

Oh look... Here it is, the end of a two hour nap, I hear the girls chattering upstairs. Soon they will be howling for snacks. I have to pee, just finished eating a yummy tuna sandwich, and am totally frustrated that my time alone is quickly coming to an end. It's silly in a way, complaining about never being alone. We worked hard to have these babies -- didn't stop trying, even after two miscarriages. We even got "two for the price of one..." People always say that to me. YOU GOT TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE. Yeah, so? But I only wanted one! Is that bad of me to say? Am I a bad mother? But it's true. I did not hope that one day I would have twin babies. You'd be surprised by the number of women who have come up and said to me that they'd always wanted twin girls. Yes, I know I'm lucky. And I really do adore my sweet darling girls. And I would not be able to choose betwixt them if I had to make a choice. I'd sooner off myself. But if I had had one baby that would probably have been enough. It's hard work having two infants. There are elements of the experience that may be easier than having one, however. Like the fact that they are not alone in their room at night. When they wake up from their naps, there is someone to wake up to. I wonder, will they have aloneness issues when they grow up? I have aloneness issues, and I was an only child for the first three years of my life. I rarely feel like I have enough alone time, time to myself, whatever you want to call it. And I have what I asked for.

Is it possible to have any sense of contentment? I am content in the knowledge that I have children. They are excellent children and are hitting their milestones with a bullet. Both are delightful humans and are strong and stubborn and talented (I'm projecting here, but I just know it's true). I will tell them these things about themselves. And I won't be lying.

It's about to thunderstorm. Well, it's about to storm. The sky is suddenly dark grey. I hear thunder, hence my assumption about the thunderstorm. Somehow the girls are quiet again. Maybe they'll sleep another half hour. Good thing I didn't respond to their mutterings. I don't need to respond to every single little thing, you know.

One thing that's kind of hard about two babies is going out places. Unless I'm strolling, I need another person with me to help carry them from venue to venue (ie. car to house, etc). I have to really rev myself up every single time I want to go somewhere. It's easy to go to someone's house who has little kids because they have toys and usually it's pretty safe for them to crawl around. But a place where there has been no small tshatshe removal or soft crawling area is stressful to be in.

There is no crying yet. But the thunder increases in volume. It's so cool. I love the weather when it's doing something. I will feel better about today if there's a kick-ass storm. I went on bed rest almost a year ago. I remember being genuinely excited about any change in weather. I hated sunny days. Grey ones were so much more civilized somehow, regardless of the fact that I was relegated to three rooms and the bathroom on the top floor of our house. When it rained, or even better, threatened to rain, I felt like there was something important going on. I am getting that feeling again, watching the lush dark green leaves on the trees outside the living room window catching the strong wind. Mia is beginning to sound agitated. There was a shot of lightning. The thunder pounds a little louder than a few minutes ago. This will be the girls' first storm.