# Miggy the Baby Whisperer

Tyler

I'd faced defensive pressure in basketball games, difficult math tests, and even Miguel Cabrera's interrogations. But nothing—absolutely nothing—had prepared me for the synchronized wailing of twin babies.

"How long have they been like this?" I shouted over the chaos as Emilia and I stepped into Aiden's living room.

Aiden looked like he hadn't slept in three days, which might have been accurate.

"Twenty minutes? Three hours? Time has lost all meaning."

Ivy sat cross-legged on the floor, frantically scrolling through her phone. "I've played every weird cello recording we have. Nothing's working."

Emilia immediately crossed to where Aiden was bouncing Luna—or maybe Lyric—and held out her arms.

"Let me try."

Aiden handed the screaming bundle over with the desperate relief of someone passing a live grenade. Emilia cradled the baby with practiced ease, swaying gently as she spoke in soft Spanish.

"Hola, pequeñita. ¿Qué pasa, mi cielo?"

The baby paused mid-scream, seemingly startled by the language change, before promptly resuming her protest at full volume.

"Well, that bought us three seconds," I said, still hovering uncertainly by the door.

Ivy stood, stretching her back. "Tyler, stop standing there like you're planning an escape route. Come take Lyric while I get my cello."

I froze. "I don't know how to—"

"You've handled Miggy and Sofía," Emilia said, somehow making her voice sound both gentle and unrefusable.

"They're not this... small and fragile," I protested.

"Tyler." Ivy's voice was frighteningly calm. "Take. The. Baby."

Something in her eyes told me I’d be treated liked an armed forces deserter if I tried to say no.

I cautiously approached, arms awkwardly extended. Ivy positioned Lyric against my chest, adjusting my arms until I was supporting her properly.

"There," she said. "Now bounce a little. Not too much. Just... yeah. Like that."

Lyric stared up at me with red-rimmed eyes, her tiny face scrunched in what looked like judgment. I bounced carefully, feeling like I was handling a very angry, very fragile package.

"Hey there," I said softly. "I'm Tyler. I hear you've been giving your big brother a hard time."

To my astonishment, Lyric's wails softened slightly. She was still crying, but the volume had dropped from air-raid siren to merely distressed car alarm.

Aiden noticed too. "Dude, keep talking."

Just as I was finding my rhythm, my phone buzzed in my pocket. With Lyric secured in one arm, I awkwardly fished it out.

Emilia noticed. "Is that—"

"Yes," I groaned, seeing the caller ID. "It's your brother."

"Now?" she asked incredulously. "How does he always know the worst possible time?"

I sighed and answered. "Hey, Miggy. Kind of in the middle of something."

"Farm Guy!" Miggy's voice came through loud and clear. "What's all that noise? It sounds like a cat got stuck in the washing machine."

I winced. "Those are babies, Miggy. Aiden's baby sisters. They're upset."

There was a thoughtful pause on the other end.

"Put me on speaker," he commanded with all the authority of four-star general in a four-year-old body. I glanced at Aiden, who at this point looked willing to try anything. I switched to speaker and held the phone near Lyric.

"Hello, babies!" Miggy shouted, causing Lyric to pause briefly in surprise. "I'm Miguel Cabrera. I'm a important baseball player and a chicken expert. Listen to my story!"

The twins' cries softened slightly, perhaps out of sheer confusion at this new voice.

"Once upon a time," Miggy began dramatically, "there was a chicken named Pablo who got super dizzy. He was the dizzy-est chicken on the whole farm. Whenever he tried to peck corn, he went in circles! Round and round and round!"

I stared at the phone, then at Emilia, who looked equally baffled. But something strange was happening—both babies were quieting, their cries turning to curious whimpers.

"Pablo tried to lay an egg—but chickens who are boys can't do that!" Miggy continued, laughing at his own joke. "So he spinned around instead. He spinned so fast he started to fly! Like a chicken helicopter!"

Luna had completely stopped crying now, staring at the phone with wide eyes. Lyric was down to occasional hiccups.

"Then he flew to the moon and met moon chickens. They were dizzy too! They all spinned together and made a chicken tornado that went whoosh-whoosh-whoosh!"

Miggy proceeded to make increasingly elaborate whooshing sounds that somehow had both babies transfixed.

"And that's why chickens are so important for astronauts. The end!" he concluded triumphantly.

The twins were silent now, blinking slowly.

"Miggy," I said, incredulous, "how did you do that?"

"Babies like weird stories," he said matter-of-factly. "Especiallly about chickens. Everybody knows that Farm Guy."

