

ALL QUIET ON THE  
HOME FRONT

By

*Therese G. Eide*

## All Quiet on the Home Front: **Parenthood**

All Quiet on the Home Front ©Therese G. Eide

**Editor** Tonje Tørnes

**Art Direction and translation** James R Baker

**Editor i chief** Kjell Frostrud Johnsen

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# PARENTHOOD

AN INSTRUCTION MANUAL

Grooooo

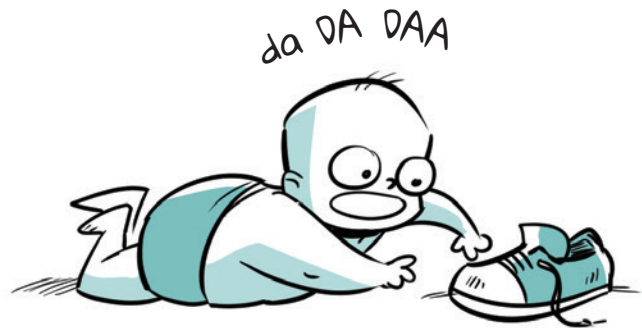


This is a baby

While all parents like to imagine they've created a completely unique citizen of the world, all babies are essentially the same



So it's wholly acceptable to joke, talk, brag and bitch about babies



Because, irrespective of how bad things get, it could be *absolutely any baby at all*



Because said baby is not yet a person



A baby is a baby, is a baby, is a baby





# PART 1: CHILDFREE AND HAPPY

Some time ago, it was popular to post pictures of your younger self and compare them to the current iteration.



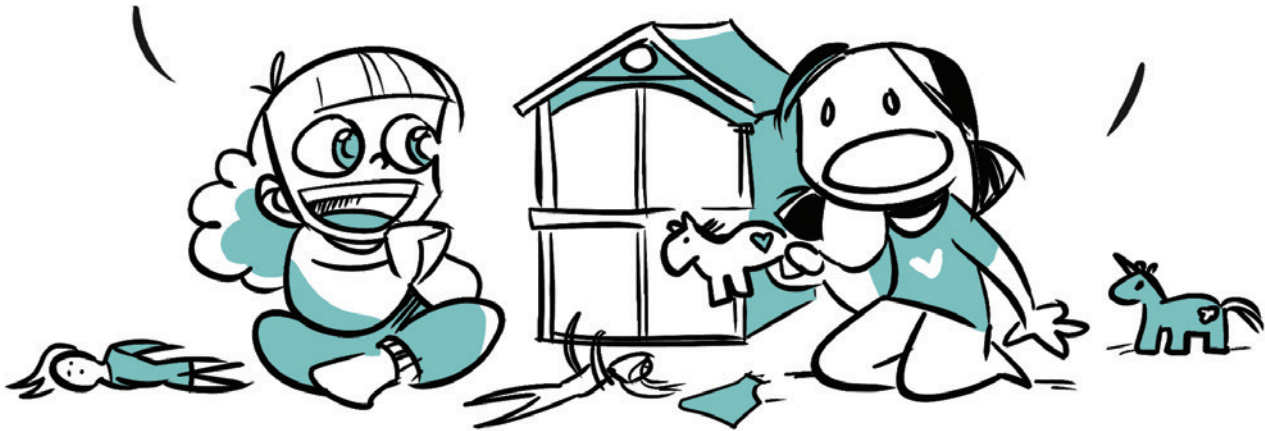
Ten-years-younger-me just wouldn't get now-me,  
which isn't particularly weird



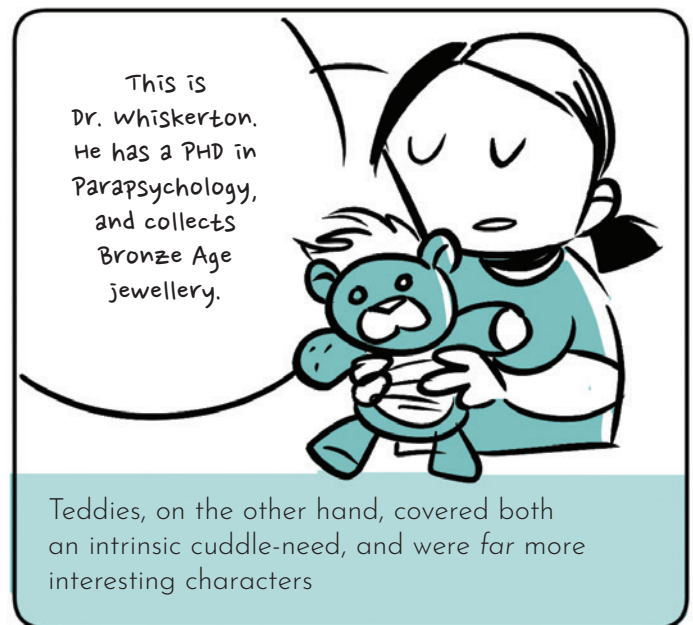
From a young age, I understood that there are two types of people in this world:  
those who've always known they want kids, and everyone else

So we need a kids' room,  
'cause Barbie's gunna have four kids:  
two blonde and two brunette

Yeah but where's the Magic Pony  
headquarters gunna go, then?



