

Beyond Breast Milk Part 1: Non-food Tasting Notes

Description

Baby peers, I made it, I'm now half a year old! For you younger, less experienced babies, that means 6 months. Yep, no more counting by months for me, now I can count by half years!



I have a feeling things are going to start changing around here now that I'm half a year old. For one thing, I hear mommy and daddy saying things like "solids", "food", "high chair", and "big poop". I'm not sure what it all means except that food is mommy's milk and poop, well it's poop. Oh no, I hope poop isn't what they are going to make my food now!



That sure would stink (ha ha, see what I did there?). Nah, they love me too much anyway!

Another thing I've noticed is that in the past few weeks, I've been trying to eat everything around me! I don't know where the urge comes from, but I could just be hanging in my jumper next to a toy like the worm in an apple. [G-Ma](#) got me!



and next thing I know, I'm trying to eat it!



watermark

Then I caught daddy looking and quickly had to pretend I was just rubbing it on my cheek.



Phew, I think he bought it.

And that's not all, I've tried several other things that, having found out the hard way, are not food. You're probably thinking the things had to of at least looked like the typical boob or bottle we currently get our food from, but they didn't!

So, I'm taking it upon myself to share with you my tasting notes on these non-food items. I hope it helps you make a wise choice when you are presented with similar things and feel the urge.

First off, the obvious one is your hand. My hand is what started me on trying other things and I can't seem to get enough of it anymore!



Tastes like fresh breast milk at first, but can be gross if you put your hands somewhere before your mouth. When I'm not craving hand, I opt for just a finger to hold me over.



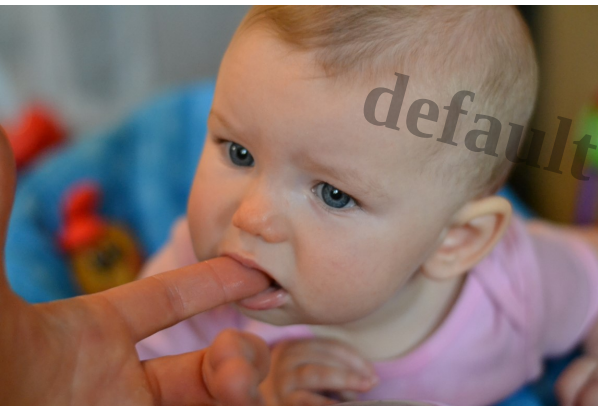
Same taste, just not as intense. Be careful here, if you stick your finger in your mouth too far, something weird happens and it doesn't feel good. Trust me, I know!



So the hands, I recommend them for any baby to start with, and then you can move on. For me, I figured if I like my hands so much, maybe daddy's will be just as good, or even better! Given the opportunity, I tried it out!



Initially, it didnâ€™t seem too bad, but it still wasnâ€™t the same. It tasted like something, but I couldnâ€™t quite put my finger (ha ha) on it.



Then it hit me, spoiled breast milk! Yuck!



I wonâ€™t be trying that again anytime soon. Thinking that maybe daddy just has bad hands, I decided to try [Uncle Prestonâ€™s](#) hand as he held me one day.



Nope, no good either. That was a first and a last for me!



Take it from me, only eat your own hands, everyone elseâ€™s just donâ€™t taste the same! Ready to move on to non-hand items, I tried a taste of the teddy bear sitting next to me one day.



It was hard to reach his neck, so I tried for the paw instead.



Yum! This is a keeper, I highly recommend teddy bear for a tasty treat. Tastes like fresh breast milk.



With how delicious the teddy bear was, I figured I would enjoy all stuffed animal toys I have. That was, until daddy put this thing next to meâ€¦!



Is it a dog, alien, or some weird baby? Mommy and daddy call it a dog, but Iâ€™ve seen a dog and Iâ€™m pretty sure they donâ€™t have hands like it says on this one.

I didnâ€™t even try tasting that thing.



Once daddy took it out of my crib, I sat up in joy!



Yeah, I™ve seen our dog, Abby, and I™m pretty sure she just has four *paws*, not hands and feet!



After having enough of the soft, fuzzy toys, I decided to move on and try my smooth, shiny toys. I™ve been playing with these rings for a while now, and just lately, they seem appealing.



The obvious first choice was the orange one since it was on top.



Yep, this was like breast milk from the bottle. Not bad, but nothing great. That said, I still go back to it.



And daddy *a/ways* talks about the blue one being his favorite, but it seems no different to me. Iâ€™d like to see him try it once!



Bottles seem to be something I can't get away from since that's all daddy can give (trust me, [I figured out the hard way](#)), so I'm okay with these shiny rings. If you have some, give'em a taste.

While in my jumper (which is a lot!), the red bird hanging to one side caught my eye and I just had to eat it!



Holy yum, this thing is great! It can't even be compared to milk, it's in a league of its own and I like it!



Seriously, I just can't get enough of it now!



By all means, if you have a plastic red bird hanging anywhere around you, eat it!

Speaking of things around you, I bet you have some sort of cloth with arm holes pulled over your head every day. Right? Well, just happens you can eat that too! Seriously, I just figured this out several days ago and can't believe I've been missing out on chewing something attached to me. No work needed, just put in mouth and chew.



Depending on if I just ate from a bottle or from mommy, the taste can range from fresh milk to not so fresh milk. Either one is okay with me, just as long as it's not like daddy's hands!

In sum, when you start having these random cravings to put things in your mouth, choose your hands, no one else's, at first. Then move on to things like what you wear, hanging red birds, and colorful rings when you have to.

I'm still trying to figure out what mommy and daddy are up to with their "new food" talk, and I have a feeling I'll find out soon. I overheard them talking about this weekend and setting up a "high chair" while I pretended to be busy working on something.



[How many chairs do I need](#), really? Iâ€™ll let you know how it goes if I make it through whatever is happening. For now, I leave you with some words of wisdom; always cry long and loud when you poop and make sure to blow raspberries to really make your point!

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