

An AB Discovery 'After Dark' Book



# Camp Turnback

*An ABDL Story of becoming a baby again*

**TERRY MASTERS**

Camp Turnback

# Camp Turnback

By Terry Masters

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Originally written in 1993 by Mikey of BBW. Now updated by Terry Masters.

Synopsis:

*Jamie is sent to a special summer camp where naughty boys are taught to become obedient good babies for their Mommy or perhaps good baby girls.*

*This is not for the faint of heart and contains graphic scenes of punishment, poop play, and hypnotic domination. The babies are mostly coddled and cuddled when they behave, but disobedience can bring harsh punishment.*

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# Off to Camp:



Jamie did not want to go to camp. In fact, it was the last place he wanted to spend 10 weeks this summer. Especially since his dad said it would make a man out of him, now that he was 18, and should stop playing around like a little kid. At first, his mother had been on his side, but when she talked to the camp nurse and found out the nurse was an old friend, she seemed to change her attitude and began supporting his father. Jamie would be going up by bus with the other boys, but now there was no doubt about it. He was off to camp for the summer.

Jamie has always been a small boy, and much preferred quiet, personal pursuits to sports or the other more “manly” things his father had wanted him to do. He'd always done well in school, especially this year in his first year at college, and though he was a target of the much bigger boys in his classes. The girls always seemed to like him, although they often treated him like a little brother because of his size.

As Jamie had entered puberty, he had begun fantasizing about making out with the girls, but except for one girl in his class, none of them seemed interested in going on dates with him, and he

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was too inexperienced and shy to try anything with Stephanie. Once he started having wet dreams, he'd snatched a couple of his old baby diapers to use while he rubbed himself, fantasizing he was making love to a girl, sucking on her tits like he'd read about in a book he found at the bus terminal that winter.

His mother had discovered his hidden diapers and soon realized he'd been using them to keep his pants clean so she wouldn't know what he was doing, but she wondered if using his previous baby diapers for his masturbatory fantasies might not eventually lead to another need for diapers.

At dinner the night before Jamie was to leave for camp, his mother and dad were discussing all the advantages of the camp, trying to make Jamie feel more comfortable about leaving the security of his home for 10 weeks.

His mother said, "My friend Nancy, the camp nurse, tells me they have an excellent program to help boys and young men realize their true inner feelings, and reach their potential. Their whole program is geared to letting you get in touch with yourself and become the person you are meant to be. I think it'll do him good, George!"

His father only said, "I don't care about that crap, Anne. I just want him to get some exercise and quit acting like some kind of baby tied to his mother's apron strings, hanging around the house all day."

His mother only smiled as his dad went on and on about being a man and explained that there were boys from 6 to 21 years of age at the camp, bunked by age groups in cabins of ten. The younger boys up to age 9 had female counselors, while the older boys had male counselors to answer their questions and help them with the activities and program. The discipline was strict, and the boys were expected to keep their cabin and the campgrounds clean

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and obey the rules, or they would be punished appropriately, depending on the infraction they'd committed.

Jamie would be going up by bus with the other boys, but they would pick him up after camp, in ten weeks, and would visit him on the 6-week parents' weekend. He could write as often as he wanted, and they would write at least weekly. Jamie was fretful that night as he tried to get to sleep, but eventually, as he rubbed his penis against the diaper dreaming of making love to Stephanie, he climaxed and fell into a fitful sleep.

On the bus, two particular boys, Chuck and Tommy kept bugging Jamie, and teasing him about his size, saying, "You can't be 18 and in our cabin. You belong with the babies in the baby cabin for 6-year-olds."

Finally, the counselor, Cam, broke them up and told them to leave Jamie alone, or they'd be the first to experience Camp punishment when they arrived.

This was the second week of the camp, as some boys finished school a week earlier, and two cabins had been filled by the early comers. Once they'd been assigned to their cabins, had lunch, and met their counselor, the boys all gathered in the courtyard for a briefing with the head counselor. As they gathered, Jamie realized, there was only one cabin for 18-plus year olds, and that he was stuck with Chuck and Tommy.

Cam had explained there was one cabin of 6 to 8-year-olds, under Linda's guidance, with the help of the nurse, since many of the younger boys needed "special" attention, two cabins of 9 and 10-year-olds, one of 11 and 12-year-olds, one of 13 and 14-year-olds, and two cabins of 18-plus year olds. All told, there were 7 cabins with 70 boys at camp for the summer. Not all of them were here for the 10 weeks, but many were. Only Linda's cabin had a vacant bunk.

