

Joe Bruner
“Being Gorgeous”
Baby’s First Encounters

On my first birthday (what’s a birthday?) there was this gooey mess in front of me. So naturally, I reached in and smeared it all over my face. I watched as the globs of this goopy slop fell off my hands. I watched as it hit the table with *smack*. Eh... it was more like *with a phleggt-puick*. I giggled and grinned and got applause.

The first time I felt water, I couldn’t help but think what a slick, slimy, slippery... and *disgusting* awful thing.

The first time I cried, I got a hug. And I could only think, “wow, I should do this more often!”

The first time I sat at the table, I cried. The chairs rattled such a racket with all their *cathunks, cathorks, ch-ch-ch-chs*, that I knew I couldn’t be out-noised. I needed to WIN!

The first time I saw fire was scary. I sat and watched, the *wh-c-c-c-c-c* of the fire gently purring until SNAP! Something in the log made an angry noise.

The first time I sat in the mud, I mucked around, enjoying the *schlorps, shlurps*, and *schlirps* of the mud. It didn’t taste too bad either.

On Sunday afternoons, I sit back in my stroller listening to the *creeeek* and the *craaaaawk* of the wheels, and all I can think is, faster lady! Life is too slow NOW. Maybe I need more adventures in my life...