

An AB Discovery Book

DIVERGENT PATHS

Coming out publicly as
a sissy baby girl

written by

Michael Bent

Divergent Paths

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T.E.D.



“Ladies and Gentlemen, our guest today is Dr Luke Martins, a renowned physicist and former professor of Theoretical Physics at Columbia University. He is becoming well known around the globe for his stand on personal freedom and identity. Please welcome our speaker today.”

The audience applauded, a mixture of enthusiasm and politeness. Dr Martins stepped forward and began to speak.

“Thank you for the invitation to speak to you all today. I have long admired TED and the wonderful speakers you have here. I have hoped for the past few years to be invited to speak here, but I had originally hoped that it would be for my work in physics, not for... this.”

Luke spread his arms in a flourish and pointed to himself. A few people in the audience smiled and laughed politely. It was an understanding crowd and Luke was happy for it. ‘Understanding crowds’ were not to be assumed.

“Four years ago, I made a monumental decision regarding my personal liberty, my unique identity and my right to expression of ideas. I decided to open the front door of my apartment and take my place in the wider world as the person I am.

“I am an adult baby girl.”

Luke paused for effect, swallowing as he prepared to tell his story.

“As you can see here before you, I now live and dress as a baby girl and have suffered the extremes of opinion that come with

Divergent Paths

it. Not that I regret what I have done in any way at all. Those first twenty steps I took down the corridor of my apartment building were some of the most liberating I have ever experienced. Stepping out of my building and onto the street were the scariest moments of my life and I've experienced not one but two, New York muggings!

“But with that fear came the most extraordinary sense of freedom and truth. As a physicist, we are always seeking after a higher truth. Each discovery we make peels off a layer of the onion and takes us one infinitesimally small step towards absolute truth. And each time we peel away a layer, the scientific community experiences a degree of joy and satisfaction – because we are closer to truth.

“My experience that day was just like that but far more intimate, far more powerful and utterly liberating. I walked along the footpath, dressed in diapers, my most discreet baby dress, leggings and baby shoes and with a pacifier in my mouth. I am sure that to most people I looked ridiculous, a symbol of incompetence and failure and to some, perhaps a danger. But to me, I just felt real. I was no longer wearing a façade. I was no longer pretending to everyone else, but mainly, I was no longer pretending to myself.

“Since that day, I have taken a lot of criticism and I lost a lot of friends, including people I thought would stand by me. But the support I have received has come from the most unlikely sources. On that first day, the most remarkable support came from the Cafeteria manager who hugged me and congratulated me. To this day, I don’t know why. Before that, she was the kind of woman for whom a smile was rare and a compliment unheard of. But she hugged me and told me to be strong. If not for her, my grand experiment in personal freedom and odyssey would have ended that day. It would have ended in failure. This unknown woman gave me the impetus to continue my journey through perilous places.

“I lost my job at Columbia University as a lecturer but was allowed to continue my research. I am not angry with them, but I

Divergent Paths

saw the irony and frankly, hypocrisy, of a University system that not only permits but encourages transgender staff and yet, cannot handle an Adult Baby girl. For the first two years, that attitude pretty much underlined my experience with most people and institutions.

“As a society, we have overcome our hostility towards transgender, homosexuality and other minorities by virtue of learning about them and discovering that the threat they posed was in fact, non-existent. That is not to say that there aren’t some truly terrible role models in their minority communities, as it is in mine. There are, but so it is with society in general. But Adult Babies are not what society understands and expects and if I understood that in an academic sense before I came out, I certainly understand it now in all of its raw, uncompromising hatred.

“It is fair to say that some people hate me and more than a few have taken the time to express it to me personally. But over time, that hatred has diminished and some acceptance has taken its place. But that acceptance is not based on some universal Gandhi-like sense of comprehension of what I am. It was based on information. Not emotion, but information. That is actually what I am here for today, to use this platform not to discuss what has happened to me on my personal journey, but to share who I am and the others who are like me.

