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## Carole, Part 6

Morning on Monday, 14 June—2010

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Despite being constipated, Carole Ann Turpin slept soundly, like a baby, from being tucked into bed on 13 June until she woke up early on the morning of Monday, 14 June 2010. Of course Carole had wet her diaper during the night, but when she woke up it was far from saturated. Her Onesies and bedding were dry.

Victoria Callaway Wagner could see on the baby monitor screen in her master bedroom that Carole was waking up. She had not cried or made any sounds picked up by the audio surveillance system. Virginia took that as a good sign that Carole's constipation was not yet painful.

The glowing digital clock under the video monitor showed the time as 6:45 A.M., which was an hour later than Carole woke up on Sunday morning.

Help in the form of Nanny Kirstin Bodding was due to arrive at 8:00 A.M. She had tried using a suppository to relieve the constipation late Sunday evening. That had not worked, so she was going to give Carole a Fleet Mineral Oil enema.

Ever the optimist, Victoria walked to Carole's bedroom, switched off the baby surveillance system, opened the drapes and gave Carole a Good Morning kiss.

"Hi Sweetie Pie! How about I change your diaper?" Victoria cooed to her granddaughter.

"Thanks Granny" eighteen year-old Carole responded, using her little girl voice.

Victoria lowered the safety rail on the changing table side of Carole's bed. She lifted Carole and gently put her on the changing table.

The first step was to unsnap the Onesies and pull it clear of the diaper. Carole's diaper consisted of a taped Baby Dry Size 6 which was somewhat too short to fit her correctly. She only weighed 60 pounds and her hips were just 20 inches. She also was four feet five inches tall, beyond the effective limits of Baby Dry.

That was why Carole was wearing knit cotton training pants over her Baby Dry and soft vinyl pull-on panties over both of them. Any leaks from the Baby Dry were absorbed by the trainers. Normally Carole wore Pampers Extra Protection Size 5 in bed inside her trainers. The Baby Dry advantage was its earned reputation for containing runny fecal messes. After Carole's Sunday night suppository such a mess was a possibility.

Unfortunately for Carole, she had not moved her bowels while sleeping. That meant the enema would be needed. Kirsten was coming to administer the enema because of her reputation doing so for children of all ages with a minimum of terror.

Temporarily Victoria changed Carole into a Pampers Cruiser Size 7 which did fit her correctly and effectively. Carole was comfortable wearing Cruisers when awake.

To pass the time until Kirsten arrived, Victoria led Carole downstairs to the breakfast room. Her highchair was on its plastic mat next to the counter. A pink terrycloth cobbler's bib was on the counter, along with baby bottles of water, whole milk and orange juice. A batch of Pablum was heating on the stove, under the care of Marcia Baer, the experienced cook. Early that morning, Marcia had washed and sanitized all the baby bottles used on Sunday, her day off.

Carole stood still while the bib was pulled over her head. Then she was lifted into her highchair and the tray was locked in place. She pointed and said "Orange" so Victoria started letting her suckle that baby bottle.

When the bowl of Pablum was placed on the tray, Carole pulled it toward her and started eating it

using a child-size spoon. She finished the full bowl of Pablum and the rest (about a half bowl) that had been left over. Carole suckled six ounces of whole milk and four ounces of orange juice.

Up in her bedroom Carole asked to sit on her potty chair. While she was not able to move her bowels, she did pee a significant amount, the most Victoria had seen since Carole arrived Saturday morning. Most of her pee had gone into disposable diapers.

Victoria had just refastened Carole's Cruiser when Kirsten walked into her bedroom. Under her left arm she was carrying a package of disposable underpads. "Mrs. Wagner, I bought these to cover the changing table. They also are useful to protect the bed or furniture."

Kirsten casually put her purse on the rocking chair before opening the package to remove an underpad. That she spread out on the changing table.

Carole knew why Kirsten was there. She desperately wanted the agony of her constipation to go away. Yet she also was scared of the unknown of having an enema. She followed Kirsten's every motion with her eyes. Carole no longer could maintain her sunny disposition. Her face looked woebegone.