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As the Chief Counselor, Capt. Bob, strode to the center of the group, everyone quietened, and he began welcoming the boys. After the usual welcoming speech, he began to explain the rules.

“The rules here are quite simple. We're proud of our camp here and make every effort to keep it clean for our visitors and staff. Boys are expected to keep their own bunk site clean and neat. Each cabin is responsible for keeping its cabin, and the area around their cabin neat and clean. Any boy who can't keep his bunk site clean will become 'Maid for a Day' in his cabin and will have to clean up all the other boys in his cabin bunk sites and serve their meals in the canteen. Of course, we have a nice little maid costume here for the maid to wear while he's maid for a day.”

With that, he held up a ruffled, skirted outfit like French maids in a movie wear to show the boys he meant business.

“There is to be absolutely no pissing or crapping in the woods or along the trails here. We have rest stops, and kybos every two miles along our trails, and near all our overnight camp sites. Any boy who can't wait for a rest stop or kybo will be punished by being dressed appropriately, just like these two boys.”

With that, two counselors led a boy about 10 and another about 15 to the center of the circle. Both boys were wearing large cloth diapers and plastic panties.

Capt. Bob explained, “Both these big babies couldn't hold it on our nature walk this morning and tried to hide behind a tree. Their counselor and two of their cabinmates saw them sneak off and caught them pissing against a tree.

“The punishment for any boy caught pissing in the woods is to be put in diapers until the following morning. Just in case you boys think you can just slip these diapers down, to use the toilet, you will note they are fastened with special locking diaper pins that only Linda, the nurse, and I have the release keys for. I assure you the only time these pins will be released is to change a wet, pissy, or



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dirty diaper, and you'll be put right back in diapers until after the morning nature walk.

“Get caught a second time, and it's three days in diapers. We've only ever had one boy caught three or more times, and he went home wearing diapers after 10 weeks in diapers. In fact, we didn't have to use the locking pins, since he couldn't stop wetting himself after two weeks in diapers. So be on your guard, we won't have anybody despoiling our camp!”

The two boys looked shamefaced, as they were led off to the nurses to have their diapers changed, as they were obviously very wet from the way their diapers sagged.

Jamie was feeling a little upset, as he'd always had an active bladder and seemed to have to go twice as much as the other boys his age. He'd been a heavy sleeper and bedwetter until he was six or seven, and his mother had kept him in diapers until his father made such a fuss about calling him a baby, that they finally sought help to overcome his wetting problem. The doctor had suggested a regimen of restricted fluids, combined with a Wet Alarm to wake Jamie up at the first signs of wetting the bed. A urologist had confirmed that he had an immature bladder, but with training would learn to stay dry by getting up once or twice through the night.

After six months he was dry most nights except if he drank too much in the afternoon, and by ten, he was dry almost every night unless he was sick and just couldn't get up at night. At least Capt. Bob said there were kybos and rest stops frequently along the trails, so he should be okay.

Chuck and Tom had been fairly reasonable, although they always took the opportunity to tease Jamie about his size, or lack of physical skills. About two days after camp started, the Nurse came and took each of the boys for a medical questionnaire, about their childhood diseases, fears, and phobias, if they had any problems with bedwetting or accidents, and with the teenage boys, what they

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understood about the changes in their bodies. Jamie had answered all the questions truthfully, except about how long he'd been a bedwetter, and the nurse told him it didn't agree with his mother's answers. She told him there was nothing to be ashamed about, that many of the boys had bad bedwetting problems, and even now some of the boys were still bedwetters, but they had ways to keep the boys comfortable. They discussed Jamie's more frequent urination, and the Nurse made a note on his file, just in case he did have to go along a trail sometime, so Capt. Bob wouldn't pull him up in front of the other boys in diapers. He was quite relieved at this, and cheerfully left the Nurse's quarters, to let Tommy in next.

A couple of days later, Tommy, Chuck, and a couple of the other boys were gathered around Chuck's bed, laughing, and carrying on over something. When one of the boys said, "I see Jamie the bedwetter is finally back", Jamie demanded to know what he meant.