I was definitely in the latter group

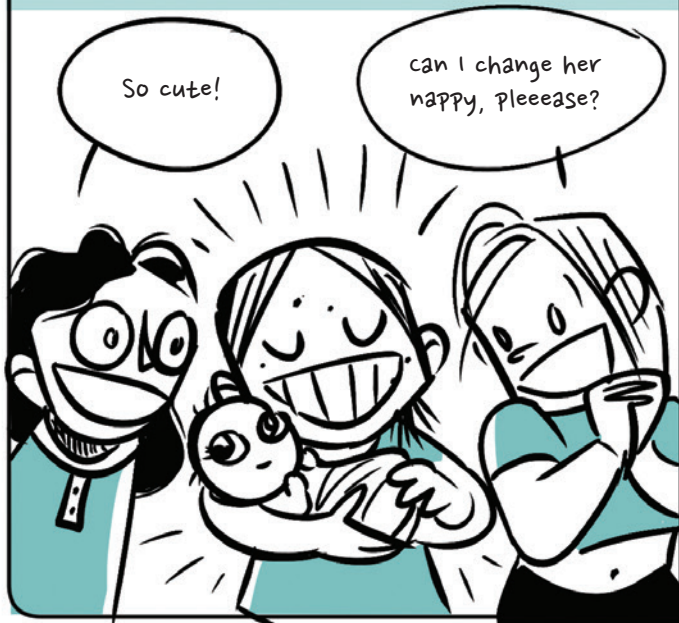


Even so, babies were my everyday, because, as I reached puberty, my parents decided to start on a second batch

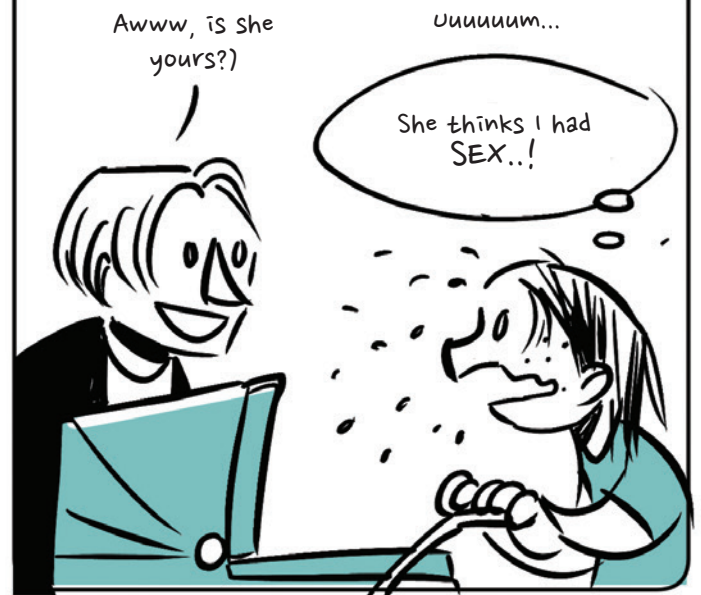
It was actually pretty cool for my teenage sister and I to suddenly have "proper" kids about the place



And said toddlers and infants gave us a certain status among our peers, who were very keen on babysitting.



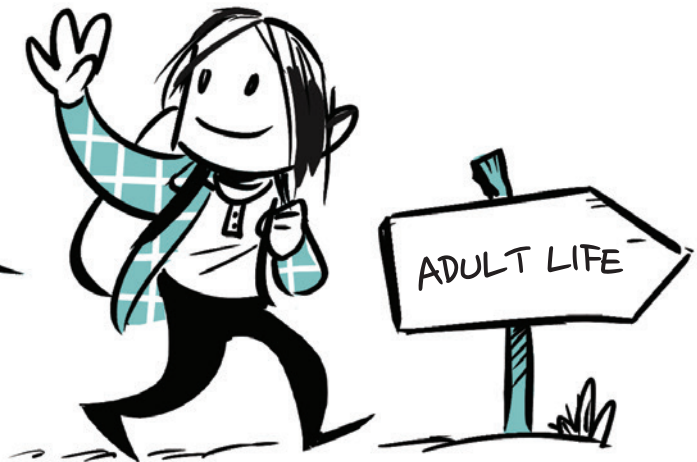
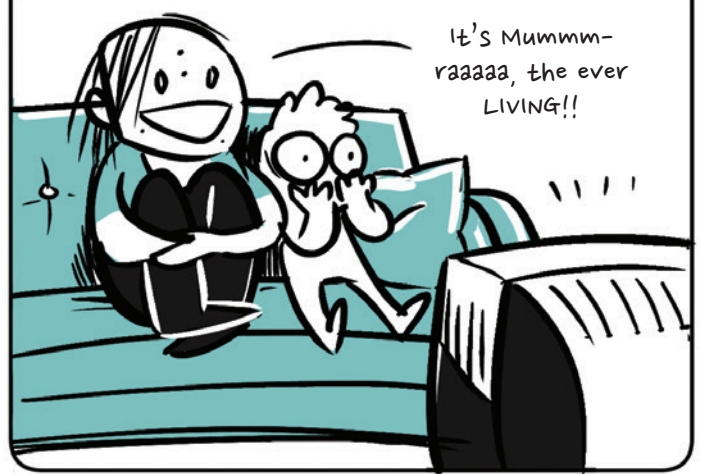
The highlight of my day when an adult mistook me for their mother



I spent much of my teens in a house filled with baby bottles, nappies, toys and general chaos.



My younger siblings meant I could still watch cartoons completely without shame



So by the time I moved away, it was as if I'd already had kids. I was very ready for a new, child-free phase to begin.