“I said earlier that I am an Adult Baby girl. Those three words mean everything to me. They mean absolutely *nothing* to the average person. If I said I was a gay man, people around me would know exactly what that means and treat me accordingly, be it acceptance, rejection or complete disinterest. But they would judge me largely factually. But when I tell people I am an Adult Baby Girl, their reactions are based on very different criteria. Now to be fair, the clothes I wear project an image most people don’t want to see and I am aware of that. I am also certain that many of you here today, think I look ridiculous, even if you support my right to do so.

Divergent Paths

And I understand that perfectly. For many years I too would look at myself in the mirror and see something ridiculous. But I digress...

“Society at large has little idea what an Adult Baby is and my experience out in the open has helped grow the debate and so I am pleased with that. Mind you, I did not come out for the benefit of society. I did not invite scrutiny of the adult baby lifestyle for the benefit of our small community either. I did it for *me*. I did it so I could feel free and honest and no longer trapped in an external image that was at conflict with my internal identity.

“We understand that transgender people dress as the gender they are so as to externally express and validate who they are internally. Over a long period of time, the majority of society has understood that. Practical acceptance may be some distance away yet, but the issue is at least largely based on facts. We know who transgender people are. We know what they are. We know what they do. But we don’t know who Adult Babies are. Worse, we fill in the gaps with our ignorance.

“Ignorance grows in the dark and it is in the darkness that evil breeds. I was no longer willing to live in the darkness and so, I stepped out in the light. Light is cleansing and I have felt its cleansing power every day. But it came at a price as my story confirms.

“Many think that adult babies are paedophiles and let me just say just how utterly stupid that truly is. Ignorance and stupidity are the biggest enemies we as a first-world society face and it is a classic symptom of small minds to label that which we do not understand as evil. It is deeply saddening to see the medieval thinking that arrives at such statement still coming out of the mouths of people who went to school.

“So, just in case anyone here still needs me to be clear, let me say it again. Adult babies are not paedophiles. The logic that arrives at such a statement is stunning in its stupidity. Yes, I wear diapers. I

Divergent Paths

have never hidden that fact. Wearing a diaper does not make you a paedophile or many of our disabled and elderly would have to wear that label as well. Yes, I dress as a baby, but some of you seated here today dress up at home in unusual costumes that would have these same people question *your* sanity.

“An Adult baby is someone with a dual identity. It can be hard for the average person to fully grasp because these two identities are just such polar opposites. On the one hand, I am an adult, forty-six years old and male. I have a PhD in Theoretical Physics and a modest athletic career as well as an impressive academic one. On the other hand, I am also a three-year-old baby or toddler that has many of the genuine attributes of infancy. If that sounds confusing to you... welcome to my world! From my earliest years of life, that confusion was something I lived with and tried to navigate.

“And as if I needed any additional confusion, I was aware early on of a basic femininity that overlayed everything else. Even in the mind of a child, I knew this was something to not talk about. I felt different from my siblings, my friends, my family and anyone I met. I felt different and worst of all, I felt alone.

“I had to try and grow up, understanding that part of me was still very much a baby and a baby girl at that. I had no particular cross-dressing or transgender interests or desires as a kid or teen - which may sound like a contradiction, so let me explain. My adult identity is happily male. My baby identity, however, is very much female. And so, in those formative preteen years, I was wanting to wear diapers. But I wanted baby *girl* diapers. I was wanting to play with baby toys, and on my own, I imagined that I was literally an infant. But I wanted *girls'* toys primarily. In many ways, I was at war with myself. I say all of this to explain that I am not some cosmic rarity, but rather, somewhat typical of adult babies in general.

“It surprises most people to discover that the ‘adult’ in Adult Baby is a superfluous term. I was a baby when I was five years old. I

Divergent Paths

was what we call a teen baby when I was fifteen and when I hit that magic number of eighteen, I mysteriously became an *adult* baby. But I was always a baby, from the time I was *literally* a baby. And today, part of me is very much... a baby. This is one of the key elements I try to explain to people, that being an Adult Baby is something you are always; from before you can remember until your last breath. It is not an option, not some experiment, but life as we personally get to experience it. That is the first misconception I want to address: that adult babies don't 'become'. They simply 'are', and always have been. We are not created nor do we evolve. We simply 'are' and have been long before our first memories. This identical to the transgender experience in that they were *always* the opposite gender to their physical sexuality. Nothing *happened*. They just always *were*. And it is the same with me. I was *always* a baby. And I was *always* a baby girl.