Only then did he see that Chuck had somehow got copies of the medical questionnaires for some of the other boys and had learned that Jamie had been a bedwetter long past when most babies are trained. The boys began teasing Jamie, that he'd have to take a bottom bunk, so he wouldn't leak down on them, and mocking him until Cam broke it up and grabbed the files back from Chuck. Once Cam discovered what Chuck had done, he marched him over to Capt. Bob's for his punishment.

That evening at supper, Chuck was sitting at the front of the cafeteria in a big highchair, dressed in a diaper and plastic panties, wearing a big baby bonnet, with huge mittens over his hands. He'd obviously been crying, as his face was streaked with tears, and he was thoroughly embarrassed.

Capt. Bob announced to the boys, "Chuck here was caught with papers he'd stolen from the Nurse's office. We've never had a boy steal anything here before and weren't certain what to do for punishment, but Nurse suggested only babies steal things because

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they don't know any better, so maybe we should dress Chuckie up as the baby he was acting out. For the next three days, Chuckie will be seen around the camp dressed just like he is now. He will take all his meals here in the highchair, and will get only good baby food; pabulum, strained prunes and fruit, and milk from a baby bottle.

"He'll sleep in a crib in the Nurse's office so she can keep an eye on him. Also, he'll only be allowed to play with baby toys in a playpen in the center of the courtyard, instead of enjoying all the other activities with the other boys. I'm very upset about this stealing and want to know if you think this is a fair punishment."

All the boys shouted, "Yeah, that's the way," or some such thing, except Jamie who said, "No, I think it should be a week. He also used those files to try and embarrass those people. He's a mean, nasty little brat too!"

Capt. Bob thought for a moment, then said, "We considered what he'd done with the files since Cam told me how he teased you Jamie, but I think a week is too long. We'll keep him dressed in diapers like a baby for 5 days and treat him like a baby for 3 days."

Jamie was pleased, but Chuck looked like he'd kill Jamie if given the chance.

For three days Chuck played in a playpen, had his diaper changed in the playpen, was fed by Linda or the Nurse in a highchair, and was generally treated like a little baby.

On the fourth night, he returned to the regular cabin, dressed like a baby, but able to join the boys in regular activities. Almost immediately he began plotting with Tommy. He told Tommy how the Nurse had made him wet his diaper the first night by putting his hand in a bowl of warm water, while he was strapped in the crib, and then made him sleep in a wet diaper until early in the morning when she woke him up and made him drink a bottle of milk and a large bottle of juice. Then about a half hour later, she again put his hand in a bowl of warm water, and he wet himself again. The next

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night she repeated the same thing but put his hand in the warm water five times between 7:00 bedtime and 7:00 feeding time in the morning. By the third night, he would wet himself every time the Nurse turned on the water to fill the bowl, and she had taken advantage of this by turning on the tap every couple of hours.

On the fourth day, Chuck was wetting himself without any stimulation, and the Nurse was constantly teasing him about what a big baby he'd become in his wet diapers. By the time he was finished his punishment, he'd probably need to keep wearing diapers until he could be toilet trained again. As the two talked, a devious plan began to form. One Jamie was sure not to like.

The next day, Chuck, still dressed in his baby outfit, came up and shook Jamie's hand saying he was sorry for the embarrassment he'd caused him, and offered to share some of his cookies with Jamie on the afternoon ten-mile hike. Soon after the boys hit the trail, they broke for a box lunch and gathered around for rest and chatter. Cam took Chuck off to the side and changed his diaper since he was quite wet after walking for an hour, and had not been changed since 10:00 am.

Jamie's sandwich was okay, but the cookies for dessert were terrible and he was thankful when Chuck offered to exchange with him. He liked the chocolate biscuits much better than the wafers. The Gatorade Chuck offered was also much more refreshing than the milk which had turned warm in the hour's walk.

Cam told the boys to clean up, and anyone who had to go to use the Kybo now, since the next stop was over three miles and about two hours away. Jamie was slow in getting his garbage and pack-sack together but figured he could wait, and ran to catch up with the others. After about half an hour, Jamie's stomach began to feel cramped, and he told Cam he didn't feel well. Cam figured it was just some mild cramps from hiking after lunch and decided to slow the pace until Jamie felt stronger. After another 15 minutes, Jamie realized it wasn't his stomach, but his bowels that were cramping,

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and that he really needed to go to the bathroom. When he told Cam, Cam said there was nothing he could do, the next kybo was over an hour away and nearly a mile and a quarter to go. They'd speed up the pace, but Jamie would have to try and wait.

