Can a Baby Keep a Secret?

Description

Avery: Dad, why do you always have that thing in front of your face while making silly noises at me?

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Me: Iâ€™m sorry, Avery, I didnâ€™t know it bothered you so much. This thing is called a camera and it is used to take pictures of things. In my case, I love taking many pictures of you because you are just sooooo beautiful!

Avery: A camera, huh? How does it take pictures?

Me: Well, this is a DLSR camera and images it captures are saved to a memory card inside the camera. Hereâ€™s a quick description from the How It Works website:

> â€œA DSLR (digital single-lens reï¬‚ex) camera employs a mechanical mirror system that directs the light travelling through the attached lens upwards at a 90 degree angle allowing the photographer to compose the shot through the viewï¬•nder. As the shutter button is pressed the exposure takes place: the mirror swings out of the way and the shutter opens allowing the lens to project the light on to the image sensor.â€•

Avery: I just pooped.

Me: Oh crapâ€¦â€¦ha ha, pun intended. Okay, bad joke, let me get you changed. How about that blue cloth diaper you seem to love so much in this picture?

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Avery: Dad, *youâ€™re* the one who likes that diaper so much. But sure, Iâ€™ll take it if it will make you happy.

Me: No, not really.

Avery: Ohâ€¦â€¦.

Me: Okay, all changed into a dry diaper! And about what I said, I was just kidding, you ALWAYS make me happy!

Avery: Really? Phew, I was getting a little sad. You and Mommy make me happy too. Except when you put me on my stomachâ€¦.I despise that.

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Me: Yeah, Daddy just likes to joke around a lot. You may as well get used to it now because Iâ€™ll only get worse as you get older. But, you and I can work together to get mommy really good! Plus, Mommy is the one who always wants you on your tummy.

Avery: Hmmm, I donâ€™t know if sheâ€™d like that. Oh, and I know itâ€™s you always saying â€œItâ€™s Tummy Timeâ€• right before bed when Iâ€™m already exhausted from crying and sitting in my chair. So donâ€™t blame Mommy you meany. Are you sure itâ€™s not bad for us to play jokes on Mom?

Me: Of course not! Itâ€™s all for fun and games and mommy loves games! But, you have to promise not to tell her when we have something planned. Can you keep a secret?

Avery: I wonâ€™t say a word.

Me: Okay, good, thank you. Also, there will be times when you do something for the first time while mommy is working, but we have to keep those a secret too. So, when mommy is home and you do that thing again, we will act like itâ€™s the first time. Then, everyone is happy, okay?

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Avery: Mmmmm, I donâ€™t know. Whatâ€™s in it for me?

Me: Well, maybe Iâ€™ll do less Tummy Time when you are already extremely tired.

Avery: Seriously, thatâ€™s *all* you have to offer? Weak.

Me: Okay, okay, I know thatâ€™s a lot of secretsâ€¦â€¦ How about Mommy and I extend bath time and I wonâ€™t wrap you in a swaddle where your arms canâ€™t move anymore?

Avery: Yes, that *is* a lot of secrets, but okay, my lips are covered. Literally, see?

Me: Ha ha, I like your sense of humor. I wonder where you get that from? At least secrets arenâ€™t lies though; lies are bad and we donâ€™t tell lies in this house.

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Avery: Yeah, no lies, not telling those to Mommy.

Me: Okay, thanks again sweetheart. Now hold on, I need to get something in the kitchen but Iâ€™ll be right back.

Avery: Hey Mom, guess what dad said!!

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