

Austin is our little 'angel' who plays incredibly hard every minute, every moment!



Routine

To Austin, schooling is certainly fun. Even after a long CNY festive break, Austin walked into his school happily. He is no longer on diaper except while he is sleeping. Did I tell you Austin spoons food with his left hand? He eats by himself, self feeding for snacks, lunch and dinner. Pooing on little toilet at school and potty at home. He also puts on his pair of flip-flop independently. From sleep, eat, nap and play, we sense that he is completely contented!

Reading

Austin can practically [read any words](#) under the sun as long as he wants to. In addition to simple and brief vocabulary, he can also read slightly more complex words e.g. confident, fantastic, design, January, December and even Spanish or Bahasa Malaysia!! But please bear with his English phonics as he assumes all alphabetical words are English :).

Drawing

Began with shapes e.g. circle, square, oval, he is getting a step closer to amateur or better put it - Austin is an abstract artist at this stage.

Singing

No doubt, Austin inherits the gene of his beloved Dad. He picks up lyrics and tunes pretty fast. And he can even sing the Chinese version of Twinkle Twinkle Little Stars and One, Two, Three Little Indians at which his Mom is still struggling with!

Fighting

Yes, I am not joking. At 28 mo, Austin has picked up 'fighting' skill. Or better put it as a self-defense skill. Not something that I am proud of as a Mom but in reality, Austin is boy who will turn out to be a man. I doubt there is any man on earth that had never involved in a fight. Here is the story...

One evening, Daddy took Austin to playground. As usual, Austin likes to climb up stairway, crawling in tunnel and pushing himself on the slide. Since it was a public area, there were other kids around. Our Spanish neighbor's boy happened to be around too. That day when he went near Austin, he brushed Austin's nose a few times with his hand then ran away. Austin looked irate so he chased after him. Grabbing on his collar, Austin stopped the boy then wrestled him to the ground as if the boys were hugging each other. When I asked Daddy why he didn't stop them, he said the scene looked harmless so, he allowed Austin to resolve it himself. Aha!

In the end, Austin shrieked aloud indicating he needed help. That boy's mom rushed over after realizing the boys were 'fighting', not hugging so she pulled her son away. As soon as Austin saw the boy got scolded, he stopped crying. So, what was in the mind of our little Austin in the first place? You tell us.

Counting Days In A Week

I never recall counting seven days in a week was such a fun thing. Guess what? One day Austin came home, began looking at his fists. Then, he raised up his thumb on right hand and started to say "Sunday", followed by index finger up for "Monday", middle finger for "Tuesday", ring finger for "Wednesday", pinky for "Thursday". Then, go on to his left fist then raised up the thumb for "Friday" and index finger for "Saturday"!

Sounds amazing? That's not about it, he had yet finished... the lyrics of the song goes this way: There are 7 days, There are 7 days, There are 7 days in a week!
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday...

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[http://www.letterstoAustin.com/2013/02/23/austin-at-28-months.html](#)

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Wan Wan Ma Lai Si Oo! It's time to wish every year (and everything) comes in abundance!
www.letters-to-austin.com