The whole world lay before me, and I had no intention of letting anything stop me exploring

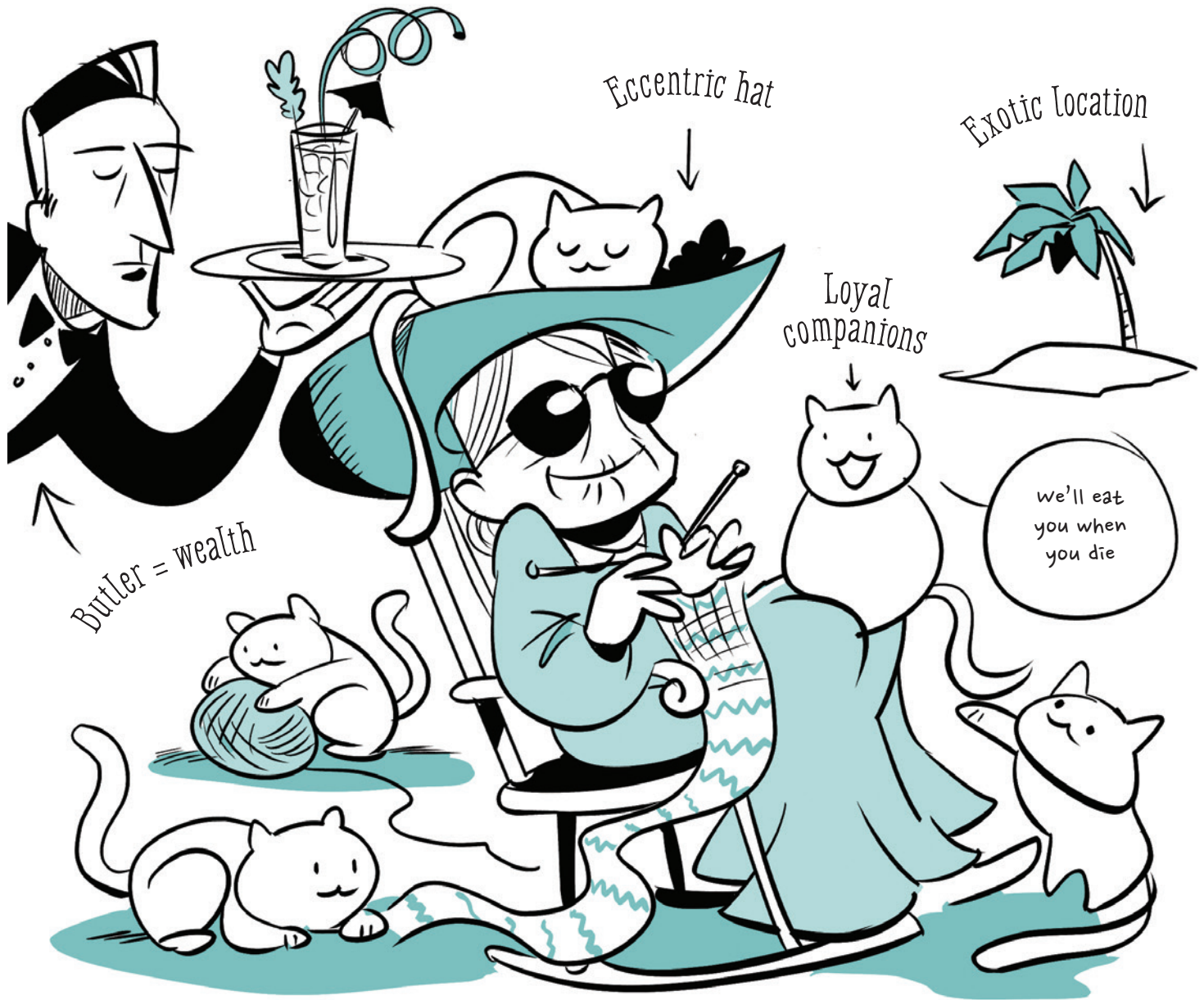


Besides, I already had a travel companion...





Both versions of myself, however, shared a vision of my old age



All this seemed like a superlative way to spend my twilight years

Well, that dream died a sudden, tragic death when I first developed a severe cat-allergy...



... And then met a man with whom I actually seemed to have something in common





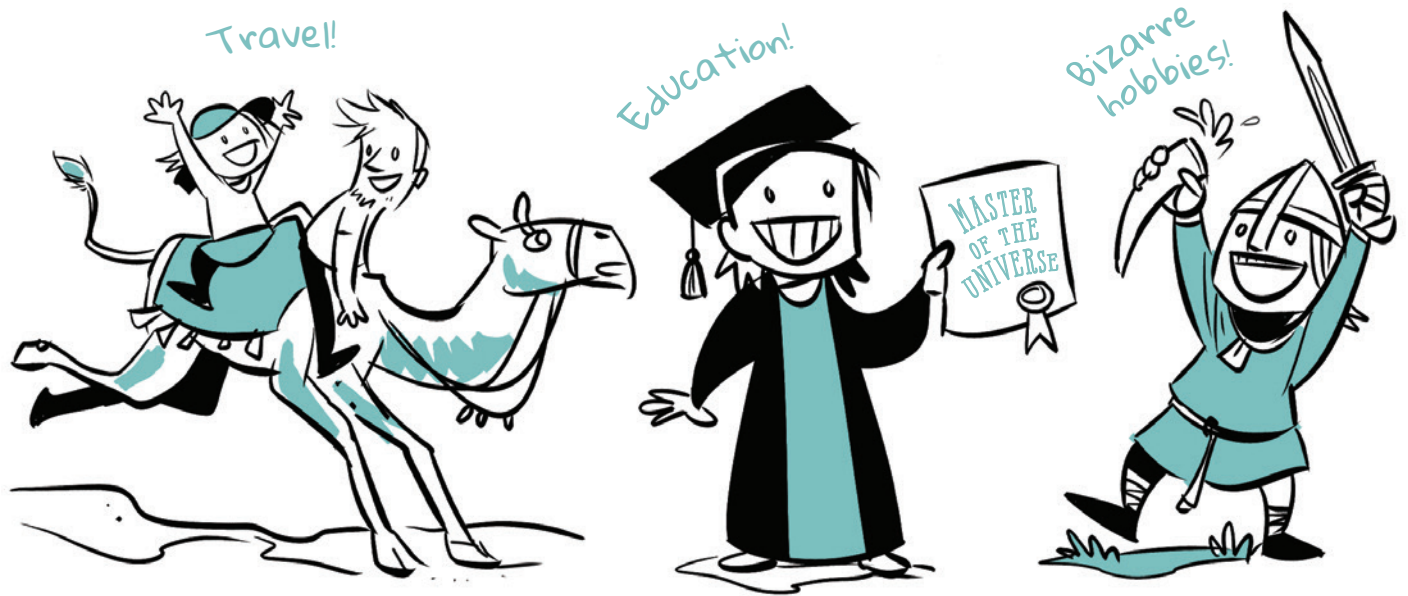
When friends became parents in their twenties, I still seemed to be lacking their parent-gene



