**One Stubborn Baby**

When the baby was born, he had marbles for eyes and his ears resembled pretzels. His father used to quip that the baby’s hair could be exploited as an absorbent mop. The baby’s milk teeth were like identical skyscrapers. The baby tittered when his mother made funny faces or cuddled him. Although the mother took the baby’s tittering as a sign of mutual consent, in reality, the baby abominated being in close proximity to anyone, yet was impotent before his mother. The baby also disliked the nappy-changing procedure, and when his mother sang him a lullaby and the baby’s closed eyes guaranteed he was going to sleep, the mother tiptoed out of the room and closed the door. As soon as she got into her bed though, the baby prised his diaper with an unconscionable might and once again started piddling on the floor. The mother then suggested the father teach the baby how to take care of his business, but this only resulted in mayhem and suffering. The father aimed at his bowl to show the baby how it was done, but the baby carefully spun around and did his business on the floor, to the dismay of his careworn mother and father.

 When the baby learned to speak, it was primarily guttural sounds and basic signals to elucidate the request. For example, he would extend his sausage-like limbs towards the refrigerator when he was feeling peckish or thirsty, and enunciate a phrase in gibberish whose transliterated version was something close to ‘koof-hoozh’. If his parents weren’t there, the baby would pull open the door by himself and obtain the transparent 2-liter apple juice container and down it. The catch was, his parents were clever and were concerned about the rashes that suddenly started to emerge on the baby’s forearms, and they quickly realised it was due to the fact that their supply of apple juice was being severely depleted. Their preemptive response was to place the apple juice carton on the highest shelf where the baby could not reach it.

 Other prominent examples of the baby’s balderdash occurred outdoors. The parents frequently took a stroll when the heat got oppressive, and they never left their beautiful boy behind. One time they were walking along the quayside in the evening, the sky was sea-coloured, the baby was straggling behind the parents, and at some point the street lights turned on. This unprecedented turn of events was detrimental to the baby’s underdeveloped brain; he stopped in his tracks and started quacking in an unknown language and pointing madly at the lamps. The parents suspected light bothered the young boy, but did not know how to explain to the boy that they could not do anything about it. The baby eventually got bored of watching the pole so intently, and his weary parents practically carried him home. They vowed to never walk the boy near those precarious street lights again, and agreed that a visit to the child psychologist was absolutely imperative.