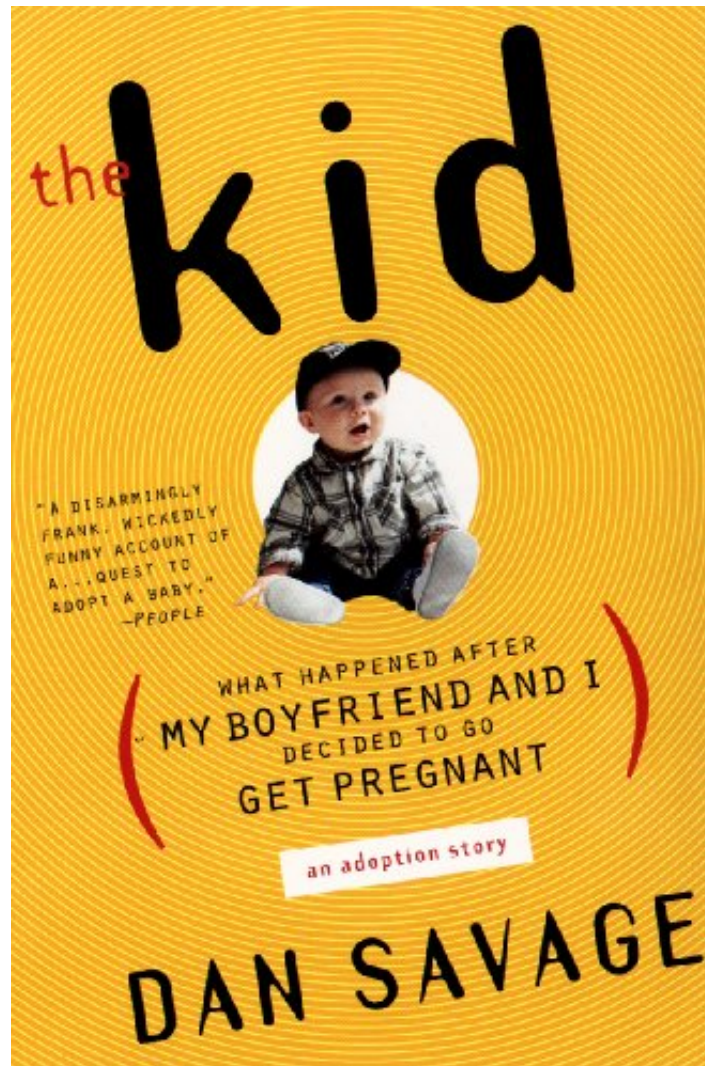


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# The Kid: What Happened After My Boyfriend and I Decided to Go Get Pregnant

by  
Dan Savage



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## **Synopsis**

Dan Savage's nationally syndicated sex advice column, "Savage Love," enrages and excites more than four million people each week. In *The Kid*, Savage tells a no-holds-barred, high-energy story of an ordinary American couple who wants to have a baby. Except that in this case the couple happens to be Dan and his boyfriend. That fact, in the face of a society enormously uneasy with gay adoption, makes for an edgy, entertaining, and illuminating read. When Dan and his boyfriend are finally presented with an infant badly in need of parenting, they find themselves caught up in a drama that extends well beyond the confines of their immediate world. A story about confronting homophobia, falling in love, getting older, and getting a little bit smarter, *The Kid* is a book about the very human desire to have a family.

## Look inside the book

About the Author DAN SAVAGE's nationally syndicated column, "Savage Love," runs in more than thirty-five newspapers in the United States and Canada. He is also the author (with his mother) of "Savage Family Advice," an on-line advice column for OnHealth.com, as well as a monthly column for Out magazine, and a regular contributor to This American Life on public radio. Savage is the associate editor of The Stranger, and his writing has appeared in The New York Times Magazine, Travel & Leisure, Salon, and Poz magazine. Savage Love, a collection of his advice columns, is available in a Plume edition. He lives in Seattle.

