

# Carole, Part 27

Sunday 20 June 2010—Birthday Party, The Beginning

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carole Ann Turpin graduated from the exclusive Polytechnic High School in Pasadena, California as Valedictorian on 10 June 2010. At the stroke of midnight, twelve hours ago, she turned eighteen and became an adult.

While guests were arriving for her lavish birthday party, well might you ask: why Carole was sitting on the changing table of her nursery bedroom wearing nothing except a Pampers Cruiser Size 7 toddler disposable diaper?

So far that explanation has consumed 26 parts of Carole's story. Bottom line is that although otherwise healthy, Carole is tiny for her age. She is four foot five inches tall; weighing sixty pounds soaking wet. Her waist is sixteen inches and her hips are twenty inches. Carole describes her breasts as "flat as pancakes" and asks if there is a cup size smaller than "A".

Many medical experts disagree if Carole's *Primary Nocturnal Enuresis* is caused by her lack of growth, or is a related condition. Bottom line is that Carole has absolutely no bladder control when sleeping. When awake Carole must concentrate on the control of her bladder to prevent dribbling. As a consequence Carole has never stopped wearing diapers to bed.

During 2008 Carole discovered communities of people who enjoy wearing diapers. The more research she did into the wonderful world of teen/adult babies, the more Carole wanted to experience the whole big baby lifestyle, at least for a few weeks. Her attitude is: If I must wear diapers, then I might as well enjoy my diapers.

Carole has always been accepted as a well-behaved reliable young person. Her record of outstanding grades and test scores documents all that. However, Carole believes that she would have benefited from stricter discipline growing up.

For unexplained reasons her mother, Beverly, stopped spanking Carole at age eleven. With all respect for her parents, in the months prior to her graduation Carole came to believe she still would benefit from strict physical discipline featuring spankings.

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Just as the dashboard clock showed noon, Nanny Kaaren Schmidt, pulled her employer's vehicle into the public circular driveway of the James and Victoria Wagner mansion on fashionable Virginia Road in San Marino, California. Seated beside her was Sharron Larson Wagner, wife of James Wagner, Jr. and daughter-in-law of Virginia Wagner. Seated behind Kaaren and Sharron in appropriate safety seats were her three daughters: Lindsay, age 4; the twins Ashley and Courtney, age 2.

Once all the girls were unbuckled and climbed out of the vehicle, and a massive diaper bag was retrieved, a valet handed Kaaren a claim-check and whisked the vehicle to a remote parking place.

Sharron and her daughters all were dressed as princesses, including novelty tiaras. Even Lindsay is not reliably toilet trained, so all of those girls were diapered discreetly under their dresses. As a group they could well have stepped off a page of a Disney book.

Just inside the public entrance door Kaaren recognized Carmen Lewis, who had replaced Kaaren as Carole's night nanny. Carmen told Kaaren and Sharron that in addition to the large playroom/nursery on the second floor, for the party a tent with privacy sides was set up near the food and the rides. It had changing tables and cubbies to store diaper bags. Kaaren saw no reason to climb stairs and took the diaper bag with the group out into the yard.

The arrival of Sharron and her darling daughters cause some excitement among the other guests. So far none of the guests had seen Carole. Anticipation was mounting.

Victoria Callaway Wagner was wearing her own version of a wealthy royal Renaissance-period festival dress, complete with a tiara. Her husband, James Wagner, Sr. was also wearing a Renaissance-period Lord of the Manor daytime outfit with riding boots and saber.

Their elder son, James Jr. (husband of Sharron and father of Lindsay, Ashley and Courtney) had played a round of golf that morning with his father, younger brother Edward and brother-in-law Willard Turpin (father of Carole). They had all driven separately and directly from the Annandale Golf and Country Club, arriving just in time to put on their Renaissance costumes.

Beverly Wagner Turpin was dressed like a noble Renaissance matron, just not of the exalted status of her mother, Victoria. The Turpin sons loved their older sister Carole, but thought her big baby fantasy was bonkers. They also had outgrown Renaissance Fair long ago. So they were in modern California teen clothing.

Edward Wagner's wife, Jennifer, was actually a couple of years younger than Sharron but appeared far more mature and distinguished. Her own Renaissance-period gown was proper for a duchess or even a minor princess. It coordinated with Edward's costume. Their children: Judy, age four; Eddie, age three; Trudie, age 22 months all still needed diapers. Judy was wearing a Renaissance dress, but her younger siblings were wearing utilitarian Renaissance unisex shifts, for improved diaper access.

