

9 months old.

I really feel like we don't have a 'baby' anymore! Little man is 9 months old today.

He is really on the move. Not officially 'crawling' but rolling and wriggling and doing 360s!

Constantly trying to pull himself up on things, especially in the bath and is continually frustrated with life not being able to get where he wants to go.

So 8 months was hard! I would say after the newborn stage, 8 months was the hardest yet! The 8 month sleep regression is definitely a thing! But at the same time, I have that growing confidence where you know 'it' will pass and it has. I'm also lucky to have a great mothers group to whinge to and its nice to know I'm not alone, its normal and it gets better!!

I think the much talked about 'separation anxiety' has hit, but its still new enough that I find the fact he actually likes me and doesn't want me to go anywhere endearing...I will report back in a week on that...I can see it getting old. Right now though, after 8 months I was starting to think maybe he just really didn't like me...and now I know... HE LOVES ME!!!

Having said that he does love lots of things. His Dad (his eyes light up when he sees *The Man* now), baths, baths, baths, arrowroot biscuits, wafer crackers and cruskits ...he is crackers for crackers! He is on a pear ban currently as he is an addict and I am sick of cleaning up number 3s (poo explosions). He also loves chewing on my iPhone and getting his mitts on the iPad, turns out its an excellent surface for dribbling.

Next week we are off to Masada mother & baby unit to get this sleep thing sorted. Of course we've had a brilliant week this week, with only 1-2 night wakings but he's been feral enough during the day to make me feel like the visit is justified. I will blog about our time there for sure.



Thats all for now, have a great weekend.

- Jen