Praise for Dan Savage's *The Kid* "Savage tackles the politics of gay adoption head-on . . . Intelligent and honest . . . A love story, an argument, and a how-to book all in one."—San Francisco Chronicle "Compelling, funny, memorable, and moving . . . a heartfelt book that makes a strong case that love, tenderness, and respect are more important to a child's welfare than the gender of his parents."—New York Newsday "A touching account of Savage's attempts to adopt a child . . . as moving as it is entertaining."—Entertainment Weekly "A fast, compelling, don't-want-to-put-it-down read, filled with great one-liners and unforgettable scenes. Savage is stunningly honest, and *The Kid* is as good a documentation of the way a certain class of Americans—gay or straight—lives and thinks at the turn of this century as anything I've ever read. It's impossible not to notice his originality, skill, and sheer exuberance as a writer."—Ira Glass, host of *This American Life* "If you are going to raise a child, you need three things: a lotta love, Dr. Spock's original baby book, and Dan Savage's *The Kid*. This is the most provocative and thoughtful book I've read about parenting in a very long while."—Susie Bright, author of *The Sexual State of the Union* "Gripping . . . engagingly readable . . . Savage has the slapdash panache (and spot-on timing) of a stand-up comedian."—The Seattle Times "Remarkable . . . of the scores of books on adoption in print at the moment, the best—most informative, most moving, most empathetic, and most instructive—is by a gay male . . . An outstanding book on two subjects—homosexuality and adoption—that have long been shrouded in bigotry and misinformation."—The Seattle Weekly "Savage's memoir reveals an acid tongue and a boundless heart, a savvy blending of social commentary and self-deprecating humor . . . A vision of life lived fully . . . a book that can't be put down."—Kirkus (starred review) "A fascinating firsthand account of the mechanics of open adoption, and a peek into his life . . . I could not put this book down. In addition to dispensing advice, Savage has the ability to weave a great story . . . one of the more provocative yet insightful writers of our time."—The Gay Parent "Honest and informed. Many who believe that adoption is prohibited to them will welcome Savage's book like a visit from a generous and irreverent stork."—Booklist "A critique of conservative values and a celebration of family and the lengths to which people, both gay and straight, will go to create one of their own . . . Revelatory . . . humorous and honest."—Publishers Weekly "Funny and touching . . . such a good read that even those who have thought a lot about gay parenting will find their horizons expanded."—Library Journal

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The names and identifying characteristics of some of the individuals depicted in this book have been changed to protect their privacy.

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Fertilization Younger Brother Dynamics My boyfriend likes to listen to dance music when he drives. He likes to listen to dance music when he cooks, cleans, wakes, sleeps, reads, picks his nose, and screws. There isn't much he doesn't enjoy doing listening to dance music. I'll listen to dance music when I'm under recreational general anesthesia (that is, if I'm really high), or if I'm in a dance club somewhere, dancing. Since I don't get high or go to clubs often, I don't listen to dance music much. As for listening to dance music out of context—no drugs, no dance club, no dancing—well, frankly, I don't see the point. But Terry was techno before techno was cool, and his attachment to dance music has been a rich source of conflict in our relationship. We've both made sacrifices on the bloody altar of coupledness: I no longer listen to the radio while I go to sleep, to give one piddling example, as he can't sleep with the radio on; he no longer goes clubbing all night long (if I couldn't have a radio in the bedroom, then, by God, his ass had better be in my bed to justify the sacrifice). But he's been having a hard time completely letting go of dance music because much of his pre-me social life revolved around it. After monogamy, dance music has been our single biggest "issue." Monogamy was a quickie fight, over and done with: he didn't want me sleeping around, and I didn't want to fight. Should a day come when I do put someone else's dick in my mouth, he won't dump me because: (a) I'd do all I could to make certain he never found out; and (b) if he did find out, well, he's promised to work through it. We'd been together two years, so our fights had become highly ritualized ceremonies, and the dance-music-in-the-car fight was one we had down pat. We were in a car, driving to Portland, Oregon, and he was subjecting me to Iceland's pixie lunatic, Björk. I didn't think this was fair, as I don't like dance music, and when we were doing ninety on I-5, I couldn't escape. The fight didn't begin at the

