

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

two months old

A PERSONAL DISCOVERY

by
Baby Sophia

Two Months Old: A personal discovery

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An Adult Baby Girl's Journey to Honest
Infancy

by

Baby Sophia

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A Note on Voice

This book is written in the first person because there is no other honest way to write it. It can not be written from the outside looking in.

It is not a clinical study. It is not a survey of the adult baby community, nor an explanation offered apologetically to people outside this experience who might be seeking to understand it from a careful distance. It is one person's account of a lifelong journey toward complete honesty about who she is and who she has, it turns out, always been.

If it reads sometimes like a conversation with oneself, that is because it largely is.

The baby girl at the centre of it has been waiting a long time to be described accurately. She is eight weeks old. She has always been eight weeks old. She deserves nothing less than the truth, told plainly and without flinching, in the first person, in her own voice.

That is what this book attempts to be.

Preface: The Age I Finally Said Out Loud

For most of my adult life, I told other people who understood adult babies, and more importantly, told myself, that I was nine months old.

Nine months was the age I could say without flinching. It was the age that felt, if not exactly comfortable, then at least sayable. Nine months is a baby who sits up, who reaches for things, who recognises faces and responds to voices. Nine months is clearly an infant, but an infant with some purchase on the world, curious, engaged, on the verge of mobility. Nine months felt like an age one could admit to without the conversation stopping entirely.

It was also, I have come to understand, wrong. Not dishonestly wrong. Not the product of deliberate concealment. Simply the age I could reach and no further, the number where my self-knowledge stopped because going further felt, for reasons I didn't fully examine, like crossing into territory I wasn't ready for.

This book is about what happened when I finally crossed it.

The real number, arrived at slowly and honestly over a long conversation with myself, is eight weeks. Two months. The age at which a baby is still largely horizontal, still largely absorbed in immediate sensation, still finding the mobile above her crib genuinely and completely absorbing. The age at which the dummy is not a comfort object, but simply where the mouth rests. The age at which the nappy is not worn but simply is the body's natural condition, as unremarkable as breathing. The age at which a bear in the crib is not a toy but a genuine presence, a guardian, the thing that makes the night safe.

Eight weeks old.

I have spent a great deal of my life not saying that. This book is the consequence of finally saying it and discovering that the truth,

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once spoken, was not frightening at all. It was simply accurate. And accuracy, it turns out, is its own profound relief.

I want to be clear about what this book is and is not. It is not a defence of who I am. The baby girl at its centre requires no defending. She has been present and consistent and quietly honest about herself for an entire lifetime, which is considerably more than can be said for the adult self that spent so long misreporting her age. It is not a guide to the adult baby community in any comprehensive sense. It does not attempt to speak for anyone other than its author. It is not written for researchers or clinicians or curious outsiders, though any of them are welcome to read it.

It is written for the person who is somewhere earlier on the same road. The adult baby who has not yet found the language for what and who they are. The one for whom soiling feels both necessary and yet unspeakable. The one who checks their dummy is out before leaving the house and has never told a soul. The one who lies on the floor with a rattle for an hour and wonders what that means about them. The one who sleeps badly in a bed and doesn't know why. The one who has a number they say out loud and a different number they think about alone at night.

This book is for that person.

The road toward honest self-knowledge is worth travelling. The destination looks less frightening than the journey toward it suggests it will. What waits at the other end is not exposure or judgment or the thing you were afraid of.

What waits is simply the truth. And the truth, in my experience, feels remarkably like coming home.

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PART ONE: WHO SHE IS

Chapter One: Being, Not Just Feeling

There is a difference between having feelings and inhabiting an identity.

Most people, I think, understand the adult baby experience, to the extent they understand it at all, as a matter of feelings. Desires. Impulses toward certain objects, experiences or states of mind. Something that arises periodically and is attended to and then subsides. A part of a person, perhaps a significant part, but a *part* nonetheless, something that coexists with the rest of life rather than running through the centre of it.

For some adult babies, that description is accurate enough. The experience is real and meaningful and important to them, and it exists alongside the rest of who they are in a relationship that is manageable and compartmentalised and does not demand more than they are willing to give.

I am not writing this book for those people, or rather, I am not writing from that experience. I respect it entirely. It is simply not mine.

What I am writing about is something different in kind rather than degree. Not the periodic arising of feelings but the continuous inhabiting of an identity. Not visiting infancy but living there. Not a *part* of who I am but the most honest and fundamental register of what I am, present not occasionally but always, conducting itself quietly through every hour of every day, requiring not management but simply acknowledgement.

The distinction matters because it changes everything about what the experience requires.

When infancy is something you visit, you can visit it on your own terms. You can prepare for it, enter it deliberately, attend to it, and leave. You can manage its material requirements like the

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nappies, the clothing, and the accessories as things brought out for the purpose and put away afterwards. You can maintain a clean separation between the infant self and the adult life, and that separation can feel like something achieved rather than something lost.

When infancy is something you *inhabit* rather than visit, that separation is not available. The infant self does not wait to be visited. She is simply there, in the nappy worn through the working day, in the dummy checked for at the door, in the formula preferred over food, in the bear that must be present for sleep to be possible. She is not a mode to be entered. She is the ground state. Everything else is what is overlaid on top of her.

