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## Carole, Part 5

Later on Sunday, 13 June—2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Following her session sitting on her potty and a diaper change, Carole Ann Turpin was led into the nursery playroom by her mother, Beverly Wagner Turpin. All the girls played nicely for another half-hour until it was time to get them ready for dinner.

While the girls played, Beverly asked Nanny Kirsten Bodding and her own mother Victoria Wagner to talk out in the hall. Meanwhile Sharon Wagner, Beverly's sister-in-law and mother of the three young girls, could watch the girls and Carole for a few minutes.

Beverly mentioned that Carole had asked to use the potty and that she strained to produce some movement, yet nothing resulted. Victoria added that the last bowel movement Carole had was the firm stool in her over-night diaper.

Kirsten had recently finished a course on the diet of toddlers and its relationship to toilet training. She said a respected theory was that when a child needed to return to diapers after wearing panties, often constipation would result. The pediatrician teaching the class taught that under such circumstances a small enema could save causing real medical problems.

Victoria asked if Kirsten could possibly stay for dinner and later get Carole ready for bed. That would include having Carole give her potty a try,

during which time Kirsten could observe the way Carole acted and felt.

She took Kirsten and Beverly into Carole's bedroom to show them where the various disposable diapers were kept, as well as the drawers with trainers and vinyl panties. Victoria also showed them how the closet was organized. Kirsten agreed that since it made Carole happy, she should sleep in one of her Onesies.

For several reasons that Sunday dinner was chaotic. Only Carole, who actually was least in need of it, had a highchair. Sharon said that at home her almost four year-old daughter Lindsay had been eating her meals in a regular chair for eighteen months. Her two year-old twins Ashley and Courtney did have identical highchairs. Based on their misbehavior all of those girls needed to be confined in highchairs.

With Sharon, Beverly, Kirsten and even Victoria needed to feed the younger girls none of those women had much of a meal. The confusion took away the appetite of Grandpa James.

Another problem was that the cook Marcia Baer always had Sundays after breakfast as her day off. The food was delivered, consisting of both child and adult portions of chicken, with mashed potatoes, gravy and biscuits. There was a lettuce salad with bleu cheese dressing and peach cobbler for dessert.

During the day, with Marcia and the maid/housekeeper Ingrid Magnuson off duty, the several baby bottles Carole had used since Saturday dinner had not been washed or sanitized. Only two clean bottles were left, so they were used by Ashley and Courtney. Lindsay said she normally used a glass but her mother said Sippy cup. Carole had to make-do with conventional glasses for her milk and water.

After that wretched dinner, Victoria helped Sharon changer her girls for the ride home. Her car had three safety seats in back, so just putting the girls in them needed choreography.

Beverly followed Kirsten leading Carole up to her bedroom. The first step was to un-snap Carole's Onesies to remove her Cruiser. As usual she cooperated fully. Next she willingly sat on her potty for over five minutes, doing her best to move her bowels.

While Beverly stayed out in the hall, Kirsten kept talking encouragingly to Carole. Clearly she was constipated although not yet in pain.

Leaving Carole safely sitting on her potty, Kristen slipped into the hall to ask Beverly if Carole had experience with stool softeners, suppositories or enemas. Beverly replied that she had never used suppositories on or given stool softeners to Carole. The only time she had given Carole an enema was in preparation for a medical procedure years ago, which Carole might not even remember.

"Mrs. Turpin, you know I am not a medical professional. My experience based of graduate school training and working with actual diapered toddlers is that Carole is getting to a crisis with constipation. Mrs. Wagner has told me what Carole has been eating and drinking.

"When she came to me for some coaching we discussed diet suggestions to avoid constipation and also excessively loose feces. But nutrition and bowel control are not exact sciences. I have offered to return Monday morning so I can confer with Mrs. Baer about Carole's menu.

"If Mrs. Wagner has any suppositories in the house, how would you feel about me using one on Carole right now? My experience has been that most children accept such an indignity from me easier than from a parent. Of course Carole is an unusual situation.

"Now, if the suppository does not help clear her bowels, I recommend early on Monday Carole receive a Fleet enema. She might prefer the fantasy of using a baby enema, but since she physically is an adult I think it better to use a Fleet Mineral Oil enema on her. If Mrs. Wagner does not have those here, I will pick some up on the way. What do you think?"

