

“My Dad’s Boobs are Worthless” and Other Random Musings from a Baby

Description

Yes, you read that right, babies, my dad’s boobs serve no purpose other than to confuse and annoy me!



Every night after my bath, mommy sits down with me and I have no issues with feeding until I go to sleep. Then, when I wake up and cry for more food, mommy will be there to give me what I want; milk! I can just eat until I’m so full all I want to do is sleep.



But, sometimes daddy comes in, sits in the same chair using the same Boppy as mommy and when I go for “the milk source”, I only end up disappointed!



So babies, if your dad grabs you when youâ€™re hungry, save yourself the trouble and wait for some external feeding source. My mom and dad call it a bottle. Here, look at this mug and remember the word next time you are about to go for your dadâ€™s boobs.



What really wets my diaper is that daddy carries me around with his shirt off as if to tease me with his useless nipples. I remember one time, during the day he did this and I thought Iâ€™d go for a snack and wound up with hair instead. I was beyond annoyed and didnâ€™t even want to smile for the camera.



Oh yeah, and your daddy may not be the only guy who holds you, so beware. This other guy, they call him my [Uncle Preston](#), held me a few times and, well, he just looked confused himself. I let him know I was not here just to be held!



Then he found my tickle spot and I couldnâ€™t help but laugh. Crap, I broke!



So now I know better than to try getting milk from any guy unless they have a bottle. If you find yourself in a guyâ€™s arms when hungry, just act uninterested until your mommy gets you. I learned this at Easter; sorry, Papa.



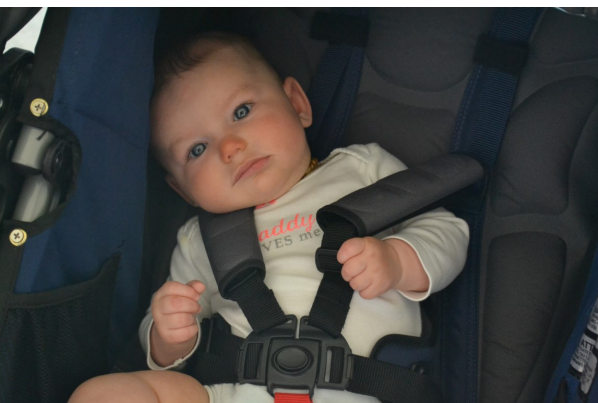
Speaking of Easter, I actually have a few things to reflect on from April. Letâ€™s see, where to beginâ€¦



My dad seems to enjoy mowing the lawn with his [Fiskars reel mower](#) while wearing me in the [Onya](#). I hear him talk about how I just fall asleep while he goes across the yard, but it would be a whole lot better if he didn't always stop to take pictures of himself with the mower. It's annoying and I don't want other babies to see me with my rattle turtle socks!



Strollers, ugh, stroller; when he's not wearing me he's running with me in the stroller. This past month has had some nice weather and we went on several runs, but he always used the annoying weather shield to "protect me from dirt." How about giving me fresh air, dad?! That would be nice and not leave me so unimpressed at the end.



Luckily, [mommy set dad straight](#) and he no longer uses the shield. Ha ha ha, it sure was funny to see mommy prove him wrong!

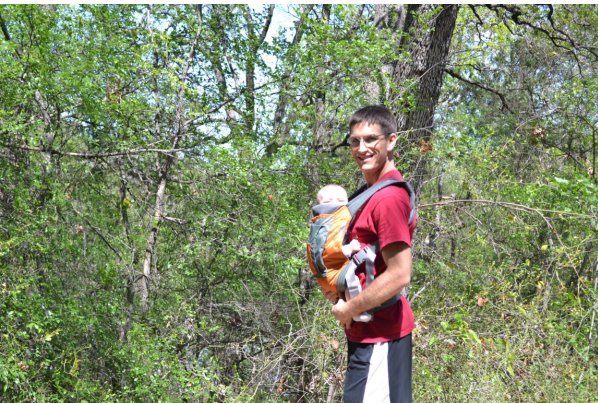


Iâ€™ve really been enjoying my time with G-Ma lately, Iâ€™m not sure why I used to cry when she visited. Maybe her big, shiny hair scared me, but now I just see it as something fun to pull.



watermark

Apparently thereâ€™s more to the world than the same loop around our neighborhood and grocery stores. Daddy took me to what he called trails and we saw a lot of green plants and even a river. But seriously dad, how about not making the sun shoot directly in my eyes next time we do a selfie?



Oh yeah, we also saw a character named Bart Simpson while on the trails. Daddy filled me in on The Simpsons and told me some adult babies were coloring where they werenâ€™t allowed.



Iâ€™ve grown tired of the chair to my swing and it took *forever* for mom and dad to get the hint that I was uncomfortable. I just had to exaggerate a little.



My jumper is okay for a while, but Iâ€™d prefer not to have a camera shoved in my face when Iâ€™m hard at work! Hear that, dad?!



Again, with the camera, just because I turn another month doesnâ€™t mean I turn into some clay model you can put in different poses.



And the bear, ohhhh the bear. I tried whispering to him to help me escape and he was just like dadâ€™s boobs; useless!



Next time, bear, youâ€™re head is mine!



Speaking of models, mommy took a few photos of me when I was on the bed and I must say, Iâ€™m pretty cute. Check out my side profile.



Okay, and one more of my awesome, happy faceâ€¦!



I can move anywhere I want to in my crib now, but I always go to the same corner when sleeping at night. Mom and dad try to face me the other way, but Iâ€™m smart, I just turn around and go right to my spot. Hey, itâ€™s just who I am!



Playtime is starting to be more fun, but I wish daddy didnâ€™t look so awkward when tickling me.



Even rings have become appealing to me now. There are several colors but daddy always shows me the blue one.



I've really been trying to get to the rings when they are out of reach, but so far, rolling doesn't help the situation. If only there were some other way to get at things in front of you!hmmm



Daddy always brings me to work out with him, but I'm never impressed. Sometimes, I question if he even does anything when he always stops and takes pictures of me. No smiles for you, dad, until you're finished!



I do like it better being in my Mamas & Papas chair when heâ€™s in the garage though. Points to dad for finally catching on!



And last but never least, thank you, mommy, for being there for me at night when Iâ€™m hungry. We all know dad has nothing good and I just love being held by you more anyway.



So those are my thoughts on April; I learned a few things and canâ€™t wait to learn more. For starters, figuring out these [Skwish Stix](#) would be nice.



Well babies of the world, until next time, keep my reflections and warnings in mind as you go about learning how to make the most of life. Oh, and, I think I got the Chinese baby look down. Here, tell me if I'm doing it right!



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