After half an hour of almost jogging, Jamie knew he couldn't go on. He had to relieve the cramps and pressure in his bowels, and now he had to pee almost as badly. He started to lag behind, then when he thought the group was far enough ahead, he headed off the path into the woods. Once he found a smooth log, he hurriedly dropped his pants and let loose. Just as he was getting some paper towels to wipe himself, Cam and Chuck came around the big tree he thought would hide him from the trail. To his surprise, he accidentally emptied his bladder.

Chuck started laughing. "My goodness, not only did he piss in the woods, but he also dumped a great load. Capt. Bob's going to be really upset about this."

Cam ordered Chuck to return to the others, who by now were gathered just around the tree. Cam said he'd try and put in a good word, saying Jamie was sick that afternoon, but still, he felt Capt. Bob would be angry and probably make him wear a diaper. Cam said since Chuck had been in the cabin in diapers, he'd be less likely to tease Jamie, or the boys would just remind him of his baby state for the last five days, so it shouldn't be too unbearable. Cam would also let Jamie stay in the cabin tomorrow so he wouldn't have to go around camp in his diaper for the other boys to see.

Cam had seen one 16-year-old boy wetting his diapers every hour, after 2 days of Nurse's potion, and for about a week after he was out of diapers, he still wet his bed a couple of times. Jamie wasn't happy but figured he could grin and bear it. By the time they got back to camp, Chuck and Tommy went running immediately to Capt. Bob to tell him what Jamie had done. By the time Cam got to him, Capt. Bob was so angry he wouldn't listen to reason.

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At the evening circle before dinner, Jamie was sent to the Nurse's office. She told him to remove his shorts and underwear and lie down on the table. As he got up on the table, the Nurse took a wet washcloth and washed off Jamie's pubic area, then rubbed baby lotion all over his bum, and around the front of his pubic area and finally sprinkled baby powder over him. Next, she took a very large, thick diaper and spread it deftly under Jamie, drawing it up between his legs and pinning it at his hips and waist, before drawing up transparent plastic panties over the diaper. Jamie had noticed the pins had a special locking mechanism that he wouldn't be able to open, and when he asked how he could get them off when he needed to, the Nurse reminded him that the diapers would only be changed by her or Linda when they were wet or dirty. With that, she led Jamie out to Capt. Bob and the other boys.

By then, most of the boys knew what Jamie had done, thanks to Chuck and Tommy, and a few of them were snickering as Jamie turned red-faced standing there in a diaper and plastic panties like an overgrown baby. Capt. Bob explained to the boys that Jamie had been caught red-handed by two of the boys and his counselor, defecating and pissing in his woods, with total disregard for the comfort of the campers. He said the boys in Jamie's cabin said he was selfish, and usually wouldn't share with the others, in the spirit of camaraderie. Jamie had been acting more like a selfish baby than a young man, keeping his toys to himself and peeing and crapping whenever he felt like it. Consequently, Jamie was going to be kept in diapers for the next two weeks, until he realized being a baby wasn't so much fun.

Jamie was shocked. He'd expected maybe until the next morning, or at worst evening, but two weeks?

Cam took the sobbing Jamie back into the group and told him he'd speak to Capt. on Jamie's behalf. When Cam returned, he explained that he had no luck with the length of time Jamie would

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have to wear diapers, but he was able to convince Capt. not to use the other parts of Diaper Punishment with Jamie.

Cam explained that any boy being made to wear diapers also had to drink a special “Gatorade” like drink the Nurse made up. This drink contained a strong drug that would make them have to empty their bladders more frequently, so they would be sure to suffer the shame of wetting in diapers like babies.

Some boys were able to go for the 10 or 12 hours they had to wear diapers, without wetting themselves by not drinking during the period, so could prove they weren't babies. The nurse had fixed that by having each boy in diapers drink 8 ounces of her special drink every three hours, so the boys would be wetting themselves every couple of hours. Apparently, the drugs only lasted for a couple of days, but no boy had a hope of staying dry while drinking Nurse's potion. While it was no solace to Jamie that he still had to wear the dreaded diapers for two weeks, he thanked Cam for at least saving him from the embarrassment of starting to wet himself constantly like a baby. At least he'd be able to stay dry at night and would probably need only a few changes a day if he watched his fluid intake. He figured if he wet himself just before bed, and got changed, he'd be able to stay dry through the night until the other boys left, then he could wet himself and go to the Nurse for a change.