Beverly thought for only a couple of seconds. "Nanny Bodding, first of all, please call me Beverly and I am sure my mother would prefer you call her 'Victoria'. Do you mind if I call you 'Kirsten' in private? My guess is Carole's fantasy requires her to address you as 'Nanny Bodding'.

"Carole broke from her fantasy to discuss some other things with me today and Victoria tells me she has had non-fantasy conversations with Carole about plans which have not spoiled her fun. My

suggestion is you start by telling her, one adult to another, about the options for managing her constipation. Since she had not discussed that with me while planning this I suspect the problem did not occur to her."

Kirsten smiled, "Very well, then Beverly, I will go have a chat with Carole woman-to-woman. Then if she still wants me as part of her fantasy, the two of us can also talk 'nanny to child.'

"Virginia, wow I am having all sorts of mental difficulties thinking of her that way, did tell me about Carole expecting strict discipline. While I was coaching Virginia about diapering and so on I told her I do not believe in spanking and do so only as a last resort when parents insist. In the case of Carole I simply will not go so far in the fantasy as to spank her, unless she does something physically dangerous. Virginia agreed to that. Does this make sense to you?"

"Yes, Kirsten, it makes perfect sense to me. I am not sure if you are expected to babysit or nanny Carole except when her young cousins are visiting. Frankly if you are willing, I think having you spend time with Carole will only add to her fantasy experience. I just want to be sure you are not being asked to go beyond your own comfort zone" Beverly replied.

Kirsten could see that Carole was getting restless on her potty. Unsure if it was boredom, a sore buttocks or constipation discomfort, Kirsten smiled and put a finger to her lips to Beverly.

Turning and entering the bedroom, Kirsten said in her cheery voice, "Carole, are you feeling okay? It did not seem sitting on the potty helped your tummy. What can I do to make you feel better?"

Carole did not answer using her words, but her defeated body language and woebegone expression spoke to Kirsten loudly.

"Do you mind if we talk as adults for a couple of minutes? The last thing I wish to do is spoil your fantasy, but we seriously need to talk, okay?" Kirsten smiled sweetly and stroked Carole's hair as she said that.

"Yes, Miss Bodding, I guess I am constipated. What do I need to do to feel better? If I physically were only five and still not urine toilet trained

what would you do?" Carole asked in her mature voice.

"Carole, when we are talking this way, please call me Kirsten. I know you are a talented babysitter and I extend all respect to you, but if it helps your fantasy to call me 'Miss Bodding' or 'Nanny Bodding' that is fine with me.

"Tomorrow morning I will come back to talk to the cook about changes to your menu. But those will need a meal or two to be effective. Meanwhile I suggest that I give you a suppository as soon as possible. Beverly is asking Virginia if any are in the house. If not someone will go to a store and get some. Do I need to explain about the use of suppositories?

"No, Kirsten, although I have not used them, I have read about them. The mother of a boy I babysat a few months ago had to use those on her son. But, what if the suppository does not work for me?" a very worried Carole asked shyly.

Kirsten smiled reassuringly, "Carole please try to think positively. But the reality is that if you still are constipated tomorrow morning, then I recommend you have a mild soothing Fleet enema.

"Unless you get frightened, receiving a gentle enema will not be so terrible. Parents tell me I have managed to help many unhappy children become unconstipated. If I did not believe I can help you I would not be here talking to you. What do you want me to do to help you, Carole?"

Looking shy and sad, in her mature voice Carole responded, "Kirsten, I trust you as completely as I do my mother and Granny. I hope the suppository does the trick. If not, please go ahead and enema me.

"Now, could you put me into a diaper? I am told the Baby Dry manages poop the best and they can be refastened. Could I also have a shirt while I wait for the suppository? Then could everyone let me have some private time until the suppository is ready. Also, I would love to return to my fantasy five year-old character and voice. If you need to talk seriously with me, just tell me."

"Sure thing, Sweetie Pie! Your Granny says you like it when she calls you that. I will go see about getting something special to help you feel all better. Would you like me to put you in bed?"

Would you like your pacifier?" Kirsten asked using her softest and most friendly 'nanny voice'.