And I was far from alone, being part of a sardonic generation who both feigned disinterest in just about everything and revelled in our own collective ineptitude



As a modern woman, there was no expectation that I would have children in my twenties.



My mother, who still had children at home, made sure to emphasize exactly that:

You  
REALLY  
don't need  
to have kids  
yet...



At that time, I was very grateful to have such progressive parents, but it struck me later on that she was maybe trying to avoid yet more babysitting

For me, the whole notion of the Biological Clock was just another of the Patriarchy's absurd inventions



While I'm not particularly proud of it, I made a conscious decision to portray myself as someone who knew absolutely nothing about raising children



But then one day...



... My own hypothetical kids started turning up.

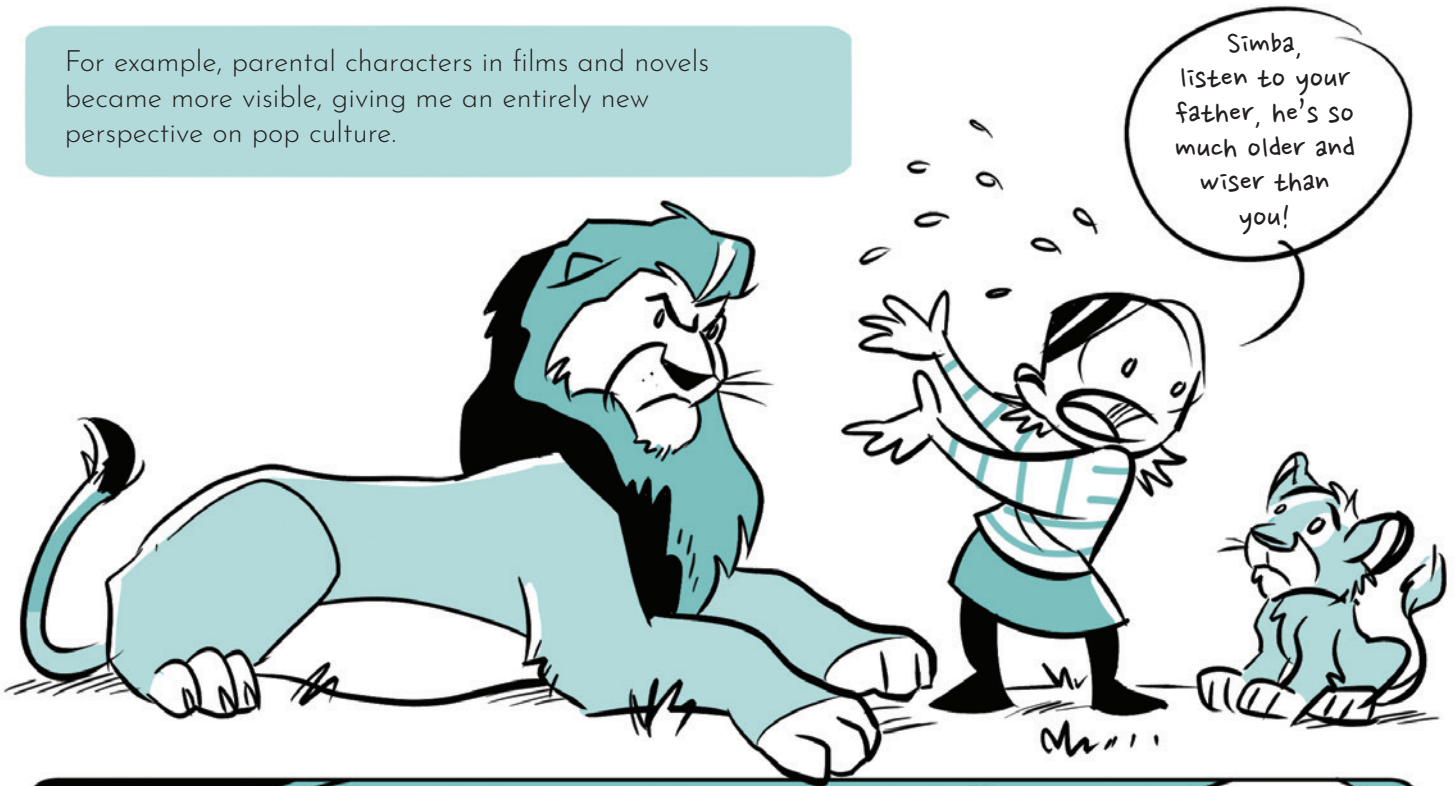
I had always imagined that the Biological Clock would manifest itself as some kind of deep-rooted need to procreate



