

ICE STORM

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Chapter 4 - New Directions

I withdrew my registration for the next semester of college. I spent my time reading, watching TV, searching on the Internet, wetting my diaper, and having an orgasm every three or four hours. I changed myself using diaper creme all the time on the sore spot created by rubbing my erections on my diaper.

Adult sized disposable and cloth diapers, plastic pants, onsies, rompers, and women's dresses were ordered on the Internet, and arrived at the door.

Andrea had a wacky schedule. She came home late one evening and fell sound asleep. The next morning I made her a full breakfast of things she liked of a Greek omelet, hot muffins from the oven, marmalade, and grapefruit juice.

I brought out my latest purchases of dresses for her approval. Women's clothing sizes were bizarre, but everything could be returned.

Her face made an official something I couldn't fathom. "Let's see as you try everything on."

I blushed as I removed the dress I had on which seemed ridiculous after her seeing me so intimately not that many days before. Underneath had my bra and inserts above, and my new plastic pants over a thick cloth diaper below under costume hips.

"Come here and over my lap."

I hesitated.

"Aw, c'mon now. Just like old times."

I felt her hand between my thighs as she wrapped her fingers around my plastic bulge. "Good girl, now let's see the wardrobe."

I wondered what that had been all about, but couldn't think of how to ask.

She had tailor's chalk in her hand as I turned around for each new dress. She marked what would need alterations. "You really like this, Sandy. Is it the diapers or the cross dressing?"

"Both. Especially in a warm wet diaper."

"They would flail me alive if they knew. Now that you know more of who you are, what are you going to do? You just can't lounge around here forever."

“Uh ...”

She interrupted. “You don’t know. Do you?”

The silence felt heavy and awkward. That I had never known what I wanted to do seemed unhelpful.

“We’ll talk a lot more, just not this morning. Each evening I want a note of every job in the paper you have thought about, and how you felt about each one. OK?”

I carefully bought one pair of loose fitting royal blue women’s pants, and one pair of men’s jeans two sizes too big. Disposable diapers disappeared under both of those.

There were minimum wage jobs for toll booth operators and night guards where diapers could be a plus for staying continuously on duty. I could do those jobs, but those wouldn’t lead anywhere.

One morning I had been making Andrea’s breakfast when she came into the kitchen with the newspaper from the front stoop. She laid it on the table as she had a sip of tomato juice. The headline proclaimed ‘Police Bust Informers Ring’ and the sub-headline in not so big letters added ‘Arrest of Construction Crane Operators Closes Down Industry’. After the sensational part the article described how construction on the big tall buildings downtown and out on the Interstate depended on those crane operators.

It went on that the crane operators had been watching from up there where all the police cruisers went, and reporting that to crime syndicates. They were well paid for their crane jobs, and they were paid even more for watching and reporting. Climbing those towering cranes meant they stayed up there all day taking their foods, drinks, and urine bottles with them.

I put my finger on the page. “What about that?”

That afternoon I called a tech school for where to take courses as a crane operator. They sent me to another that had an emergency class starting the next week.

I bought more over sized jeans, guys’ shirts, and disposable diapers.

The industry became desperate. Operators from other cities were hesitant fearing intimidation or worse. That course crammed so much in it took me 18 hours a day of class time, travel, and homework. The other students were too occupied to make any cracks about what I wore. Andrea saw my exhaustion, prepared meals, and changed my diapers at bed time and in the morning. Three quarters of the class flunked.

A few days after graduation I reported for work at a job listed with that tech school. While I filled out paperwork an older guy came in. “What name do you want on your hard hat?” I already knew from that course that everybody on a construction site wore hard hats. Even the crane operators so high up that nothing could possibly fall on their heads. “Sandy.”

He picked up a few sheets of my paper work and growled. “Doesn’t say that here.”

“Nickname.” I didn’t tell him I had never had a nickname in school.

He squinted and wrote ‘Sandy’ on a form. He walked out as I filled out more forms. He returned with a shiny new white hard hat with ‘Sandy’ in bright red letters on the front. “I’m Sam the job site foreman. You ever work one of those cranes before?”

“No sir. I took that crash course.”

“Know it all?” He had humor in his voice for that a question with a cocked eye instead of an accusation.

