

Nelson

Chapter 1 “Tenth Summer”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Sharon Lee Kathol, very attractive, wealthy and the widow of Nelson Lund Kathol for two years, has taken pride all of her life avoiding emergencies by proper prior planning. Yet on 8 June, the first Monday of the 2015 summer vacation, forces beyond her control conspired to frustrate all of her creative planning.

Maria Delgado, primary live-in nanny to ten-year-old Nelson Lund Kathol, Junior, all of his life, was out of action due to acute gastrointestinal distress, compounded by flu. Unfortunately the previous Friday (5 June) Sharon, Nelson and Maria had moved from Sharon’s West Greenwich Village townhouse to her home on the shore of Long Island Sound in Cos Cob, Connecticut.

Shortly after dawn on that fateful day an urgent phone call from her Madison Avenue office rudely awakened Sharon. One of her biggest clients was having a crisis. Only personal hand-holding by Sharon would save the day.

Sharon promised to get to her office as soon as possible. The fastest way was to take the train from Cos Cob to Grand Central Terminal, which was just a brisk walk from the office. The snag was finding a substitute nanny for Nelson.

Using her address book, Sharon started phoning the babysitters from the previous summer. When none of those was available, Sharon tried babysitters from prior years.

After a frustrating hour on the phone, she reached Mrs. Lou Ann Huntington (nee Sweeny), who still lived near Cos Cob in Mianus. Lou Ann had last taken care of Nelson when he was five.

Lou Ann Sweeny was then recently engaged to Wallace Huntington. They married in September 2010. Then he died in an accident on 5 October 2012. For old-time sake she would be happy to take care of Nelson at her home, the better to keep him away from Maria's germs.

Thanking Lou Ann profusely, Sharon said she would pack Nelson a suitcase on the off chance she had to remain in Manhattan overnight. Lou Ann laughed as she assured Sharon, "I have just the bedroom for Nelson, even if he still has the same issues."

Quickly Sharon answered, "He has much better control now. I'll pack an overnight supply. He should be okay during the day. He often tells me how much he has missed you."

Lou Ann promised to make breakfast for Nelson.

Before waking her son, Sharon started packing his bag by placing a new waterproof sheet into the suitcase. Then she added a stash of Attends Youth disposables and Small Attends Breathable cloth-like disposables. On top of those she added a few clean socks, shorts, shirts and underpants.

It was just her bad luck that when Sharon did wake Nelson, his diaper was very wet. At home he rarely wet more than a couple of nights a week, but since arriving in Cos Cob he had wet every night.

Maria had therefore put him into a Breathable for the morning. He could slide those down to use a toilet. After lunch he would wear big boy undies until bedtime. At that time she would pin Nelson into DyDee Service gauze diapers with pull-on vinyl pants.

The Attends Youth disposables were reserved for traveling. During the drive to Cos Cob Nelson had worn his Breathable Small and had only wet those a little bit.

With a heavy sigh, before closing the suitcase Sharon added the oval wooden hairbrush from Nelson's bedside table. She did not want him to backslide department-wise while away from Maria and herself. Sharon remembered that the last time Lou Ann had been his babysitter Nelson still respected being spanked by hand.

Once Nelson was awake, Sharon asked him to take off his wet gauze diaper, clean up and put on a Breathable Small before dressing for the drive to Lou Ann's home. He was so thrilled to see her again he did not pout about wearing a day disposable. During the short drive Sharon explained the emergencies and the possibility that he would need to spend the night with Lou Ann. That home is most impressive.

Lou Ann greeted Sharon with an embrace and Nelson with many kisses, to which he did not object. There was not a lot of time to spare before Sharon needed to catch her train. While Nelson started eating Sharon showed Lou Ann the contents of the suitcase.

"Nelson had finally learned to use the toilet during the day the last time you took care of him," Sharon explained. "He was dry completely at night for about a year between six and seven. Since then he has wet often enough in bed that he is back in diapers. I normally pin him into DyDee gauze diapers, but use Attends Youth when traveling.

"He is wearing an Attends Breathable now because he woke up very wet, and has ever since we arrived for the summer.

