

MY FIRST 3 MONTHS



Hello again,

Welcome to my 3 months log!

I decided while Mummy has so much time on her hands to do another log. The first one was appreciated by many, although a few people were a little put off by how long it was! Really, if I have the time to dictate it to Mummy and she has the time to write it, surely you have the time to read it. Reading doesn't take half as long as writing, and I know this because Mummy has been reading lots of books to me in the hope to tire me and put me to sleep. It works quite the opposite, as I sit there mesmerised by the faces she pulls and the funny voices she puts on, so by the time we've gone through three or four little books I'm more awake than ever. That's when she gets out one of the 'big gun' stories, like the Peter Rabbit Tales, which are quite long and use funny Old English words, which Mummy even has to translate for herself..!

Anyway, my first three months have been eventful, exciting and full of wonderful adventures. As you'd expect, my main focus in the first few weeks at home was devising ways of getting as much food as possible into me. Since Boob and I never really got off to a good start, Boob decided to play hard to get and hold out on me. The more I tried to make friends with it and show it that I was willing to cooperate, the more obstinate it got about how much milk it was going to give me. It's like it was rationing out my feeds and since I like my food (Mummy says I'm a little guts) this was just not good enough. So I launched war on Boob. I scratched it, mangled it, went on a hunger strike and did whatever I had to do to get off it and get on to that fast-flowing stuff that comes out of a bottle. It wasn't quite the same as the sweet boob juice, but it was still white and milky, half the work and pretty much on tap when I wanted it.

Mummy didn't seem very happy with me and for a while she seemed to side with Boob. She too tried to convince Boob to 'get with the program' and continued to persevere with it even after I gave up. For a while, I was living in nirvana - I was getting boob milk administered out of a bottle, which I could guzzle noisily at a rapid pace. There was nothing better than that in the whole world. After every feed I smacked my lips in appreciation of the fine dining I had just experienced. Another couple of months later, the Boob fine dining restaurant went bust and closed down. So now it's good old made-up milk out of a bottle each time, which is just fine by me.

In fact, it is so fine that I am growing faster than most babies my age. At 3 months, I am 7kg and 66cm in length. Apparently these are very good stats, according to the family GP. Mummy and Daddy were given some growth charts to plot my progress for weight and height against percentile bands for different ages (by the way, I don't understand any of this, but apparently I will one day) and since they are both mathematically inclined, they did this to discover that I am now in the 95th percentile for girls. Whatever... Apparently it means that I'm big - durhh, like you can't see that just by looking at me!

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The downside of these growing spurts has been that I am going through my pink wardrobe rather fast – in fact, to Mummy's mortification, way to fast for her liking. The 0000 jumpsuits and outfits were ditched and packed away within a month, and now the 000's are fast approaching their expiry date. Some, of course, have never been worn, but most I have managed to throw up on at least a couple of times. We've had our favourites, but generally they've tended to be any hue of pink imaginable with a dash of white or a splash of cream and they've had a constant animal theme running through – bunnies or cats.

Indeed it seems the bunny theme follows me everywhere. I share my cot with no less than six rabbits – small, large, pink (of course), cream with a dash of pink, white, speckled and multi-coloured and the honourable Peter Rabbit himself. There are also a couple of bears thrown in there for good measure, so all in all, it's pretty crowded. We've reached this agreement they can hang around the edges of the bed while I have the middle and so far the sharing thing is working quite well. Mummy says I have to learn to share so that I'm fully trained by the time a little brother or sister comes along. I say I just got here, so can you give me a break and let me enjoy my parents by myself for a little while..?!

I have also managed to devise ways of escaping out of the ever tighter wraps and free my arms so I can either smack myself with them or scratch my face. It works well and I wake myself up every time. Mummy and Daddy keep putting my hands back in and rewrapping me, but within minutes I am out again, flapping my wings, free as a bird. We call it 'wrap prison break' and it's our own little show that keeps everyone entertained for hours.

Apart from eating lots and always wanting more, Boob wrestling, wrap mangling and filling nappies, there was very little sleep in those first several weeks. Mummy and Daddy tried in vain to lay down the law and establish some sort of routine without too much success. I continued my proved and tested 20 minute power naps throughout the day and generally partied between 10pm and 2am most nights. There would be a 3 - 3.5 hour long sleep between 2am and 5am, but that was enough to recharge my little batteries for the next 20 hours! Strangely enough that wasn't the case for Mummy and Daddy. For a few weeks they looked like walking zombies, bleary eyed and stressed out.

One morning Mummy said to Daddy, 'What if this will never change? What if she won't sleep more than 3 hours at a time until she's 2 years old? How are we going to survive without sleep for the next 2 years?'

Daddy just shook his head miserably. Things had really gotten that bad.

