

100 Minutes FOR ONLY **\$3900** (Deluxe Bed)



Sun Haven TANNING

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First a tough act to follow

My daughter asked me recently why I never write anything about my new granddaughter after writing so much about the first one.

The answer is that she doesn't do anything. With your first grandchild, when they do nothing that's something. With your second you're looking for a little more action. Show me something. Anything.

I feel a little guilty about it, but I don't think I'm playing favourites at all, it's just the way things are.

With the first granddaughter, each step of the way is something new and exciting - when they can crawl; when they can walk, when they can talk, the whole deal. Then it's like starting all over again.

It's just that with the newer one you want to get to the good stuff quicker. I like to hold a baby in my arms as much as the next Grampa, but it gets old quickly. You know the drill - goo goo ga ga - okay you can take her back now.

I'm not saying there's nothing special about my new granddaughter. She's incredibly calm, actually, and until recently I'd hardly ever heard her cry.

And she's my granddaughter, which means she doesn't have to do anything at all to be special.

So, anyway, the new granddaughter is getting a little older



with **MURRAY TOWNSEND**

On the loose

so I decided maybe I could do something more with her besides hold her and watch her sleep. She just turned five months, but with my first granddaughter we were playing Super Baby by now. I'd hold her up and fly with her around the room like Superman.

I figured I'd play Baby Boop-Dee-Boo. It's a simple game, where basically I just hold her up and say Baby-Boop-Dee-Boo and toss her up in the air when I get to the Boop part. You don't really toss them, you go higher and keep your hands on them. Sounds like fun, though, right?

No way. I had barely heard her cry for five months, and now all of a sudden she was screaming.

That's okay, not everybody likes Baby-Boop-Dee-Boo, my mistake. But what bugged me was as soon as I handed her back to her Dad she stopped instantly.

I don't like that. It smacks of favouritism, manipulation and

anti-grandparentism.

Now the baby cries whenever I hold her, games or not, and glares at me the rest of the time. You want to know why I don't write about her? Because she hates my grandparental guts, that's why.

What bugs me more, is that she's laughing all the time now. Then she turns around and looks at me and the smile is quickly erased. Then her mouth curls down and she gets ready to cry.

There's nothing I can do. It's not like when I was a kid and cried and my parents would say, "I'll give you something to cry about," which doesn't make sense when you think about it because I would have already had a reason for crying or I wouldn't be crying.

Okay, so now I want to hold the baby so she'll get used to me and stop crying. Nobody likes somebody to look at them and start crying. Except now she doesn't want me to hold her.

I guess if I held her earlier she'd already be used to me, but no, not enough action for me. Not enough excitement.

I guess I've learned my lesson. If you want to play Baby Boop-Dee-Boo later you had better do the boring stuff earlier.

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SHOW US THE MONEY \$

The Doors Shut 5:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH

No

Reasonable

Offer

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IT'S
GONE!!*

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Emerald

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