



Lily brings home large dog



Dog (left), Lily.

Lily expressed extreme disappointment at her being denied a dog yet again.

"She can sleep in my room, and I'll feed her. Really," she said.

Lily, 4, has taken pet frustrations out on her parents by refusing to spend complete nights in her own room.

Despite restless sleep in her parents' bed, she appears to be excelling academically at the Children's House of Stapleton. There, Lily "has mastered the bow tying frame and works

Maya oblivious to grossly unfair leaf allotment



with agility with hand sewing," according to a recent report.

Lily has taken up skating, progressing from parent-tot teetering to a backwards-skating Alpha in about 9 months of lessons.

Before leaving for school one day, Lily announced her intent to kiss her classmate Toby. She declared her success upon her return. She will, she says, be marrying Toby when she's 31, "So we need to start looking for a dress. Now."

Lily insists on wearing dresses or skirts regardless of the weather. She explained recently: "I'm not much of a toy girl. I'm more of a jewelry girl. I like to look pretty."

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CAROL ENJOYS INCREDIBLE FREEDOM

Carol continues to live a languid existence, working half-time for the greeting-card firm Leanin' Tree, whose products remain among the industry's very finest.

The remainder of her days she spends writing long-form poetry, knitting curtains for the homes of friends and learning to play the samisen (very difficult).

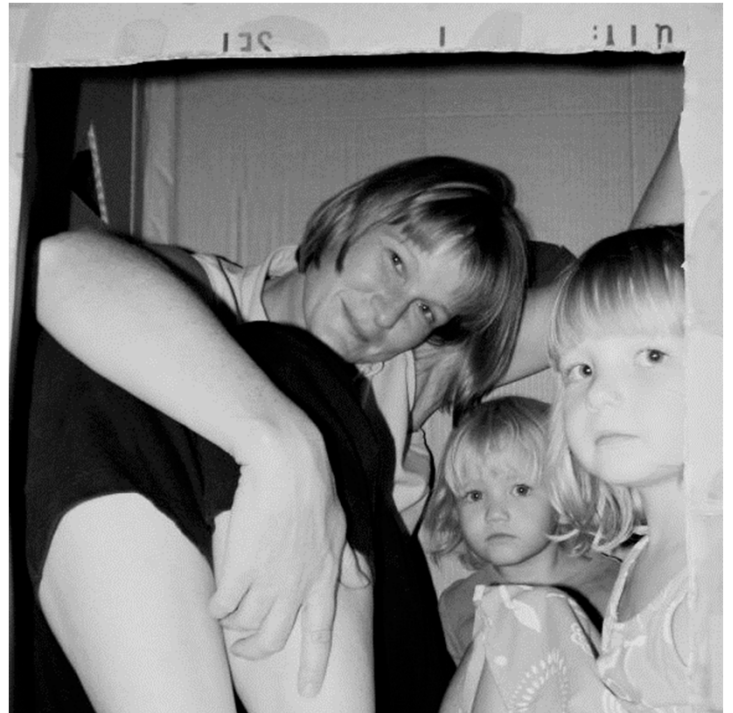
Lily and Maya aid in such endeavors by taking care of the cooking, cleaning, laundry, limited social agenda and essentially all

other household tasks, besides the occasional emptying of the dishwasher when Todd feels up to such heroic assistance.

Maya has become adept at changing her own diapers. Together, the young sisters drive themselves to and from Montessori, Maya manning Town & Country's brake and accelerator pedals while Lily steers and barks orders to her younger sibling.

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Carol, in box that would be strictly metaphoric were it not literal

Lily and Maya flee newspaper business

Lily and Maya have abandoned newspaper journalism, citing their concern of career development in a field with little apparent capacity to pull itself from a death spiral.

"I'm outta here," Maya said. "Last one out turn off the lights."



Lily (left), Maya, fleeing.

MAYA FOUND IN SOFA CUSHIONS



Maya shortly after discovery between couch cushions.

Rescuers discovered Maya, who had been missing for an indeterminate period of time, in the couch cushions amid crumbs, a plastic banana and the TV remote.

She had been looking for a "chocolate volcano," said Maya, 2, referring to a Hershey's Kiss.

Maya, who began school with Lily at the Children's House of Stapleton in June, "finally understands that she cannot eat as she prepares snack," her

teacher reports. Maya is speaking in full sentences, such as "I'm your mommy" (spoken to her father), "Hey doodie doodie" (when caught doing something she shouldn't be) and "Bad poopy mommy," when annoyed with her mother. She adores her sister Yiwee, who adores her back.

Maya has skipped an entire generation of toys, preferring the Backyardigans, ponies, unicorns and anything else Lily likes to more age-appropriate fare.

Strange nonmigratory birds nest in family room



Todd still riding bus again

Todd continues to bus-commute to Boulder, but now disembarks one stop earlier at the University of Colorado. There he is one of five Ted Scripps Fellows in Environmental Journalism. He is working to finish his really quite interesting book on how a jar company managed to build a spacecraft that hit a comet. He is also boning up on renewable energy technology and policy, about which he would like also to write a book.



Todd working in solitude.

Todd has taken to cutting his own hair, which sometimes works out and sometimes doesn't.

He has interviewed dozens of Ball Aerospace employees for his book, not infrequently at Conor O'Neill's pub, which qualifies as an occupational hazard.

Maya: "Wook at my feet."



TRAVEL REPORT

The Neffs spent a week on Florida's Gulf Coast with their friends the Elks and the Raleys. They discovered that Florida suffers few orange-killing frosts in June, and that it is indeed possible to enjoy the company of adults despite the presence of six small children so long as the children are all asleep.

Carol in May enjoyed her first extended leave from her progeny, spending a superb week with friends at Hilton Head Island, South Carolina. From there she frequently called Todd at his desk to steer him to Web sites where Carol could be seen, for example, waving at Todd from atop a lighthouse on a beautiful breezy day.

Todd spent time in Washington D.C. on two reporting trips. There he caught up with old friend Chase Hutto, a vice-presidential advisor who took Todd on a White House tour and then insisted Todd was a political conservative. His CU fellowship included a few days in Palo Alto, Calif., where Todd kayaked in a slough he had trouble pronouncing and walked on the Google roof.

