

I knew something was very different

about me when I was about four years old. I remember lying in bed having just worked out that if I thought about nappies and baby things a lot, my bedwetting would be a lot heavier the next night. That didn't upset or concern me. It was just an observation. I was and remain, an observant person and so it was rather telling that as a child who could not even read or write, I had recognised a connection between my *thoughts* and my bedwetting. Not that it changed anything.

I wet the bed every single night of my life until I was thirteen years old and on not one of those nights did I see it as a problem or an issue. While I never actually thought of it in such terms, bedwetting never bothered me. It was natural and easy and of zero concern to me. My parents were very tolerant and understanding and the occasional frustration they expressed didn't affect me or change the wetting. It wasn't until around thirteen that they expressed serious concern about it which motivated some effort and I more-or-less got dry overnight. Not that my bedwetting went away for long. Within a few years there were accidents again and by my early 20s I was wetting the bed again in increasing frequency until now, in my 50s that I wet the bed every night.

That same four-year old that made this connection started to want nappies again. Having been taken out of nappies fairly early, it might make sense to want them again because of my bedwetting, but that wasn't really the reason at all. I wanted nappies because they were *nappies*. I had zero issue with bedwetting, but I still wanted nappies.

My two year old sister was still in nappies and in the early morning she would take off her wet ones and I would quickly put them on myself, still wet. I was approaching five years old by then and even now I can still recall the feelings of bliss and excitement pulling up the wet nappy. I felt good. But it also felt *right*.

I was caught of course and mumbled some silly explanation, but to this day, the experience is a pivotal one and I realised then that I wanted to wear nappies. Opportunities were exceptionally rare. It was to be another five years before another sister was born and the nappies becoming available again. Just as before, I wore her wet ones and some dry ones, but with more cleverness and I don't believe I was spotted. Around that time I tried wearing nappies to bed, which I enjoyed, but were epic failures since at that stage my parents were still taking me to the toilet around 11pm and I would wake next morning minus the nappy. Nothing was ever said. I presume they thought I was wearing the nappy for my bedwetting. They were wrong. I was wearing the nappy because I liked nappies and was beginning to understand that I wanted to be a baby.

At the age of ten, you don't normally really understand what you are doing. You just do it. But by my late pre-teen years I was becoming very much aware that my interest in nappies and baby things was not at all common and so I didn't talk about it. I did what I could, but in secret. It was also then that I started wearing my sister's panties on occasion and this was the first signs of the 'sissy' nature I would later embrace. Not that I wanted to be a girl, because I didn't. I had already discovered that my penis was 'awesome'! But I wanted some of what girls had. When I was ten years old the girls in my class were allowed to do ballet while the boys did 'something else'. Even now I recall the intense disappointment that I could not do ballet or wear those pretty things. I am very much a straight, white man, but I still have those 'issues' about some feminine things.

My nonchalance around bedwetting led me to talk to some other kids in my class about it and not surprisingly, found other bedwetters. It is testament to how I simply didn't understand how most people viewed bedwetting that I discussed it with others, sometimes with *pride*.

A pivotal event occurred when I was 12 when a new student in class invited me to his home after school. When I went into his bedroom I saw his bed covered in dolls and teddy bears. That was amazing to me, but what really took my attention was the nappy on the floor, still in the large home-made plastic pants. They were his! This new friend of mine wore nappies to bed and based on the dolls and toys, still had some baby things. It was unfortunate that he didn't stay at school beyond the end of that year, but it was as if my feelings about nappies and baby things were no longer quite so weird.

It was the early 1970s in Australia and nappies for anyone other than babies simply did not exist. Disposable nappies were still some years away, but the desire for nappies continued to grow and I understood more about what I was feeling, but was still very much alone in it. I learned quickly that while a lot of kids still wet the bed even in high school, they did *not* want to talk about it. When the rare private moments occurred I would fashion nappies out of towels or sheets. Discovering masturbation was of course a huge thing, as it is for all boys. However, I masturbated thinking of nappies and baby situations where I was being babied in some way. I was already connecting my sexual expression to nappies and babying in an increasing way.

Up until now I was not adversely affected by my nappy and baby desires. I was a top student, often the brightest in the class, but come high school, that began to change. My focus was on nappies more than school and I didn't really know how to keep it in perspective. My grades dropped and remained middling most of the time in High School. If I concentrated and worked hard on a subject and avoided thinking about nappies, I would get high As. But most of the time it was Bs and Cs as the nappy and baby thoughts began to consume me.

University came and despite having a first-class mind and considerable talent, I did poorly. By then I was wearing baby nappies and the largest plastic pants I could find in an oh-so-tight fit. I was obsessed and controlled by my desires for them and failing to keep it in perspective.

Despite my obsession I met a wonderful girl and we got married. She was *kinda* aware of my baby/nappy side in the way that means that she didn't really. Nappies were simply not an option for me even though my bedwetting began to increase again.

