



The Fall

INTRODUCTION

This is my first story. It explains why I am a diaper boy. If this is your first time reading one of my stories, then you should know that the words in all caps (CAPS) is the indication that a new chapter or section is starting. Enjoy!

MY LIFE AT 6-YEARS-OLD

My 6th birthday was the first birthday I had where I received underwear as a present. A few weeks before my birthday, I finished up my toilet training where I was not wetting my Pampers during the day. However, I still wet at night occasionally. Nevertheless, my parents bought my first package of underwear that had little cartoons of Batman on them. I felt like a "big kid" now. My Pampers at night turned into Goodnites. I know it kind of was odd to finish potty training at 6, but I never was forced to use the toilet. One day I just wanted to become a big kid so I told my parents I wanted to use the "potty". A few weeks after my birthday, I stopped wetting completely and stopped wearing Goodnites.

CRISIS AT 8-YEARS-OLD

By now, the smell of baby-powder left my room. My changing table was already built into the wall, and when I wasn't using it, when I was 6, we always use to just lift it up into the wall so it blended in. Now, at 8, it is always up in the wall. One morning I woke up to the sound of my mom opening the door to my room. There was a slight aroma of pee in the air. I started to sit up in my bed when I felt my bed was soaking wet. Overnight I wet my bed for the first time in nearly two years. My mom said it was just a hiccup. The next morning (with new sheets of course) I felt my bed was soaking wet again. I felt horrible.

From that point on until I was 10 years old I wet the bed almost every night. I also wore Goodnites again. I felt real bad at first, but I got use to wearing them. On Christmas Day when I was 10, I woke up without a wet Goodnite. Same thing with the next few days. In fact, I never wet the bed again. Strange, but good.

MY ACCIDENT

11 years old. A year since my last bed wetting. I'm sitting on my bike on the top of Oak Drive.. This road I lived on was in a subdivision, and was hilly. It went up and down, here and there. One spot (which is where I was at) was the highest spot in the sub. Not that high at all really, but from where I was, it was steep. All the kids in the sub call it "Oak Point" because there is a giant oak on the side of the road. We built a treehouse there that was the coolest and biggest treehouse I have ever seen. With it's roofed deck that went around the entire tree, you could look out and have many spectacular views. Jared and Tuck were in the treehouse pretending to be announcers of a Bike-a-thon. I was below on the road with Sam, Eric, Ben, and my brother Matt lined up in a row across the road. We were in our own drag race.

The rules were simple, you get 10 pedals and then you just glide down the hill. We have done this often. However today, the Johnson's were putting in gravel on the edge of their driveway and some of the stones had accidentally spread out on the street. Jared had a horn off his bike and he pressed it, indicating the start. I started off strong, gliding down the road swiftly. I saw the stones ahead and veered to the left. However, I hit a small pothole in the process which bounced

me back in my original path, towards the stones. Braking, I skidded through the rocks and hit another pothole, throwing me off my bike into a boulder on the side of the road. Upon impact, a sudden pain went through my lower stomach. Instantly, I started to pee without control into my pants. Then all went black.

HOSPITAL FOOD TASTES BAD

I woke up in soaking wet pants laying on a stretcher. My left arm hurt a lot, and it was in a splint. My mom was next to me, on the phone with my dad. On my other side, a paramedics officer was holding the stretcher in place. We were all in an ambulance, rushing to the hospital.

My mom was saying that Mrs. Johnson witnessed the crash and called 911. In 3 minutes, the EMS arrived and another minute later my mom arrived. Apparently, Ben and Eric ran up to my house to get my mom. True friends. We arrived at the hospital in 2 or 3 minutes and I was rushed into the Emergency Room. The doctor put a clear plastic mask over my mouth and nose. It had a tube coming out of it, which connected to a machine to the side. He flipped a switch on the machine, and pinkish gas flowed through the tube and into the mask, forcing me to breath it in. In a matter of seconds I was out cold.

When I woke up *again* I was in a hospital bed. I shifted around a little and noticed my arm was in a bright green cast. Then I noticed a package of "Pampers Youth Diapers Plus" was on the table next to me. It was open. As quick as I could I pulled the covers down, revealing the diaper I was wearing that came out of the package. I pulled the covers back up slowly, realizing what I was wearing. I looked over at the package again, reading all the words on it...

- Diapers for boys ages 10-12.
- Can hold up to 5 cups of urine.
- EXTRA PROTECTION!
- Can even hold stool.
- 100 diapers included.
- Absorb-Loc Feature: absorbs and locks in urine & odors.
- New design and comfort.

There was also an 11yr old on the package that appeared to be laughing. He had a pair of these diapers on and was standing next to an adult (probably his mom) who was smiling too. I thought about this, and wondered why he was smiling. I sure wasn't. However, I had to admit the diaper was extremely comfortable. Much more cushioned than normal underwear. It was like sitting on a pillow. Suddenly, I began to pee again (this time without pain). I could feel the front bulge out a little and get warm. It felt weird to do this again, but good at the same time.

Moments later I was done, with a completely empty bladder. I was amazed and scared that I had no control. Then the doctor walked in. He said hi, and gave me some clothes. My mom walked in behind him. The clock on the wall said 12:01am. After our hugs and kisses, the doctor interrupted us and requested she sit down...

"Billy here had quite a fall. He did break his arm, but that will heal in a few weeks so don't worry about it." he started off.

"That's ok, we can deal with that." my mom replied.