"Oh yes, Nelson still misbehaves more than he should. He 'graduated' to the hairbrush for all spankings when he turned eight. Use your good judgment, but I would appreciate it if you use the hairbrush should you need to punish him. I packed his spanking hairbrush just in case."

"Sharon, as you might remember we were on the same page about spanking. Back then most of the other kids under my care were older than Nelson. Some still wet. I spanked most of those with hairbrushes. Of course I have a selection of hairbrushes, but if necessary I will use his to punish Nelson," Lou Ann promised.

"As for bed diapers, I have a supply from DyDee, plus Babykins vinyl pants. Would you prefer I pin him into gauze diapers for bed?"

"Yes, Lou Ann, that would be marvelous. Just have DyDee charge all that Nelson uses to my account. Thanks a million for looking after him. You totally saved my life!" Sharon said as she kissed Lou Ann goodbye.

Sharon walked into the kitchen where Nelson was eating at the counter. She cuddled her son and kissed him: "Be a good cooperative boy for Nanny Lou Ann. Remember that she punished you for misbehavior. I told her about your hairbrush. You really need a bath. Have good clean fun. I'll try to get back tonight, but if not you will sleep here."

“Okay Mommy, I’ll be good. I hope Maria gets better soon, but it is great to see Lou Ann,” Nelson said in his normal voice, then added shyly, “Maybe I should wear a diaper all day?”

“If that will make you happy, go ahead and ask Lou Ann,” Sharon said in a motherly way, dashing to catch her train.

Nelson finished his breakfast and thanked Lou Ann as he responsibly put the dirty dishes in the sink. “Lou Ann, would you like me to wash these?”

“That’s okay, My Lad. First you need a bath. Let me show you to your room. I am sure you will enjoy it!” Lou Ann speculated with a grin as she gave Nelson a hug. “Your mom mentioned you woke up wet this morning. What should we do about that?”

Nelson picked up his suitcase and took Lou Ann’s hand to be led upstairs. That home was far more a mansion than a house. Clearly Lou Ann lived there year around.

Down a hallway beyond the top of the stairs they walked past several closed doors. Finally Lou Ann opened one. Before the boy could see inside she said, “Based on everything your mother has told me, this should be the perfect room for you, My Lad.”

Because of his bladder control problems Nelson always slept with a waterproof sheet protecting his mattress. At both their Greenwich Village and Cos Cob homes to make diapering more efficient his room contained an over-sized changing table.

So did his room at Lou Ann’s. However, instead of a youth bed, this room had an over-size crib with mesh sides. At the foot of the crib there is a low padded bench. On the side away from the changing table there is a small table with a clownie lamp. Near the changing table there is a plastic toddler potty and two diaper pails. In the corner near the hall there is a highchair on a mat. On the other side of the hall door there is a nursery safety rocker as well as doors to two walk-in closets and a bathroom.

Lou Ann asked Nelson to put his suitcase upon the bench. “You are a big boy, My Lad. Do you want to undress and bathe alone? Or, would you like me to help you?”

“Nanny, do you mind giving me a bath?” Nelson asked shyly, sounding very young.

“Of course not, My Sweet Lad!” Lou Ann answered. “You may have all the tender care you want.”

She started the water running in the tub. Before she began undressing Nelson, she opened the suitcase and transferred the hairbrush to the small table: “My Sweet Lad, that is just in case because I promised your mom that I will not spoil you. Remember, when I must spank I do so very hard!”

As the tub filled Lou Ann undressed Nelson. Clearly he had not used a toilet because his Attends was wet. That she put in the diaper pail without the DyDee logo.

Just before lifting Nelson into the tub Lou Ann added bubble-bath solution. She gave him childish tub toys to keep him occupied while he was being bathed like a toddler.

After she towel-dried him, Lou Ann asked, “In view of your wet diaper, do you really want to take a chance wearing big boy undies? I think you need some kind of diaper.”

“My Nanny Maria expects me to put on my own disposables during the day, but she pins me into diapers for bed,” Nelson admitted. Then using a childish voice he asked, “Could you cloth diaper me during the day, like when I was younger?”

“That will be no problem, My Sweet Lad,” Lou Ann replied, “Let’s see what else your mother packed.”

