

## MY LIFE AS A SISSY BEDWETTER by ANGELA LAMB

### THE EARLY YEARS

I am proud to be a bedwetting sissy and am so happy about being so I want to shout it from the roof tops. Until a short while ago I didn't consider myself to be a bedwetter. As far as I was concerned, I was a sissy who enjoyed wetting the bed but as I woke to wet the bed rather than get up and go to the toilet I didn't feel that I was a "proper" bedwetter. I want to wet the bed without waking and that is what I thought was a "proper" bedwetter. I had tried various online hypnosis tapes to turn myself into a bedwetter, but all were to no avail.

I have been fascinated with all toilet activities particularly peeing and watching others pee all my life. Whilst I have enjoyed bedwetting all my life it has been very limited at times as an adult. I shall come back to this in another article. I have been single for some while and have therefore been able to wet how and when I like which is mainly in my bed, in nappies (diapers), on my sofa and on various floors in my house, usually on the carpets. I derive a lot of pleasure and comfort from this. I also enjoy wetting my trousers (without nappies) in public situations. But apart from various experiences with a couple of partners (I shall cover that in another article) it has been a mainly solo activity and given the lack of opportunity to share my experiences in the manner of "show and tell" it has become a bit of a dispiriting experience.

I have never really curtailed my recent (since being single) bedwetting but it has been very much in fits and starts. Recently I discovered Twitter and more particularly, Rosalie Bent, a lady who is a Mummy to a sissy adult baby bedwetter and with a lot of experience in the subject. Through her, I have found the writings of Forrest Grant who tends to write on the subject of bedwetting and a variety of other authors who write about ABDL topics.

The combination of these factors has given me the boost that I needed and the shove in the right direction to embrace my bedwetting and be proud of it. I have now been able to read that I am not alone and am able to proudly post pictures of my bedwetting and also have people who are interested to see the results.

I learned from Forrest Grant that I am a bedwetter even though I wet voluntarily and for pleasure and comfort. I am also a bedwetter even though I sometimes sleep in nappies and wet the nappy. I don't have to feel a "second class" bedwetter. I am a bedwetter! I am on a journey to what Grant calls "Premium Bedwetting" i.e where one wakes in the morning soaking wet having slept through it all. Now that I know I am already a bedwetter and not some sort of fake "wannabe" it has done a lot for my confidence in being proud to be a bedwetter. Yes, I would like to be a "Premium Bedwetter" but that will come in time. The main thing is that I am already a bedwetter and I am happy to say so. Grant writes that, if one is so inclined, the natural progression is towards incontinence and the need to wear nappies in the day. Well, I have got my ticket for that bus travelling towards incontinence and I'm enjoying the journey.

If I can help others come to terms with their desire to be a bedwetter and to feel proud to be a bedwetter then I am delighted to try to help fellow bedwetters achieve their aim and feel comfortable about themselves. Hopefully, the first stage of helping promote the wonderful world of bedwetting is to write about my life and my bedwetting. If nothing else, it can help me look at my life as a bedwetter and help me towards "Premium Bedwetting" and eventual daytime wetting and incontinence.

I was born into a comfortable middle-class family in the north of England in 1955, a world away from the more relaxed and accepting attitudes of life today.

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Obviously, I can't remember every detail of my upbringing but certain things do stand out. My parents were very encouraging, and we used to undergo all sorts of family activities of that era.

I cannot remember my time in nappies, but I do know that they were Terry towelling ones as my mother told me so and anyway I don't believe that disposable ones were available then. I do, however, remember the boiler (Burco as far as I remember) in which she used to boil clothes. She had a big set of wooden tongs for getting the clothes out. Before getting the boiler she used to boil my nappies in a bucket on the stove. Of course, buckets were metal back then and not plastic!

Then after nappies, it was onto using the potty. Apparently, I sometimes would take my potty up the stairs to empty in the toilet. After a while, they discovered that I was emptying it in the copper log bucket!

I can clearly recall my training to use the big toilet rather than the potty. This was carried out in a relaxed and comfortable manner by my father who would sit with me in the bathroom whilst I sat on a plastic trainer insert that fitted inside the standard toilet seat. He would sit and chat with me until I had been. This carried on until I was comfortable enough to visit the toilet on my own and place the trainer insert into the toilet seat.

Despite being able to use the big toilet there were inevitably bed wetting accidents and of course back then I almost always slept through the wetting. My parents were never cross about my wetting or never suggested that it was wrong or that I should stop. They were always very understanding of the wetting and would put their arms around me and tell me not to worry. "Worse things happen at sea" as my father often would say. They would then get me out of my wet pyjamas and change the bed. If they discovered that I had wet before the night was through, they would wake me to change my pyjamas and the bed. They never made me sleep in my wet bed unless they only discovered it in the morning.

There was never any reproach about the wetting. They were always so kind about it that I stopped of my own accord as I didn't want to put them through all the trouble of changing me and the bed.

My parents were always very kind and understanding about that sort of thing. One day we were travelling somewhere in my father's Ford Consul and I announced from the back seat that I was dying to go to the toilet. We were in traffic and it wasn't possible to stop at that precise moment. I clearly remember my father saying that they couldn't stop and that I should just wee in my trousers where I was on the back seat and they would sort out the mess when they could stop. It was wonderful being told to do so. It was such a great feeling just letting go on the car seat. And I think ever since then I have enjoyed just letting go where I sit.

As a young boy, I was also fascinated by pretty dresses. Apparently, I must have also been fascinated by stockings and suspenders because I used to like sticking my head up my mother's skirt. Apparently, when questioned as to why I did that, I answered: "*Because I enjoy it*". I remember seeing a May Queen parade when a young boy and I pestered my parents for a floral headdress and pretty dress like the May Queen was wearing. My parents seemed happy to indulge me and somewhere I have a photo of myself as a young boy wearing the floral headdress.

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I was particularly fond of playing the parts of Queens and the like in school plays. I loved those long regal dresses and to this day, I still love wearing "Princess" dresses and frilly sissy dresses. My father sometimes called me Princess Andrena, I would imagine because of my love of dressing up. He did, however, seem to particularly enjoy addressing me as such when in company. I dare say that cleverer people that I could analyse why. I never objected, however, and enjoyed it.

Another incident that sticks in my mind was when I was about 7 seeing a girl of about my age peeing. I think that was one of the things that set me off on a lifetime love of pee. I used to ride every weekend and usually spend the greater part of the Saturday at the stables. One of the girls suggested we have a walk into the woods. After a while, she said that she needed to pee. She pulled her jodhpurs and pants down to the tops of her wellington boots, squatted down and let go. I was fascinated watching the pool of pee form and the bubbles and splashes as her pee flowed from between her legs into a little lake between her boots. I have never forgotten the excitement of seeing her pee to this day. The memory has always stuck with me and I think that is one of the reasons why I dislike using the toilet and prefer to pee in my trousers or wherever I happen to be in the house. Anywhere but the toilet.

As an adult, I wanted to get back to bedwetting and all things to do with peeing. This I was able to do only with some element of success until I was single again. I am now able to enjoy going to the toilet when and where I like. But I shall cover my adult wetting in another article.