start of the trip. They never do. I'm a conflict-avoidance champ (see monogamy, p. 3), and if we fought at the beginning of every road trip I would, like a dog that associates a ride in the car with a trip to the vet, refuse to get in the car. Had I anticipated this fight, I would have insisted that we fly, or take the train, or ship ourselves UPS, or get to Portland on some form of transport that puts nice, reasonable people in charge of the music. But Terry was tricky, taking advantage of my memory problems. Before we got in the car, and for about the first forty-five minutes of any trip, Terry was on his best behavior. He lulled me into the car with false promises of books on tape, or conversation. Then, when we were too far from home to turn back, and going too fast for me to jump, he put on a CD he knew I'd object to— chunk-ka tcha, chunk-ka tcha, chunk-ka tcha — and with fleeing not an option, I had no choice but to turn and fight. “You know I can't stand dance music, especially in a car, so why do you do this?” I said, typically. “While I'll happily put up with Björk at home, because I can leave, or blow my brains out, or beat you to death with a hammer, I think it is unfair of you to subject me to Björk when I'm trapped in a car.” And we were off! I didn't have a driver's license, Terry pointed out, which forced him to do all the driving. Therefore, he should get to pick the music. Yes, but while he might have a license, he didn't own a car, and I happened to be paying for this rental. Therefore, as the automobile's temporary legal guardian, I should have some say in the music I was subjected to. I was being unreasonable, he said. He was being selfish, I responded. Yi, yi, grrr, icha-yiy, Björk sings. Thinking it was a compromise, the boyfriend turned the music down. All we could hear now was the beat: boom-boom-boom. Which, as it happens, was the thing about dance music that drove me out of my mind. I was not satisfied. I sulked. He drove. He said something bitchy. I said something bitchy. We fought on for about twenty-five more miles, and finally, unable to enjoy Björk for my bitching and sulking, the boyfriend snapped off the CD player, and we sat in silence. An hour and fifteen minutes of silence later, we were in Portland. We'd driven down to Portland from Seattle on a wet spring day because, in our wisdom and maturity, my boyfriend and I had decided to become parents. We were in Portland to get pregnant. This was my first visit to Portland. During the seven years I'd lived in Seattle, just three hours away, it had never before occurred to me to visit Portland. Seattle's a hilly, damp place with a lot of water and trees. Portland's a hilly, damp place with a lot of water and trees. Portland and Seattle both have Pioneer Squares, Hamburger Marys, homeless street punks, and huge bookstores. Why would anyone who lives in Seattle vacation in Portland? My boyfriend Terry, however, was very familiar with Portland. His father spent a couple of years dying here in the mid-nineties. Daryl, Terry's father, had non-alcohol-related cirrhosis of the liver. Daryl went to Portland's Oregon Health State University hospital for a liver transplant, but when they opened him up, they found cancer. They cut out the cancer, put in the new liver, and sewed Daryl up. But the cancer returned, and promptly attacked Daryl's new liver. When they opened him up a second time, the doctors decided he was too far gone to “waste” another liver on, his own bad luck for not being Mickey Mantle. It was in Portland that Terry, his mother, and his brother were informed that their husband and father had less than a year to live. Three months later Daryl Miller was dead. For Terry, Portland was the city of bad news. The hospital where Terry's father got his liver and a little while later the bad news squatted on a hill overlooking the Willamette River. It looked like a cross between L.A.'s Getty Center and a clump of East German apartment blocks, and there was no escaping the sight of OHSU as you drove into Portland. As we crossed the Steel Bridge over the Willamette on our way to the Mallory Hotel, the hospital where Daryl died came into view. Looking grim, Terry pointed it out to me. “I hate this place,” Terry said. “I hate fucking Portland.” The bridge dipped down and we drove into Portland's old downtown as OHSU slipped out of sight. The adoption agency we

