

The Second Born

Yes hi, hello. I know, its been ages. Sorry (not sorry!).

I've been pretty busy with life, returning to work, wrangling a toddler, growing a baby and having a baby.

But here we are. I felt like I should blog about poor baby #2. The poor second child.

The baby who doesn't get professional baby photos done, or a cute photo every week with those little cards with how many weeks old they are.

The.Poor.Much-Maligned.Second.Child.

Little do people realise that the second child has it the best. I can say that as a fact for I am a first born and I know this to be true. Second borns get to enjoy being parented by people with actual parenting experience, instead of being the subject of an experiment gone horribly wrong. It's like getting a haircut from the fully trained hair dresser instead of the apprentice, like having heart surgery from a cardiothoracic surgeon instead of the work experience kid. You get my drift.

Experience matters.

Second borns (and probably all other children after the first borns) are far more resilient, patient and generally just less ..type A. They still get loved the same, everyone's just more relaxed.

Anyway. We had a textbook pregnancy this time and used a private midwife so I could get measured by the same person all the time. And what do you know – no issues. Bub measured perfectly from start to finish. See, experience matters!

I had morning sickness a lot worse this time, a highlight was puking one morning in front of *The man* and Angus – but it thankfully went away around about 16 weeks. We nicknamed this baby "Duckling" just like Angus was "Grape".

Being pregnant through an Albury summer was great, despite those ridiculously hot days where people would comment "geez you must be feeling the heat today, you poor thing", I would wave them off bravely with a "better than trying to breastfeed a newborn when its 43 degrees and you're renovating a house and its shit so you've moved out and are living with your parents and their swampie chucked it in at 38 degrees and ..." What were we talking about again?

Ahem. I might be holding onto some issues. See, second borns have it better.

Anyway – yes, back to this baby. I started showing earlier this time and carried differently and copped months of "oh you must be due soon", or "whoa you're huge" and my two absolute

favourites, “when are the twins due” and “you must be having a girl because you look big from behind”.

No I did not make that last one up. And yes, it is more offensive to me now that I did in fact, have a girl. Sorry, #spoileralert.

So my huge arse and I made it up to 35 and a bit weeks and finished up work and then “rested and nested”. Just made that term up. Really I sat around, went out for coffee everyday and then in the last two weeks pulled my finger out and went nuts around the house and yard.

I pressure washed the balcony which is about to get renovated. A truly pointless exercise. And it doesn't even look that clean. It took me two hours.

I kept up doing parkrun every weekend, because I am stubborn like that, right up to 39 weeks. And I still didn't come last. I would have made 40 weeks but I had a six day old baby by then and y'know - #priorities.

Anyway, the firstborn is "politely" requesting that I come and assist them as soon as I can so I'd best go and attend to their needs (likely this is that the toast is cut up wrong).

EDIT: despite requesting jam, and me reminding him he doesn't like jam, I followed instructions for delivery of toast with jam and have now just been advised that "I don't like it".

Until next time,

- Jen