

Late night feedings and the shopping channel cause a great deal of temptation

That's about all I have to say right now. I have a 3-week-old baby, see, so I'm tired. I also have a 2-year-old and a 4-year-old, so, yeah. Tired.

My mom insists that big babies sleep better. I don't really know why. Because they're so...big? And maybe big people are especially sleepy? Or they don't like to eat as much, so they sleep longer (Which makes no sense to me, because if you're big, wouldn't you need to eat MORE?) Or something like that. Anyway, my mom insists it's true because my little brother, who was eleventy billion pounds at birth, slept much better than I did as a new born. I was not eleventy billion pounds when I was born; I was a much more reasonable weight, tipping the scales at about 7.5 pounds. And apparently I did not sleep well.

So. Bigger babies sleep better, says my mother, and those words got me through the end of my recent pregnancy, when I was positive the baby I was carrying would never, ever make his appearance, and he would surely be born weighing 18 pounds. But it would all be worth it, I told myself, because he would sleep wonderfully! Because he's so big! And my mom, with her very scientific test group of two whole babies, told me so—that



BY BETSY
SWENSON

big babies sleep well.

Well, let me tell you something. I delivered a 9-pound boy over three weeks ago, and my mother's theory about the big babies is a big bunch of hooey. My kid is up every two hours, begging for food. You'd think he was starving, that he'd never been fed before in his whole life, the way he acts. And if he's not up every two hours, then he's just up. All the livelong night. He does that newborn fretful thing where he's all heavy breathing and flailing his floppy little head around and banging it on my shoulder and climbing my torso with his tiny monkey feet. I know it sounds like a super fun time, but I am here to tell you that at 3 a.m., it's not that great.

I'll tell you what else; it's not that great for my wallet, either. The only thing worth watching at 3 a.m. is the Home Shopping Network, and

July was birthday month at HSN! Which means amazing deals on items I have absolutely no business purchasing, but that coral rose ring was so awfully tempting. And the baby was fussing, and I was feeling sorry for myself... Actually, I didn't buy the coral rose ring. My husband is grateful that I've purchased nothing from HSN, but I've been tempted, and being tempted by coral jewelry on HSN means I need a lot more sleep.

Alas, I'm afraid sleep will continue to elude me for quite some time, as no child of mine has slept through the night until at least 6 months of age. I've come to accept it; it's my lot in life, and it's all so fleeting, right? Just like birthday month at HSN was fleeting. So fleeting, in fact, that it was over before I got a chance to buy the coral rose ring ("It looks like a charming bouquet has bloomed on your finger!")

And newborn-hood/infancy, it will be over before I get a chance to truly appreciate it. I know this because I've done it twice. So during those 3 a.m. fuss-fests, when it's just me, the baby, and a sparkling collection of blue topaz jewelry on my TV screen, I try to remember that-how quickly it goes by.

He will sleep, eventually. And so will I. In the meantime, somebody hide my credit cards.