Of course there were no DyDee diapers or Babykins vinyl pants in the suitcase. That was left on the bench still mostly filled.

Leading Nelson to the step-stool at the foot end of the changing table Lou Ann removed a 27” square four-ply gauze diaper from a stack, as well as two baby-size Birdseye prefolds. She spread those out. Nelson climbed onto them.

Lou Ann cleaned his diaper region with heated Pampers Sensitive wipes before rubbing in some Baby Magic lotion. At last Nelson obediently settled onto his diaper set. Lou Ann expertly pulled the diaper snug and pinned it in place.

From a drawer she selected a pair of vinyl pants. The first pair was too tight so she tried the next larger size, which proved to be appropriate.

Nelson was left on the changing table with his safety belt still fastened while Lou Ann walked into the closet.

What she brought back to Nelson was a summer-weight yellow Onesies which fit him perfectly. “With your cloth diaper that is all the clothing you need around the house,” Lou Ann told him.

Soon Nelson was contentedly crawling around the floor, playing with plushie toys as if he were a contented toddler. To Lou Ann he seemed less mature than the last time he was under her care when he was five.

That observation made her very happy. Of the several children who had been in her care she had connected most deeply with young Nelson. It was a delightful surprise for her to be his nanny once again.

Back in those days right out of university, Lou Ann worked as a nanny to the wealthy summer residents to supplement her salary as a middle school teacher of English. She had married a very good, somewhat older man, Wallace Huntington.

Wallace had been taken from her by a drunk driver after only two years of marriage, before they had children of their own. Lou Ann had always wanted to be a good mother. She considered being a nanny and classroom teacher as training to be a mommy.

Long ago, once Nelson could talk, Lou Ann encouraged him to tell her when he needed to use a potty or toilet. That final summer he had been five and was finally getting the hang of sensing the need to pee and move his bowels.

It seemed so strange that he apparently enjoyed wearing and wetting diapers. The very second Maria was back on her feet Lou Ann intended to have long discussions with her about Nelson’s diaper affectation.

It had been nearly an hour since she had diapered Nelson. When she checked his diaper it was dry. Lou Ann offered him a choice of milk or juice. He selected milk.

Her next question was, “My Sweet Lad, would you like your milk in a glass?”

“Nanny, I noticed you have a highchair. Does that mean you have Sippy Cups?” he asked shyly.

“Yes, indeed, My Sweet Lad. Some of the other children staying with me need Sippy Cups. I also have baby bottles. Which would you prefer?” Lou Ann asked tenderly.

“I don’t remember using either bottles or Sippy Cups; I’m not even sure I remember wearing cloth diapers except in bed,” he admitted. Then using his youngest shy voice he asked, “Nanny, may I try a baby bottle?”

Lou Ann was more than a bit perplexed by that request. Sharon had told her about Nelson’s bladder control ‘set-backs’ but she had no instructions about infantile play.

In her mind it made logical good sense to support pinned diapers and vinyl pants with Onesies. She just assumed that was what Nelson routinely wore to bed.

Giving him a baby bottle was different. Normally she would require clear instruction from his mother. On the other hand Sharon had made it very clear she had a major emergency with a client. Interrupting that with questions about child care did not seem a good idea. In the larger picture serving Nelson his milk in a baby bottle was not entirely outlandish.

She asked Nelson to follow her into the kitchen. He decided to crawl in the hall and even down the stairs. Surprisingly he crawled very well, with confidence.

He was fascinated when she opened the door of a kitchen cabinet containing nearly fifty Pyrex EvenFlo nursing bottles, mostly the 8 ounce size. All had been washed and sterilized following previous use. From a drawer in the same cabinet she selected a clear silicone orthodontic Munchkin Tri-Flow toddler 6+ month nipple set to ‘milk flow’.

After filling the bottle with whole milk from the refrigerator, Lou Ann asked, “My Sweet Lad, do you want your milk cold or heated?”

“Nanny, I don’t remember ever having warmed milk. Could I try it heated?” he asked shyly.

By way of an answer Lou Ann removed a bottle warmer from another cabinet. She set that on a counter before filling it with tap water. Then she plugged the power cord into an outlet and placed the baby bottle in the container. Quite soon a chime chirped, telling both of them the milk was at the appropriate temperature.

