



Diaper Blowouts are Crappy

Description

Pun very much intended here! Diaper blowouts are indeed crappy both figuratively and literally. Anyone who claims otherwise is either A) some weirdo who loves poop or B) in the business of [blocking blowouts](#). Like, for instance, this appropriately named [Blowout Blocker Diaper Extension](#).



Butt (ha ha, get it?), Avery doesn't have her poop shoot up her back, it's escaping from the seams around her legs. We use cloth diapers, and I'm starting to wonder if the elastic is just losing its strength or Avery's crap is just getting more powerful.

Going Mom and I are positive it's a combination of the two. Probably doesn't help when they are on the runny side. Am I getting too detailed? No? Okay, I'll keep going then. Just be glad I don't have pictures to share! ðŸ™,

On Wednesday morning, I walked in on Avery rolling around her crib with poop all over the sheets and her and then me. A quick bath, lots of wiping, spraying the diaper forever, a change of clothes, and load of laundry later and we were good again.

The morning carried on as usual; she threw her green smoothie on the floor several times and we had a lot of [standoffs](#). I even brought her to the bounce house since I had to go to Costco which is nearby. I was sure the [bounce house](#) would keep us on good terms, but Mickey Mouse was there and she DID NOT like that giant cheese lover!

Once home, we had lunch, ran around the house, and even read an instruction manual.



Then it was nap time.



But I just got to the French version of the instructions!

Just over an hour later (yeah, she doesn't give us much for naps these days), I walk into her room and am overwhelmed with déjà vu. There she is, rolling around her crib with crap!..everywhere!..again!

Same lengthy routine as last time and we were good once again. Her sheets are pink, but at this rate theyâ€™ll be washed out white in no time!

The next day, Thursday, I cautiously walked into her room prepared for another blowout, and not the fun, party variety, but was pleased to see a clean Avery and bed. But there was no poop, which means sheâ€™s a ticking time bomb. This girl has crapped 5 times in a day, so we never feel safe.

Sure enough, right after changing her, she took one drink of her morning smoothie and that got things *moving*. Still no blowout, and she even came to me with her guilty â€œI poopedâ€• face.



Changed and good to go once more, we finished our [NuttZo](#) and banana breakfast before getting ready for the morning walk. As I was cleaning up in the kitchen, Avery ran off to the couch to jump around, her current favorite activity despite my pleas to be careful. Shortly thereafter, she came back to me with her arms extended to pick her up to which I obliged because, parenting.

Damn parenting, I shouldâ€™ve known she was too quite for her own good. I look down and have a nice plop of poo on my shirt and see it oozing out the side of her legs. Crap, I thought (yeah yeah, literally and figuratively again), the couch! Sure enough, she tagged the couch with her crap. My patience gets tested mostly every day, but this felt like the final exam!..or at least mid-terms.

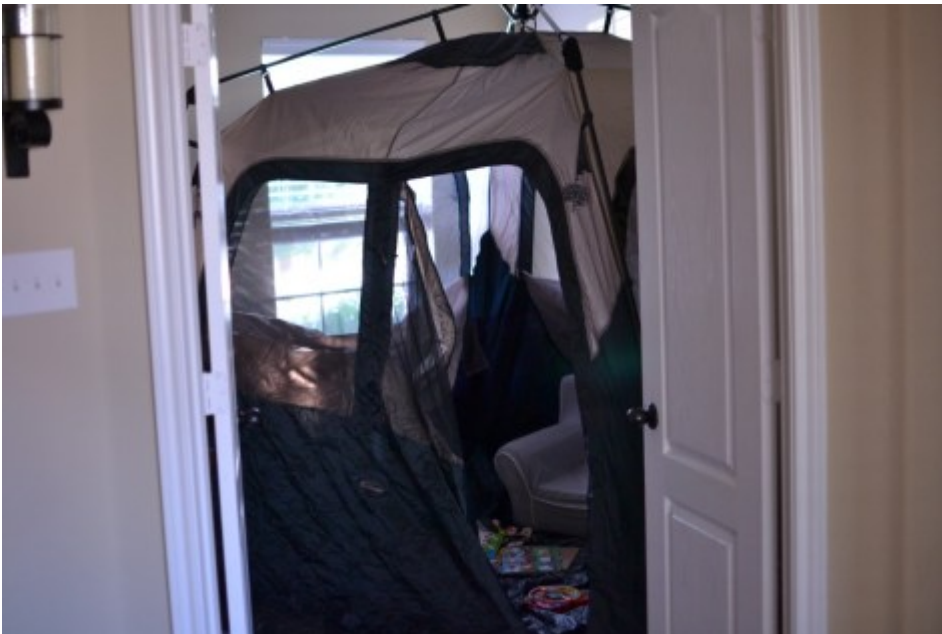
Same cleaning routine again, including all of couch cushion covers and all of us getting stripped down. I think Avery enjoyed my frantic state, but seemed unsure of her wild post-shower hair.



I was trying to cook that night's dinner before the episode, so I went back to finish while handing Avery a few fresh green beans to snack on. This helps to keep her from standing on my feet and pointing at my butt and then saying "œbutt".

The girl has yet to understand chewing her food, so this resulted in her gagging on a tiny green bean. A big cough and a two gags later, and viola, I have a very viscous vomit on my feet. Can you even call that silver lining since it wasn't a blowout?

I took Avery to clean her and my feet and then shut her in the playroom where I setup our tent which is obviously a little too big for indoors.



just so I could clean the floor without her going to wipe everything around with her hands like I know would and has happened.

Friday was a blowout-free day, but her morning diaper was so overloaded with poo that she leaked all over her sheets. Washed out white, I tell ya, those sheets wonâ€™t be pink much longer!

What a week! Who knows what the weekend holds (or doesnâ€™t for that matter), but I guess only time will tell. Wish us luck!

How often, if ever, do you experience blowouts with your little ones?

Any tips you want to share for cloth diapers in order to prevent more blowouts?

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