

# I Don't Hate Your Kids



**I Hate  
YOU!**

*By: Kidlesskim*

# **I Don't Hate Your Kids, I Hate YOU!**

A Collection of Politically Incorrect Rants on Bad Parenting Topics

By KidlessKim

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## Chapter One

### **In Line Behind a WIC-Welfare Whore at Kroger**

So, last Saturday I dragged my crippled ass to Kroger to pick up some groceries and hadn't given much thought to the fact it was the first of the month; BIG MISTAKE. The place was swarming with plump WIC-Welfare Whores, proudly sporting baby bumps, and 2-3 kids *each* in tow. All the SUV sized car buggies and motorized scooter buggies were checked out of the shopping cart lot too which of course FURTHER clogged up the shopping aisles. This made the entire store a virtual war zone of moms “on the draw” with their gaggle of hodge-podge, Heinz 57, door step, hell spawn kids. WHY do they *always* have to drag along their *entire* brood when they shop? I “get” they can't leave their obnoxious baby bumps at home lest they not be able to belly rub for a few minutes, or perhaps even the suckling infant might get hungry while they're shopping and they'll have to plop out an udder mid stream, but can't they coax at *least* ONE of the baby daddys to watch the kids for an hour or two or maybe dump them off on Mee-Maw for long enough to “purchase” their ill gotten groceries? I guess not, because like clockwork they *ALWAYS* infiltrate every retail establishment possible within *minutes* of their Welfare-EBT card getting reloaded that generally coincides with their WIC vouchers that arrive in the mail too.

It's bad enough they get all that free food for doing nothing more than spreading their legs to every other man who buys them a drink or shows a passing feigned interest in them long enough to make a baby, but they don't even bother to read the rules about their freebie WIC purchases, which look pretty simple to follow as it's all spelled out on the WIC government website. Yet, they just grab whatever it is they WANT without regard to if it's “WIC Approved” and UP to the register they waddle, their fussy litter of kids in tow. They start out by arranging their buggy loot into three sections on the conveyor belt, which are **1)**What their SNAP(food stamp)EBT card will cover, **2)**the items the WIC vouchers will pay for, and **3)** all the rest they pay for with crisp \$100 bills no doubt funneled to them under the table from one of their various baby daddys. WIC-Welfare frees up *their* cash for items many of the rest of us, *WORKING people*, can't afford like beer, cigarettes, junk food, computer games, and lottery tickets. The fact they can make their “purchases” as if they are paying customers is infuriating enough, but then they don't even take any care at all or exhibit the *least* of common courtesies to their fellow

shoppers to insure they have chosen the appropriate WIC-SNAP “Approved” items. Apparently WIC-SNAP “Approved” items have to be particular foods in certain sizes, brands, and styles, or it will NOT scan at the register!

They don't care though, that other people will be inconvenienced and held up unnecessarily, because *they* have no where else to be, you know, LIKE *WORK!* For example, they can get a pound of free cheese, but it can't be pre-sliced and individually wrapped or some exotic flavor imported from Switzerland. WIC-Welfare Whores don't like it, I suppose, they are forced to “buy” only American or Cheddar cheese and have to actually slice it themselves. I guess the free food *also* has to be convenient as well or they aren't satisfied. Then there's the “rule” about their free vegetable and fruit selections that always seems to be a stumper for the WIC-Welfare Whores too, such as they can't be individually portioned sugar laden apple sauce, but instead they are required to buy economy sized UNSweetened apple sauce which *begrudgingly* has to actually be dipped out with a spoon! I can see where they would get upset, what with their FREE food having such tight restrictions and all! None the less, they still attempt to “purchase” these types of items *anyway* as well as hot prepared food from the deli and it won't scan, which predictably holds up the line even longer.

