

## The first six, seven, eight, nine and ten weeks are the hardest

I recently read this article, [what no one tells you about motherhood](#). My goodness, it is bang on. Especially the part about babies being medieval. So true! *"None of us is prepared for this kind of uncivilised intrusion on our beautiful, hand-made lives. Not even if you are wildly maternal"*.

They say the first six weeks are the hardest. It is kind of true, and I will continue telling the lie that was told to me, for my friends when they become first time Mums. But its not the end of the sentence. It actually is, 'the first six weeks are the hardest - because you are not used to it'. After six weeks you just get used to the sleep deprivation and adjust to your new reality!

Once you get used to that, its still just as hard but you're so sleep deprived you forget what you used to do anyway. Its the letting go of your old normal that is one of the hardest parts.

Although I do think there is a peak in the crying at six weeks. And also, they start to smile around that time so you don't feel like you are working quite so hard when you get some reward!

Like [I said in this post](#), when I wondered why couldn't people just be happy and excited for us, why did they have to warn us about how bad it was all going to be...I still stand by this. There's no point warning future mothers of the impending shitstorm (sometimes literally) that is motherhood, they're in too deep now anyway.

So now we're at 10 weeks, 11 weeks on Friday and I am used to my new kind of normal and enjoying it!

One of the things I find the hardest is that you have to be a quick thinker, which I am not. I like to deliberate over things before I make decisions, now I have to make decisions on the fly.

The other thing I find hard is that as my friend *Bridgett* says, the buck stops with you as Mum. Mum's are the boss (even if the baby thinks *they* are the boss) and its a 24-7, never ending, often completely overwhelming responsibility. Unless you're a stay at home Dad and then I guess its a bit different. Maybe the 'primary caregiver' is the boss?

Don't get me wrong, its not all doom and gloom because as everyone says, 'they grow up so fast'. And they really do! Well, he's not talking or walking but already those early days are a distant memory, and now for every bad hour or two or a whole bad day, it passes quickly and something lovely or nice happens and you forget about that awful reflux - or the toe curlingly painful feeding.

I am much more relaxed now. Just because he is screaming his head off now, doesn't mean that in 5 minutes he won't be fast asleep or smiling. It's not permanent. The days go by so fast, it's amazing.

Every day I learn a bit more, relax a bit more and enjoy him a bit more. It seems like ages ago I was waiting everyday for him to smile, and now I get an enormous goofy grin all the time which I love.. except when its at 2am. Then its known as the 'f--ing midnight smiley bears'.

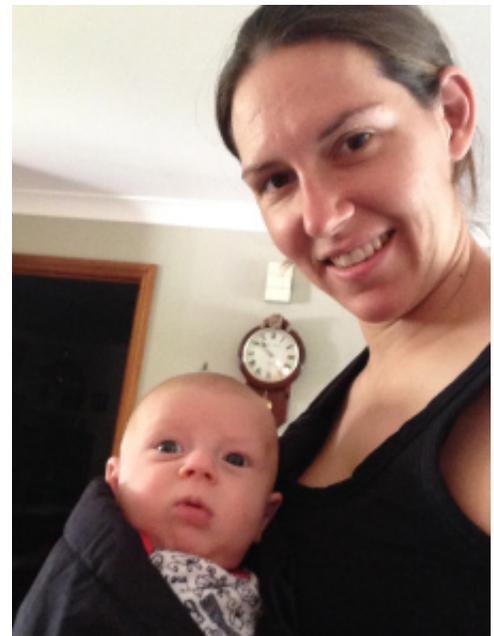
We have definitely had a rough week with both of us getting an awful cold. I can't remember the last time I was so sick. I think not being able to take cold and flu tablets was why it was so bad, I ended up caving and having some by about the fourth day as I was so congested. And I had plenty of milk frozen anyway so it worked out okay. Then just as I turned the corner he got sick, poor snuffly baby.

We are both on the mend, but were too sick to go to mothers group today which I was really looking forward to. But - there is always next week which will be here in a flash.

All I can say is, thank goodness for my parents. I am still staying with them as our renovations crawl along. My Dad stayed up and did the night feeds on my worst night which saved me - I don't know how I would have managed. Thank you Nanny & Poppy Uns!

Well, I've had an hour to myself and spent it blogging and drinking a cup of nescafe blend 43. Yes, really - see above re: adjusting to my new reality.

Until next time!





- Jen