Lou Ann held the bottle in her left hand and led Nelson with her right hand. On her way to a comfy chair she retrieved a terrycloth cobbler bib from a drawer. If anything, that particular bib was slightly too large for Nelson.

She pulled the bib over his head. She got comfortable in the chair and cuddled him there, the better to feed him the baby bottle. Clearly Nelson had not forgotten how to suckle a nipple.

Lou Ann made a mental note to offer him a MAM orthodontic pacifier once he finished his bottle. It took him the same length of time to drain the bottle as it would have taken a six month-old.

As Nelson suckled his bottle with pleasure he also wet his diaper. Through his Onesies and vinyl pants she could feel the spreading warmth of his urine.

Still in the comfy chair she burped him. In the kitchen she rinsed the baby bottle and nipple. Nelson crawled behind her up the stairs to the nursery, still wearing his bib.

In the nursery she handed him a sterilized MAM pacifier. Then she removed his Onesies and helped him climb onto the changing table. She slid down the right side of the vinyl pants until she could remove that diaper pin, which she temporarily stuck into the top pocket of her dress. Then after sliding off the diaper and vinyl pants, she secured him with the safety strap.

The second pin was removed from the diaper. Then the vinyl pants were separated from it. The diaper was placed in the DyDee pail. The vinyl pants went into a smaller pail.

Using warmed wipes, Nelson's diaper area was carefully cleaned. That was dried with one of the baby prefold diapers. Soon he had been lotioned and snugly pinned into a dry diaper. He was fitted with fresh vinyl pants and a clean Onesies. The entire process of changing his diaper did not seem rushed and yet only took a couple of minutes. She could tell Nelson was blessed-out.

Nelson is smaller than average. He only weighs 70 pounds, yet is too large for even a Size 7 Pampers Cruiser to be effective for him. Certainly Lou Ann had absolutely no problem carrying him downstairs and out into her spacious back yard.

Her swimming pool is surrounded by a fence much higher than required. The gate latches are well out of reach for young children. Nelson looked at the water rippling due to a slight breeze: "When we are home Mommy or Nanny Maria often take me to a public indoor pool. Of course I also love swimming at the beach," he said.

"My Sweet Lad, your mommy packed you a few play shorts, but no swim trunks. However she did pack you some cotton undies," Lou Ann said casually. "After lunch and your nap would you like to go to the beach? Underpants will be close enough for swimming there."

"There was no time to take me to the beach since we got here. Mommy and Nanny needed to organize the house. Then Nanny was not feeling well yesterday. Could we go to the beach today?" Nelson asked politely.

"Sure, My Sweet Lad; tell you what, we'll eat lunch early. How long is your normal nap?" she asked.

"We stopped having naps in school when I started First Grade. Mommy says that because I wet in bed, unless I'm sick, I don't take a nap at home," Nelson responded quickly enough that Lou Ann was not convinced he was telling the truth.

She remembered that the last time she nannied Nelson was the summer before he started First Grade. He certainly needed hour and a half long naps then, during which he always wet his diaper.

"Okay, My Sweet Lad, here is the deal: My rule is that we all should wait a full hour between finishing a meal and starting to swim. I personally follow this rule. Since I will be your lifeguard, I will need to swim with you."

Using a firm voice she added, "When I put you down for a nap you are required to stay quiet, but you do not need to sleep. I need to be sure you are safe in your bed, so you must stay in bed until I come to get you up. Do you understand?"

"Yes Nanny, but what if I need to get up to use the toilet?"

"Silly Lad, you will be wearing a diaper, of course. Between lunch and your nap you will use your potty to make poopies," she responded in a friendly voice. Getting serious she added, "Don't even think about trying to get out of bed on your own. That would be dangerous and very naughty. What happens to boys silly enough to do naughty things?"

“Mommy and Nanny spank me when they think I have misbehaved,” he admitted shyly.

“Yes, Young Man: *Naughty Ones get sore bottoms!* Certainly you do not want a serious hairbrush to spoil such a lovely day,” Lou Ann made very clear with her hands on her shapely hips.

