SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 2010



# 'Sleep training' has mom tied in knots

Adapted from a recent online discussion:

**Dear Carolyn:** 

I have a 16-month-old daughter who rarely sleeps through the night. I have discovered that neither my husband nor I have the stomach for "cry it out" methods. Usually leads to all three of us crying it out. Other than teething and the occasional cold/cough, there is nothing physically wrong with her. And during the day she is the happiest, most engaging thing ever. Am I dooming her for a life of failure if I continue to comfort her, or are the "experts" right that I must "sleep train" her now before she becomes a serial killer?

Sleepless

Your tone suggests you think the cry-it-out proponents are fascists who would suck the joy out of your child just to serve their thesis on sleep. If I've got that wrong, please do say

I can validate the idea that if you are all happy with the situation, parents and child, then it's okay to treat experts (and/or "experts") with

some skepticism. But I can also say that at some point, be it over sleep or candy or sleeping over at her friend's house while the friend's parents are away, you're going to need the backbone to say "no" and mean it, no matter how hard your child cries.

I'm not saying you're there or even headed there - you haven't given me enough to draw that conclusion but I hope you and your husband can be honest with yourselves if you are in fact so tear-averse that you're headed toward obeying your kid.

Dear Carolyn:

I actually don't hate the "cry it out" folks at all, and kind of wish I was one of them. I'm just not. At least at night. We're not averse to saying no, even when it results in a roll-on-the-floor tantrum. To me there's a difference between hearing her cry for the forbidden cookie and hearing her wail all by herself at night.

I think my angst over the "experts" comes from every book having that propaganda angle that their way is the only way. I don't know what I'm looking for, really. I'm exhausted and just wondering if we're on a path to years of sleepless nights or if she'll just figure it out eventually.

Sleepless again

That's such a common feeling when the advice doesn't seem right but acting on instinct isn't working, either. Next stop: Ask your pediatrician

about alternative schools of thought

on sleep training. If you've tried and your doc hasn't been helpful, then hit the Web. You have to anticipate the knuckleheads and crank your skepticism to HIGH, but: Parents love to brag about what books/experts/approaches worked for them. Eventually you'll read a few descriptions that resemble what you're going through now, paired with philosophies that align with yours - something based on, say,

tapering your attention gently. The argument for a program is to help you make decisions and remain consistent when you're out of your mind with frustration and sleep deprivation. Look for a program that dovetails with what you're already doing or seeing, but tweaks it for the better — and run it by your doc, just in case.

Read the whole transcript or join the discussion live at noon Fridays on www.washingtonpost. com/discussions.

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or tellme@washpost.com.



NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

## THE STYLE INVITATIONAL

REPORT FROM WEEK 886

in which we asked you to coin and define a word or term that was a palindrome. Among those too frequently submitted were STINKKNITS (smelly sweaters), BUTTUB (bidet), NERDREN (dorks' offspring) and LAPPAL (friend with benefits).

CS



- winner of the weird pink fluffy elephant marionette: EGADAGE: "Heck," "darn," etc. (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn)
- **NAMETAG-GATEMAN: The conference organizer who** won't let you enter until you've ruined your jacket with adhesive paper. (Dion Black, Washington)
- AMENEMA: Blessed relief. (Anne Morgan, Fairfax, a First Offender)

### **FUN ENUF: HONORABLE MENTIONS**

**DROWSYSWORD: Impotence.** (Roy Ashley, Washington)

G.I. GAGA GIG: A flamboyant concert to support the overturning of "don't ask, don't tell." (Nan Reiner, Alexandria)

**LOOPOOL: Toddlers' swimming** area. (Jeff Contompasis)

**BOOBOOBOOB: Implant fail.** (Ann Martin, Bracknell, England; Kathy Hardis Fraeman, Olney)

A PAPAYA PAPA: The leader of a banana republic. (Rick Morgan, Washington, a First Offender)

**RABBI RIB BAR: An all-beef** barbecue joint. (Rick Morgan)

**PANTNAP: When your butt falls** asleep. (Dave Komornik, Danville,

**HARA-SARAH: Political suicide** by failure to vet one's running mate. (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, III.)