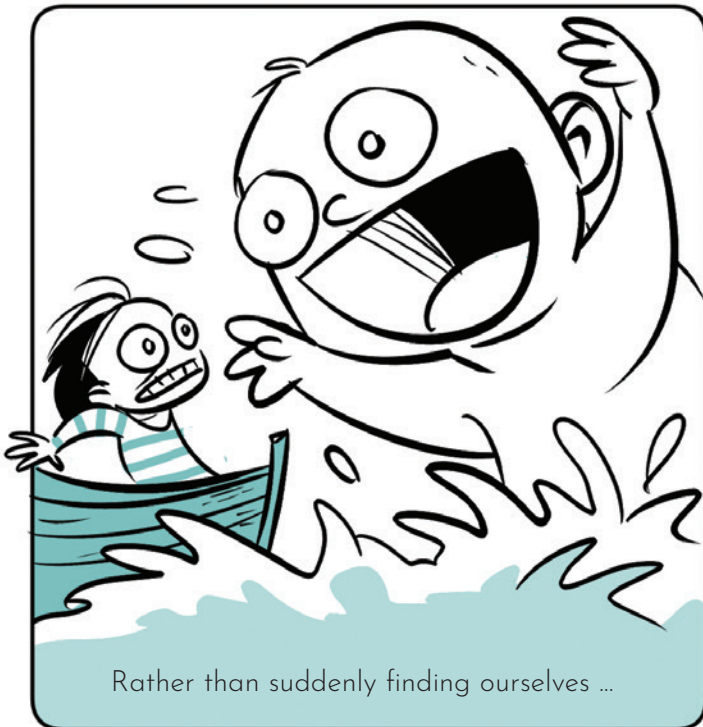
But it arrived instead in the form of new perspectives



For example, parental characters in films and novels became more visible, giving me an entirely new perspective on pop culture.



At the same time, I was worried that parenthood would change me. I finally had the life I'd wanted: a partner, a job and a flat. Why not just lean back and enjoy it?

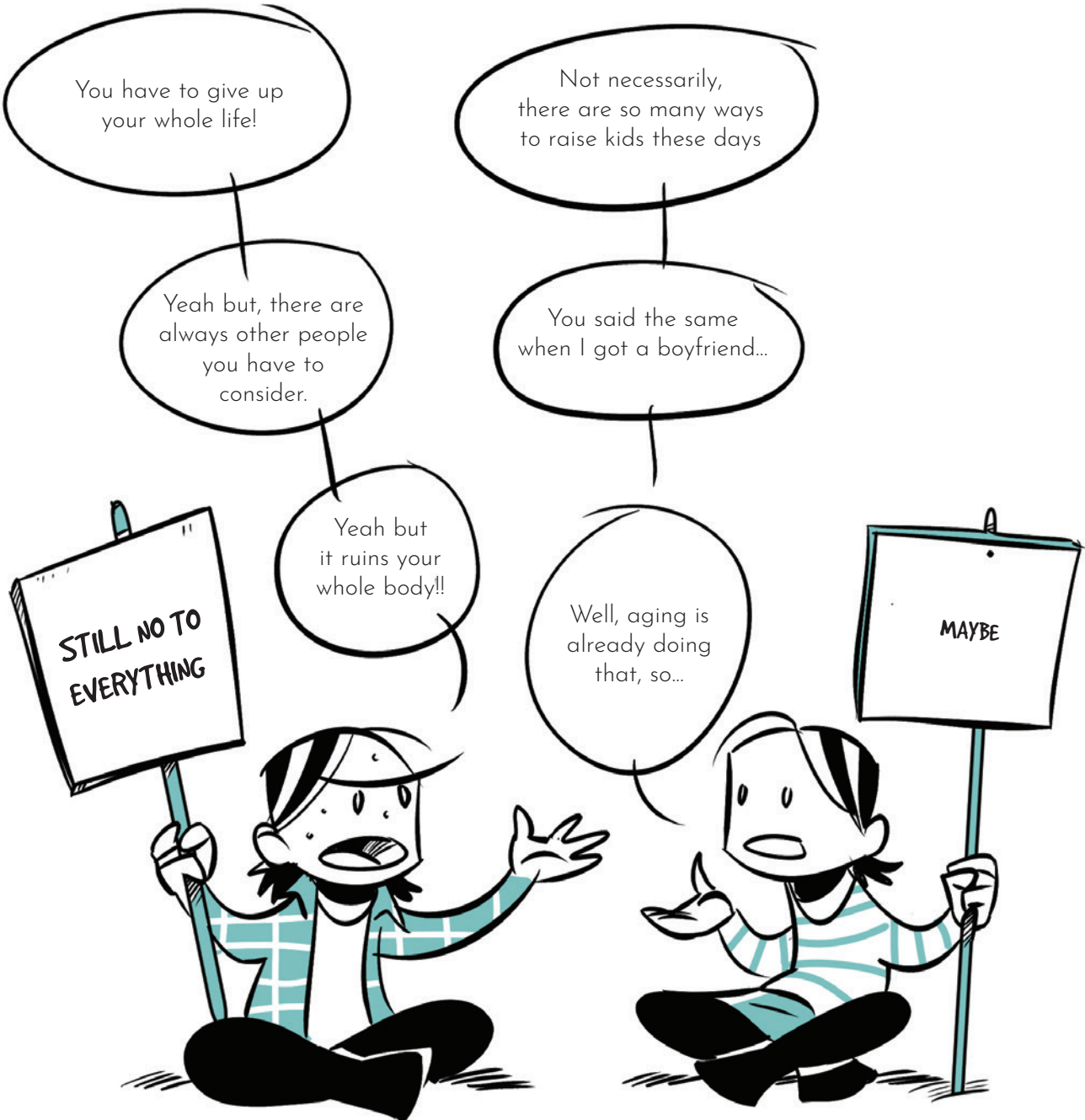


Or even worse: become one of those joyless hags intent on stamping out happiness wherever it's found; a figurehead for the claustrophobic terraced-house-and-2,4-children life