Kirsten's approach was to move close enough to Carole she could embrace the child. She simply cuddled Carole for several minutes. Overwhelmed by her emotions, Carole started to weep. Kirsten stroked her hair, whispering encouragement.

When Carole stopped weeping, Kirsten asked her if she wanted an explanation of the process.

"No thank you, Nanny. Please just tell me what I need to do" Carole answered.

"The most important thing to do is relax. Is your room warm enough you can be comfortable without a shirt?" Kirsten asked.

"Yes, Nanny."

"All right then. How about you sit up on your bed? I'll get your Onesies out of the way." After Carole crawled to the changing table side of her bed, Kirsten did unsnap and remove her Onesies.

Then she removed Carole's Cruiser, depositing it in the trash container. Next Kirsten carried Carole to the changing table.

Instead of placing her prone on her stomach, Kirsten started her kneeling. Then she bent her upper body forward, so Carole's buttocks were pointed upward.

"Sweetie, I know this is a strange position. Relax as much as you can. You are doing beautifully" Kirsten was speaking especially soothingly.

Once she was sure Carole was stabilized in that position, she put on a pair of non-latex Nitrel exam gloves she had in the front pocket of her dress, without Carole noticing. A Fleet Mineral Oil enema was in the top drawer of the changing table, along with a tube of KY jelly.

Kirsten used the KY to lubricate her left index finger. While caressing Carole's buttocks with her right hand, Kirsten slowly started to massage Carole's anus with her lubricated finger.

"Sweetie, everything is going to be okay. You are a brave girl. Just relax." As soon as Kirsten removed her left index finger from Carole's anus, she started to insert the tip of the Fleet bottle.

Stroking Carole's back gently with her left hand, Kirsten deliberately worked the enema tip into the rectum as far as it would go. Holding it steady with her right hand, Kirsten slowly began to squeeze the plastic bottle with her left hand.

Carole let out a small whimper.

"That's okay, Sweetie Pie. You are being such a brave big girl. Yes you are." The more Carole relaxed, the firmer Kirsten squeezed the enema bottle. As that emptied, Kirsten let go with her right hand so she could use it to stroke Carole's.

After the Fleet enema was empty, Kirsten kept the tip inserted for thirty seconds. As soon as she removed the tip, she let the empty Fleet bottle fall onto the changing table. With both her hands free, Kirsten was able to pick up Carole. She kept Carole in the same kneeling position with her head down as she carefully carried her into the bathroom.

Delicately Kirsten let Carole's legs fall, as she bent down so that eventually Carole's feet just

touched the floor in front of the toilet. By then Kirsten could ease Carole backward until she was seated on the toilet seat.

Carole was held in Kirsten's embrace so hardly any of her weight was on the toilet seat. All the time Kirsten was humming into Carole's ear soothingly.

A couple of minutes later the Fleet enema did its thing. Without much pain Carole expelled the pent up fecal material into the toilet. As soon as Kirsten felt sure all of Carole's stool was expelled, she pushed the flush handle.

The noise distracted Carole. Delicately Kirsten lifted Carole and moved her to the bathtub. Using the shower's hand wand, Kirsten cleaned Carole's body. Steadying Carole with her left hand, Kirsten picked up a wash cloth with her right hand. With that she gently and soothingly massaged Carole, while directing the spray down into the tub until that could be turned off.

Carole was wrapped in a towel before being lifted from the tub so she was standing on the bath mat. Continuing to hum soothingly, Kirsten dried Carole, very gently.

"Sweetie, you were so brave. I am very proud of you. Now I am going to carry you back to the changing table." So saying Kirsten slid her right arm around the small of Carole's back while sliding her left arm behind Carole's knees. Just by spreading her arms Kirsten swept Carole off her feet gently and so smoothly Carole had the sensation she was flying on a magic carpet.

Once Carole was positioned reclining on the changing table, and was safely stable, Kirsten took a warmed wipe to soothe Carole's pubic region. When that relaxed Carole some more, Kirsten lifted her legs so the buttocks could be wiped.

