

"YOU'RE WHAT?!"

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“YOU’RE WHAT?!”

Do you know what those two words are? Have you ever had the words burst out of your mouth unexpectedly? Those are the timeless words that have been screamed, yelled, uttered, mumbled, hollered, and loudly shrieked by men for ages when they find out that their significant other has surprisingly become pregnant. The words stick in a man’s mind and years later you can easily recount where you were and what you were doing when those two words came rushing forth. I yelled it to my wife, in New Jersey, on my cell phone from a parking lot at some sports bar outside of Chicago. The “YOU’RE WHAT!” is always accompanied by wide bulging eyes, a slack jaw, and an occasional fainting spell by the man who said it. The conversation between the woman and the man is short,

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to the point, and with the man usually dumbfounded. It goes something like this....

Woman: "I'm pregnant."

Man: "YOU'RE WHAT!?" (eyes bulge, mouth agape)

Woman: "Pregnant."

Man: "But...but...how?" (confused, breaks out in a sweat)

Woman: "We had sex, remember?"

Man: "Are you....sure?"

Woman: "I've had two kids already, I'm sure."

Man: "But...but...I pulled out."

Woman: "Well you didn't do it fast enough."

Man: "Honey, there's no way you're...."

Woman: "I am! I know my body! I'm pregnant!"

Man: "But...how? I...uh...duhhhhhhh...."

At this point the guy can't even think straight. The thought of having another child sinks in over the next several hours and the guy finds himself strolling around in a zombie-like trance. You may have even seen

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a few of them wandering around the aisles of CVS looking for the pregnancy test kits. If you try to talk to one of these men you will get an incoherent response due to the numerous thoughts racing around in their minds. They are physically present, but not mentally. Some may mumble a few words, but most keep quite and sulk up to the counter with their pregnancy test kit wearing a look of utter shock and awe on their faces.

For me, this zombie state lasted nearly two weeks. I would wake up at 2:39am and feed our nine month old daughter on the couch in the dark and wonder how in the hell this had happened. I remember sitting for long stretches of time, trying to figure it all out and not coming up with any logical answers. Yes, I knew how it happened; I just didn't know how we were going to deal with having our third.

Personally, I take full responsibility. Right after my wife became pregnant with our second, I vowed to do the manly thing and get a vasectomy. A few of my friends had gotten snipped and they highly advocated getting it done. I did some research online and decided it was for me; at least that's what I thought. Weeks and months ticked by quickly and still I blew off getting it done. Why? I guess I still wasn't convinced it was the right thing to do.

But that all changed in September 2007. I was in Chicago for a sales training class with a bunch of other pharmaceutical reps. We were out at a bar called "Cubby Bears." It was loud, beers were flowing, and my cell phone rings and it's my wife..

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“Hi, Honey!” I shouted over the yelling drunks at the bar.

“Hi. Where are you?”

“At a bar with the group. Are the kids in bed?”

“Yes. I have to tell you something.”

“What?”

“I think I’m pregnant.”

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“Just what I said. I think I’m pregnant.”

I literally froze and felt a ball of anxiety rising in me. I was beyond speechless.

Now, you need to know something at this point. When we decided to have a baby, my wife got pregnant literally on the second try. When my son turned four we decided to go for number two. This time, my wife got pregnant on the first try and we had a daughter.

We WERE NOT planning on having any other kids and I declared that I was going to get a vasectomy and not have my wife go through the complications of having her tubes tied. Well, time went on, I started with a new company and the vasectomy was moved from the #1 spot on my

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to-do list to the lower ranks where tasks such as painting the kitchen ceiling dwelled for months on end.

I told my wife I was going to GET SNIPPED sometime during the summer. Well that came and went fast. We were busy with the kids, work, life, etc....but we were not getting busy with sex at all.

Then, one day it happened and we used our usual fail-safe method, the pull-out. But, apparently that is not as fail-safe as most of the millions of



SNIP TIP #2

WHEN YOU TELL YOUR WIFE YOU ARE GOING TO GET SNIPPED, DON'T BE AN ASS AND WAIT. JUST GET IT DONE!

couples currently using this method may believe.

“Honey, that’s impossible!” I shouted and

moved away from the bar so I could hear well. “We only had sex one time a few weeks ago and I pulled out!”

“Well, you should have gotten the vasectomy like you said you were going to. When you get home tomorrow night, go to CVS and get a pregnancy test.”

I don’t recall the rest of our conversation as I was in a total state of shock. I do remember going back to the bar and telling a few friends that my wife thinks she’s pregnant. I think they bought me a Corona and slapped me on the back a few times. Cheers!

As soon as the plane landed back in New Jersey, I picked up a couple of “pee-sticks” from CVS and drove home. Five minutes later my wife

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came out of the bathroom with the confirmation of the blue lines on the stick. I slumped on the couch and wondered how in the hell this had happened as my 9 month old daughter started wailing in her crib upstairs.