

A Vacation Road Trip

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As told to her

Author's Foreword

Many people within the bladder disease community, in addition to the ABDL world, know that I am profoundly urinary incontinent. Going back at least as far as my maternal great-grandmother most of her female descendants have been challenged with bladder problems.

Most of us grew up with tiny over-active bladders and lost bedtime urinary control when we reached puberty. My maternal grandmother and grandfather loved to take their daughters on vacations all over the western USA by car. As you can imagine that could be frustrating unless the need to make potty breaks could be coordinated. Granny's solution was to nicely ask her daughters to wear "Just-in-Case" diapers during their trips, at least while in the car.

My Mom expanded on the concept. She felt sure all of her daughters would eventually have no bladder control, as had been the case with her sisters. So Mom always worked on the assumption none of her daughters would have bladder control as adults, while hoping the control problems could be cured.

Mom wanted us to grow up considering diapers as a sort of different underwear, certainly not something about which to be embarrassed and yet not something to show off to outsiders. Consequently we were encouraged to socialize with other people with bladder disease, in person and by mail.

As a child I was pen pals with over 100 other youngsters who wet. After I graduated from law school I began making motivational presentations to groups of incontinent folks. This is how I became friends with a mother who herself never suffered bladder problems, but who has daughters that wet.

That family lives in the city of Davis, California which is about 5 hours north of my home in Pasadena. During the summer of 2013 they spent the night in the home I share with my loving husband. They were going to spend ten days in Pacific Beach, near San Diego, with the younger sister of that mother's husband.

During that evening I learned details of that family's version of "Just-in-Case" diapers.

Angela

Preparing for the Trip

“Mommy, I’m not a little baby!” seven-year-old Connie Thompson whined.

“Precious, who said you are a baby?” her mother Ethel asked suspiciously, looking closely at her thirteen-year-old daughter Sharron.

“She did, Mommy!” Connie said louder than necessary, pointing to Sharron.

“Oh, Mother, I did not say she is a ‘little’ baby. All I said was that it was because of her we still have to shop in the Baby Supply Aisle,” Sharron answered as if she had been rehearsing a defense.

“Girls, that is utter nonsense. Just because a person sometimes cannot avoid wetting a little before reaching a toilet does not mean she is a baby,” Ethel explained in a weary tone, as if for the millionth time. “The pediatrician told us that small and over-active bladders are common.

“Unfortunately the store decided to put the best supplies for bigger people who have bladder problems in the same aisle as baby food and so on.”

“But why are we here?” Connie asked.

“The simple answer is we need a carton of wipes, more Desitin and cornstarch Diaparene powder. Besides, Precious, you have outgrown Size 6 Cruisers, so we had to come to Target for Size 7,” Ethel answered patiently.

At that moment she reached down to a low shelf to pick up a large carton of Pampers Cruisers Size 7 which she put in the cart. “I hope these will

last for the trip. Honestly it was easier when you could still wear Size 6. Every supermarket sells those, but only Target has the larger diapers.

“Sweetie Sharron, remind me when we get home to give you a spanking for teasing Connie. Wetting is not her fault and doing so does not mean she is a baby!”

“For crying out loud, Mother, I am far too old for a spanking!” Sharron complained.

“That is not true, Young Lady! You have been told a million times to not tease. Since you did tease, obviously you do still require spankings,” Ethel explained. “Or, maybe instead of waiting to remind me you need a spanking after we get home you would prefer that I spank you here at Target?”

“I’ll be good, Mother. I will remind you after we get home,” Sharron said softly in defeat. “Just please don’t let Connie watch.”

“Well, Young Lady, that is as may be. You have watched her get spanked. Perhaps you learn a lesson that way,” Ethel remarked as she pushed the cart toward the cashier stations.

On the drive from Target to the Thompson home nobody had anything to say. In the back seat the sisters just glared at each other. Ethel kept her eyes on the road ahead.

As they pulled into the driveway, a UPS truck was pulling up in front of the house. “Girls, please bring all the things from Target to the house. I’ll sign for the UPS delivery.”

Although earlier Connie had whined about them, she appeared to relish carrying that carton of Cruisers to the house. Meanwhile the delivery for

which Ethel signed was a case of 96 Attends Breathable Extra Absorbent Small. Unlike the carton of Cruisers which also clearly proclaimed them to be Pampers, the marking on the larger Attends carton was tiny and very discreet. Of course the UPS driver knew because she delivered several cartons of adult diapers to customers along her route every day.

Inside the house Connie carried her Cruisers, Sharron everything else from Target and Ethel the Attends up stairs to the guest room which was serving as the supply central for the trip.