were pinning our hopes on was based in Portland. It had offices in Seattle, and with the exception of a required two-day seminar in Portland, all the preparation—the paper-work, the intake interviews, the jumping through hoops—could be accomplished in Seattle. Once the two-day seminar was over, Terry insisted, we were never coming back to Portland. Ever. Our agency did “open” as opposed to “closed” adoptions. In an open adoption, the pregnant woman, called the birth mother in agency-speak, selects a family for her child, and has a mutually agreeable amount of ongoing contact with her child, usually two or three visits a year, with photos and letters exchanged at set times. In an open adoption, there are no secrets: the kid grows up knowing he was adopted, and knowing who his bio-parents are. Our agency was the first and still is one of the few in the country to do truly open adoptions. Since a lot of people were unfamiliar with the concept, and since some were spooked by it, the agency's managers felt they needed at least two days to explain how it all worked. It also gave the agency a chance to weed out couples who didn't get it. Since the agency placed more children than any other in the Pacific Northwest, couples who weren't into openness sometimes attempted to adopt a kid through the agency. These couples might come to resent or fear the birth mom after they got their baby, and attempt to interfere with her right to visit, or make her feel unwelcome when she did. The agency felt it was in the best interest of all concerned that the children they placed wound up with couples truly committed to the concept. So here we were in Portland, checked into the Mallory, this fussy ol' lady of a hotel, ready to demonstrate our commitment. But if we didn't get out of our hotel room in the next fifteen minutes, we weren't going to make it to the seminar on time, which would make a bad impression, which would call into question our commitment. And if we didn't get a kid out of this, the drive and the fight would all have been for nothing. But we couldn't leave, because my boyfriend had locked himself in the bathroom and wouldn't come out. Which was my fault. While I'd been right to stand my ground about blasting dance music in the car, I should have dropped it after I'd gotten my way. But I kept right on picking, making snide remarks about Björk when we were getting out of the car and walking into the hotel. Had Terry won, he would've done the same to me. After monogamy and dance music, picking was our biggest issue. We both had older brothers; I was the third of four kids, and he was the second of two. Younger brothers are less powerful than older brothers, so persistence and stamina are our survival/vengeance strategies. Older siblings may hit harder, but younger brothers move faster, and we are relentless. And like all younger brothers everywhere, neither of us knew when to stop. We took jokes, wrestling matches, and “playful” fights past the point where they were fun or sexy, right up to the point where someone, usually me, got hurt. In straight relationships the younger-brother dynamic is sometimes present, but only when a younger brother is present, and most women date only one younger brother at a time. Only in gay relationships can two younger brothers come together. The younger-brother dynamic was why, when the hotel receptionist asked us how our drive down was, I opened my fool mouth and said, “Fine, except for the Icelandic lunatic in the car with us.” I'd gone too far and someone—Terry this time—got hurt. But I was not responsible for my actions; my birth order made me do it. From inside the bathroom, the boyfriend wanted to know why I couldn't let it go. He'd turned Björk off an hour and half ago. We weren't even in the car anymore. Why couldn't I leave it alone? “It's stressful enough being in Portland at all,” Terry said from behind the green bathroom door. He wasn't locked in the bathroom because he was crying, but because we were fighting, and when we fight we prefer to have a door between us. A closed door. “We have to be the presentable, nonthreatening, happy, happy, happy gay couple in a room full of straight people for two days. Why do you have to pick now to be such a prick?” “'Cause I'm a brat,” I said to the door. “I'm a brat just like you. And what is this locked-in-the-bathroom stuff but your

final dig?"He didn't answer."We gotta go be presentable now, Terry."Silence."I'm sorry I called Björk a lunatic. She's a genius."Nothing."Honey, let's go get pregnant. You can name the baby after Björk, teach him Icelandic folk songs, I don't care."Still nothing. Finally, in desperation, I lied."You can listen to whatever music you want in the car all the way back to Seattle."The door opened. All was forgiven.We met right after I turned thirty. Terry was twenty-three, but told me he was twenty-four, thinking the extra year made him sound more mature. I was in a gay bar for the first time in three months. The end of a particularly rocky relationship had kept me in my apartment for weeks, wondering why I'd ever wanted to suck cock in the first place. This relationship ended months before our lease expired, so my ex and I continued to live together. He worked through his grief by stuffing as many cocks in his mouth as he could get his hands on, and then coming home and telling me about it. We all grieve in our own ways. I stayed home and moped; he went out and screwed. The totally unfair part was that I dumped him. Why was he out there having a grand old time while I stayed at home eating bags of cheap cookies and reading *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* for the fourth time? Not fair.I hadn't had sex in four months the night I met Terry. So, in all honesty, I couldn't have cared less how mature he sounded, and there was no need for him to lie about his age. I was primarily concerned with how he looked, and he looked good. We were in a bar, so I knew he had to be at least twenty-one, but he looked like a kid. He had shoulder-length hair, a huge mouth, and beautiful lips. He was wearing a tight T-shirt and dancing with friends. Terry awakened the dormant pederast that lurks in my soul. Like a lot of people, male and female, I have no interest in messing around with actual teenagers, but grown men who could pass for teenagers? Matt Damon? Johnny Depp? Brad Pitt? The male beauty ideal at the end of the twentieth century is distinctly adolescent, and on this issue I march in lockstep with the larger culture. Cute? Boyish? Hairless? Bring 'im in and strap 'im down.We were at Re-bar, a funky bar on the edge of downtown Seattle, on a Wednesday night. It was Re-bar's fifth anniversary party, and the place was packed. I was gossiping with Ginger, one of Re-bar's drag queens, while she worked coat check."Look at that cute boy with the hair and lips," I said to Ginger, nodding at the cute boy with the long hair and pretty mouth on the dance floor.When the cute boy with the long hair and pretty mouth came over to coat check to get something out of his coat pocket, Ginger seized the opportunity to embarrass and humiliate me."Isn't this the boy you were talking about?" Ginger brayed. "Say something to him." I glared at her. "Talk," she commanded."You have a pretty mouth."Oh. My. God. I sounded like the rapists in *Deliverance*."The better to eat you with," said the boy with the long hair and pretty mouth as he turned and walked back over to his friends.A little later, and a whole lot drunker, he was back. It seemed he was serious about that better-to-eat-you-with comment. We chatted for a few minutes, just long enough to establish that we were both single, both of us dug the music (he meant it, I was being polite), and neither of us smoked. Then we made our way to Re-bar's only bathroom with a lock on the door.Terry and I didn't consummate our relationship in the toilet, although Ginger did shove a handful of condoms under the door. Instead, we headed back to my place for some hi-how-are-ya-wanna-fuck-gay-boy-bar-slut sex. Making out in the bathroom broke the ice and allowed us to verify that neither was lying about being a nonsmoker. And before I take anyone home, I always make sure I like the taste of his spit. Terry's spit tasted a lot like beer, and I like beer, so I invited him back to my place. My ex had just moved out, taking the furniture with him, and I don't remember much of what we did in an empty apartment, but I do remember thinking, Wow, this guy is a great kisser.The next morning, I couldn't remember the name of the cute boy with the long hair and the amazing lips, so I had to peek at his driver's license while he was in the bathroom. That's when I learned his real age and full name. Terry looked like the perfect

