

The Love-Hate Relationship: A Toddler's View

Description

Hi there! It's me, Avery, I'm taking over Daddy's blog for a quick explanation about love-hate relationships. Don't worry, he won't mind, I practically have him wrapped around my finger...or at least on my shirt. See?



I've had a [certain stuffed bear](#) around me my entire life, and no matter how [many times we fight](#), we always seem [to make up](#). Well, now there's a new animal in the house, [Lamby](#), and he's become my new favorite stuffed buddy. Even though Bear can make me feel like dancing at times...



â€¦he usually just bums me out.



Finally, I decided I must tell him about Lamby and how he is no longer my best stuffed bud. I kept pushing it off, but finally, during breakfast, there was an awkward silence.



I looked over to initiate *the conversation* with my [old plush pal](#).



He seemed to sense my uneasiness and simply refused to respond or even look at me. Eeek, that awkward feeling got even awkwardâ€¦er?



Knowing that I must get closure, I was the bigger only person and walked over to him so we could talk, pretty blue eye-to-beady glass black eye.



Then, all of the fights we had, the times he kept getting in my way when sleeping, and how Mommy and Daddy obviously didn't like him since they just tossed him at me built up inside. I couldn't help what happened next, my toddler rage took over and wrung his neck!



Just leave me alone, Lamby and I are happy without you!!

I didnâ€™t know I had so much anger inside of me, but I immediately felt bad. I think I even heard poor Bear sniffle a little. Or maybe he has a hidden squeakerâ€™ooooo, that would be cool. No, getting sidetracked here, I simply felt the guilt sink in and only grow stronger. We both needed a big bear hug!



Iâ€™m so sorry, Bear, I promise, we can still be friends.

And now itâ€™s right back where we started. I still love Lamby more, but Bear thinks weâ€™re all good again. This love-hate relationship stuff is hard, and is truly exhaustingâ€™ugh.



Well, whatever the case, I donâ€™t like these confusing relationships one bit. I know I love Mommy and I love Daddy, and apparently I love to hate Bear. For now he can stick around, but if ever goes near Lamby, well, hereâ€™s how I feel about that, and no, Iâ€™m not pointing at the red âœ“Râœ“.



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