As he was planning how he'd get through the next two weeks, he remembered the Gatorade Chuck had given him and knew why he'd urinated accidentally when Cam and Chuck caught him, and why he'd had to go so often that afternoon. As he realized what Chuck had done to him, he also realized he had to pee, and got up to go to the bathroom, when it struck him that he couldn't use the toilet since he couldn't get his diaper down. He tried to think of other things and hold it back since all the other boys were just outside the cabin horsing around, and he didn't want to walk through them in wet diapers to the Nurse's station for a change, but

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finally, nature won out and he felt himself helplessly wet his diaper, uncontrollably like he hadn't done since he was a baby.

He started to cry, silently, when Tommy came in and called the other boys saying, "Look guys, baby Jamie's wet his diaper and is crying for a change. Let's take him to the Nurse so he can get his wet didees changed."

All the boys gathered around Jamie and ushered him to the Nurse.

"Back so soon? My goodness, you're a heavy wetter. Most boys your age can go for hours without a change, and it's been just over an hour since I diapered you. Let's get you in and get you ready for supper in a fresh diaper."

Jamie was still crying softly, and once Nurse had him changed, she gave him some Kleenex and offered him a drink to help him calm down. Jamie gratefully accepted the drink, and only suddenly realized he was drinking the same Gatorade Chuck had given him at lunch.

Too late. He'd already finished a full glass.

The rest of the evening, things went rather uneventfully.

As planned, Jamie wet his diaper before bedtime deliberately to empty his bladder and went over to the Nurse for a change. The nurse remarked on how wet Jamie was, and he shamefully admitted he'd wet his diaper three times that evening. The nurse told him there was no need to sit around in pissy diapers. Whenever he was wet, or messy he could come to her or Linda for a change. After all, he didn't want a diaper rash, did he?

That night Jamie was so tired from the events of the day that he quickly fell into a deep sleep. When Tommy and Chuck were sure Jamie was fast asleep, Chuck got a bowl of warm water while Tommy gently worked Jamie's right hand from beneath the covers.



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As they gently placed Jamie's hand in the bowl of warm water, they could hear the telltale hiss of Jamie's bladder emptying.

Figuring Jamie would wake up when he wet himself, the boys quickly returned to their bunks, waiting to see the shock and embarrassment on Jamie's face. About three hours later, the boys repeated the same thing again. And by the morning, had made Jamie wet himself 4 times. When Jamie woke up, his diaper and bed and PJs were soaked with urine. Even his mattress was soaked from so much urine leaking from his diapers.

When he lagged behind the other boys in getting up, Chuck whipped the blankets off Jamie exposing his stained, wet bed and diapers, and wet PJ's. Chuck began teasing Jamie and calling the other boys to "see the big baby who wet his diapers at night."

By the time all the boys were laughing at Jamie, he was reduced to tears, but angry enough to lash out at Chuck, resulting in a free-for-all that turned over the bunks, threw bedding and pillows and kit bags all over, and generally turned the cabin into a disaster area. Just as Chuck was about to finish Jamie off, one of the boys shouted, "Shit guys, here comes Capt. Bob and Cam. Let's split."

Most of the boys made it out of the cabin through the back door, but just as Jamie was getting up, sobbing, with his PJs torn, hanging onto Chuck's pant leg, the door slammed open and a bellowing, deep voice resonated through the cabin.

"What the heck is going on here? It looks like a nursery school run amok in here, not a cabin for young men. Explain yourselves, young men!"

Just then, Cam came through the back door with Tommy and one other boy in each hand, and Capt. Bob again repeated his demand to find out what had gone on here. Tommy and the other boy said Jamie had started it when Chuck offered to help Jamie change his bed after he'd wet it. Then one other boy sheepishly came back in and hearing the other boy's shamefaced lie, told a

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truer account of what had really happened. Capt. Bob ordered Jamie to go to Nurse Nancy's for his change and said he'd deal with both of them after breakfast at Circle.

Jamie was changed by Nancy but forced to drink a full bottle of "juice" before being let out to go to breakfast. He was sent out wearing just his T-Shirt and a diaper and clear plastic panties. When Jamie entered the mess hall, he saw breakfast was almost finished, but that there were two big highchairs at either side of the "little kids" table beside where Linda usually sat. Linda wasn't there, and neither was Chuck as far as Jamie could see, so he went to get his tray and get what breakfast he could.