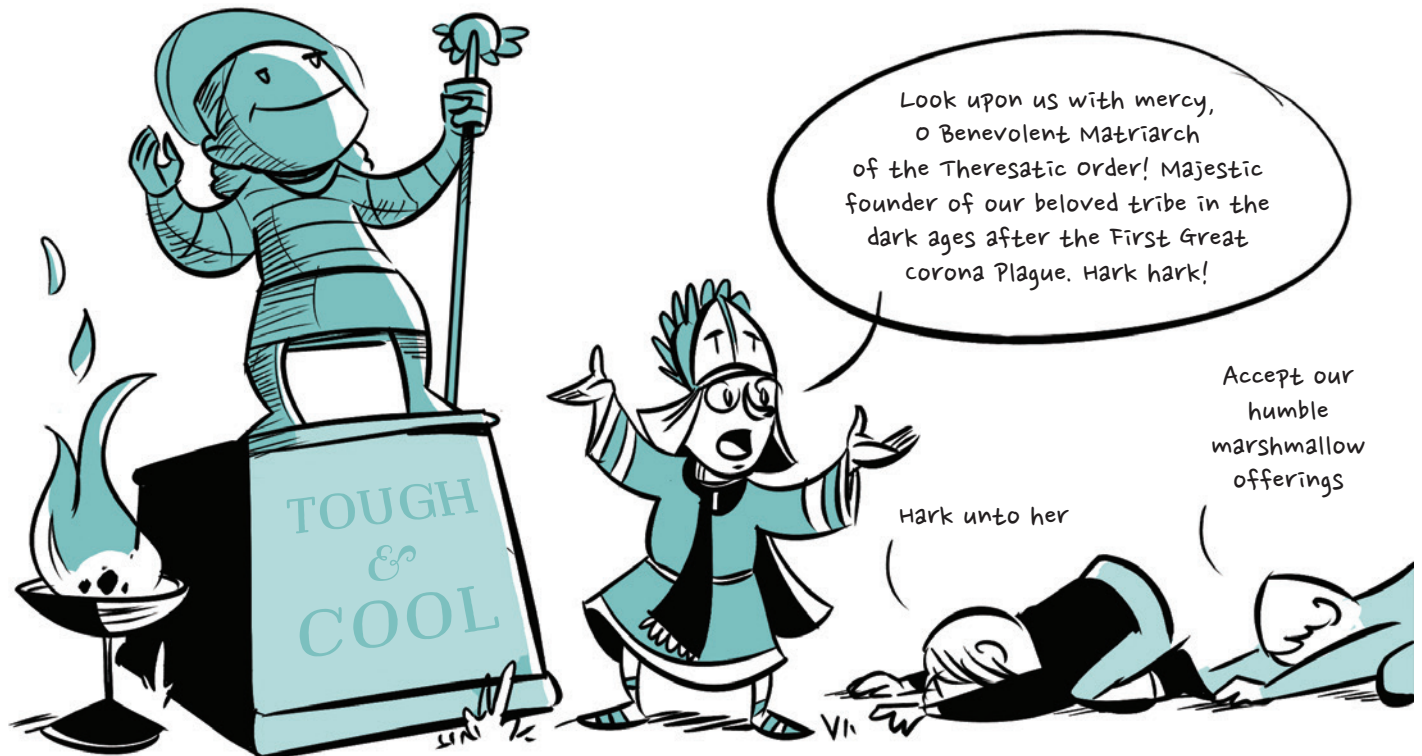
I had far too many conversations with my inner teenager



And for the record, I agree completely with those who view having kids as egotism; it is one of the most selfish acts imaginable.