In total there were over two hundred fifty invited guests. None were school friends of Carole. She wanted all of those excluded, including their siblings and parents. In some cases that became a sticky issue because the parents and grandparents of students at Polytechnic High School were friends of the Wagners. Never-the-less Victoria managed to smooth all that over, as she always manages to do!

Kaaren wore her best modern nanny dress. None of Victoria's regular servants wear uniforms. Her ladies maid/housekeeper Ingrid Magnuson and cook Marcia Baer, not only were dressed as guests, in fact they were guests. All the cooking and wait staff were provided by Wolfgang Puck Catering. Those seen by guests were in appropriate Renaissance costumes as footmen or serving wenches.

Just outside the rear entry to the Wagner Mansion there is a lanai and patio with some grass. A formal railing separates that from the lower lawn. A set of marble steps connects the patio and lanai with the lower lawn. Beside the bottom of the steps herald banners were attached to buried poles proclaiming this as the birthday of "Princess Carole of Turpin". Next to each banner on either side of the steps there was a genuine Rose Parade Herald Trumpeter.

Under a protective canopy at the base of the retaining wall there was a band in modern clothing. They had been playing easy-listening music to help the guests get into a party mood.

Some of those musicians play in groups at the Southern California Renaissance Pleasure Faire, which had concluded its 2010 season on 22 May, the Sunday before Memorial Day. So they welcomed the chance of a well-paid gig for the Wagners. Despite wearing modern formal clothing for the party, those who had them also brought Renaissance instruments. The orchestra conductor was wearing a discreet non-Renaissance headset.

Upon a signal from the new nursery maid Judy Vogel via walkie-talkie that “Princess is moving” the music transitioned into a cheery Renaissance Faire tune setting the mood for the main stage Queen’s Show.

Judy was just out of sight behind Carole and Kirsten, who was acting as the “Lady in Waiting”. In anticipation of the “grand reveal” the doors from the great room of the mansion to the patio had been covered by sheer curtains and closed by a footman on either side. At the correct moment the doors mysteriously opened as the band switched to the Masterpiece Theater fanfare. That was Kirsten’s cue to lead Carole, resplendent in her beautiful dress, through the doors.

Many eyes were upon her. When she was still three steps from the top of the stairs, Judy gave the cue for the heralds’ “Princess Fanfare” which totally focused attention on Carole, who held the arm of Nanny Kirsten.

Once Carole reached the bottom of the stairs, her mother and father (Beverly and Willard) were the first to kiss her. They were immediately followed by the grandparents Victoria and James, Sr. Moving along the line Carole was kissed by Sharron and James, then by Jennifer and Edward. Beyond that immediate family nobody was keeping track of those doing the kissing.

Frank Bracket and his wife from Just-for-Tots; Bob Smith and his wife from Bob Smith Restaurant Supply; Barbara Miller and her husband; Susan Hubley plus one had all been invited well in advance. A last minute addition to the guest list was Anthony Hinckley, with absolutely no “plus one” on his invitation. Kirsten had made sure of that!

For sure all of those people greeted, hugged and kissed Carole. She understood the significance of Anthony Hinckley because he was the only one to not just greet Kirsten politely—he really kissed Kirsten as if this was not the first time! In turn, she totally kissed Anthony back, as if that was hardly the first time!

Of course the younger guests, numbering in the dozens, had no interest in who was kissing whom. There were rides to be explored! There was kid-friendly food to be consumed.

All of the ride operators had been carefully screened by the Wolfgang Puck Organization with background checks performed by the meticulous San Marino Police Department. So the parents attending without nannies could relax.

After all the kissing and hugging, Kirsten led Carole to the changing tent. Oh, her disposable was still only slightly damp; still Kirsten checked that. She was more concerned about the state of her own lipgloss which she sensed Anthony had done his very best to remove. While she was at it she gave Carole's lips and cheeks a touch-up.

Those unidentified guests included all of the Wagner neighbors along Virginia Road who were in town that weekend and their younger relatives. There were only a few guests about Carole's actual age. To reduce risk of them knowing Carole through school, when inviting those neighbors Victoria had stressed that the games and rides would be popular with little kids and that the music would be popular with grandparents. The fact is that within San Marino teens and even college-age young adults did whatever it took to avoid a "Victoria Wagner Party Production".

There was a small roller-coaster and a bouncy house which Carole really wanted to experience. Before bouncing she was required to remove her shoes, which Kirsten did with love; she also removed the expensive tiara. That she handed to the female plainclothes security officer who was assigned to protect Carole and her jewelry.

While Carole bounced like a child, Kirsten was watching from the fence, holding the magic Mary Janes. Wrapped around Kirsten was Anthony Hinckley.

Of course where there was a bouncy house, there would be Sharron and her daughters, meaning Kaaren would be there as well. She had never met Anthony, so she was especially jealous.