"Binky, please Nanny," Carole said in her child's voice.

Before going to see about the suppositories, Kirsten lifted Carole onto her bed, pulled a T-shirt over her head, tucked her in, raised the safety rails and handed her a MAM pacifier with a leash.

Victoria said that at least Sharon had left with her girls. There were no suppositories anywhere in the house, so Beverly was driving to the closest all-night branch of Horton & Converse Pharmacy on East Green Street in Pasadena.

Kirsten suggested that Virginia call Beverly on her cell phone to ask her to also pick up a few Fleet Mineral Oil enemas and a tube of KY Jelly. The timing was perfect since Beverly was still a few blocks away. She promised to call Virginia before she left the pharmacy.

Beverly did call back to say she had two recommended kinds of suppositories, four of the Fleet Mineral Oil enemas and a tube of KY Jelly. Since the Turpins were a registered Horton & Converse customer, Beverly suggested adding Kirsten to the authorized signatures in case Carole needed additional supplies. During regular hours they even delivered.

Carole had only wet her Baby Dry a little while she was fitfully waiting and resting. That was a good thing because the Baby Dry did not have enough rise to offer much wetting protection in bed. Inside knit cotton trainers and pull-on vinyl panties the Baby Dry was effective.

When Beverly returned to the Wagner mansion, Virginia had already provided Kirsten with the security codes so she could let herself in without delay. Kirsten looked at the selection of suppositories, selecting the one she felt the most effective.

Kirsten had not thought to ask Virginia if she had disposable underpads or conventional flat cloth diapers to cover the changing table when it was serving enema duty. None were in the drawers or cabinet of the changing table, so she used a terrycloth towel from the bathroom.

Only after she had everything ready did Kirsten carry Carole from her bed. She was surprised the girl was not heavier.

When Carole was prone on the table, Kirsten pulled her T-shirt up to clear the diaper. That she removed and threw away. From her purse Kirsten brought out a pair of pale blue non-latex Nitrel exam gloves, which she put on.

She started by lubricating her right index finger with the KY Jelly and using it to massage and relax Carole's anus. Only when she felt the anus relax did Kirsten gently and steadily insert a suppository.

Doing so woke Carole completely. "Sweetie Pie, the worst is over. The best thing will be for me to help you try the big girl toilet? Okay?"

Not receiving a reply, Carole was carried to the toilet. Kirsten stood with her, a hand on her shoulder for reassurance. Carole sat there for fifteen minutes without the suppository solving the constipation problem.

Kirstin cleaned Carole's anus and buttocks in the bathroom before carrying her back to the bedroom. Carole temporarily stood next to the changing table while Kirsten took a fresh baby Dry from the outside right stacker. She opened it, stretched it and spread it out on the changing surface. Since Carole had just been wiped, Kirsten put her directly onto the diaper.

She snugged and fastened that with practiced ease. Lifting Carole's legs, Kirsten pulled on the cotton training pants and then the vinyl panties. Only then did Kirsten substitute a clean Onesies for Carole's T-shirt. She snugged the back flap through Carole's crotch and snapped it secure in front.

Now Carole was ready for bed for real. She was carried there and gently tucked in. Kirsten substituted a fresh MAM pacifier but used the same leash. Before raising the changing table side safety rail, Kirsten kissed Carole on her cheek.

By then Beverly and Virginia were waiting in the hallway. Kirsten admitted that apparently the suppository was ineffective, but there was hope during the night Carole would move her bowels. For that reason she was wearing a Baby Dry disposable.

Virginia closed the drapes so the only light was from the tiny night bulb on the clownie lamp and the hallway. Both Virginia and Beverly kissed Carole good night. On her way out, Virginia switched on the complete baby monitor surveillance system.

She offered to make up a bedroom for Beverly, but that gesture was declined with thanks. Willard Turpin and their sons were expecting Beverly home so she could fix them breakfast. Besides, Beverly did not want to intrude on Carole's fantasy.

After kissing her parents good-bye, in her car as she drove home, Beverly speculated that the Monday morning Fleet enema would be a real test of Carole's resolve to live her big baby fantasy. Beverly felt sure that Carole had the necessary resolve. She was so proud of her daughter she nearly burst.

Tomorrow would be a whole new day!