As he lined up at the steam table, to the jeers of his cabin mates and the other campers about his "baby pants", Capt. Bob came in from his office off the mess hall and said, "Oh no you don't, sweetie. You have a special place of honor up front here for a while. Your little friend will be along real soon to join you for your breakfast, with Linda."

Almost as soon as he said it, Linda came in through the side door with Chuck. She was leading a reluctant Chuck by the hand, much like a mother with a toddler who doesn't want to go somewhere. Chuck was wearing a heavy thick diaper, with nursery-print plastic panties. He also had on a very babyish styled top with puffy little sleeves, a kind of sun bonnet, and a very large soother tied around his neck with a velvety pink ribbon. His feet were encased in some sort of thick woolen socks like baby booties, and he seemed to be wearing some sort of thick cotton mittens since Jamie couldn't see his fingers.

As they neared the table at the front of the hall Jamie could hear Chuck pleading, "No nana, peez. Me be a good boy now. No eat here. Peez" between his sobs. He seemed to be acting like a two-year-old, not the smart-aleck 19-year-old he'd been the week before.

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Then, Nancy grabbed Jamie by the wrist and half dragged, half carried him to his highchair, and ably plopped him in, pulling down the top to pin him in. He heard the click of some sort of lock holding the tray in place so he couldn't get out.

Then Capt. Bob announced, "These two boys were caught fighting in their cabin and almost demolished it. Instead of acting like young men of 18, they were rolling around on the floor like a couple of two-year-olds, with sweet little Jamie in soaked diapers from the night of heavy wetting and torn PJs. I called both sets of parents and explained what they'd been up to, and how both had been very poor team players seeming to prefer to act like selfish little children or babies instead of the young men we had expected. In fact, they act much younger than the little charges Linda normally has in her cabin.

"After talking with the parents and learning a bit more about their backgrounds, it's obvious these two were spoiled as children and never learned respect for other people's property and space. Nancy and Linda have agreed they will be moved to Linda's cabin for the balance of the season and will be retrained, starting as the little babies they have been acting like, in the hopes they will return to their parents as good little toddlers by the end of the summer. Both parents agreed they can spend the final 3 weeks here for our special training program at the end of the summer, hoping they will return better behaved, and that their parents will have an opportunity to correct what was so obviously wrong in their first attempts.

"From now on, Jamie and Chuckie shall be addressed as Baby Jamie or Sweetie Pie and Baby Chuckie. They will be started off as newborn babies until Linda and Nancy believe they are ready to move on to the next stage or training as 1-year-olds then on to toddlers. Until I or Nancy tell you differently, they are not to walk, talk or try to do anything for themselves. They are infants and must

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act fully as infants until the next stage. If they want feeding, changing, or a baby toy they must cry for it like the babies they are.

“Within a very few days, this will be very natural for them, and you will all have an opportunity to see them crawling around in their playpens on the porch in front of the infirmary or the youngsters' cabin. Only Nancy, Linda, or the assistant we will be bringing in is to change their diapers or give them their feeding bottles. They will sleep in the infirmary in special cribs until they grow up to 1 year of age so as not to keep the youngsters awake with their crying for their 2:00 am and 6:00 am feedings. As they “learn” to walk, you older kids in Linda's cabin keep an eye out so they don't get into trouble or fall down a kybo or something. Most of you probably have baby brothers or sisters at home so you should know what to do. Meet your new baby brother Baby Chuckie and baby sister Baby Jamie!”

Jamie was shocked at what he'd just heard. He wasn't a baby, and he certainly wasn't a girl. He'd started listening to Capt. Bob, but as Linda talked to him and spoon-fed him his pabulum, then gave him a big bottle of warm, sweet milk to drink, he sort of lost track and was listening to Linda as he drank his bottle. Only as he heard Capt. say “baby sister” did he realize he was wearing pink booties, and a big, frilly pink bonnet, and that Linda had somehow pulled some lacy, pink panties over his plastic panties.

As he realized what had happened, he went to get out of the high chair, now that Linda had raised the tray, but almost as soon as his feet hit the floor his legs seemed to buckle under him and he lost his footing. He rudely landed on his behind and went to get up but found he couldn't get his footing with the booties on or his balance. He went to undo the booties and realized he too was wearing the same type of mittens Chuck had on.

They were fairly thin cotton but had some sort of filling that made his hands feel like they were encased in putty or something, and he couldn't really work his fingers together except to hold a big