Aiden was staring at my phone like it contained the secrets of the universe. "Can we keep him on the line? Forever?"

Miggy, overhearing, replied proudly, "I have lots more stories. There's one about a T-Rex who couldn't brush his teeth 'cause his arms were too small."

"Miggy," Emilia cut in gently, "Ivy's going to play her cello now. Can we call you back later?"

"Only if Farm Guy promises to let me tell the babies my dinosaur story next time," Miggy negotiated.

"Deal," I said immediately.

"Okay, bye!" And with that, he hung up.

There was a moment of stunned silence in the room.

"Your brother," Aiden said finally, "is a baby whisperer."

Emilia shook her head, smiling. "He's a chaos whisperer. There's a difference."

Ivy, who had been waiting with her cello, seized the opportunity. "Let me take over while they're calm."

She began playing something that sounded nothing like a traditional lullaby—it was strange, almost otherworldly, with unexpected patterns that somehow worked together.

The effect was immediate. Both babies went completely silent, staring at Ivy like she was performing magic.

"What... is that?" I whispered.

"Don't ask questions," Aiden muttered. "Just enjoy the silence."

For the next ten minutes, we stayed frozen in our positions—Emilia in the rocking chair with Luna, me standing with Lyric, Aiden collapsed on the couch, and Ivy playing her bizarre cello piece. The twins stared, transfixed, until their eyelids began to droop.

"Keep playing," Aiden whispered to Ivy. "I'll take Luna from Emilia."

With careful choreography that suggested they'd done this many times, Aiden took Luna while I followed his lead to the twins' nursery. We placed them in their cribs as Ivy's music continued to drift through the house.

When we returned to the living room, Ivy was just finishing her piece. She set her bow down with the flourish of a magician completing a grand illusion.

"That," I said, "was the weirdest thing I've ever heard."

"But it worked," Ivy replied, grinning as she packed up her cello. "They're musical prodigies with very specific taste."

Aiden collapsed onto the couch again, dragging a hand down his face. "Seriously, Tyler, how did you calm Lyric down before Miggy called? I've tried everything."

I shrugged, still feeling the phantom warmth of the baby against my chest. "Just talked about basketball. Mostly insulting your skills."

"The basketball part tracks," Ivy said. "Aiden has this whole routine—ceiling fan commentary, finger puppets, even basketball lullabies."

Emilia laughed, curling into the corner of the couch. "Basketball lullabies?"

Aiden's face turned slightly red. "It's not—I don't—"

"Dribble, dribble, down the court," Ivy sang softly to the tune of 'Row, Row, Row Your Boat.'

"Oh my God, stop," Aiden groaned, throwing a pillow at her.

I grinned, filing this information away for future teasing. "You got a whole system, huh?"

"They each like different things," he admitted. "Lyric prefers Lakers games, Luna likes Celtics."

"Of course they do," Emilia said, smiling. "Twins with opposite tastes."

I noticed Emilia watching me with a curious expression. "What?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said. "Just didn't expect you to be such a natural with babies."

I felt my face warm. "I wasn't."

"You definitely were," Ivy contradicted. "Lyric is the fussier one. She usually takes way longer to settle."

I shrugged, uncomfortable with the attention. "Beginner's luck."

"Or maybe," Emilia said softly, "you're just good with people. Even tiny ones."

Something in her voice made me look up. She was still watching me, her eyes warm in a way that made my stomach do a weird flip.

"Farm Guy, certified baby whisperer," I joked, trying to ease the sudden intensity. "Don't tell Sofía. She'll be jealous that I held someone else."

Emilia smiled. "Lub you, Fahm Die," she mimicked in Sofía's voice.

Ivy looked between us, one eyebrow raised. "Farm Guy?"

"Long story," I said quickly.

"Not that long," Emilia countered. "Miguel dubbed him 'Farm Guy' when Tyler started helping my dad. Sofía picked it up, added 'lub you,' and now it's a whole thing."

"Adorable," Ivy said with a smirk that suggested she'd be interrogating Emilia later.

Aiden checked his phone. "My parents will be home in about an hour. Anyone want to order pizza?"

As they debated toppings, I found myself replaying the weight of Lyric in my arms, the way her tiny fingers had clutched my shirt. It had felt so natural, so right—in a terrifying, brand-new way.

I caught Emilia's eye across the room. She smiled, a small, private smile that somehow seemed to say she knew exactly what I was thinking.

Someday. Many, many, many, many, many, many days from today.

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