After that a Cruiser was taken from the stacker and spread under Carole. Gently it was pulled snug and the tabs fastened. In another few seconds a fresh Onesies was pulled over Carole's head.

Kirsten tickled Carole on her inner arms until she smiled and giggled. "Is Sweetie Pie feeling better?"

The flap of the Onesies was tugged through the crotch and snapped.

"So, Sweetie Carole, what adventures do you want for the rest of today?"

Shyly Carole looked at Kirsten, "Nanny, I'm still hungry. Could I have some more breakfast?"

"I am sure there is more food in this house. What say we walk downstairs and find out?"

"You need something on your feet. Would you like a romper or sunnysuit over your Onesies?" Kirsten lifted Carole off the changing table, who toddled over to her closet. Meanwhile Kirsten took the opportunity to toss the used underpad into the trash container.

After considering all her outfits hanging in the closet, Carole pointed to a happy pink romper. "That one, Nanny, please."

"Does that mean you want your pink shoes and socks?" Kirsten asked. "What about your hair?"

Once Carole was wearing the pink romper, socks and Mary Janes she sat on her bed while Kirsten separated her hair into two parts and braided each part. Those braids Kirsten tied with pink ribbons.

Looking so sweet and innocent, Carole took Kirsten's hand and they walked downstairs.

Victoria greeted them both. "Sweetie, are you feeling better?"

'Oh, yes, Granny. Nanny made me all better. May I have some more breakfast?"

Marcia was working on the prep for lunch, but gladly started a fresh pot of Pablum. Once it was heating she poured 4 ounces of orange juice into a baby bottle. Ingrid put the highchair back in its usual breakfast position near the counter and took a clean terrycloth bib from a drawer.

Carole fed herself a big bowl of the Pablum without spilling very much. She also held her own baby bottle to suckle the orange juice.

As she ate, Marcia and Kirsten went into the pantry to discuss changes to Carole's diet intended to prevent more constipation.

Victoria saw that Carole had finished her second breakfast. As usual Victoria used the bib to clean Carole's face.

"Sweetie Pie, would you like to drive with me to an interesting store? It will be lots of fun. On the way home we could stop somewhere for an early lunch."

"Yes, please, Granny" Carole answered.

Victoria lifted Carole from her high chair. "Walk with me upstairs so I can get my purse and your diaper bag, Sweetie."

On the way to the stairs, Victoria stuck her head in the pantry doorway, "Kirsten, a million thanks for all your help. I know you have a class this afternoon, but please call me later about your available time. My grandchildren will be constantly visiting all summer. Having a professional nanny will be a huge help.

"Marcia, could you serve Kirsten lunch if she has time? Carole and I will eat at a restaurant. We should be back in time for her nap. Carmen Lewis should be here at 2 P.M. She has been recommended as our new nursery maid. If she comes early, please offer her lunch. I would love it if you and Ingrid could talk to Carmen. Tell her what you like about this household."

Carole was buckled into her safety seat. Their first stop was the Just for Tots up-scale store at 240 West Colorado Boulevard at Pasadena Avenue. That was where Carole purchased the huge pink diaper bag.

The Just for Tots owner, Frank Bracket, had personally sold Virginia the safety glider rocker, changing table, safety rails and baby monitor surveillance system.

This would be the first time outsiders, such as Frank, who had met Carole as a young adult could see her as a big baby girl.

Kirsten had recommended that Virginia buy several washable cloth underpads, a couple of dozen flat gauze diaper, as well as a couple of dozen Gerber baby Birdseye prefold diapers, with high quality diaper pins. Just for Tots was one of the few stores still selling those items.

Virginia was going to buy six highchairs, for which she wanted a dozen plastic highchair mats; Just for Tots only had six in stock. Frank promised to have the rest delivered by Wednesday.

What good are highchairs without bibs? Virginia had six grandchildren still needing highchairs, or seven including Carole. Only one was a boy. She asked for four pale blue terry cobbler bibs and twenty in pink. All of the blue bibs were good in stock, but Frank only had five pink bibs. After checking with a wholesaler by phone, Frank promised to deliver all the back-order along with the plastic mats on Wednesday.