“Mother, you said I was to remind you to spank me,” Sharron said with as much dignity as she could.

“Thank you, Sweetie,” Ethel responded pleasantly, as if it was perfectly natural for a girl to remind her mother about such a thing.

“Connie, you were the one who was teased. You are welcome to watch, but it is up to you,” Ethel offered, while Sharron blushed and hung her head.

“Naw, Mommy, I’d rather watch TV,” Connie answered.

“Okay then! Sharron, please bring the hairbrush to your own room. Let’s get this over with,” Ethel said.

Ethel stopped in Sharron’s bathroom for a large towel. After she took her seat on the side of the bed she spread that towel to protect her lap.

Despite the protests about being too old for spanking, Sharron did bring the special family wooden oval hairbrush. Before she reached her mother she removed her shoes and slacks. Sharron stopped in easy reach and looked at her feet as Ethel lowered the modest cotton Granny panties Sharron wore. Without any instruction, within seconds Sharron’s delicate

small derrière had assumed the position of discipline over the towel protected lap, with her head to her mother's left side.

The lecture about not teasing and taunting commenced. Ethel applied a few mild smacks with the hairbrush as a warm-up. Sharron did not cry-out, but she did tremble. When Ethel increased the force of the spanks and aimed them at the lowest part of Sharron's buttocks where they meet the upper thighs, the girl began to blubber as if she were a naughty toddler, not a teenager past puberty. By the time her spanking ended Sharron was sobbing her eyes out and was limp.

Ethel bent over to kiss the back of her daughter's neck and smooth her damp hair. As Sharron was helped to stand it was apparent that towel had been necessary. During the spanking Sharron had dribbled so much the towel was quite damp.

Through her tears Sharron managed to say, "Yes Mother, I see the towel. I know what is coming. I am so sorry."

"You should be sorry for taunting Connie," Ethel said kindly. "It is no big deal that you could not control your bladder just now. It is just as well you accept the consequences. None of that is additional punishment."

While Ethel put the wet towel in the bathroom hamper, Sharron reached into the lower drawer of her dresser. From there she retrieved an over-size quilted changing matt and an Attends Breathable Extra Absorbent Small diaper. She also retrieved a plastic bottle of Johnson Baby lotion.

Returning from the bathroom Ethel smiled at the sight of the changing pad and the Attends. "Okay, Sweetie, you have my permission to use some of your lotion."

Clearly as she rubbed that into her derrière doing so soothed Sharron. Then she spread out her Attends and expertly put it on all by herself, very effectively.

Without complaint Sharron put on a dress to cover her Attends for the rest of the afternoon. When she felt the need to pee, she went to a toilet, released one side of her Attends and emptied her bladder before re-fastening the diaper. Before bed she took off her Attends, took a shower and then put on a fresh diaper for the night.

Previously Ethel had told Sharron and Connie that they would break the trip to the beach near San Diego by spending the night with family friends in Pasadena. At the beach they would be staying with their Aunt Grace and her family. In both places Connie and Sharron would have separate beds. Of course each would be made up with a waterproof sheet to protect the mattress. Those would be packed in their suitcases.

As always on Road Trips, Ethel would be carrying on outrageous ginormous pink diaper bag. Back in 2010 the friend in Pasadena had taken Ethel to Just-for-Tots store which sells not only conventional infant through juvenile furniture and supplies, but over-size versions for people of all ages. Ethel really enjoyed that big pink diaper bag. Her daughters were a lot less thrilled by it!

Sharron had started to revert to bedwetting after she reached puberty in 2012. Ethel had not spanked her for wetting, but did need to spank Sharron a few times to motivate her to learn to manage her own diapers for bed. Ultimately Sharron found she preferred to diaper herself instead of being diapered by her mother.

Connie had delayed toilet learning in addition to her tiny over-active bladder. At age 5 she had fairly good day control so long as she was

within a minute of a toilet. During the day she normally wore Huggies Pull-Ups which she could use without help. However, for naps and bed, regular disposable diapers leaked less.

When Pampers introduced an improved disposable called 'Extra Protection' Connie was still small enough she could fit into a Size 5. One of those would last her all night. Fortunately when Connie outgrew Size 5, Pampers introduced a Size 6 Extra Protection. Months before the 2013 beach trip Ethel intended to use the Pampers EP Size 6 on Connie.

Bummer that although still smaller than average for her age, a week before the trip, during a test drive of two hours, it turned out that when moving or even sitting in the car, Connie needed a larger disposable. Before the end of that test drive Ethel drove to a Target, the only store with a decent stock of Extra Protection and Cruisers Size 7. There she bought a bag of Size 7 which did fit Connie and worked well enough on another two hour drive.

