

Naptime  
1/25/04

If anyone had tried to warn me beforehand, I never would have believed them. When I thought of twins, I imagined the perfectly mannered funny television twins who are always doing the funniest thing or cracking the funniest joke. I dreamed of dressing the boys like little baby dolls and taking them out to the mall for the entire world to admire. They would be little visions of perfection at all times!!

Yeah, right!!

They are just at that age (21 months) where trouble seems to follow kids with a vengeance! This is the “hard” age when toddlers are climbing the walls, swinging from the chandeliers, and generally raising a ruckus every waking moment. Now multiply the mischief and the trouble by two and perhaps you can catch a glimpse of what I’m saying. My only link to sanity comes from the fact that the boys take 3 hour naps every day. Those are my golden hours. It makes it easier to get through the morning knowing that naptime is coming up. That’s the only time I have to clean the house in order to prepare for the next bombing raid. And it’s the only time I have to put up my feet for five minutes without hearing a loud shattering crash coming from the other room.

Four days ago Bridger and Colter figured out how to climb out of their cribs. Life will never be the same!

I heard the boys giggling after they woke up and went into their room to an incredible sight. I had to struggle to push the door open because they had emptied their entire closet of every article of clothing and piled them in front of the door. The brand new box of 128 diapers was open and emptied, the diapers strewn from one end of the room to the other. In the middle of this super-sized mess were my two beautiful brown-eyed boys. Totally naked. Giant grins from ear to ear. Thank heaven they’re so cute or I’d just have to sell them to the circus!!

For three days naptime was nonexistent. The first day I laughed it off. By nighttime everything was fine because the boys were apparently afraid of escaping in the dark. But by day three, we had a house full of cranky people. Cranky twins who had missed out on lots of much-needed sleep. Cranky Mom who had missed out of lots of much-needed catch-up time. And frankly, everyone’s familiar with the old saying, “If Mama ain’t happy, ain’t nobody happy.” So true!

By day four I had enough. This was war! I can’t survive this way for the next 18 years. Naptime must be restored to its rightful place in our daily schedule. This is the day I take matters into my own hands.

I kept the boys up for nearly two hours past their regular naptime, to ensure they’d be good and tired. Following tradition, I put the boys in their cribs with lots of hugs and kisses and sweet talk. They smiled sweetly as I shut the door with one final warning:

“Now you two stay in your beds and go night-night!” Then, instead of closing the door tightly, I left it open the tiniest bit. Just enough to peek through. And then I waited. What I beheld next forever changed my view of those twin tornadoes.

They lay sweetly in their cribs for about ten seconds. Then they alternately turned their heads from side to side and each time they managed to turn and look at each other they would burst into giggles. The giggles steadily grew into screams of laughter. Soon they were on their feet jumping on the bed and laughing their little selves silly. That’s when Colter decided it was time to fly the coop. He managed to hoist himself up and had one leg over the crib rail when I burst into the room. In my most ferocious voice I said, “No, No! You stay in that bed!”

He cried and cried as I tucked him back under his quilt and turned to tuck Bridger in again. Then I swished back out the door and said again, “You go night-night, be good boys.”

This time it took a few seconds longer for them to start giggling again. Once the jumping began and the shrieks of laughter were echoing off the walls, I couldn’t help but shake my head with a smile. Suddenly Bridger amazed me. These two nearly non-verbal boys seemed to be carrying on a conversation. I’d heard legends of “twin talk” but had never witnessed it until then. A moment later Bridger said, “Na-Night” then he solidly shook his head and replied to himself, “No No!” That brought on more fits of giggling. Then Bridger yelled out again, “Shoes. Off.” Immediately they both dropped to their little diapered bottoms and proceeded to pull off their socks. (Yes, I know he said shoes, I said socks. So he got it wrong. But consider that this is coming from a kid that doesn’t even say mama, and you can understand how amazing this whole episode is.)

Once four socks were clenched tightly in four little fists and the boys were again standing at their crib rails, Bridger gave the command. “FROW!” Which, of course, means “throw,” and immediately four socks were hurtling through the air accompanied by more shrieks of laughter. Behind the door, I was stifling my own laughter, wiping tears quickly out of my eyes so I wouldn’t miss anything.

About this time Colter decided another escape attempt was in order. And again, just as he was about to drop to freedom, I swooped into the room ferociously. Colter started wailing. Bridger instantly dropped to the mattress, flat on his stomach, eyes wide with fear and did his best to become invisible. It was so hilarious that I found it extremely difficult to scold Colter as I tucked him under the quilts again. Then I turned to Bridger and sweetly praised him for being “such a good boy and staying in bed.”

As I closed the door and peeked back through I noticed Bridger’s eyes locking onto mine. He knew I was there now. For a minute I figured the jig was up. But then he seemed to forget me. He tried fruitlessly to get Colter giggling again. A few half-hearted snickers was all he could get. Colter, it seemed, had learned his lesson. He was not going to get into trouble again. He laid quietly for one minute flat and was sound asleep. For the

next few minutes, Bridger refused to let the game end. Every thirty seconds or so, he'd lift his head off the mattress and look toward the door. I'd open it just an inch or so, enough that he knew I was still there, and he'd quickly lay back down and hold still.

Finally, his eyes began to stare blankly ahead, his lids grew heavier, and he was off to dreamland. VICTORY!! I was stunned! It actually worked! Naptime was back! I guess I'll have to call the circus and tell them never mind. Well, at least until tomorrow...