoes and snails can reproduce. It all hinges on what you do AFTER reproducing.

I'm well aware of my questionable credentials for the lifelong job of fatherhood. But as fucked-up as I turned out, I'll use every last drop of my blood to ensure my kid will be happy. I'm pretty sure it won't be normal. But I have a sneaking suspicion that kids turn out better when they were wanted. And this one was wanted.

When I say there are too many people in the world, I never count myself among that number. Nor will I ever count Little Baby Gumdrop.

Georgia Woman Allegedly Stabs Her Two Toddlers To Death in a Gas-Station Bathroom... A Day Later, I Hear the Biggest News of My Life