Although Connie could use her Pull-Ups, she had not been able to effectively put on even the easiest cloth-like disposables with hook and loop tabs, such as Pampers Cruisers. Therefore Connie had to put up with being changed by her Mommy.

Late in the afternoon before the trip, Ethel's husband and father of the girls, Bernard 'Bernie' Thompson, drove up in the family's travel van which had a lot of room for luggage behind the back seats as well as a folding cover which worked well as a temporary changing table.

During the planning for the trip Sharron had asked if she could travel wearing her normal cotton Granny panties and not her Attends. She pointed out that during the 2011 trip she had not wet on the southbound portion so had been allowed to just wear cotton panties on the return home.

However, Ethel reminded Sharron that during the 2012 trip, less than two hours south of home, Sharron had begged for a toilet stop. Then between the van and the restroom she had not been able to hold her pee, which soaked her panties and shorts.

There had been a delay while Sharron changed into a dry dress and panties. Then there was an additional delay finding a Target where Ethel could buy Sharron a bag of Size 7 Cruisers. That was before Sharron was wetting her bed, so for the rest of that trip Ethel had to change the diapers of both of her daughters. By the time Sharron reverted to bedwetting she had grown enough she needed the Attends Breathable Extra Absorbent Smalls for an effective fit.

Departing for the Beach

On the morning of departure both girls got up, removed their wet night diapers and then took showers. Sharron put on an Attends since she could always slide it out of the way to pee into a toilet. Since it would be a couple of hours before they left home, Connie put on a Pull-Up.

In fact, Connie did not own any cotton panties. After an attempt to toilet train her at age three with cotton training panties was a dismal failure her parents simply accepted that they would be buying Pull-Ups for a long time. At least at age seven Connie still was slender enough she did not require the more expensive GoodNites.

After the van was packed, as a final step at home, Ethel changed Connie into a Size 7 Cruisers, using the changing table still set up in the child's bedroom.

Normally when traveling south on Interstate 5 from their home in Davis, California the Thompson Family stopped for a meal and walk around at the fabulous Harris Ranch Hotel and Restaurant in Coalinga. That is less than a 3 hour drive. Unfortunately the only formal rest stop is less than a half hour north of Coalinga.

The 2013 beach trip started out very much like the disaster of 2012. Just after passing the rest stop, Sharron asked for a toilet stop. There was no practical way to pull off the highway and head back to the rest stop. So all Bernie could do was to keep on driving toward the Harris Ranch.

At least in 2013 Sharron was wearing her Attends. Both girls were sitting on waterproof crib pads to protect the car seats. Sharron's Attends did not

leak. Her dress was not stained as she walked with her family into the restaurant. Of course Ethel was carrying the pink diaper bag containing both Pampers and Attends. She even used the matching clutch as her personal purse with her wallet, cell phone, keys and cosmetics. For the trip Ethel did not even bring a more formal purse.

Connie did not need to be changed before lunch, but Ethel decided to change her before they resumed the driving. Sharron removed her soaked Attends in a stall, used the toilet to not only empty her bladder but to also move some poop. She tried her best to put on a fresh Attends while standing in the stall, but failed in the attempt.

There was a generously large fixed changing table. None of the other women appeared to pay special attention to Sharron, obviously not a toddler, reclining on the table changing her own diaper.

After the early lunch Sharron did release her Attends to pee and poop more into the ladies' room toilet. Ethel used the changing table to clean Connie and put a new Pampers on her. Once again nobody else noticed.

The next scheduled stop was in Gorman, just into Los Angeles County. Gas was a real bargain at Harris Ranch so Bernie had topped off the tanks there. He wanted to stop in Gorman to wash the windshield and stretch his legs while turning over the driving to Ethel for the hour and a half to Pasadena.

Sharron managed to use the toilet of a restaurant before she wet her Attends. Ethel released one side of Connie's Pampers so she could sit on a toilet to pee and poop. Finally Ethel did the same.

Unfortunately after Ethel turned east on the 210 Freeway off of the I-5 heading to Pasadena, first Sharron and then Connie wet their diapers. They were not totally comfortable, but their diapers still had capacity.

The only offspring of the family friends was a twenty-year-old daughter who was taking a summer course at her East Coast university. Connie and Sharron would be sleeping separately in the twin beds in that room, both of which already were made up with both a main waterproof sheet, but also separate draw sheets.

A reason the families had become good friends was that the twenty-year-old young woman was urinary incontinent. Instead of a conventional changing table that bedroom had a low bench with a waterproof cushion top. The downside was that Ethel had to bend over more than normal to change Connie.

