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My three year old is now using the word “anxious” correctly as in “before you go, I’m feeling anxious about not having my giraffe. I think I left him in the bathroom. Could you do that one chore for me please?”

It is funny when people ask me how she’s so good at communicating her emotions &c the answer is “she spends all day with me” — but that’s never the answer we give. It is as if to say “your children are your children, which is why they are the way they are.”

Nothing I have ever done makes me as proud as when my daughter speaks with eloquence, or when she sounds out a word we see out in the world for herself. Sss tohh puhhh stop, stop sign, it says ssstohhpuhh stop.

The nature versus nurture debate I think is a bit pointless— by nature a kid has a particular temperament, but the expression of this nature is entirely by nurture environment etc. A child that screams “I WANT MY GIRAFFE” could have been trained with care to say “I am feeling anxious about my giraffe, could you please...” neither expression is “natural”— language is all artifice.

How you do this is demanding a rephrasing of the uncouth statement to be “polite”— this is important to do for your own sanity. It does not feel like a chore to do chores for a polite child— but I see elder millennial parents who are galley slaves to their rude children...

It takes time & patience— yes it would be faster to just “hop to it” & solve the problem, but then, that is now the environment you’ve created for yourself. Any laziness compounds, it’s like cleaning, if you do not keep it up always it slips away from you & the mess overwhelms.

People don’t get to spend enough time with their kids— but they also don’t want to— it’s hard work, “adult work” is more fulfilling because you get “adult social prestige” for it. I don’t know how you solve that en masse. It saddens me how much people hate their own kids.

It has been good for me, anyway, in all respects. I feel I am only now seeing the rewards for all the work, as my daughter is now fully not-a-toddler, but the joy she brings to the world— random strangers she’ll strike up conversations with, all the shopkeepers in our neighborhood

She’s such an angel— but the world is so sad— she asks me “why are the bad guys doing bad things? Why does Fujimoto hate humans? We’re humans, right?”

I just read her some Hans Christian Anderson, the Emperor’s New Clothes, & she had some incisive questions— “why are they pretending?”