

Sheila's deposition, 1997

Ok, look, don't give me a hard time; I'm gonna tell everything; it doesn't matter now anyway. I need a cigarette....All right. Here goes. In my own words, like you like to say. First of all, I never thought I'd get, you know, pregnant, because I just didn't, you know, I mean it was too stupid, I mean, like who gets pregnant? I figured nobody gets pregnant, really. And it's not like we did it that many times either. And then when it happened, it took a while before I even knew, because I wasn't always bleeding at the same time every month, I wasn't some poster girl who started every twenty-eight days like they say, so I didn't even notice at first. And I didn't want to pay any attention anyway, it's so gross, I mean, the whole thing. Like blood always gets on your hands when you change and half the time it starts when you're at school and you don't even know 'til you pull down your pants in the locker room. But when I started to get fat I got freaked out; that's when I remembered I hadn't seen my period for a while. So I went on really strict diets, almost like the anorexic girls, and I worked out as many hours as I could, and that really helped, so like nobody noticed. My father never looks at me anyway, he wouldn't recognize me on the street, I swear, and my mother is not in the picture, you know? Later, when my stomach started to stick out anyway, I just wore really long sweaters and shirts, dark, mostly black. When I was naked you could really tell; I showed Jerry in the seventh month and he said, Jeez, how much bigger is it gonna get? But I had this cool idea, I went and got – really, you won't believe this, I got a *girdle*, you know, like women used to wear in old times. I got it in the old lady section of a store downtown where nobody goes, and it worked, you know, like even when I was eight months and all the way to the end, nobody noticed anything – well nobody ever said they did, anyway. It hurt though, I mean that girdle really hurt me. And when it finally started to come out, when I felt it hurting *under* the girdle, like from the inside, I was in school, so I got Jerry and we skipped out in his car. First we just drove around, but then he took me to a motel we used for sex, and I stayed in the bathroom until it came out. He played music real loud so nobody could hear me – I mean, I wasn't like some jungle woman or anything, but I made noise. When

it came out, I turned it over and we pressed the head into a pile of towels for a while. We filled the tub with water to clean up and first we just put it all in there, the rest of the stuff that came out, you know, like the afterbirth, the cord. Jerry cut the cord with a Swiss army knife – he was very together. He used to be some kind of scout – you know, they learn stuff. We watched it float for a while, and then Jerry said, Hey, I know what we can do; let's take it to a dumpster – 'cause who looks in dumpsters, right? I mean, nobody we know does that, only maybe, like, homeless people, they might look around in there, but they're not gonna care. I mean, ok, they eat from dumpsters, but they're not gonna eat a baby, right? And it'd be dead anyway, and we can like stick it in a box, or under newspapers; nobody's ever gonna see it. So, ok, we were wrong about that part, but we did a pretty good job. You can't tell me it'd be better if we got all nice and married and kept the kid, playing Mommy and Daddy. I mean, think about it.