

Weekend Camping Trip Part 3: A Dramatic Return

Description

We didn't hang around too long the day of our return from camping. Our time together without a kid was wonderful, but we were ready to see our little girl and take real showers. Yeah yeah, only one day, I know.

Besides, if you read [Part 2 of our Weekend Camping Trip](#), you'd know it's not like we were free from kids anyway. Obviously, our kid is way better than any other, so if we're going to be surrounded with little tots, it may as well be our own.

We did take advantage of not having Avery with us to *gasp* go to Costco and grab a few essentials, but then it was straight home from there. The trip home was uneventful and fairly quick compared to driving through [Friday rush hour to get to our site](#).

Upon our return home, G-Ma and Avery greeted us at the front door. Avery yelled "daddy", which warmed my heart, but she wore a frown on her face, which cooled my heart down a little. At least my wonderful mom had a big smile as she held our sweet girl.



As it turns out, Avery was playing on the couch and happened to get her arm stuck between the cushions somehow and twisted it. G-Ma came to the rescue and got her unstuck, but Avery went into a dramatic crying frenzy. This happened just before we arrived home. Weird, she never jumps on the couch.oh, wait.



Once we were there, Avery had put a hold on the scream fest and just had her unhappy face on. But, when Kelley tried to hold her, Avery wouldn't let up, only G-Ma could hold her. No one could touch her hurt arm without sending our tot in another screaming frenzy (which happened a lot), and even when giving her snacks, she made sure to use her good hand.

I'll be the first to say that I'm quick to waive things off as a non-event, including this one, but my darling wife is always quick to the rescue, no matter the severity. I think it's sweet, usually, and feel it helps balance my naivety. Without her, Avery's [staph infection](#) could've been a lot worse. [Mine too](#) for that matter!

Eventually, G-Ma had to get home and the switch was made from G-Ma to Mommy. Yes, crying was involved, a lot of it, but things eventually calmed down. Then they got bad again, then calm, then 'well, you get the picture, she was an extremely moody toddler (is that how they all are?) and she continued to nurse that once stuck arm.

Going Mom was worried as any loving mother would be, and I was starting to feel as if something was wrong too, but still not *that* worried. I wanted to wait and see how it looked the next day since there was no swelling or any other physical sign of injury yet, but Kelley was ready to put a wrist brace on her immediately. I unsuccessfully debated by wife (guys, you always lose, just accept it unlike I seem to do) about the need for a wrist wrap, and found myself in the devil's lair of grocery stores, Walmart.

After explaining to the little employee boy how to use that plastic thing with numbers to pay for my items since the self-checkout wasn't working, I finally made it out and back home. I spent 10 minutes trying to decide between two kinds of wraps and ended up getting them both, just to be safe.

I despise Walmart and just driving by one puts me in a bad mood. It didn't help when I returned home to find Avery sitting with mommy in a slightly chipper mood and using both arms as if nothing was ever wrong. Gahhhhh!! She even fell sound asleep right in mommy's lap.



I mean, yay, glad all is well, but geez, what kind of timing is that? In her defense, Kelley tried to call but I left in such a hurry that I left my phone at home. So that's that, our little toddler pulled a quick one on us and made everything think her arm was about to fall off. Even G-Ma was worried sick and feeling guilty once home and remained that way until the next day.

The rest of the day was spent unpacking and eventually getting ourselves clean. We were both relieved nothing serious was wrong with Avery's arm, if only she would've let us know before I went to *hell* Walmart. At least we knew she would be in good health for Kelley's 31st birthday the next day, 10/19.

Her actual birthday was fairly relaxed, but I'll fill you in next time, along with another update.

Has your toddler ever made you feel like they broke something when nothing was wrong at all?

Is your kid a drama king/queen, or mainly calm?

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