To discreetly head off jealous lesbian histrionics, once sure Carole was safe, Kirsten (with Anthony still wrapped around her) walked over to Kaaren. There she introduced them. While there was no obvious outburst from Kaaren, Kirsten could tell her mistress was seething with rage.

Desperate to avoid being severely caned by Kaaren later that night, Kirsten actually suggested that Kaaren and Anthony go somewhere to

become acquainted. “Kaaren, I will keep an eye on Sharron and her kids. Have some fun with Anthony. There is an open bar. I understand that really good wines and call drinks are being poured for the adults.”

All of those male and female bartenders are virtually full-time with the Wolfgang Puck Organization, working many parties and shifts in their restaurants in the Los Angeles area.

After Carole bounced until she was contented, she wanted to eat. Without arguments Carole stuck with her anti-constipation diet. Over a week into her big baby vacation Carole realized diapers were a whole lot more fun when her bowels were healthy and active.

All things considered, Carole found having poop wiped off her bottom was better than the pain of constipation and the sensation of getting an enema, even when administered by a gentle expert such as Kirsten.

When Carole was finished eating, Kirsten decided that was an opportune time for a diaper change. Even if Carole had not wet much, it was hot and humid enough she would perspire. Sweat is as irritating as stale urine. So as she led Carole to the diaper changing tent, Kirsten signaled the security officer to follow them into the tent.

Carole’s Cruiser still had some capacity, but the urine was turning stale. Kristen used the changing table under which she had stored the pink diaper bag. She removed the old diaper, carefully cleaned Carole with wipes and re-diapered her with a fresh Cruiser Size 7.

Then she brushed Carole’s hair, refreshed her Cheekie and lipgloss. Finally she fastened the tiara back in its rightful place on Carole’s precious head. From then on the dedicated security officer was never far from the tiara and Carole.

When the orchestra began to play birthday party style music most of the guests started meandering toward a stage erected at the base of the retaining wall to the north of the orchestra. The far north end of the stage was filled with a large box with an open top. Children speculated it contained a pony. That was a mystery, especially to Carole, who actively did not want any kind of pet—certainly nothing as high-maintenance as an equine.

Between the box and the orchestra there was a throne, just the right height so Carole would be comfortable sitting on it. Kristen made sure the delicate skirt was neatly arranged.

While kneeling to deal with the dress, Kristen noticed the officer's jacket open with a gust of wind, clearly revealing she was carrying a Smith & Wesson .40 caliber semi-automatic pistol in a shoulder holster. The officer was standing behind the stage mostly hidden from the guests by the orchestra.

When Carole was seated, Victoria took the stage. Some would have said she did so like "Sherman taking Atlanta". Given that Victoria Callaway Wagner grew up on her family's plantation, not all that far from Atlanta, nobody ever made such jokes twice around Victoria. Remember, she refers to "*The War of Northern Aggression*". Depending on how much Victoria had to drink, she can be nasty to those talking about "The Civil War".

Victoria was holding a professional wireless microphone with practiced ease. She had performed as a singer/dancer while a student at Wellesley and in theaters when she met James. Victoria lives to perform. In fact she did lead the singing of "The Birthday Song" having paid for a special ASCAP license to ensure the estate of the Hill Sisters was paid for the performance rights.

A massive cake was carried onto the stage by four strong footmen, who could well have been the offensive front line for the University of Southern California. Carole was helped to her feet to make the unassisted first couple of cuts. After that the cake was carried to a food service tent to be professionally sectioned for consumption by the guests. All the while teams of Victoria's photographers were recording the party on digital video media and still pictures.

While the cake was being prepared for distribution, Victoria started the presentation of presents. They had been organized, so as the giver approached the throne, Victoria introduced them in amazing detail. Kristen and Carmen Lewis helped Carole unwrap the presents, placing the packaging in one bin and the presents on carts.

Several times Victoria made it clear that because Carole already had more than her share of toys, most of the gifts would be donated to children's charities. The parade of gifts must have lasted a half hour, boring all of the real children and many of the adults.

Towards the end of the parade, James Wagner and his sons presented Carole with a genuine pearl necklace made by Mikimoto in the same style as worn by the recent Rose Queens. The difference being that Carole's necklace had far better quality pearls.

At last everyone understood why a young woman with no bust was wearing such a décolleté bodice—without that those pearls would have no place to hang.

Willard and Beverly Turpin, with their sons, presented Carole with a lovely Rolex ladies watch.

A diamond tiara, a string of fantastic pearls and a marvelous watch all seem over the top presents for a girl who was wearing a Pampers Cruiser under her princess frock. But then, who is to judge?