"So, the second misconception I want to address is one of sexuality and being an Adult Baby. Quite simply they are not connected in any way. I was a baby long before puberty hit and when my sex drive fades off to more of a memory, I will *still* be a baby. Being an adult baby is not primarily a sexual fetish. Of course, there are fetish elements that can be included and often are, but that's not what it is at its core. Sexual orientation or preference is unrelated to being an adult baby.

"The question I am asked more often than not is about diapers. Now, in such an elevated platform and with such an educated audience, you probably don't want to hear about diapers... or maybe you do!

"Yes, I wear diapers and yes, I wear them all the time and... yes... to the next question which I won't ask, but you are all asking inside your head right now! For most people, the idea of wearing a diaper is demeaning, uncomfortable and disgusting. Don't worry, I get that, I really do. But you aren't me nor do you have my background. I have wanted to wear diapers since I was actually still

Divergent Paths

wearing them. They have a practical purpose of course with babies and toddlers and of course... bedwetters.

“You didn’t think I’d get through this without mentioning bedwetting, did you?”

Luke took a small break amid a smattering of laughter throughout the crowd. A TV interview a month earlier had gone off the rails when he had admitted to teenage bedwetting and the co-host had added that she too was still wetting her bed at seventeen. It had engendered no small amount of social media commentary from all sides of the issue but importantly, a *lot* of people admitted that they too had wet the bed well into school years.

“Well, I wet the bed until I was nineteen and as we now all know, I am far from the only one. In fact, more recent studies have discovered that bedwetting is far more prevalent than we used to believe and the major reason for that reluctance in the past to admit to bedwetting was a single thing. Shame. Shame can be a life-destroying curse as many of you would understand, perhaps personally. Parents who would admit to many failings or problems in their child would never admit to bedwetting because it was so... shameful. And now we know that bedwetting at early school level is so common that many educators in junior school will *assume* there is a level of bedwetting in their students. And even in high school, a better-informed educator will know that the chance that one or more of their students still wets the bed is low, but a long way from zero. When they plan camps there is always the planning for dealing with the possibility of bedwetting because... it is real.

“All my life I have loved science. I come from well-educated parents although none are in the hard sciences and they encouraged my love of this field. I built small models and engines before I started school. I was reading all many of books from the classics to fantasy and of course... science fiction which in this audience full of nerds...”

Divergent Paths

The audience laughed because... it was true.

“In this audience I could discuss Star Trek and Star Wars for hours, but I won’t. But it is notable that science fiction, especially Star Trek has been a real leader in the acceptance of minorities. First interracial kiss, the use of a Russian bridge office during the height of the Cold War, same-sex relationships, transgender and more. There weren’t any adult babies but if any media were to address that... properly, it would be science fiction. Some of you may remember the CSI episode with an adult baby character and if you haven’t seen it, don’t. It was terrible. While it did show adult babies more or less accurately, everything else about it was not a positive viewpoint.

“I grew up loving mathematics in particular and the structure of ‘stuff’ which is what led me to the study of particle physics and particularly theoretical models of matter. But while I was looking at a whiteboard full of the mathematics that would give blank expressions to most and nightmares to those with a good understanding of math, there was also a baby girl inside sometimes screaming for attention. For 20 years or more I lived in that nether land of trying to outwardly be the physics professor and researcher and at home, trying to deal with the baby girl that would not be denied.

“Every person out there with a minority identity or sexuality knows what it is to try and conform to the outside world to be a normal girl or boy, to be straight not gay and to follow the societal norms. Now, I’m not saying that is bad. We all want to be able to relate to others and to be like them. It makes communication and relationships easier. And for many, they can manage to hide or subsume their minority identity well enough to have a tolerable and even happy and satisfying life. You can feel conflicted about your sexual preference but be able to manage being straight without massive stress. You can feel conflicted about your gender identity to a degree that you can manage and live with. But for many,

that conflict is far too powerful and changes simply *have* to take place. A transgender person has to come out and openly identify as their true gender. A gay man or woman simply has to come out and live as they truly are.

