

December 29, 2012

Dear Friends and Family,

Mommy says I should apologize for taking so long to send out another letter to everyone, but we all know it's really her fault. Let's be serious, I can't type. I mean I may be a genius and super amazing, but I'm not quite that advanced, although I do try. So, here's my apology...I'm sorry my mommy is such a slacker. Now onto the exciting things you're all looking for in my letters.

My mommy has started referring to me as overwhelming, exhausting, and even going so far as to say I'm a daredevil. I'm not really sure what all of those words mean, but they're super long and big, so they have to be good things. She only uses those words when I'm exploring or embarking on a new adventure like climbing in the toilet bowl. It's like a mini-pool that's inside the house! I don't have to wait for summer to get here to go swimming. Lately, Mommy has started closing all doors that have a toilet bowl in them. It's frustrating.

Earlier this month, while staying at Grammy and Grandpa's house, I even tried to walk back down the steps solo. It only worked for one step and then for some reason my top heavy body seemed to propel me down as if I were a rock. Mommy screamed, which caused Daddy to scream, and since everyone was screaming and I didn't want to feel left out, I screamed as well.

I've learned a lot of new things like how to put the basketball in the hoop. Mommy calls me a young Larry Bird in training. Apparently, he's the only white basketball player she knows. I also love to kick the ball and have a dead on kick even while I'm running and the ball is moving. Mommy said I may be a soccer player. Daddy groaned since that interferes with football season. Guys, does it really matter since I'm only 15 months old and have my ENTIRE life ahead of me to decide? For some reason, Mommy told me soccer players have great legs. I'm not sure if that's supposed to inspire me or not.

I've learned a new word. COLOR, which is becoming another favorite pastime of mine. Unfortunately, I'm only allowed to stay in one place with my colors. Talk about stifling a kid's creativity. I keep pointing at that open canvas of a wall in the kitchen, but Mommy says "no". She destroys all of my fun!

I love my blocks, which I build into tall buildings, trees, boats, and cars. I especially like the ones I can knock down pretty easy. I've also found that if I want something really bad and don't want Mommy and Daddy to take it away from me, then I just swipe it really fast and run into the kitchen and hide under the table. You should see Daddy try to get up from his chair and chase me. I'm usually under the table before he manages to get his feet on the ground. I'm fast.

Nothing much has changed in my daily routines from previously. We still read everyday. We go to the gym every morning where I play with all of my friends. I still have my playgroup weekly and story time at the library. Mommy is teaching me sign language and I'm learning all of my shapes and animals. I can't say them all yet, but I know the difference between a giraffe and a bear. I think that's pretty satisfactory, don't you?

Well, as this will be my last letter of 2012, I want to take this time to wish you all a Happy New Year and I hope you had a very Merry Christmas. I promise to crack the whip a bit harder on Mommy and commit to one letter a month in the New Year. Perhaps, I'll learn how to type them myself? Who are we kidding?!?!?! Until next month....

Love,

Davey

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