

daddy
issues

DADDY NEEDS A NAP PRESS

www.daddyneedsanap.com

© 2014 by Dustin Fisher

All rights reserved.

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review. Requests for permission should be emailed to daddyneedsanap@gmail.com.

First Printing, 2014

ISBN 978-0-9960860-9-7

daddy
issues

*dustin
fisher*



To Jenn and Mabel,
for making me appreciate who I am

contents

Last Day of Vacation [11]

40 Long Weeks

With Child [17]

Learning to Share [23]

Food for Thought [29]

My Scary New World [33]

Good with Kids [37]

Honey, It's Time [41]

Now and Forever

Leaving [51]

Baby Book Club [55]

Hand Eye Coordination [59]

Staying [61]

Poophead [67]

The Santa Paradox [71]

The Kindness of Strangers	[75]
The Calm Before	[81]
Bizarro Mabel	[83]
Six Things I Didn't Expect	[87]
The Day My Daughter Fell	[95]
The Big 0-1	[101]
Toddler Friend Finder	[107]
This <i>IS</i> My Job	[111]
The Other Foot	[115]



last day of vacation

*The face of a child can say it all,
especially the mouth part of the face.*

Jack Handey

IT'S THE LAST FRIDAY OF MY WIFE'S THREE-MONTH MATERNITY LEAVE and we're driving home from our week in Ocean City, making it the last day of vacation both literally and literally. On Monday, my wife will return to work in D.C. and I will start my new job as full-time dad for our three-month-old daughter, a concept my new neighbors don't seem to be grasping.

"Oh, so you'll be working from home?"

"No, I'm going to stay home and raise my daughter."

"Oh... so you're going to work at night now?"

Sure, something like that.

Upon returning home, Jenn realized that she didn't have enough work clothes for her ever-changing body size. "I need to go buy myself some work clothes. Do you want to come?" Having already served my penance in the matter of shopping for maternity and baby wear, I thought my time would be better served at home, catching our daughter up on the week of *NFL Live* she missed.

She didn't start crying until exactly when Jenn pulled out of the driveway. Maybe it was because she gets irritated in long car rides and was just getting around to complaining about it. Maybe it was because she couldn't smell Mommy anymore. Maybe she was sick of listening to Trey Wingo bastardize the word *literally* on national television. For whatever reason, this lasted longer than normal. And none of the normal fixes were working. I tried feeding her. Not interested. I checked her diaper. Nothing out of the ordinary. I tried burping her until it just became gratuitous beating. Nothing. So I resorted to old faithful – walking her in the stroller. That seemed to distract her enough. For about three blocks.

Of note is that my wife left her cell phone at home, negating the possibility of any Hail Mary phone call I may or may not have been considering.

I got our crying baby back home and tried putting her down. Still crying. I tried sitting her up. Even louder. I tried laying her on her side. The other side. The swing. The only thing that seemed to be working was holding her in my arms and walking around. This was going to get tiring.

Eventually, she calmed down. To keep her calm, we went for another walk, this time for longer. She slept through most of it. Finally. A calm and happy (or at least not currently crying) baby.

LAST DAY OF VACATION

We got home and I put her down so I could answer an email. She started grunting. I continued to type. The grunting grew louder. She wanted Daddy's attention. So I bounced her on my knee and sang to her and booped her nose seven or eight times while my email sat mid-sentence, the blinking cursor mocking me. Every time a car passed by, I looked out the window in hopes that it was Jenn. I checked the clock.

She had been gone an hour and a half.

40 long
weeks



with child

A person's a person, no matter how small.

Dr Suess, "Horton Hears a Who"

THERE IS NO BETTER DESCRIPTION FOR WHAT PREGNANCY really is than saying that someone is *with child*. When you're pregnant, you're just *with child*. Walking in the mall? *With child*. Sleeping? Still *with child*. Trying to get off the sofa? Definitely *with child*. And it will be a bunch of months until you are *without child*, at which point, you will *have* a kid. Which is a little different. For example, I *have* a pruning saw, but it's probably in the basement somewhere. I'm not currently *with* it. I am, however, *with* my left arm. Everywhere I go, there it is. Just like my wife is *with* our child.