

A Parent vs Toddler Standoff

Description

So itâ€™s come to this. We have stooped to the stubbornness level of our toddler and now have a standoff at least twice a day. Itâ€™s usually us asking her to pick something up, but she wonâ€™t budge and neither do we.

We both end up standing there waiting for the other to act, but nothing happens. Well, my wife or I will repeat ourselves more than any parenting book would recommend, and Avery will usually let out a series of whines and/or a cutesy “œhi” with a cheesy grin.

Seeing as to how Kelley and I are both pretty stubborn already, and Avery is, well, a toddler which automatically equals stubborn, these standoffs can be quite time consuming. As a matter of fact, I was able to take pictures during one of our said standoffs and figured Iâ€™d go over how the event went down here.

The scene begins right after Avery dropped her almost finished green smoothie. Instead of picking it back up, she walked away to a corner in the kitchen despite my request to hand me the bottle.



I ask her to pick it up again but only get that “œl” innocent” look.



Going Mom and I have both been through this several times, so I knew it was going to be a while before one of us caved. I asked once more trying to keep a straight face as her turned all puppy-dog-eyes on me.



Meanwhileâ€¦!



Ummm, canâ€™t someone at least just stand me up?

5 minutes have passed at this point, but it felt like 30. I just kept busy with food prep and dishes for the day while she stubbornly stood in her favorite corner. Just as I was about to give in because we had plenty more to do that day, she walks over to the bottle.

I freeze, try to be nonchalant and keep away from the camera, but all she does is stand it up on the floor and step away.



My relief that our standoff was over quickly turned into anguish as I realized she was going to continue dragging it on. Her smile said it all, â€œI wonâ€™t give in that easy, Dad!â€•



It was on, there was no way in hell I would give in now! All chores could wait. Kelley just might come home from work hours later to see us staring at each other with the bottle still standing on the floor. I *would* win this standoff, dammit!

Several minutes slowly passed as I looked around for something else to do while asking her to pick up the bottle a few more times. My angst about how long this would last kept growing deeper, but finally a glimmer of hope emerged; she bent down to get the bottle!



Was this the end of our impasse? Would the household chores and a workout actually get done? My anxiety eased up a little with each progressive move she made.



Yes, contact! Keep going!..



We have liftoff! I think even Avery felt relieved as she held the bottle high in celebration.



I was about to hold my hand out for her to give me the bottle, but I guess all of that time in between made her thirsty.



Ummm, Avery, can I have the bottle now? Iâ€™m pretty sure she was telling me to hold on a minute here.



Finally, after finishing what was left, she relinquished the bottle and most importantly, our standoff. But she didnâ€™t want to act happy about itâ€¦



I took the bottle with a giant grin and praised her for doing good. I think that turned her mood into something better and she even gave herself a little round of applause.



How can you be upset with that face for more than a minute? Not easy, I'll tell you that much.

Although, this is only one of many occurrences that have happened and will happen, I guess it's just a part of parenting.

Do you find you and your kids in standoff situations often?

What are some of the ways you deal with these trying times?

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