This has consequences for what authentic expression requires. If you inhabit infancy continuously, the half-measure is always felt as a half-measure. The nappy that is purely functional, the bottle used occasionally, the identity acknowledged inwardly but not expressed outwardly, these are not compromises that feel neutral. They feel like suppression. Like being asked to be less than what you are in order to be more manageable.

The adult baby who needs the full experience with every layer, every authentic detail, every physiological reality engaged with honestly is not being excessive, demanding or difficult. She is simply being *accurate*. She is insisting that the expression of what she is match the reality of what she is, as closely as the adult world permits.

That insistence is not indulgence. It is integrity. It is authenticity.

I did not always understand this about myself. For a long time, I managed the infant self rather than honouring her, attending to some of what she needed while keeping other parts at a careful distance, maintaining separations that felt like self-protection but

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were in practice a form of ongoing dishonesty. The journey this book describes is largely the journey from management to acceptance, from partial acknowledgement to complete honesty, from a version of myself I could explain to a version of myself that is simply true.

It is a journey that is, in its way, never entirely finished. There is always another layer of honesty available, another step toward accuracy. I know this because I spent years telling myself I was nine months old, and it took a long conversation with myself to arrive at eight weeks, and even eight weeks, said honestly, arrives with a small shock of recognition rather than a comfortable sense of having always known.

But the direction of travel is clear. Toward accuracy. Toward completeness. Toward the experience that does not feel like a version of what one is but simply feels like being what one is, without remainder.

That is what this book is about.

Not the feelings. The identity. Not the visiting. The inhabiting. Not the management of what one is, but the full, honest, undefended expression of it in every layer and detail and physiological reality and material truth.

The baby girl in the crib, eight weeks old, dummy in, bear close, nappy warm, mobile turning slowly overhead in the nightlight's glow.

Not performing. Not approximating. Not managing.

Simply being. That is me, and this is my journey.

Chapter Two: The Baby Girl

I am male. I have lived as male, presented as male, and moved through the adult world as male for my entire adult life. This is not a performance or a concealment. It is simply true. In my adult interactions, my adult relationships, my adult responsibilities — I am male, without conflict or distress, without a sense that anything is being suppressed or denied.

And I am a baby girl.

Both of these things are true simultaneously, and I have never found them difficult to hold together, perhaps because they occupy such entirely different registers of self that they do not actually intersect in any way that would create friction. The adult male and the baby girl do not compete. They do not need to be reconciled. They simply belong to different worlds, one the world of adult life with its responsibilities and interactions and social navigation, the other the world of the crib and the nappy and the bottle and the bear, the world of eight weeks old, the world that exists at home in the private hours when the adult self steps back and the baby girl is simply what remains.

I want to be precise about what I mean by the baby girl identity, because it is easy to misunderstand and important to get right.

It is not adult femininity. It is not a desire to present as a woman in adult contexts or to inhabit adult female identity. It is not a transgender identity in the conventional sense, though I say that with enormous respect for those for whom it is. The baby girl is not a woman. She is eight weeks old. The distinction is not trivial — it is everything.

A baby girl of eight weeks has no adult femininity. She has not yet developed the social, cultural, and psychological layers that

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accumulate around female identity over a lifetime. She is female in the way a baby is female — in the particular quality of her attire, in something felt rather than constructed, in the pink and white and soft yellow of her baby dresses, in the lace of her bloomers, in the ribbon on her bonnet. She is female in the register of earliest infancy, which is a different and far simpler and far more fundamental thing than adult gender identity. When you see a two-month-old infant, you can only tell if they are a boy or a girl by their clothing. Nothing about them is gender-specific other than attire.

When I put on a baby dress, a proper baby dress, smocked or lace-trimmed, with puffed sleeves and a hem that falls over a visibly bulky nappy and plastic pants, I am not dressing as a woman. I am dressing as a baby girl. The distinction is immediately felt. It is not about femininity in any adult sense. It is about something that belongs entirely to the world of the very young, to the particular aesthetic of infant girlhood, frilled and soft and entirely without self-consciousness. Yes, I have worn a bra, and my response has been that it doesn't really fit the identity, but it can be fun to play with. It is a prop, a toy, not part of who I am.

I can trace this identity back further than anything else in this book. Further than the nappy identity, which was present early but became fully conscious later. Further than the formula preference, the dummy habit, the floor-level world of the rattle and the bear. The baby girl was there, I am fairly certain, before any of those things had language. I can remember, as a young toddler, having a sense of myself as a baby girl in a way that I could not then articulate but which was simply present, a felt truth that sat underneath ordinary life without demanding expression but without disappearing either. It is one of my earliest memories or senses.

She was not created by the adult baby identity. She predates it. She was simply always there, as she is now, eight weeks old, in her crib, in her baby dress, exactly what she has always been.

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The adult male who writes this book and the baby girl he is writing about are not in tension with one another. They coexist in the way that different aspects of a complex person coexist — each real, each appropriate to its context, neither diminishing the other. The adult self goes about its business in the world. The baby girl inhabits her crib and her nappy and her bottle and her rattle, in the private hours that belong to her.

Both are honest. Both are true.

I mention this here, in the foundational part of this book, because it shapes everything that follows. The nappy is a baby girl's nappy. The clothes are baby girl clothes. The crib is where the baby girl sleeps. Understanding that the infant identity has this specific character, not gender-neutral, not merely a regression to an undefined infancy, but the particular and personal identity of a baby girl, is necessary for understanding the full picture of who this book is about.

She knows who she is. She has always known.

It simply took the adult self rather longer to catch up.