transitional boyfriend. I had the trajectory of the entire relationship mapped out: I'd enjoy the pleasures of pederasty without any of the legal trouble; Terry would learn how to tie some interesting knots; we'd have a falling out over something stupid, not speak for a couple of months, and then be friends. But it didn't work out quite that way. Despite my best efforts to find fault with Terry early enough to smother my growing infatuation—he hadn't been to college, he didn't know what he wanted to be when he grew up, I was seven years older, he worked in a video store—we kept on seeing each other. It helped that, right after we spent the night together, he came down with a bad cold, awakening my warm and nurturing side. I saw him every night that first week, bringing him Thai food and renting him videos. Slowly, gradually, over two days, I fell in love. On paper, you couldn't design a worse match. He was a club kid. Not the murderous drug-pushing New York City variety, but the kinda club kid who follows DJs, reads British music magazines, and works a seventies look. I don't like music, don't dance, and wouldn't follow a DJ to water in a desert. A mutual friend, a DJ as it happens, who knew both of us before we met, said that when he heard the news, he laughed out loud. "Never in a million years would I have put you two together," Riz said. "Never you two, never, never." If I'd met Terry a year or two earlier, I wouldn't have put us together, either. I wouldn't have seen him again after that first night. But here's what sealed it for me, here's what made it love: early in our two-day courtship, when he was sick, I bought him a book he'd mentioned. When I gave it to him, he was so excited he got out of his sickbed and jumped up and down. The book? Gore Vidal's *United States*, a twenty-five-pound collection of forty years' worth of Vidal's essays. Most twenty-three-year-old fags don't have a clue who Gore Vidal is, and Terry not only knew who he was but cared enough to jump up and down. We'd been together ever since, and things had taken on an air of permanence: joint checking accounts, mutual decisionmaking about major purchases, vacation destinations, dinner plans, and so on. Though he spent practically every night at my place after the night we met at Re-bar, Terry kept his own apartment for nearly two years. My last boyfriend and I had moved in together pretty quickly, and I didn't want to jinx things with my new boyfriend. Two years into this relationship, I still called Terry my boyfriend, much to my mother's dismay. "He's not your boyfriend!" my mother instructed me. "You're thirty-two years old! He's twenty-six! You're not boys! You live together! You're talking about having children! He's your partner, Danny, not your 'boyfriend'!" The older she got, the more my mother spoke in exclamation points. Terry might not have been my boyfriend, but I felt silly calling him anything else. "Partner" made me feel as if we were cowboys or lawyers or the Clintons. It's just so . . . genderless. Straight people find it comforting, I guess, for its very genderlessness. Not coincidentally, the place you most often see "partner" used in the shackled-up-deviants sense is *The New York Times* obits of highprofile homos. Straight people and press organs that want to acknowledge gay relationships while at the same time pushing the two-penises stuff as far out of their minds as possible love "partner." I hate it. Other alternatives to "boyfriend" had their own problems. Calling Terry my lover made me feel like Pepe Le Pew, some skunk with a French accent, and I wouldn't call him my spouse because he wasn't. Until same-sex marriage was legal, something I expected to happen around the time my children's children's children were long dead, I could only call Terry my husband or spouse if I was willing to say those words with little quotation marks stuck on each end. This I was unwilling to do. Not that we hadn't thought of throwing ourselves a faux wedding, inviting friends and family, and extracting our fair share of gifts, but we couldn't bring ourselves to do it. Terry didn't want to get "married" or have a "wedding" or say "I do" because, he said, he didn't want to act like straight people, which is an odd thing for a gay man about to adopt a child to say. Can you act much straighter than having babies? Before we could think seriously about getting a kid, Terry and I