“Sexual and gender dysphoria is real but it is also a spectrum, which is not easily understood. As humans, we love to put things into boxes and neatly wrap them in a bow. Scientists are not immune from this. In fact, we may be worse because part of our fundamental task *is* to put things in boxes with labels and to understand them. But the history of science is replete with examples of being far too clever and far too premature. There is the classic example of a 19th century physicist stating that ‘we know pretty much all there is to know about the atom’. And then we discovered that there was a *structure* to the atom and a entire branch of physics was born and the most important piece of knowledge we have gleaned so far is that we know very, very little!

“The spectrum minority identities live on can vary from mild confusion to disruptive confusion and then... the final stage where our minority identity has to be our real and very public identity. We cannot lie to ourselves or to others about who we truly are. There have been commentators over the years and decades who think that ‘just say no’ is a valid and helpful policy or prescriptive advice. Feeling sexually attracted to the same sex? Just say no. Feeling like you are in the wrong body and want to be the opposite gender? Just say no. And in my area the same question is that if you want to wear diapers, as if that is the entire question, just say no.

“Just say no has been an abject failure in drugs policy as well as in preventing teenage pregnancies. I don’t know what the answer is either, but I do know that ‘just say no’ is also not an answer and even possibly makes things worse.

“I grew up wanting to wear diapers again from an early age. This is adult baby 101. Every other adult baby wants the same thing and once again, ‘just say no’ was the common advice offered by

well-meaning parents and counsellors while utterly missing the point.

“I was asked today to discuss my life living openly as a baby girl but no such discussion would be helpful without explaining about my growing up and the nature of adult babies because I am reasonably sure that even in this polite, well-educated and well-informed audience, most of you know very little on the true nature of what we are, what we do and why we do it. So I need to explain some of it for you. Just be grateful I am not here to discuss the failings of the Standard Model of Matter because you would be here for *days!*”

“Let me use the example of my belated bedwetting as a springboard for how my life was atypical right from the beginning. As I mentioned earlier, bedwetting in young children is not uncommon and causes little concern, just frustration from parents and often the child. But not me. I was *never* frustrated by my bedwetting and I can see from a few faces in the front rows that this surprises you. As it should. This was my first clue that something was different in me. I was taken out of diapers at around five years of age because wet sheets was supposed to be motivating to the child. It’s kind of foolish thinking because for most children, wet diapers are hardly what they want either. But for me, bedwetting was something else altogether. Without actually thinking it though and identifying it as such, bedwetting made perfect sense. I was still a baby and diapers or not, babies wet their beds. I didn’t use such words until well into my teens, but growing up I wet the bed because internally, I saw no conflict or discrepancy in it. During the day I could stay dry because my very active mind could assess that wet pants were problematic and uncomfortable and so I didn’t wear them. But at night, my higher thinking functions took a rest and the more primitive and basic parts of my psyche took over and since the inner part of me was still an infant, not controlling my bladder was totally consistent.

Divergent Paths

“I know that this all sounds pretty weird and odd to many of you, especially for those who have struggled as young children or even teens to end this problem. But for me, it all made perfect sense. And so, bedwetting continued for a very long time and the reason I was finally able to stop is because external circumstance made it necessary. I could have stopped wetting the bed as a three-year-old, I guess, by my internal identity made it simply unnecessary.

“I use this example to make the point of this: minority identities are real. They are genuine, even if complicated, sometimes contrary and problematic. And that is the core of any of our understanding of transgender and the rest of the LGBTQ+ alphabet which I still think needs to have an A in it for... Adult Babies... It is real. It is substantial and we deny it to our own peril and to those around us. I wear diapers because I am a baby and I need them for their practical and psychological support. I wear baby-style clothes because I identify as a baby and baby clothing makes more sense than adult clothing. And I wear baby *girl* clothing because I am not a boy. I am a girl. An I sleep in a large baby’s crib not because I fall out of bed but because I am a baby and that is the appropriate way to sleep.

“So, let me start by giving you a brief run down on how I grew up and see what you think of what I am doing now and living the way I do.”