Without another word Nelson crawled after Lou Ann back inside her home. Previously he had not noticed that there was a large play-pen set up in an alcove adjacent to the kitchen. Its floor was on the ground, consisting of sturdy vinyl like an expanded highchair mat.

As they passed through the kitchen that time Nelson noticed several video screens. Ostentatiously Lou Ann touched keys on a remote control. Suddenly those screens showed the play-pen from several angles.

Without additional discussion Nelson was lifted over the mesh side of the Play-pen to be deposited within it. He still had his pacifier. There were several plush toys waiting for him.

Time flew by. At some point a cleaning woman arrived, but Nelson could not see, only hear, her being instructed by Lou Ann.

He stood up to be lifted out of the play-pen. His diaper was checked and pronounced to have enough capacity for lunch. Instead of the normal chair he had used when eating breakfast at the kitchen counter there now was a slightly wider than normal highchair with a cobbler bib hanging from it.

It was a new experience for Nelson to sit in a damp gauze diaper on a firm highchair seat. The tray was padded on the edge pressing against him. It made a noise as it latched in place. Nanny Lou Ann smiled gently as she had latched the tray and put the bib over his head.

Onto the tray she placed a baby bottle each of milk and apple juice. Lunch started with a bowl of warm Pablum. To Nelson that tasted as vile as it smelled. Being fair he did try a spoonful, but immediately he spat that out.

Sternly Lou Ann glared at the boy: “That was very rude! I am not feeding you Pablum as a punishment. It is for your own good, to ensure you do not become constipated because you are wearing diapers. We certainly do not want you constipated, do we?”

“Now I must feed you the rest of your nice Pablum followed by other soft food. Then instead of dessert you will get a proper spanking before your nap. Yes, before you are spanked you will use your potty. Later you still will be taken to the beach. Don’t pout or fuss!”

Nothing Lou Ann said was unreasonable. Nelson knew that if he spit out food while his mommy was watching she would have slapped his face before spanking the daylights out of him. Nanny Maria would not have slapped him but she would have spanked him especially hard.

She was gentle spooning the Pablum followed by luke-warm Gerber baby food.

When the second jar of baby food was empty, his bib was used to clean Nelson’s face. The latch on his tray was released. He had wet more while being fed so after being lifted down he waddled as he was led upstairs. His Onesies, vinyl pants and diaper were removed. In his birthday suit He was firmly seated upon his small plastic potty.

Lou Ann did not continuously stare or glare at him, but she also never left the nursery. He watched as she moved his suitcase from the low bench. She put his personal hairbrush on the left end of the bench. Then she hung a waterproof underpad from the mesh end of the crib behind the bench.

Despite the tension Nelson was able to move a significant amount of stool into his little potty. Lou Ann had a baby wipe in her hand as she stood him up. After that initial wipe she placed him prone on the changing table to more thoroughly clean his bottom, while leaving it decidedly damp.

She easily carried him to the punishment bench. Taking a comfortable seat Nelson was placed in position over her lap which she protected with the underpad. His head was to her left. His ankles dangled off the bench to her right side.

Nanny Lou Ann had not been kidding when she promised to spank very hard. There was no obvious counting of the hairbrush spanks. Many were aimed where his lower buttocks meets his upper thighs.

Nelson made no attempt at being stoic. He yelped, shrieked, wriggled and squirmed shamelessly. “Get back over my lap!” Lou Ann ordered a few times.

The naughty boy dribbled urine and cried his eyes out. He was as limp as a rag doll when the hairbrush was put down. He continued to sob as Lou Ann cuddled him and stroked his damp hair.

Once he had cried it all out he was carried back to his changing table. The wiping was gentle. The baby lotion removed a little of the sting. His gauze diaper set was expertly pinned snug. His vinyl pants were pulled into place. He was dressed in his lunch Onesies and placed on his belly in his crib.

Lou Ann returned the hairbrush to its place under the clownie lamp. She put the underpad in the DyDee pail. She sat in the nursery rocker until Nelson stopped sniffing and fell asleep. Then she activated the video and audio baby monitor surveillance system and left the nursery.

Down in the kitchen Lou Ann finally ate her own ground steak lunch with a blue cheese salad. Once she finished that she set a digital kitchen timer for one hour.

