

I hate ads. Blurb about capitalism. I feel like I *am* capitalism, like I'm black, soooo product-like, and fleshly, soooo service-like. When I watch a show, my god-given right, I should be advertised lives that aren't mine, not ones I can attain.

I'm seeing an Ad in the New York Metropolitan Transit (Transportation?) System (A?)/system?, somewhere between like the lower part and the higher part of, like, the city, but definitely underground. It advertises baby picking. One by the company I was to find out, named: *Nucleus*, which promises optimization for babies through advanced genetic screening in cahoots with IVF providers.

"Have a better baby." it remarks.

I giggle, "What if I want a worse baby?"

Then, in that station, I swear, someone throws a baby at my head, and I say to the throwers, otherwise known as parents, "Aerodynamism is not her strong suit; they should've selected that gene from the start!" (I'm joking)

If they gave me a better baby on Amazon, that two-day shipping would sweeten the deal, and free, fast returns: caramelize it.

So I also think: how entitled do you have to be to think you deserve a better baby because you pay for it? Because I can't deny there's a spectrum of babies and there are better ones, but I also don't deny that I don't believe that money should provide you access to beauty, feeling, and freedom otherwise unable to be caught.

Ok, so then you ask: "Am I upset about ads, generally, for their ethical flavor?" (I imagined you said that, that wasn't real, we didn't have a conversation) Sort of no, but also yes, but I really do want to focus on the baby I could have, or the end of an episode of a show, and how that suspense giving out would've felt like a rush of water in the 1930s if I were great and plain. And so I guess I'm suggesting ads, in their disruptive nature of soul and eye, will always separate us from pure life, but not really.

Moreover, I am also entitled to perfect rising action, climax, and falling action, not cut through, and ears free of jingles. I've never needed someone to tell me what to get by tomorrow, or to make my baby today.

It's also super funny most of the time, especially when you think of it in a performance studies way, that everyone is deliberately acting out who they are and seem to be. I've trained myself to think this way in the face of ire since my friend suggested it at a museum a while ago, like months ago, a while.

Get a better baby, what if I want a *butter* baby???

So anyway, I start seeing this like a theatre, super embodied and separate, and I look around to see the rest of my patrons. Cart mama and cart papa, two people going down separate staircases to their trains, no obvious connection, but obviously star-crossed at some point, both saw it briefly, and they didn't understand it, but I suppose they resent their current baby for that.

My friend also is seeing it, I don't remember if I told you that, and I tell them my "worse baby" joke, and they barely laugh.

One asian baby, one curly-haired baby of black and probably something else origin, one white, © blonde haired and blue-eyed baby. The multiracial baby is sick. I could imagine myself having a better baby like that, of course. I live in an urban metropolis, I'm more likely to engage in miscegenation than the rest of the nation's cities and towns. And human life is worth more than whatever, everything, but are babies the most emblematic of that? With that, should outcry ensue at possible violations of that sanctity?

Then I'm thinking of all the possibilities on my train ride:

Lawsuits like: "Did you not get a better baby when you really eugenically wanted one? You're entitled." crop up 45 years down.

And: "Maybe my friend (insert name) is mad at me?"

"Maybe I'm not funny anymore, too much time on vacation."

And I never think about it again until right now, *now now*. And then I woke up, and it was all a dream (I'mmmm joking!).

The end.