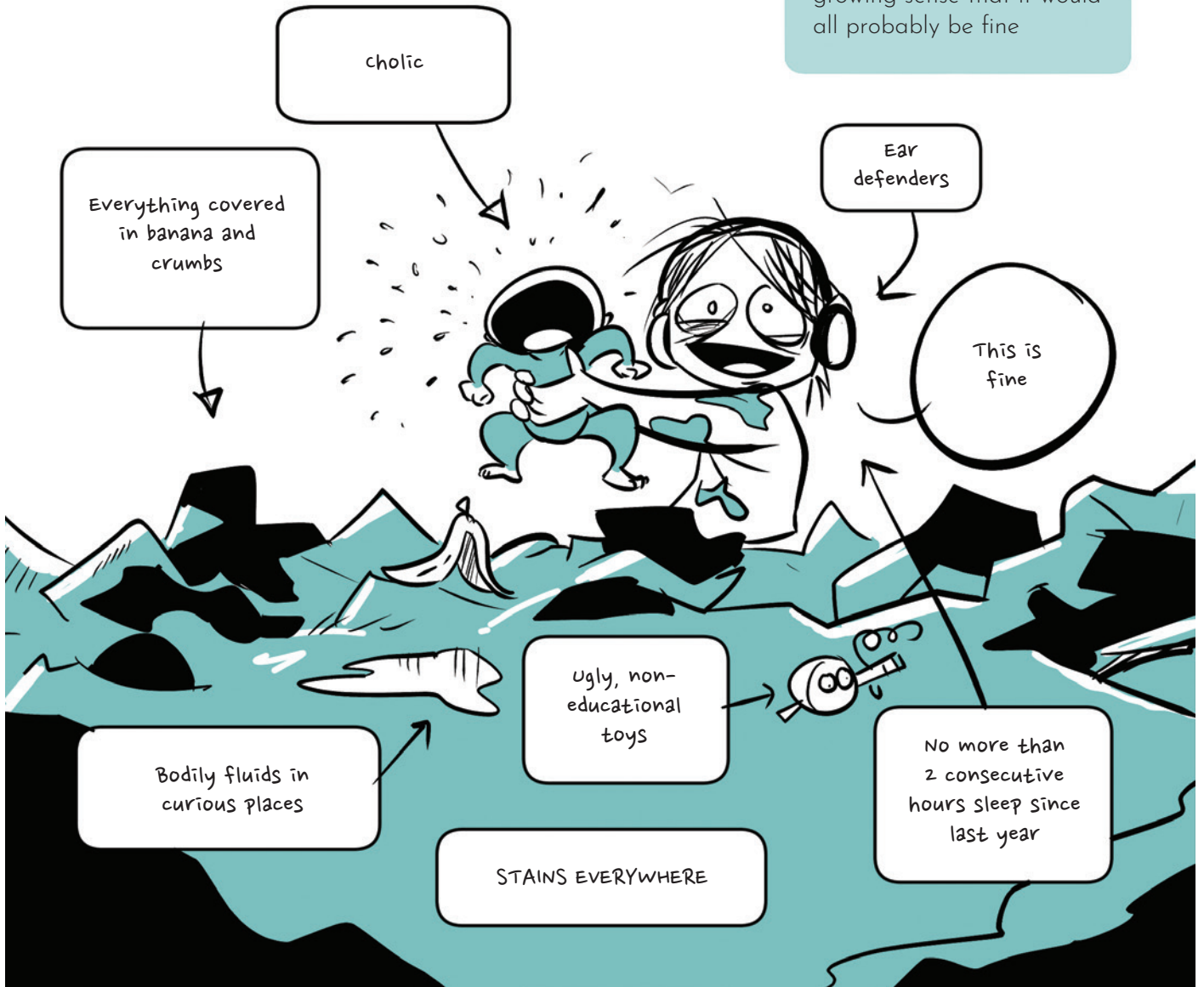


And for us secular types, our own clan is the closest we'll get to immortality



Slowly but surely, a mental image of my life with children appeared through the fog. And, given my natural inclination towards pessimism, it looked much like this

Simultaneously, I had a growing sense that it would all probably be fine

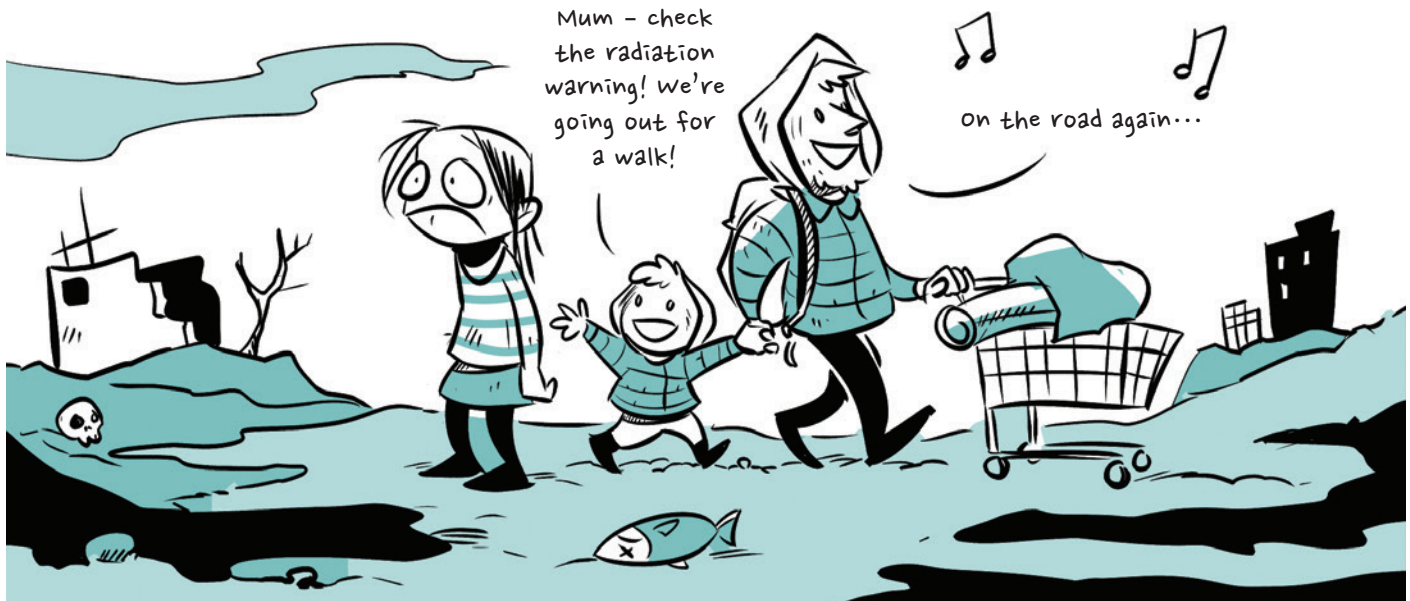




In the meantime, my favourite inner teen had another compelling argument



She did, actually, both that bringing more children into the world was not particularly green, and that the world in question could well be a post-apocalyptic wasteland



But then again, not having kids felt a little like giving up.



Maybe the solution to the world's problems wasn't repressing my most fundamental needs.



I wanted to be someone who invested in the future, both by making new people, and securing their future.



But post-pocalypse sounded cool...





I believe  
that children  
are the  
future

YOU ARE SO  
RIGHT, WHITNEY!

