

Next time I wonâ€™t pop the balloon!

Luckily, she was quick to forgive me and then finished another bottle. Things were going pretty good, so I figured a nice ride in the stroller should be attempted. Avery usually gets fussy at first, and I have to start running with the B.O.B. stroller before sheâ€™ll calm down. But, she didnâ€™t make any sounds of protest as I strapped her in and put Abby,our Golden Retriever, on the leash.

I started off at a steady run in the nice weather and settled into a good pace. Mind you, a good pace with a dog and stroller creating drag in the stupid wind is nothing fast, but itâ€™s still a run. I kept checking on her as I ran, but she never let out a peep, and I could see she was asleep. How? I have no clue since there were bumps all along the way, but I didnâ€™t want to stop until she had a good nap.

5 miles later and Abby was panting and dragging pretty bad, so I had to bring her inside for water. I let her in, Avery not budging, so I went back at it for some more running. By the time she finally woke up, we had run 6 miles and walked a little extra. Breaking new ground feels great! Avery even awarded me with a smile as we returned home.

Avery finished another bottle as we watched the Nordic Combined Olympics and then had a little play time. Well, I thought it would be play timeâ€¦



Hey, she holds herself up pretty well though, so thatâ€™s something.

I put her down for her afternoon nap and again, I had to wake her up. Something just felt *too* good about today. I made sure not to abruptly come in with a booming voice like the first time, and Iâ€™d say she was happier about thatâ€¦



From Sleepy to Bashful.

Not sure how, but she finished her fourth bottle of the day right as mom walked in. Man was I happy to report on the good day, and even happier that Avery stayed that way for the night. I love having a happy baby for Kelley to come home to and I strive for this every day.

We enjoyed each other's company for a while and "talked" with Avery until her bath time and then she was down for the night. I can only hope for another successful day tomorrow. Oh please Avery, please!

Do you ever have what seems to be a completely different baby than what you had the day before? Any good stories?

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