If Frank or any of his employees recognized Carole, they did not react. She is not self-conscious. In fact, she was fascinated looking at the store from her new perspective.

From Just for Tots, Virginia drove her Bentley around a block so she could travel eastbound on Green Street to Los Robles Avenue northbound to Walnut Street eastbound.

A couple of blocks east of Allen Avenue, Virginia parked in front of Bob Smith Restaurant Supply, a Pasadena institution since 1912. Carole had never been to such a store. The front show windows were filled with used commercial ranges and cooking equipment. One of the near-new Wolfe ranges looked the same as the polished pristine one in Virginia's kitchen.

Bob Smith, the grandson of the founder and the current owner, greeted Virginia as an old friend and good customer, "Mrs. Wagner, who is this delightful young lady?"

"Bob, please call me Virginia. You look as fit as ever. This is my daughter Beverly Turpin's daughter Carole. You sold them most of their kitchen equipment four years ago. They bought the old Edwards house on Grand Avenue at Palmetto Place in 2006.

"We still love everything we bought from you.

"What I need today are six restaurant-style stacking highchairs. You know, the wooden one like Sizzler uses. Also three of your very best plastic booster seats."

"Yes, Virginia! Say, I've waited my entire life to say that. I know exactly the ones you mean. Come with me to the office.

"Would either of you like some refreshments? The coffee is fresh and that demo soft drink dispenser

is up and running," Bob said in his best salesman manner.

"Thanks, Bob, I never turn down a cup of coffee. Carole is too young for most soft drinks. Sweetie, would you like a Sprite or Lemonade?" Virginia answered.

"Just a little lemonade, please Granny."

Virginia served Carole and then herself. The lemonade was cold and the coffee outstanding. She told Bob as much.

"You might want to consider that Italian coffee and cappuccino maker. We have only one left in stock. This coffee is from Trader Joe's. The grinder is built into the coffee maker. It is very convenient. If I remember your breakfast peninsula correctly, this will be a perfect fit. You have a filtered water line running there, no?"

"Marcia has been asking for a new coffee maker. I'll have her give you a ring this afternoon. Now, about the highchairs?"

"Just so, Virginia. Here they are in the catalog. The model the largest local Sizzler franchisee buys from us is the Model 26. The company-owned Sizzlers buy the Model 36 maple version with an amber stain and several coats of baked clear poly. That finish lasts forever.

"Sizzlers, company and franchise, use the same generic boosters as do most restaurants. However, for just a little bit more, the ones I recommend are the Model 76S. They are especially sturdy and nest well.

"We have a lot of all of these items in our warehouse. Would you like to see them?"

"Thanks Bob; that is a tempting offer. I know what they look like. How soon could you deliver the six of the Model 36 and three of the Model 76S boosters to my house?" Virginia almost purred.

"Anytime after 2 P.M. today. With six you get the quantity discount, plus the special Sizzler corporate discount. Is there anything else, Virginia?" Bob also was nearly purring.

"Hold on a moment, Bob. Let me make a call." Virginia whipped out her smart phone and hit a key.

Marcia answered. She agreed they did need a new coffee maker. "Bob, you may send the coffee maker today also. There is a dedicated 20 amp outlet ready for it on the peninsula. The water line has a tee and ball valve in the base cabinet. Is that an installation your technician can handle or should I call Dave's Plumbing Service?"

"Trust me Virginia; my tech can hook it up. No worries."

Bob escorted Carole and Virginia out of the store, thanking them for the business and wishing them a good day.

It was still early enough they had time to spare before the Temple City Home Time Buffet switched to their lunch menu at 11 A.M. Eating there would be fast enough that Carole would be home in time for her nap, and Virginia could interview Carmen Lewis.

First however, Virginia needed to pick up the diaper bag and lead Carole back to the store. "Bob, I need your restroom to change Carole's very wet diaper."