Needless to say, Connie and Sharron left the van and headed for the house immediately, with Ethel running behind them carrying the pink diaper bag. Bernie and their hostess could only smile in sympathy.

Sharron was larger so she had wet more than Connie. Therefore Sharron used the changing bench first. She had brought her overnight suitcase with her. After removing her Attends and wiping herself, she used the toilet. She gave her mother a pleading look. Ethel nodded “No Way” so Sharron did not even try to put on cotton panties. She obediently put on another Attends.

Connie had waited beside Ethel. When it was her turn, her Pampers Cruiser was removed so she could try the toilet. After Connie had done so without help, Ethel handed her a Pull-Up since until bedtime a toilet would be available in a few seconds.

Their hostess had been talking to Bernie and her own husband while Sharron was changing diapers. By the time she walked into the bedroom Sharron's traveling dress was back in place disguising her Attends quite well.

Letting Connie wear a Pull-Up met with total approval from the hostess. During her long involvement with urinary incontinence and delayed toilet learning she has advocated encouraging each wetter to take a maximum of responsibility for maintaining 'social continence'.

Actually back in 2006 that same hostess was hounding Pampers and Huggies to introduce larger toddler disposables with wider hook and loop tabs so children could use those as easily as Pull-Ups. At that time all manufacturers were having a production crisis with pull-on and pull-up products. Parents rejected disposables larger than Size 7 and the industry solved the Pull-Up production problems. This is a reason Pampers Cruisers Size 7 are so hard to find outside of Target stores in the USA.

The hostess explained that they no longer employed a cook. Instead the plan was all of them would have dinner in the dining room of the golf and country club a few minutes' drive away. She was polite enough to ask if the girls would prefer a less formal restaurant. Behind her Ethel scowl made it clear the girls were to be gracious about dining at the club.

Anticipating this Ethel had made sure each of her daughters packed a nice dress and age-appropriate formal shoes: flat Mary Janes for Connie; two inch 'Kitten Heel' pumps for Sharron. After the girls had changed on their own, Ethel did help Sharron apply some pink lipgloss.

Both girls were on their best behavior while eating at the golf club. As needed they excused themselves from the table to make use of the ladies'

room. After they returned to the hosts' home Sharron and Connie were tired enough they did not resist going to bed.

That time the hostess was with Ethel as Sharron changed her Attends for bed and Connie was changed from a Pull-Up into a Cruisers. They fell asleep soon after being kissed goodnight by their hostess, mother and father.

During the night Ethel checked the diapers of both girls. Sharron had only dribbled slightly. Connie had wet far less than average so her Cruisers still had capacity.

The drive from Pasadena to Pacific Beach in San Diego only takes 2 hours in theory under non-traffic conditions. In reality during the week it takes 3 frustrating hours. Leaving at the crack of dawn would only cause more wait in traffic.

So the plan was that Bernie and Ethel would take their hosts to breakfast and leave from that restaurant.

After her shower Connie was put into her Pampers Cruisers and then allowed to dress herself. Without any argument or whining Sharron simply diapered herself after taking a shower. She realized how often she had wet her diaper on the first day of the trip.

Ethel had started off doing the driving because she knew the freeways of Los Angeles the best. In San Juan Capistrano she pulled off I-5 highway and into a gas station. Everyone wanted to do some leg stretching. Sharron decided to use the toilet by releasing one side of her Attends. Ethel helped Connie release her Pampers so she could sit on the toilet. Finally Ethel used the toilet.

Back in the van, Bernie did the driving because he knew San Diego the best. From San Juan Capistrano the drive to Pacific Beach did not take long, largely because the rush hour toward downtown San Diego was over by the time they got there.

Pacific Beach Arrival

Bernie Thompson pulled the van into the driveway of his sister's home and parked. Before Sharron and Connie had released their seat belts, Grace Thompson Polk and her daughters: Mary, fifteen; Janet, eleven rushed to greet their relatives. Grace was carrying little Cynthia, who had just turned two. Aunt Grace explained that her husband Howard was at his office, but would be home for dinner.

That house was exactly as Connie and Sharron remembered it. The ocean and beach were just across the street. This was by far the largest home along that stretch of beach: it had a master bedroom; a nursery; a bedroom each for Mary and Janet; and two guest bedrooms. Bernie and Ethel would share a bedroom. Sharron and Connie would share the other bedroom which had twin extra-long beds.

One thing which made Ethel very happy was that the nursery, which had a changing table, was adjacent to the guest room with the twin beds. She could use the changing table for Connie and would not need to bend over. Sharron could make do with her changing matt on her bed.

