

To Mom: Thanks for the genes

Mother's Day is a day of appreciation, of gratitude, and of guilt. Guilt for all the things I put my mother through over the years. A time to say I'm sorry, and to recognize how much she did for me. This Mother's Day I'd like to apologize for what is probably the worst thing I've ever done to my mother. And you did it to your mother, too.

Dear Mom: I'd like to say I'm sorry. I'm sorry for manipulating you, stealing from you, taking control of your blood supply, and consuming part of your body. I, like everyone else alive today, did all this before I was even born, with an organ I no longer possess. Of course, I wasn't consciously doing these things to you, in the same way I'm not consciously controlling my liver. It just sort of happened.

It all started when I was a zygote. I was floating through your uterus when I bumped into your uterine wall. I'm not proud of what I did next, but I really wasn't thinking. (That's not an excuse—I was just a clump of cells.) I used my outer layer of cells to invade and destroy parts of your uterus. This outer layer consisted of my trophoblast cells, and I used them like a horde of ravenous snakes: winding through your uterine wall, killing your cells, and sucking up your nutrients. With my trophoblasts I burrowed into your uterine wall like a parasite until I was completely embedded in your tissue.

Read the full, original story: [The Worst Thing You Ever Did to Your Mother](#)