



CribNotes

Chill, Baby, Chill

Okay, I'll admit it, I'm a tad exhibitionist, but hey, it's **Summertime and the livin' is easy**. What with my first ever kayak on Lake Tiorati and my very first banana breastmilk shake, life is truly sweet! Yesireebob, things are lookin' up, especially now that I'm sitting tall and porkin' like a regular hombre. Yeah, call me spoon-fed, just don't call me late for my chow, puleeze. And don't get me wrong, laying around does have its charms, but **I tend to get rattled without some action** every now and then, and again. Cripes, if I hear "Chill, baby, chill" one more time, I think I'll scream... again. My heart goes out to poor MilkMaidMomma and DiaperDaddy, beneficently starring in "Sleepless in Stony Point", but if there's anything I've learned during six months in this crazy crib of a MiesHaus, y'only get what ya ask for. **With brevity & levity, your bud, The Hud**