had to make a serious commitment to each other. We wouldn't have a pretend "wedding" or exchange "rings," and we wouldn't be changing partners quite so casually as we once did. After the kid came, if I ever left Terry, or if he ever left me, it'd have to be for some very good reason. But there'd be no wedding, and I'd never have a "husband." For me, my discomfort with gay weddings was articulated by a close friend, who observed that gay people getting married is like retarded people getting together to give each other PhDs. It doesn't make them smarter, and it doesn't make us married. As we drove from our hotel to the adoption seminar, the "boyfriend" issue came up. We hadn't been together all that long, by gay or straight standards, and Terry didn't want us to emphasize our relationship's relative youth for fear of harming our chances. But when the inevitable go-round-the-table-and-introduce-yourself moment came, we'd have to say something. We had already agreed to lie about how long we'd been together, tacking on at least one extra year. But stuck in traffic on one of Portland's bridges, we couldn't come to an agreement on an acceptable alternative to "boyfriend." We resolved to avoid the issue by avoiding any relationship-defining terms. We wouldn't say boyfriend or partner or lover or anything, we'd just introduce ourselves as Dan and Terry. If any of the straight people at the seminar weren't savvy enough to figure out that we were homos, well, someone else would have to clue them in. While we searched for parking, we tried to remind ourselves why we wanted a kid, another question we were sure to be asked during the seminar. There were a lot of reasons, and we'd discussed them at great length with each other, with friends, and with family. But as Terry pulled into a parking space, we were both so nervous that we couldn't recall a single one. A Kind of Progress

The seminar was held at the other end of Portland from the Mallory, in Lloyd Center, an enormous and unsurprisingly soulless shopping mall. We parked near the Toys "R" Toxic and walked in. Lloyd Center was all plate glass, primary colors, canned music, and the usual-suspect collection of Gaps, Cinnabons, and chain department stores. For a weekday, the mall was crowded. In the food court, clumps of wary seniors eyed packs of surly teens. The only unique thing about Lloyd Center was the ice-skating rink plopped down in the middle of the atrium. At first, the rink seemed absurd, but then what wasn't absurd about this environment? Why not an ice rink? Lloyd Center, like all malls, was designed to prevent the making of beelines. We were late and in a hurry, but we were forced to wander around looking for the conference rooms. We headed up an escalator, consulted a color-coded map that only added to our confusion, crossed a sky ramp, stopped in the food court for coffee, cut through one of Lloyd Center's two Baby Gaps, doubled back through the J. C. Penney's, and wound up back in front of Toys "R" Toxic. As mall design goes, Lloyd Center's was more devious than most, which was appropriate considering that Tonya Harding—a more devious figure skater than most—sometimes practiced on Lloyd Center's rink. We looked at another map, and were forced to wander past the temptations of Cinnabon again and again, searching for the conference rooms. It was fitting that we'd come to a shopping mall to begin the "adoption process." Children in the United States being the ultimate consumer item. As it turned out, Lloyd Center's conference rooms weren't in Lloyd Center proper (very devious), but hidden behind an unmarked glass wall at the back of a cafeteria on the second floor of an attached office tower linked to the mall by yet another sky ramp. The office tower was not on any of the color-coded maps, so the three times we returned to the color-coded map next to the Cinnabon were a waste of time and willpower. The fight at the hotel, coupled with the hard time we had finding Lloyd Center's conference rooms, made us about ten minutes late, and we were the last couple to arrive. We were also the youngest, the malest, and the gayest. As we walked in, six couples sitting around the large conference table in the large beige room looked up at us. Tinted windows overlooked a parking lot, and with only two empty seats left at the table, it was