As the years came and went, as four children were born and raised, the nappy/baby needs increased and found precious little outlet. I would wear nappies when alone for brief moments. I would wet the bed and revel in the experience of such an infant act, but the worst of it all was how it was affecting me and my relationship.

These needs and desires adversely affected my work and my progress through life. The need consumed me and yet had very little outlet and even then, only for brief moments. While our marriage was always good, there was strain on it from the baby side. I began to reach the stage where keeping it inside and hidden was impossible. I simply *had* to get some nappy and baby time. But it was never enough because, as I understand now after all these decades, the baby need is more than mere wearing and masturbating. Through many trials and tribulations, arguments and silences, my wife finally realised that I was a baby – as did I.

Up until that point I was suffering and so was she. Our marriage was still good, but less than what it should be. I was having regular severe headaches and stress that was off the charts. Towards the end, I would wake up some mornings so harassed by my baby needs that I was literally non-verbal for hours and could not communicate. And I was angry. So angry, so often

and worse, I could do nothing about it. It wasn't my external world causing anger, but rather my *internal* world.

My bedwetting was very heavy by this point and I was starting to wear night nappies at times, often at my wife's insistence. It was an odd experience to say the least, as if we were on the cusp of something. And then it happened...

I suddenly began having wet pants during the day with no awareness of it happening. By this time I was so sick of everything I unilaterally declared that I was going to wear nappies all the time. I couldn't go anywhere safely and the effort to stay dry was too much. And suddenly everything changed...

About a week later my wife looked at me over lunch and said 'you look so much happier!' And then I realised I actually *was* happier. Not happy because I was wearing my beloved nappies, but rather because the stresses that were destroying me were largely gone! I was happy! And over the next few weeks I noticed a number of other very significant changes. I wasn't angry anymore. My personality had been radically transformed. The headaches that had plagued me disappeared entirely. I had slept poorly for years, sometimes taking hours to fall asleep and waking up frequently. Suddenly, I was asleep in minutes for the entire night. I was literally, sleeping like a baby.

Our relationship improved out of sight, again overnight. And I felt like a normal person again, something I hadn't felt in decades. Yes, I was enjoying nappies, but the larger issue was that the driving force that had disrupted my life for 50 years was now mainly dealt with. I was in nappies again and I felt safe again. Naturally, there had to be more! Nothing could ever be that simple!

Over the next year I enjoyed the feeling of freedom, both physical and emotional, but there was still one aspect that was not really working out well. Yes, I was in nappies and it was a HUGE thing, but there was also the issue of being a baby. I am an adult baby and that means more than wearing nappies.

I had some baby clothes and a baby dummy and a few other things, but they were still not 'acceptable' in our life. I was wearing them on my own for brief moments, but it wasn't enough. I understand now that the nappy urge is the powerful part of wanting to be a baby, but the nappy alone is not enough. There were some disagreements and clearly some disapproval until one particularly magic moment when we found common ground and my wife accepted that I was to some degree, a baby. It was one of life's 'make or break' moments that fell on the 'make' side of the equation.

I was already in 24/7 nappies, but now we integrated some baby things into our lives. Like most people discover, trying to have much of a baby lifestyle is near impossible and you just grab what opportunities you can. But what really changed is that she accepted that I was a baby and was even willing to help out some. To be honest, the help was fairly small and limited, but it was the attitude that really mattered. The primary need of any adult baby is to be accepted by a spouse or significant other as a *baby* – a real baby. The secondary need is to have some kind of parent/child relationship. Obviously that is largely not possible to achieve, but it can exist in attitude and in the occasional act.

And so that is what we did.

We still had kids at home so wearing baby clothes at home was not really possible except on occasion. But bedtimes were different. I now usually wear baby clothes to bed. I take a dummy

(pacifier) with me which can be a great help plus I sleep with a teddy bear. I get baby time *every day* even if I am asleep for much of it.

Being an adult baby is for many, a curse. For me it has certainly adversely affected my life for much of it, but we have determined to change that outcome. For some years now I can honestly say that the baby/nappy drive has not consumed me or adversely affect my decisions or abilities and it is a blessed relief. It has finally found a place in my life and a place in our marriage rather than being the demon in the background. Our marriage is phenomenally good and in part because we faced the challenge of nappies and babying head on and survived.

I wrote this article largely in the hope that some despondent or desperate spouse would read it or that an adult baby at the end of their rope would see that it can change and be better.

I will close now with this: I know that for spouses, partners are even some family, the adult baby drive is incomprehensible and you truly hate it. I know it can be extraordinarily hard for you, but I would remind you that for all the anger, frustration and disappointment you feel about your AB partner, it is far worse in *our* skin. We have to live with it day in and day out. It defines who we are and while it causes you hurt, it causes us *harm*. It has cost some their very lives.

But it really can work out wonderfully if we dump our pre-conceptions, compromise and work towards what can be a truly magnificent and unique relationship.

I trust my story offers you some insight and perhaps, some hope.

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