In her master bedroom she undressed. Bending over the side of her bed she gave each of her attractive bottom cheeks a single lusty smack with a sturdy and perforated narrow Lexan paddle. Totally nude she collapsed into her bed for a nap.

She got up when the timer showed thirty minutes left. Lou Ann selected a bikini with a bottom just generous enough to hide her paddle marks. Its top did not obscure her shapely breasts.

Lou Ann made sure her clutch purse contained the essentials: wallet; phone; keys; lipgloss.

She wore on her feet what in Hawai'i are called 'slippers' or flip-flops elsewhere. She covered her bikini with a simple summer dress. She covered her hair with a scarf.

With fifteen minutes left on the timer she walked into the nursery and turned the surveillance system off. She had all ready observed that Nelson had slept like a peaceful baby following his spanking.

From its cubby under the changing table Lou Ann removed her ginormous pink diaper bag. She stocked it with sunscreen, baby wipes and lotion. She placed three of the Attends Breathable Small disposables Sharon had sent into the bag, along with a pair of vinyl pants.

Next she gently lifted Nelson from the crib, waking him. She removed his Onesies, vinyl pants and gauze diaper.

He was surprised that she started dressing him with his ordinary under pants, which she covered with a DyDee gauze diaper and vinyl pants. She had him sit up so he could put on a summer shirt and sandals. His vinyl pants were not disguised and he did not care. He wore a childish sun hat.

As they walked through the kitchen Lou Ann asked the cleaning woman Cheryl Lytton to tidy the nursery while they were at the beach. From the refrigerator she removed a baby bottle each of water and apple juice. Those she put in pockets of the diaper bag.

Taking Nelson by the hand she led him to the Cadillac Escalade in her garage which had a toddler and a larger safety seat installed on the second row. She buckled Nelson into the larger safety seat. The diaper bag was stowed in front of the passenger seat, with her clutch purse within it. The timer reached zero shortly before they stormed the private beach at the club.

An attendant escorted them to Lou Ann's reserved area, with beach towels and an umbrella.

There she removed her scarf and dress, revealing her bikini. The attendant took delight in applying sunscreen to Lou Ann.

She removed Nelson's hat and shirt, to apply his sunscreen. Finally she removed his sandals, vinyl pants and diaper, revealing slightly damp undies substituting for a swim suit. She put the diaper and vinyl pants into a cloth DyDee sack from the diaper bag.

Holding Nelson by his hand she led him to the water. There was hardly any surf. Nelson had told the truth, he did swim very well, yet Lou Ann was never far away from him. They enjoyed the water for nearly an hour. Then Nelson asked to go back to their umbrella to rest.

The attendant brought Lou Ann a tall glass of iced tea. Despite startled stares from actual young kids and toddlers, Nelson held his own baby bottles while suckling his juice and water. Once he had consumed all of his juice he wanted to return to the water.

As soon as Lou Ann finished her iced tea they did go back into the water for an hour of fun.

The attendant brought towels so Lou Ann could dry off Nelson and then herself.

To avoid undressing the lad, she covered his by then damp underpants with an Attends Breathable Small. She had no trouble doing so while he stood under the umbrella. Finally she covered the Attends with the dry vinyl pants she had stored in the diaper bag. Nobody appeared to pay the slightest attention.

Lou Ann had selected the car safety seats with care. The fabric was treated to withstand damp swim suits and minor diaper leaks. Once Nelson was buckled in she spread a DyDee underpad to protect her driver's seat since her bikini bottoms was still damp.

Just as she was starting the Escalade her cell phone rang. Sharon was on the line from Madison Avenue. She apologized that she could not return that evening.

Lou Ann replied that was no problem: "Nelson slept well during his nap between lunch and our beach adventure. Looking after him tonight is no inconvenience, so don't worry.

"I must report he spit out his lunch Pablum so I needed to spank his bare bottom with his hairbrush. Maybe that was why he slept so well.

"There was no swimsuit in his suitcase, so I had him wear a pair of his underpants as a substitute. I didn't want to undress him at the beach so I covered his undies with one of his Attends Breathable, plus a pair of vinyl panties.

