

How to “Walk the Walk” As A Baby

Description

Hmmm, daddy’s shoe is pretty cool, I wonder if I want to take it.



Oh, hello there, baby peers. Have you started walking yet?



That’s cool if you haven’t, but you’re really missing out. I just started and I’m already working on my dance moves.



Remember when I talked about [surviving the first 5 months of your life](#)? Or when I shared my [thoughts as a crawling baby](#)? Well, that was cool and all, but Iâ€™m obviously past all of that â€œchildâ€™s playâ€•.



And itâ€™s freakinâ€™ awesomeâ€™!..Haaayyyyyy!



Okay, just had to get that out of the way. Iâ€™m done.



Just kidding, one more time!! Heeyyyâ€¦..Oooohhhh!!



Seriously, Iâ€™m done *now*.



Now that weâ€™ve established I can walk **cough** and dance **cough**, Iâ€™ve noticed an increase in my ability to get what I want and figured I share a few of them with you other, less advanced, babies. Iâ€™ve even been taking notes in my cool book to remember all of my new findings.



First off, as a walker, you can reach things you never could when you were floor-bound. Speaking of, Iâ€™m a little hungry, let me just grab something from the fridge. Oooo, I see a nice jar of [NuttZo](#) calling my name!



Itâ€™s okay, daddy bought it, but itâ€™s mine because I said so. I even had him make me some tasty Pumpkin NuttZo Oatmeal Bread like this.



Since Iâ€™m high-maintenance, I care for sugar laden food in my diet, so I make sure he only sweetens with high quality stevia like [Pyure Sweet](#). Another tasty dish daddy made is this chocolate black bean puree with [NuttZo](#) and [Pyure Sweet](#) mixed in.



Before I eat, I need to take my shirt off so I donâ€™t get it messed up.



Itâ€™s my choice, I swear, I like to keep my clothes clean! Câ€™mon, dad, lâ€™m trying to give advice here, hurry with food!



Ahhh, seriously?! Canâ€™t you just get one good spoonful in my mouth? This is annoying and embarrassing when lâ€™m trying to talk here! Weâ€™re done, put it up, dad, lâ€™m leaving.



See, when you™re walking, you can be more upfront and demanding. Plus, if you don™t like how something is being done, now you have more options in expressing your disdain. For example, since daddy sucked at getting the food in my mouth, I™m going to move this stool in front of the fridge.



Yep, that™ll show him. *And* I still have my shirt off even though I™m a girl. Like I said, whatever I want, I do! Grrrrr!



I am also learning to take matters into my own hands. If I am trying to play and find that something around me stinks, I make a point to find the source.



Obviously, if youâ€™re smart like me, you go to the trash first.



But nope, canâ€™t find anything there. Maybe under the rug?



Negative. I hate to admit it, but Iâ€™m a little stumped.



This is a good time to bring up another pointer; when you begin to question whether you have what it takes to rule the house, go find something and pick it up.



The bigger the better, and try walking it with it if you can.



If youâ€™re as good at ruling as I am, go for a one-hander and make sure mommy and daddy sees you in all of your glory!



Uhhh, crap, I think that just helped me find the source of the stench from earlier. Itâ€™s in my diaper. Which bring me to another thing Iâ€™ve picked up onâ€‘â€‘I can take my diaper off whenever I want!



If I'm in the kitchen and feel like pulling it off, well, I'm gonna do just that! Mommy and daddy realllly don't like this, so I do it more. For some reason, when my diaper is smelly and I take it off, that means I have to take a bath. I don't understand exactly, but I like baths anyway.



Even if Iâ€™m enjoying the bath, I keep my parents in check by showing them what happens if they make me mad.



What? You think Iâ€™m kidding?



I NEVER kid!



One time, daddy was being annoying with the cameraâ€™.



I told him to stop or Iâ€™d eat the turtleâ€™s (his favorite animal) head.



When I heard the camera shutter after I warned him, I showed him I was serious!



Then I slowly started walking (because I can do that now) closer to him to show the now headless turtle. Butâ€¦.



Surprise, I never bit the head off!



You might think I chickened out, but in reality, my reasoning is two-fold. Smiling and pretending to be cute makes your parents forget all bad that you have done, and I enjoy the tasty food they hand me.



Because, without the food, I resort to my sleeve, and that just doesnâ€™t taste as good.



In sum, as a walking baby, you have to *make* freedom for yourself. Otherwise, youâ€™ll find yourself stuck in your crib with a stuffed bear all day.



So heed my advice, babies, or suffer the consequences. You have been warned!



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