That was a low point for them and a high point for me. I realised then I had won the sleeping game. They knew it, I knew it. I considered the situation: with Boob permanently gone into hibernation and bottle milk on tap, what was the incentive of staying awake now? I concluded: none. So from that night (and EVERY night after that, Mummy will add with the biggest grin on her face), I slept right through the night. Yes, I now go down for the whole night, as in 8, sometimes 10 hours STRAIGHT. I have sane parents once again

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and you should still see their childlike exhilaration and jubilant disbelief as they lean over my cot every morning and greet me with a high-pitched, so-happy-to-see-me 'Morning, Glory!!' Ever since I've learnt how to smile, I grin back at them. They are just so happy and relieved, it breaks your heart not to smile.

Along with the smiles and giggles have come gurgles and talking. What is most annoying is that nobody seems to understand me yet. So when I say 'A-cuu bou-adaa', I usually get a non-intelligent 'Goo-goo-ga-ga' back rather than the conversation I was hoping for on the topic that I had raised. I'll keep persevering though, I hear the adults eventually start understanding you.

There is a small, elite group of friends that I have made, who although can't talk back, I know they understand me. They are my Mobile friends, the ones that go round and round, dance and play tunes while they entertain me with their colourful attires, googly eyes and bright faces. Some belong to a pond, some to the ocean, some are friends of the jungle. They hang above my cot, in the car above my car seat and above the change table. They all have names, which I won't bore you with, but suffice to say they are unusual. They follow me around throughout my day and sing and dance for me. I reply back 'A-cuu bou-adaa' and they know I'm saying, 'Yes, it's rather warm in this room and I'm only lying here, so I can only imagine how you must be feeling'. Now why can't adults decipher that..?

Another predominant activity in my first month has been entertaining lots of visitors. Mummy and Daddy are obviously intent on honing my social skills nice and early and I've been going along with it. Besides, most people come bearing gifts and cuddles, so it hasn't been too hard to take. The revolving door of visitors has meant I've had lots of faces to map, voices to memorise and names to remember. Next time they come I'll try saying their name in my language and put their baby comprehension skills to the test.

One of the special visitors, who actually stayed with us for a while, was Maia (Mummy's Mum). She lives far, far away and she had to come here by plane. The first time she saw me her eyes stayed moist for half a day. Maia talked to Mummy in this funny language that didn't sound like anything that I'm used to. She must have decided that I can speak this language too because that's all she spoke to me in also. So now I have to find the translation for 'A-cuu nuu-adaa' in Romanian! Honestly, wouldn't it be a lot easier if everyone just spoke baby talk?!

I've also had lots of outings and visits with Mummy and Daddy. My first visit was a special one - I was only 2 weeks old and we went to Gran Fran and Grandad Nev's place. They have a pretty nice place with some lovely antique pieces that I rather liked..! It's never too early to start collecting, Mummy says. The outings have either been as a kangaroo in the Baby Bjorn pouch or mostly in my sexy red Rad Valco 'baby car', which of course goes faster because it's red. I particularly like this mode of transport as I lie there with wisps of wind in my face and puffy clouds shielding the sun from my eyes, while someone else does all the pushing, walking and navigating. Occasionally the pram stops and all it takes is a little grunt from me to get it moving again. Mummy and I have thus explored most of Glebe, Annandale, and Camperdown and have even ventured as far as

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Newtown. We've yet to walk to the fish markets so I can see my marine friends in real life; it seems that every time we plan to go, it starts raining and our plans don't come to pass.

Mummy and I have also started going to Mothers Group. Mummy says Mothers Group is a blessing because it keeps her sane – and I thought I had already made her sane by sleeping through the night..! I like going because I get to check out other babies, although we don't talk to each other yet. Most of them are smaller than me and can't hold their head up (apparently that's because they are actually 2-3 weeks younger than me), so I guess it's now up to me and this other girl in the group, who's also old like me, to set a good example.

The list of endless nicknames that I get called continues, and I'm pleased to say they are no longer just related to the animal kingdom. Daddy's new nickname for me is now of the kitchen variety – 'Lump of Butter' – cause I'm supposed to melt even the most hardened of 'We'll never-ever, in a million years, have a baby' hearts. Mummy, on the other hand, sticks to her tried and tested animals and has now made them more interesting by prefixing and suffixing them with some other meaningful descriptor i.e. Puppy Love, Pumpkin Fox, Cheeky Monkey and Tricky Bunny. I don't know why, but these intrinsically stupid names crack me up, even when I'm trying to be at my most serious. For instance, one time I was in the middle of feeding, which takes a certain amount of concentration when you are trying to empty a 250ml bottle in a record 20 minutes. The Tricky Rabbit comment broke all my concentration, I got the giggles and as a result it took me a whole 5 minutes longer to finish the bottle!

Until next time I shall bring you up to date on my adventures, I'll keep guzzling...

With love,
Coco



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