"If the weather stays this nice I propose returning to the beach club after breakfast tomorrow. So take all the time you need at your office.

"The thing is, although I keep open bags of several baby disposables and even GoodNites, I have no Attends. What I would like to do is swing by your home to pick up some of his swimsuits, sandals, vinyl panties and a bag of Attends Breathable.

"I did not want to interrupt your day, so when Nelson asked to wear pinned DyDee diapers today I let him do so. Enough of the kids I take care of wear DyDee gauze diapers I get deliveries.

"If this sounds like a plan, could you call Maria to let her know I'll be there in less than 15 minutes?"

Sharon profusely thanked Lou Ann for taking the initiative: “Frankly I have seriously considered letting him wear DyDee diapers around the house, especially during the summer. Good for you.

“If Maria is able to get up I’ll have her give you the new synthetic switch we bought a couple of weeks ago. Sometimes we believe Nelson does not respect the hairbrush, but he behaved much better after his first switching.

“There is an open case of his Attends Breathable, plus two full cases. Please take at least one full case of those. He knows where his swimsuits are kept. His vinyl panties are in the top right drawer of his changing table. He has several pairs of sandals and shoes for the beach.

“I should have packed some of his Onesies. Maybe needs some nicer shorts in case you decide to take him out to eat? He knows where everything is stored except the synthetic switch.

“Again, a billion thanks for bailing me out! I’ll call Maria this second.”

The phone connection ended. Probably Sharon hung up.

Lou Ann started her Escalade and headed to the Kathol house in Cos Cob, which was almost on the way to her own home.

She had only been driving for a minute when Sharon called again: “Lou Ann, Maria didn’t sound so good on the phone. I called the only internist I know in Cos Cob, Christine Dinwiddie, MD. She is arranging for a paramedic to check-out Maria. I told her you are a friend and are driving there right now.”

“Sorry about Maria. Small world: Chris Dinwiddie is the much older sister of Kathy who became my best friend in Kindergarten. All three of us pledged Tri Delt at university; our moms are Tri Delts. Chris was one of my babysitters. More than once she spanked the daylights out of me! Their father was a respected internist. I’m almost at your place. I’ll call you back with any breaking news.”

Hearing an ambulance siren in the distance Lou Ann parked on the street. Nelson knew the security code for the front door. They propped it open for the paramedics.

Nelson led the way to Maria’s room. The good news was that Maria was conscious, but clearly in need of expert medical care. She told Nelson

to wait at the front door so he would not catch her illness. When he was out of the room Maria told Lou Ann where to find the switch in Sharon's closet: "It is plastic, red and has a leather hanging loop on the handle. Nelson is a scamp we all love. I remember knowing you loved him too.

"I also remember the time Mrs. Kathol spanked you for being careless. The next day you confided that as soon as you got home your mother gave you another spanking. Just look at you, you turned out to be a fine young woman."

The conversation was interrupted by the paramedics. They worked as a team doing triage. Once they decided to put in a central line to administer fluids, the driver paramedic returned to the ambulance to bring the gurney. The lead paramedic informed the hospital that they would be bringing Maria in as soon as she was stabilized. Over the radio speaker Lou Ann could hear the ER nurse tell the paramedics that Dr. Dinwiddie was being informed and would see Maria as soon as possible. A couple of minutes later Maria was on her way to the hospital, Code Three all the way!

While Nelson was rounding up his clothing, the cases of Attends Breathable and his favorite books, plus video games, Lou Ann slipped into Sharon's closet for the switch. He was still packing a suitcase while she put the switch in the Escalade's security storage compartment inside the rear door.

Before starting the Escalade Lou Ann phoned Sharon again to give her a situation report. During the call she handed Nelson her phone. Her Sweet Lad was in tears of worry over Maria. Just the sound of his mommy's voice lifted his spirits. He promised to be a very good, cooperative boy for Lou Ann.

Nelson confessed to Lou Ann that he needed his diaper changed. They opened the front door to use the DyDee diapers and changing table in his room. He even remembered to bring a pair of vinyl pants he had just packed for what would prove to be a long stay under the loving care of Mrs. Lou Ann Huntington.