

Our rowhouse is small so you can't really go anywhere where you can't hear the babies crying. Sabine is crying right now. It's not emergency crying, but it is loud and not the sort of crying that is going to go away, despite the fact that she has not had a proper nap. Which sucks for me. And really for her, too. If babies don't sleep, they will be cranky all day and want to sleep later, which will not really work out as far as feeding stuff goes.

So, as you're reading this, have a fairly loud but slightly muffled sad, sad crying playing in your head.

I now understand how it's possible for parents to just let their kids cry. It's because they've heard it so many times in their child's lifetime. The parents know the difference between a pain/respond quickly cry and a tired just gotta cry cry. A scream, however, is something that must always be responded to. Which is a little scary, considering the screaming from a neighborhood child I walked by this morning was not responded to. I was trying to find where this animal-ish shrill shriek was coming from and turned around to see a short blonde head standing at a back door, making a horrific, staccato sound. These are questions that went through my head:

Q: Has the child been locked outside accidentally? Is this sound just the sound the child makes when he/she is upset?

Q: Why would a parent/guardian lock a child outside the back door, by themselves, in the alley of a Baltimore neighborhood?

Q: Why do I feel like this is something that happens on the regular, and this little kid has the pat response of a terrible shrieking sound.

I don't want to type the following in fear of it being immediately disputed, but I gotta... Sabine's crying has ceased. Thank you universe.

I promise, as a result of this miracle of a few more minutes to myself, I will not lock my sweet daughters in the back yard, no matter how obnoxious they may eventually be (doesn't everyone become a teenager?). I will not force them to dig deep in their primal instinct repository of screeching to let me know that things are so unbelievably not right. I make this promise here, in front of anyone who bothers to read this paragraph.

Uh, oh. Now I hear Mia. Mia is sort of out of it today, so I'm guessing she won't be so easy to quiet... now both are crying. If I go into the basement to do laundry I will barely be able to hear them. I will go now.