"Wait, there's more..." the doctor quickly continued, "Upon impact, Billy's bladder suffered nerve damage. This is the nerve that toddlers learn to control during 'potty-training'. Although this damage will most likely be permanent, you will learn to live with it."

"What do you mean?" mom quickly replied.

"Basically, Billy cannot control when he urinates. When his bladder wants to go, it will, just like a baby."

"So I have to wear these, these diapers?" I asked intently.

"Well, people don't usually like to call them that but yes. Oh, and these are made special for hospitals. So when you run out, you can just order them through the hospital. A UPS will deliver them in 2 days."

"What about when I need to go...you know... number two?"

"You can try to pull the diaper down and use the toilet like normal, but the tabs will most likely break, wasting the diaper."

"So I just have to go...in them?"

"That is correct." he replied.

"Oh, and before we walk down can you pull your pants down quick Billy?" the doctor said. I hesitated but then I unbuttoned them and pulled them down. "Ok, now look here..." he continued pointing as he went along, "Just want to make sure you all know how this works. These tabs here are very strong. As soon as you apply them down, you have less than 4 seconds to adjust them quickly before they stick like super glue."

"Ok." my mom commented.

"Now right here is just the new design with the dirt bike prints. Just below that is a wetness indicator strip. Purple equals dry, green equals wet."

"So he's wet right now then."

"Correct. Well, that's all I have to say."

"Thanks doctor, I'll just change him and we'll be on our way."

"Ok, then."

After this the doctor left the room. Mom told me to get on the bed and keep my pants pulled down. I asked her why I couldn't do it, but she said that it was just like when I was little, it is do difficult for me to put a diaper on myself from my angle. I hated laying there in a diaper. I was 11 years old! I kept thinking what my friends would say. I figured I just wouldn't tell them. I wasn't paying attention when mom ripped the tabs, took off the old diaper, and put a new one on. I guess I was use to it from when I was little. Matt wasn't paying much attention either. He was 8 and still wet the bed, so this was a normal routine for him two. Unlike me, he wore size 6 Pampers to bed instead of Goodnites.

After the change, I pulled my pants back up and buttoned them. I put on my coat and shoes. It was slightly difficult getting that bright green cast through the sleeve, but I managed. On the way home we stopped at McDonalds and got lunch there. Even though I had one meal at the hospital, the greasy burger tasted like heaven. That hospital food tasted like crap.

NEW MESSES

Before arriving at home, we stopped in at Costco and got some new supplies. This is what we got...

- An extension to my changing table. Now my mom would be changing two boys.
- Some kind of youth bottle formula. It said it would make my stool softer, making changing easier. The package included a baby-bottle too.
- 2 footed sleepers, one for me and one for Matt. These were different than normal footed sleepers though. They had a large flap in the front that buttoned up. It gave my mom access to my diaper for changing, and it kept me warm at night.
- ...and some other items.

When we got home, I had to go potty. But not like normal, I had to go #2. I ran up to my mom...

"Mom! I gotta go!"

"You know the drill, do it in your diaper."

"No, no. Number 2."

"Well, do it in you diaper." she repeated.

"But..."

"No butts, you know that you'll have to get use to this."

Frustrated, I walked off. I didn't want to poop in my diaper. My mind told me "NO BILLY! WRONG PLACE!". I ignored it best I could. I just stood there waiting for it to come out. First, I started to pee. Then, the pee stopped and poo filled my diaper up. It squished all up and everywhere. It felt good. The diaper also sagged in the back, clearly pointing out I had a dirty diaper on. Mom noticed and left the room. I didn't know if it was for air, but she left the room. She came back with the extension to the changing table. Up in my room, she attached it and gave me a change. I stood there on the floor with nothing but a diaper on. She told me to come help her bring up the crib. I wondered why. She said that with my cast, she didn't want me to fall out of bed (which I sometimes did often) and land on it. Therefore, I was to sleep in the crib.

The crib was actually fairly large. I would easily fit in it. This is because Sarah (my much older sister), Matt, and I use to sleep in the same crib when we were all babies. Now, It would probably only fit me. My bed was hauled out and the crib was put in its place. I didn't really want to sleep in there, but I had no choice. Then she told me to get in to see if I fit in it. I did of course, so she handed me my new bottle with the warm formula in it. Typically, I started to suck on it only to find the formula tasted really good. Even though the taste was milk, it tasted good. I lay there for a minute, sucking on my bottle. My eyes became heavy, and I drifted into a deep sleep.

I woke up in quite a few hours actually, at 8:00. I wanted to go back to sleep. I had a hard day. I was being changed out of a wet diaper. Formula was all around my mouth. The bottle lay next to me, completely empty. Then my mom pulled out my new footed-sleeper. After being changed into that, I was laid back down. The next time I woke up, was a school day.

MY LIFE FROM THEN ON

School became very interesting. Everyone wanted to sign my cast, I had tons of homework, and I had a diaper on. Of course no one knew I had a diaper on, so life was good. I think though that Jared was a little suspicious, since he kept watching me. Nevertheless, I was to report to the nurse's office to get changed when I arrived at school, at lunch, and just before I would leave school. I held my poop always till I got home. My diaper didn't really show through my jeans, either. Life went on like normal. Nobody ever went drag racing anymore either. Especially me. My 12th birthday was interesting too. Relatives now gave me receipts occasionally for a diaper order at the hospital. Uncle Rick got me a complete baseball jersey. With the baseball pants on, I looked like this...



This isn't me, i'm using this picture as an example.

...but nobody really cared to notice. Other than that, it was a good birthday.

THE END

Please see my next story...Jared.