HARASSARAH: Ask a substantive question. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

**GARBAGE GAB RAG: A** supermarket tabloid. (Craig

Dykstra, Centreville) LOO FOOL: A woman who waits in an interminable line while

the men's room remains

vacant. (Nan Reiner) **LEER REEL: The item on the** hotel bill that you hope your wife doesn't see. (Barry Koch,

**GNAT TANG: Bug juice made** from actual bugs. (Christopher

NOTTON: Polyester. (May Jampathom, Oakhurst, N.J.)

LOOFA, A FOOL: Two things in Bill O'Reilly's shower in 2004 (Ira Allen, Bethesda)

**CALFLAC: Livestock** insurance. (Mike Duffy,

Washington; Ann Martin) **TOYOTATOYOT: Something** 

that's hard to stop once it gets going. (Ann Martin) FREE BEERF: How it sounds

after four or five of them. (Craig Dykstra) T. ELIOT'S TOILET: Where "The

Waste Land" was written. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.) YARD POOP DRAY: What you

need to clean up after your

two St. Bernards. (Mae Scanlan, Washington) **ABU TUBA: Iraqi prison whose** 

inmates are subjected to the cruelest torture. (Frank Mullen TARP-RAT: You think bedbugs

in hotel rooms are bad? Wait till you go camping and see these guys. (Melissa Yorks. Gaithersberg)

**DECAF-FACED: Sleepy-looking.** (Craig Dykstra)

**TESTES ROCK-CORSET SET: A** jockstrap and cup. (Chris Doyle)

**STATTATS: One way for** conceited athletes to show off their career numbers. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

**POPEPOP: High-fructose Communion beverage** designed to bring kids back to Mass. (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

**AMORAL-AROMA: The smell of** political success. (Kevin Dopart) NOT-A-TON: The small size at the Plus-Plus Dress Store. (Kevin Dopart)

**KAZOOZAK: The worst elevator** music ever. (Chris Doyle)

PARTTRAP: A zipper accident. (Larry Yungk, Arlington)

XEREX: A date who's exactly like the jerk you just dumped.

**BURNINRUB: The name Dr.** Bengué rejected for his famous balm. (Lois Douthitt, Arlington

PREPERP: Someone to keep a wary eye on. (Jim Reagan, Herndon)

**RELIVE EVILER: To make poor** use of one's reincarnation. (Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase)

**RACECARRACECAR: Photo** finish at the Indy 500. (Christopher Lamora)

**SNACKCANS: What couch** potatoes develop. (Edmund

Conti. Raleigh. N.C. **TILE LIT: Bathroom reading.** 

(Christopher Lamora) **REVEL LEVER: A guy's joystick.** 

**KNOB BONK: A common injury** among eavesdroppers. (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf)

(Jeff Contompasis; Craig Dykstra)

PAAP: Stuff your dad says. (Tom

**And last: LE CRAP PARCEL:** What the Inker winner from Montreal got from the Empress. (Kevin Dopart)

Next week: Plus Fours, or Gimmericks

## THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

## Week 890: Double-teaming

Atlanta Falcons + Cincinnati Bengals = Fal Gals, a women's team with such potty mouths that the networks can't use mikes on the sidelines.

ere's a suggestion from erstwhile Loser Jon Reiser: Combine the names of any two pro sports teams even from different sports – and describe the result.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place wins a collectible (or would be if it didn't have a little crack in the horn) cow standing in a gondola and wearing a gondolier costume, except in the daringly naked udder area. Gondi, let's call her, weighs several pounds and balances on a gondola well over a foot long. Donated by Cheryl Davis.



**«** If you're gondolier at a pantsless cow, you're even worse off than we thought.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Loser Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly, tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fir Stink for their First Ink). One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Oct. 25. Put "Week 890" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results to be published Nov. 13. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's results is by Dave Prevar; the honorable-mentions subhead

Lamora, Guatemala City)

Online discussion Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join the Style Conversational at washingtonpost.com/styleconversational.

