

Potty Training is a Crapshoot

Description

We had our first shot at potty training the other day, and after our failed attempts, Iâ€™ve deemed it a crapshoot.



Taken right from [Dictionary.com](https://www.dictionary.com), the definition seems fittingâ€™.

crapshoot

[krap-shoot]

noun

1. Informal. anything **unpredictable**, risky, or **problematical**; gamble.

verb (used without object), crapshot, crapshooting.

2. to play [craps](#).

3. Informal. **to take risks**; gamble.

I bolded the words that stand out the most to me when it comes to potty training. I bet all of you experience parents with plenty of potty training time on your latex-gloved hands are all laughing thinking “just wait”, and I can’t argue.

But, I also bet you agree that potty training is indeed a crapshoot, true?

Honestly, I haven’t looked at one resource on potty training, and we have yet to officially decide when to start attempting to get Avery to sit on the pot. I’m not even sure what age you’re supposed to start, and the more I think about it, it’s just another one of those “each child is different” scenarios.

Isn’t that how it is for almost all of parenting? We get bombarded by advice from what worked for others, but, taking advice from the thousands of internet parents is, wait for it, a crapshoot!

“Oh, my little princess (or DD as most forums call their daughters) was easy to potty train. I just told her to watch me and then she went all by herself! She even wiped, flushed, and cooked us dinner!”

Okay, I might’ve slightly exaggerated, but you get the point. All parents have their own parenting style! It might work for other parents too, but nothing is set in stone.

Anyway, Avery has been somewhat consistent with a morning and evening poop, and every now and then she’ll throw us a curve ball turd with another stinker somewhere in-between. One morning this week, she was in her [Pooping Chair](#) when I heard the poop grunts begin.

It was too late to even attempt to move her at that point since her face was already beet red from squeezing, so I just allowed her to go about her business. Five minutes later, I assumed the deed was done since her normal complexion had returned, and I brought her to be changed.

Diaper off with just a little pooplet (didn’t seem like her normal size), crazy legs in the air, and what do I see? A tiny turtle starting to emerge!! Crap (ha ha), time to attempt potty training session number one! I cradled Avery by holding her back and legs so that she remained horizontal until we made it to the toilet and quickly (but safely) rushed to the bathroom. Almost on the pot and then!..

the turtle’s head fell off on my arm and rolled on the floor, next to the toilet. Damn. Since she had only two smaller nuggets so far, I sat her on the pot just to see if she had anything else to deliver.

She went from whining, to pointing at the bathroom lights, to crying, to hitting my face as I held her, to pointing at lights, and back to crying. I finally gave up, changed her into a new diaper, and thoroughly washed my pooped-on arm as I thought about how I could’ve approached that better.

Back in the kitchen and living room area, I set Avery down so I could finally cook her breakfast. Of course I get to eat some too, which is why I love using [NuttZo](#) as an ingredient and to spread on my creations. But not one minute after setting her down, Avery’s face turned dark red, she let out a grunt followed by her usual “poop shivers” indicating she was done.

Breakfast was put on hold once more as I changed Avery’s massive load. I think I found the body that belonged to that turtle head! I asked her why she didn’t do that when I had her on the pot, but

she just pointed to the light in her room and said “Shdlislek” or something like that.

That night, while Going Mom was playing with her, Avery had her round two. Kelley attempted putting her on the pot to finish any unfinished business, but it only resulted in crying.

Two failed attempts and probably many more to come. Yeah, it “estinks”, but we might as well try when we can. I guess the first order of business (geez, I keep making myself laugh!) is to get a potty training toilet so we don’t have to hold Avery over our adult throne and risk dropping her in. Stay tuned for more adventures in poopland!

Are you past, in process, or still waiting for potty training with your kid(s)?

To you experienced parents, any tips you care to share?

What age did you start and what’s a good training toilet, method, book, etc?

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