“No, sir. Not hardly. Especially about balancing the counterweight for a heavy load.”

“Honest answer. Let’s fit that hard hat.” Those big hands of his were incredibly gentle as he adjusted the inside band to fit my head, and installed an ear piece and microphone.

He gave me a lift in his car from the company headquarters to the job site.

He said. “C’mon. Let’s go climb that tower.”

That became a tough climb up two hundred feet, or more. I struggled with the straps of my bag over one shoulder and my cooler in the other hand. Those stairs in that tower were more of a ladder. No wonder the operators only went up once a day. Sam didn’t seem to be enough overweight for that climb. I kept up with him.

The controls in the cab up there were like one of the models they taught in that course. It took so much power to run the motors up there in the sky that the electric power provided heat in the winter and air conditioning in the summer.

Sam talked into his microphone. “Sam at Vine Street. Activate Sandy in crane.”

An electronic voice startled me speaking into my ear piece. “Hello Sandy. This is Vine Street Central. I will switch any call to you that names you, and connect you to any name you use.”

Sam talked. “Frank, Jodi, Tom, Scuzzy, Miguel, starting crane. Need a light first load.” He pointed with his hands for me to sit in the operator’s chair.

“Crane this is Jodi. Come south for a pallet of electrical fixtures.”

Sam pointed with his fingers. “Go slow; take your time.” His message broadcast all over the site.

As taught I lowered the hook thirty feet as the signal to the entire site the crane had become active. I also moved the hook’s trolley further out the crane arm to clear everything. The lever for swiveling the crane left or right had a smooth touch. I only used a little power as that whole top rotated itself with the long arm turning south and the counterweight out the other end. I learned real quick to not watch the horizon beyond the turning arm. That made me dizzy.

“Jodi - this is Sandy in the crane. You ready for the hook?”

“Sandy; Jodi. Drop ‘er.”

As taught I stood up where I could see all the way down as I lowered that hook. A crew down there looped a pair of cables over it that crisscrossed over the pallet to its four corners.

Sam talked next. “Jodi; Sam. You ready to take up the slack?”

A pause followed. “Up slack.”

Still standing and watching I moved the lever for the pulley winch. As the cables became taut I could feel the matching movement in the crane through my feet. “Feels taut Jodi. Ready to lift?”

Sam. “Just a little.”

I moved the winch lever. The pallet swivelled a slightly as it came free of the ground. But the crane hardly moved at all with the extra weight. The counterbalance could stay in the same place.

“Sam; Sandy. Bring it all the way up and put it on the top floor. Harv; Sam. You ready to receive?”

“Crane - we’ll be ready.”

I brought that pallet up nearly to the long crane arm. I rotated the whole thing until the pallet arrived over what looked to me to be a solid concrete top floor. I lowered the pallet until it hovered a few feet off the floor. “Crane to Harv. Where do you want it.”

“Harv to crane. Bring it into you twenty feet and swing another thirty feet down here.”

I did that slow. A crew of men assembled on three sides of the pallet.

“Crane; park it.”

Sam stayed with me for about an hour. One load came close to a weight limit where he coached me on moving the counterweight out for balance. He coached me on bringing it back in as the load settled in place. “Sam to Vine Street. Sandy done good. You guys help him when he asks. Got it.”

“Yes sir”s echoed over the electronic sound system.

I forgot to wet my diaper for almost another hour when I announced the crane would be taking a break. That warmth felt good down there as I had a sandwich and a soda.

“Crane to Vine Street. We’re back in action.”

Sam called up midway through the afternoon. “Sandy; Sam. You OK up there?”

“Sandy; Sam. Yes I am.” My eyes watered a little that a big meaty guy like Sam cared enough to ask.

He told me when I had been working up there eight hours, which meant ten since I had arrived at the office. The clock in the cab showed 6pm. "Sandy; Sam. We're way behind. Can you stay? Time and a half over time."

"Sam; Sandy. Yes sir, boss." I wet again and kept right at both the job and enjoying my diaper.

He had Jodi give me a lift home that evening. I had him take me to Andrea's who wanted to know all about my day. First, I changed my soaked and smelly diaper. We had a lasagne dinner out of the microwave.