It did not take long to unload the van and store all the luggage and supplies. Ethel placed the ginormous pink diaper bag on the combination desk/vanity in the girl's guest room.

Mary and Janet could not help noticing the wooden hairbrush protruding from an outside pocket of the pink bag. Ethel had used in on Sharron the previous two visits. They wondered if Connie was old enough for the hairbrush. Grace had hairbrush spanked both of her daughters the previous summer with the cousins watching. Discipline was even stricter in the Polk than in the Thompson family.

Mary and Janet wanted their cousins to immediately get ready to swim. Grace said that she needed to have a talk with Ethel, so Bernie was designated as the adult lifeguard.

When Sharron and Connie undressed as their cousins watched, there was no teasing about the disposable diapers. In 2012 for bed Sharron was still wearing Size 7 Cruisers and Connie Size 5. Neither Mary nor Janet had ever seen an Attends Breathable before.

With no adults to hear, Mary came right out and admitted they were still spanked by their mother. In fact before bed the previous night both had received what Grace calls ‘Maintenance/Reminder’ spankings intended to prevent teasing over wetting.

“The best part of swimming in the ocean is that I don’t have to wear a diaper!” Sharron said.

All things considered, during the 10 days Sharron and Connie visited their cousins, all the children behaved fairly well. Of course any girl who did misbehave was spanked soundly. For those spankings all the other girls were encouraged to watch and let being a witness serve as a lesson.

Even Ethel was surprised that since their 2012 visit, Grace had decided to use mostly cotton diapers on little Cynthia. The explanations fascinated Ethel, who had never for a minute considered cloth diapering for her daughters.

Apparently Cynthia’s pediatrician feels that the sensation of a wet cotton diaper encourages toddlers to toilet train more naturally and sooner. So Grace talked to a representative of the San Diego DyDee Service. The cost of delivery of clean cotton diapers and removal of the wet/soiled ones compared favorably with buying disposables.

Yes, the Polks did need to buy waterproof panties to cover the DyDee cotton diapers. Also, for over-night trips it was still more practical to have Cynthia wear Pampers or Huggies. DyDee had cotton training pants available, but Grace had not made that decision. Cynthia was not ready for toilet training and Mary and Janet had trained well and easily in Pull-Ups.

One day Grace took Ethel to a comprehensive infant to juvenile store, sort of like Just-for-Tots South. On a whim Ethel bought 3 pairs each of soft vinyl pull-on panties for Sharron and Connie. That night both of those girls wore pinned gauze diapers inside their new vinyl panties. The next morning both admitted they could feel being wet.

That inspired Ethel to return to the store to buy additional vinyl panties for her girls. She used the toll-free number to talk to the Sacramento branch of DyDee to order gauze diaper service for Sharron and Connie upon their return to Davis.

Sharron did not wet as much in bed in the cotton diapers, but with Connie it was hard to tell. When not swimming the first day Sharron wore Attends, but since she had such good luck using toilets, she from then on only wore her granny panties during the day. Connie managed her own day Pull-Ups so she did not need to change those until bedtime.

Departing for Home

Bernie and Ethel felt it had been wonderful to break the drive from Davis to Pacific Beach. So for the return trip they reserved adjoining rooms at the Harris Ranch Hotel.

There were no arguments from Sharron or Connie about being diapered for the drive. For Sharron it was a relief to not be pinned into diapers by Ethel for bed. She was promised at home she could learn to pin on her own nighttime diapers, so long as she behaved well on the drive home.

On the way home the Thompsons stopped for an early lunch in Pasadena. Their host had to work, but their hostess and her daughter (just home from her university) were guests of the Thompsons at an Asian seafood buffet which was fun. Ethel told their hostess about transitioning her girls to gauze DyDee diapers for bed.

Following lunch Sharron put on a new Attends Breathable and Ethel changed Connie's Pampers. They did not need a toilet stop until reaching the Harris Ranch Hotel.

To Ethel's delight and the girls' chagrin, their beds were obviously made up for wetters: with a waterproof sheet protecting the mattress and a draw sheet in the likely wet zone.

Once back home, the ginormous pink diaper bag was unloaded and put back in storage for the next Road Trip.

The special hairbrush was not stored. Actually Ethel decided to buy another identical one. Each girl had her own spanking hairbrush kept in plain sight in her room. Connie averaged a spanking a week and Sharron over one and a half weekly spankings.

Soon Connie did need to switch to GoodNites until she develops better daytime bladder control.

Sharron's nighttime control never did return. It only took her an afternoon to learn to pin on her gauze diapers snugly and without pricking herself with the pins. She is more or less resigned to a lifetime of urinary incontinence.