Why can they not just accept defeat and let the cashier take the item back? No, they'd rather cause a spectacle and have a manager be summoned while they waste *additional* time arguing with the cashier as to WHY they can't get a Rack of Lamb, the Asian Vegetable Medley prepared from the deli, Chili Pepper Red Wine Cheese Sauce Dip, or a bottle of Chianti with their WIC-Welfare cards. After they pass through the stages of grief about their denied WIC purchases, which run the gamut of denial, anger, bargaining, and acceptance, we move on to the SNAP(food stamp) card purchase denials. But, “...these candy bars have MILK in them or they wouldn't call them *Milky Ways!*” or, “I don't get why the Pepperoni will scan, but not the Slim Jims or packs of camp style beef jerky! It's the *SAME THING!*” The cashier doesn't know and *neither* does she care and the manager called away from his other duties cares *even less*. However, NO ONE cares as little as I do and I ONLY want to make my purchase and leave!

During this typical scene is when all of her little snot nosed germ vectors will get restless too and start wailing, chattering incessantly, grabbing items off the impulse purchase racks and sticking it into their mouths, slobbering on everything within reach, crawling under and onto buggies of other customers, or otherwise making a nuisance out of themselves. All the while the WIC-Welfare Whore mom remains

oblivious and focuses her attention on her anger over the limitations of her SNAP card and WIC vouchers. After she's moved all of the unacceptable purchases from the “free” pile and onto the pile of junk she intends to pay for with her freed up cash, is when she has enough spare time to scan the audience for nods of approval. She looks around as if to say, “Can you *BELIEVE* they wouldn't let me get the caramel candied apples with my WIC voucher? Can you *BELIEVE* they won't let me have microwaveable Stouffers Corn Souffle with my SNAP card and made me send the bag boy back to get REGULAR corn *instead?*” THE HORRORS, discrimination, and *torment* these poor women must endure each and every time they try and shop with their WIC-Welfare freebies!

To make matters worse, there's nearly *always* a WIC-Welfare sympathizer in line who will offer up some reinforcement for her bad behavior like this one older women behind me last Saturday. She piped up, “I don't know *how* they expect you to FEED YOUR CHILDREN if they're going to deny so many purchases! WHAT do they *expect* you to do?” Well, perhaps I am cold hearted, but I expect them to feed their *OWN* children without ANY government assistance! I expect them to STOP having babies when they can't afford to feed the children they *already* have! I expect them to get jobs and WORK! I expect them to marry the father(s) of their kids and let HIM support all these children ! I expect them to be grateful for anything they get from “the village” rather than complain about what they DON'T get! If they anticipate looks of sympathy from *ME* they will be sadly mistaken because I won't be able to hide my *complete* look of disgust because it's *exactly* how I feel. The only “look” they'll get from me will be a cold hard stare filled with animosity.

I think we need to go back to the way welfare was done in the very beginning in that they get farm surplus staples and had to stand in line to get “relief”. GONE would be the days of scanning a welfare debit card like they are paying customers with a Gold Visa Debit Card! I *knew* when they came out with the electronic food stamp cards it would make things worse and I haven't been disappointed! Perhaps if we brought back some of the stigma attached to living on the dole, then *maybe* these WIC-Welfare Whores wouldn't have this newly adopted attitude of entitlement they all seem to possess. They should NOT be able to purchase just *anything* with their WIC-Welfare, like a regular paying customer, but instead be sent to the loading dock out back to pick up a box of staples like cheese, bread, fruit, eggs, milk, rice, cereal, and beans. Then, the only ones standing in line behind a WIC-Welfare Whore at Kroger would be none other than their own kind. No more inconveniencing people who WORK for a living and who just want to buy their groceries in peace, with money they *earned*, and go home to their *non* Section 8 homes.

I hope you enjoyed Chapter One of, ***I Don't Hate Your Kids, I Hate You!*** The other thirteen chapters of humor filled rants are NOW AVAILABLE for immediate download for \$5.99 by clicking [HERE](#), and then click on “Add this to my cart” from there. It will walk you through the easy payment and download process. I hope you enjoy the rest of the book!

Thanks!

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