abundantly clear that everyone was waiting on us. Someone from the agency handed us a notebook and gestured to the open seats. Unless they took advantage of our late arrival to warn the other couples that homos would be taking a place at the table with them today, our arrival must have come as a shock. If Terry and I had arrived first and some other gay couple had shown up at the last minute, I would have been shocked; this wasn't somewhere I would expect to find other gay men, so I couldn't imagine the straight folks weren't surprised when we walked through the door. But it was smiles and nods all around as we took our seats. The conference room had the tense feel of a classroom before a standardized test. Everyone sat, willing themselves to stay calm and only succeeding in making themselves more nervous. The rest of the couples appeared to be between their late thirties and late forties, except for a couple across the table from us who looked late-twenties-to-early-thirties. Everyone was well dressed, well groomed, and well fed. Everyone was also white. The look was professional, upscale, and suburban, the guys in Dockers and the girls in tasteful blouses with skirts or pants. No one was guilty of too-big jewelry or too-big hair. Terry and I, in our jeans and T-shirts, baseball hats and running shoes, looked about as out of place in this room as we would at a coronation. Sitting at the table, nervously pretending to review the agenda in our notebook, I found myself wondering who at the table disapproved. The straight couples in this room had more important things on their minds than our homosexuality, of course. Homos can fall into the bad habit of seeing homophobes under every bed, so attached are we, at times, to our own oppression. Still, we were deep behind enemy lines. Making or adopting babies isn't something "they" expect to see "us" doing. I was willing to give everyone in the room the benefit of the doubt. It could very well have been that no one here disapproved of two gay men adopting a child. All these adoptive-parents-to-be could be as progressive as the agency they hoped to adopt from. Maybe the looks I saw six husbands shoot six wives were in my head.

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The Kid What Happened After My Boyfriend and i, The Kid What Happened After My Boyfriend and i fight, The Kid What Happened After My boyfriend died, the kid what happened after my boyfriend and i decided to go get pregnant, The Kid What Happened After my wife, The Kid What Happened happens after, the next karate kid what happened to daniel, what happened to butch cassidy and the sundance kid, what happened to the 21 kid after fame, the fighter and the kid what happened to bryan, what happened to the kid from two and a half man, what happened to pat garrett after billy the kid, what happened to kid creole and the coconuts, the fighter and the kid what happened to malik, what happened to the oovoo javer kid, what happened after break up, what happened to the karate kid, what happened after baby p death, what happened to the yodeling kid, the karate kid what happened to ali, what happened to the 21 kid, what happened to the little boy in them, what happened to billy the kid, the flash what happened to kid flash, what happened to the little boy in my girl

Twenty Things Adopted Kids Wish Their Adoptive Parents Knew, The Open-Hearted Way to Open Adoption: Helping Your Child Grow Up Whole, It Gets Better: Coming Out, Overcoming Bullying, and Creating a Life Worth Living, Skipping Towards Gomorrah, The Money Book for the Young, Fabulous & Broke, Trying Hard Is Not Good Enough 10th Anniversary Edition: How to Produce Measurable Improvements for Customers and Communities, Surviving the White Gaze: A Memoir, Blindspot: Hidden Biases of Good People, In On It: What Adoptive Parents Would Like You To Know About Adoption. A Guide for Relatives and Friends

**What people say about this book**

Paige A. Strickland, "Review of: The Kid, (What Happened After My Boyfriend and I Decided to go get Pregnant) an adoption story by Dan Savage. Review of: The Kid, (What Happened After My Boyfriend and I Decided to go get Pregnant) an adoption story by Dan Savage  
Writer/ Journalist, Dan Savage appears to be an adoptive parent who gets it. He's written a book about his and his partner, Terry's experience when they decided to adopt a baby in the 1990s. With great detail, humor, and compassion for their son, his birth mother and fellow adoptive parents, Savage explains the deeply thought out process of deciding to become parents. He describes how he and his partner felt while attending pre-parenting classes and meetings with the biological mom which their Portland, Oregon agency arranged. This book is important for all members of the adoption constellation because Savage offers his unique perspective as a future adoptive parent in the public eye due to his career plus also a member of the LGBTQ community. It is unique because there are few adoption-themed books available from this social group, although the vast majority of his experiences and attitudes while waiting are universal to many couples who are expecting a baby. The Kid is probably one of the funniest books you'll ever read on this subject as well. This was a fun summer read because it was light and uplifting. However, Savage is the kind of person who masters humor to cope with and deflect his sincere feelings of compassion, love, care, and respect for the community of adoptive parents, social workers, his partner and especially their birth mother and son."