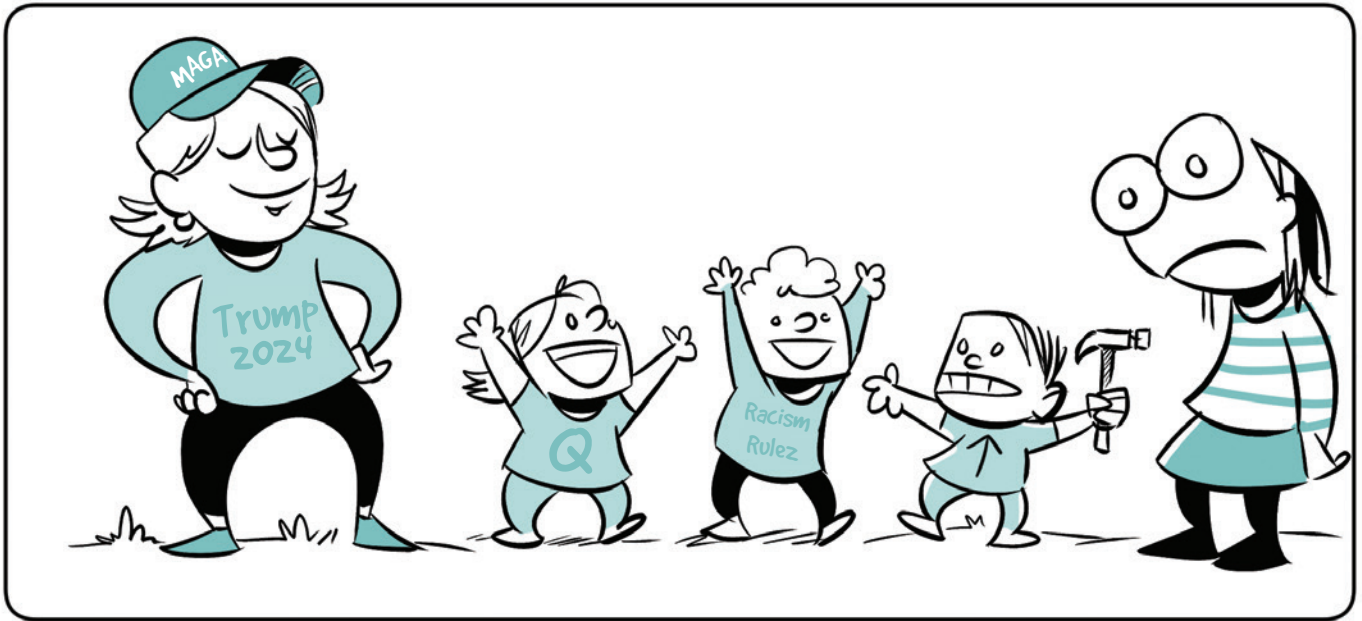


Having kids was like tying myself to the future, a conscious effort to no longer focus on myself, but instead on my great grandchildren



Well, that's what I tell myself

To be honest, though, what I fear the most is that all the insufferable twatbags of this world will fill it with their gruesome offspring, eventually becoming the majority



In which case attack really is the best defence





Eventually, I even managed to convince the inner teen



It's like twisting our bodies  
as a kind of F--- You to  
Judgement Day

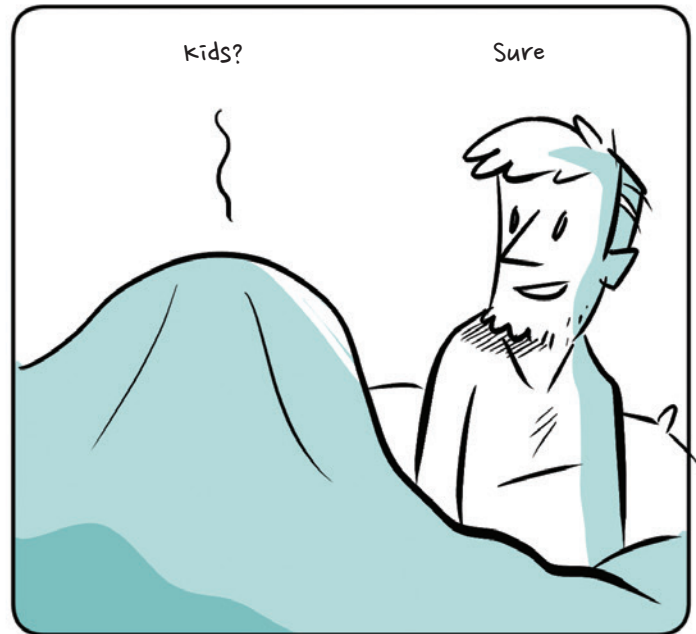


Pretty punk,  
then, really...



So, there  
was only  
one thing  
left to do

Ask the husband. It went a little something like this.



Yeah, not particularly good at talking about important stuff



So there we were, at the edge of a parental precipice,  
ready to leap into the unknown

Yeah, I know this metaphor doesn't work as we'd crush the babies  
when we jumped, but just ignore it and read on, alright? Cheers.

# PREPARATORY TIPS!

Unsure that you have what it takes to make babies? Why not test your skills on inferior lifeforms?

ZZZZZ



Reminiscent of a new-born in calmer moments. No real risk of anything other than bread.

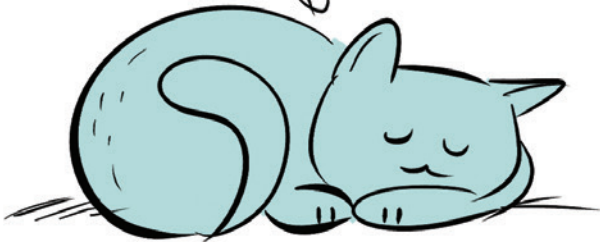
Sour Dough



Gives you oxygen for free, and while more Insta-friendly than the dough, a little more difficult to keep alive. Still easy to replace if mishaps occur

Plant

Absolutely does not care about you



Another level of responsibility but with violent mood swings that approximate puberty. Bonus role: grandparent/teddy bear

Cat

cut off the crusts like last time?



The classic Childish Boyfriend™ is an ideal test in meeting complex emotional needs.

Man-child



The sands of time stand still for no-one. Further excursions in parenthood can be found on the following pages, namely strips I did after suddenly finding myself a mother of three...