# **MUSIC REVIEW**

KYLE GUSTAFSON FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

SHUFFLE: Belle and Sebastian's Stuart Murdoch couldn't help but dance.

# Drinking in some light and lively Scotch

Folks whose musical taste leans toward Scotch, hold the rock, packed DAR Constitution Hall Thursday for Belle & Sebastian.

Not a fist was pumped or a head banged while Glasgow's finest and feyest pop purveyors were onstage. Grins and toe-tapping abounded, however. In all, it was as if a long and wholly liberating episode of "Glee' was taking place.

This cast of nerdily attractive characters is fronted by Stuart Murdoch, who can neither dance well nor keep himself from dancing. And, as B&S went into old favorites such as "I'm a Cuckoo," the catchiest of the many Smiths-meets-"A Mighty Wind" gems in the band's canon, the fans couldn't stop their feet from shuffling, either.

The group's decidedly European musical blend is lighter than an Olsen twin when compared to most music played on American radio. But B&S made a couple attempts to bond with its sizable stateside audience through Yank references that were equally jocky and forced. "Piazza, New York Catcher" featured an admirer's warblings about a beefcake ballplayer. The lyrics betray less knowledge about baseball ("The catcher hits for .318") than lust ("Oh elope with me in private and we'll set something ablaze!"), but the song's melody and skiffle beat overpower such shortcomings. Murdoch also tossed footballs -American footballs! — into the crowd, but not far or with any athletic aplomb. (Why not croon about Beckham and kick soccer balls?)

During "Sleep the Clock Around," as much of the audience helped out Murdoch on the money lines - "Everybody is happy, they are glad that they came!" - a young fan ran toward the stage with a sign: "Elope with us, Belle and Sebastian!" Murdoch jumped into the crowd and walked her down the aisle arm-in-arm. Their relationship wasn't going to go anywhere, but, as with everybody else in the room, just being close to Murdoch left her happy and glad she

— Dave McKenna

# Gateses accept Fulbright Prize FULBRIGHT FROM C1 clinic and wouldn't make it through the

[were] listening to the sex workers and the pressures they live with. And if they have AIDS, how they are treated in their communities. That was harsh to hear."

Visit after visit to remote spots around the globe has compelled the Gateses to use their \$35 billion foundation to target global health and international development. The foundation has initiatives to help develop methods for eradicating malaria. And earlier this year, it launched a focus on maternal and child health.

The Fulbright Prize comes with a \$50,000 honorarium; Bill Gates said he and his wife are leaving the funds with the foundation.

Melinda Gates, dressed in a belted black suit, waved her hands to indicate the scope of some of the problems. "I was in Malawi to see the health extension system. I wanted to see this in action," she said. She noted that health-care workers from clinics go to villages, check on pregnant women and get them to promise to come to the clinic 30 days before their

"I was in the clinic, and a baby was born, and they placed the baby on the warmer," she continued. "One baby was already there and I asked about the baby. I was told that baby was born outside the day.
"That is the difference between a

health policy and not having one. It is horrific to know that other baby isn't going to make it." The couple are heartened by some statistics: 1.3 billion people have been lifted

out of poverty since 1990. But then there

are other numbers to face, such as: 4 mil-

lion children die in the first 30 days of Standing on the stage, Bill Gates showed a slide with the critical detail that in 1960, 20 million children died before age 5; by 2009, the number was down to 8.8 million. "I love graphs -

they move me emotionally," he said, to some boisterous laughter. This year, the couple and fellow billionaire Warren Buffett threw out a challenge to other wealthy people to give at least half their worth to charity. Asked about the gambit, Bill Gates said quickly:

"I wouldn't call it a challenge." He then laughed, saying: "A group has chosen to work together and decide how to get more effective. Forty people have joined. We are amazed that 40 have signed up so far."

Melinda Gates then smiled at the effect of their philanthropic conspiracy.

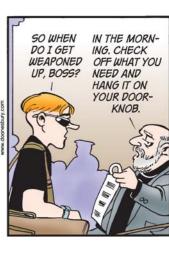
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## DOONESBURY BY GARRY TRUDEAU









## CUL DE SAC BY RICHARD THOMPSON