theta444, "I wish this ranked higher in the general "adoption" category.... ...for those of us who are modern/Millennial/Generation X/urbanite/blue-state/possibly heterosexual/open-minded families. A lot of the books that come up in adoption searches are treacly Chicken Soup for the Adoptee's Soul type stuff, or very Christian-oriented (as are many adoption agencies). I set out to read this because I've been a fan of Dan Savage's column for over 10 years and we were thinking about adoption, so I was looking for something not-so-treacly-or-Christian. I was rewarded by his typical honesty and acerbity, and also humanistic respect-with-a-dash-of-realism for the other people involved in the process, from his in-laws, to his son's birth mother, to the agency's workers. And though this generally labelled and categorized under "Gay and Lesbian Adoption," I thought for the most part the experiences were more applicable than not to every couple looking at open adoption. There are some passages that talk about the unique aspects of adopting as a gay couple (they never struggled with fertility; they thought they would never have the ability to get married; the way they were treated by some family members) and about some political and moral issues around discrimination against gay people, which I could see turning off someone conservative. Thankfully, due to the work of Dan and many other activists, most of these issues have become part of the national dialogue between the time the book was written and now--so to anyone who is reading it specifically for a memoir on open adoption, those passages are more tangential and mundane, than radical. In short, I recommend this to anyone who is considering open adoption, and looking for something respectful but fun to read about it. I don't recommend it to anyone who is homophobic or disrespectful of queer families."

Robin Gallant, "Great, takes a bit to get going. This was wonderful, hilarious, engaging, tear-jerking and an all-around fun read. Characters were well-rounded and complete, even the "gutter punk" kids with bit parts were absolutely complete characters. I did think that the first 5-6 chapters got a little bogged down in exposition (my internal editor was mentally removing the chapter "put this book down" as it was entirely irrelevant and didn't move the story forward in any way); once they got into the "pool" and we met Melissa I found it a much more engaging

read. Also I wanted to know more about Bacchus and DJ during that first year...as the book came to a close I really felt I hadn't had enough. Also, while I personally love Savages writing, I find his in-person conversational/interviewing style more than a little brusque and stand-offish, so it was weird to read the parts about others being stand-offish or removed when he really seems very much that way in interviews. Just an observation..."

Margaret, "Surprising, funny, and touching. I expected the book to be funny, and it was, but I didn't expect it to be as open and honest as it turned out to be. Dan is frank about his motives for adopting and his feelings all the way through, right down to the fact that he didn't instantly "bond" with D.J. It was so refreshing not to read the usual adoptive-parent "I fell in love the second I saw him" gush. (I'm a mother who bred my own baby, and I didn't fall in love with him for a couple of days, so that always sounds phony to me.) I have lots of reservations about adoption as practiced in America (and nowhere else), but this is one even I can't criticize. Melissa definitely couldn't keep her baby, yet she still gets to see him and have a relationship with him, which is great for both of them. Dan and Terry totally lack the selfish sense of entitlement to a baby and resentful anger toward young, fertile women that characterizes so many Desperate Infertile Couples. I was in tears myself as I read the scene where Dan and Terry take D.J. away from a sobbing Melissa in the hospital and can barely restrain their own sobs until they get into their car. (Again, none of the obscene gloating of so many adoptive parents.) Best wishes to Dan, Terry, D.J., Melissa, and everyone else who's a part of this adoptive family! And thanks, Dan, for a wonderful book. Potential readers: buy it!"

WindingWay, "Couldn't put it down. I never expected an adoption memoir to be gripping, but I couldn't put this down. Savage is funny, charming, honest and self-deprecating in the right places, but not to an indulgent degree. He works through the implications of gay adoption in an enlightening and entertaining way. I'd especially recommend this book to those who are planning to adopt – LGBT or otherwise, but it could charm anyone except for perhaps the most bigoted among us, and I bet even they would have trouble suppressing a smile here and there..."

Fabler, "Dan Savage is a great author and satyrist. Dan Savage is a great author and satyrist, besides being an excellent advice columnist. It could have been proofread a little better but in all it's a light and entertaining read even though it tackles some serious political issues in America."

Jamie Bowden-Smith, "A really good read. A fascinating story for modern times, told with frank honesty and a lot of humour. Well worth a read."

julie taylor, "Fantastic. Great book and such an amazing journey written by a talented author"

Rhona Morgans, "The Kid. Dan Savage is honest, informative, smart and funny, as he leads you through the uncertain and sometimes heart wrenching trip that is adoption. Couldn't put this book down."

The book by Dan Savage has a rating of 5 out of 4.6. 197 people have provided feedback.

About the Author Praise for Dan Savage's THE KID Title Page Copyright Contents Dedication Acknowledgments Fertilization Gestation Birth Afterbirth

## **Book Information**

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