

Shooting Stars And The Belittled BabySitter

Phil was nervous as he arrived at the house of his family friend, who had asked him to babysit their two and a half year old son, Timmy. Phil was only 17 and had never really been around kids before, let alone one so young. But he needed the extra cash and agreed to do it.

Timmy was a curious little thing, always asking questions and exploring his surroundings. He seemed to take a liking to Phil right away and was excited to have him as his babysitter.

As the night went on, Phil found himself having fun with Timmy, who was full of energy and laughter. They played with toys, read books, and even sang songs together. But as they sat on the back porch, looking up at the starry sky, Timmy spotted a shooting star.

"Make a wish, Timmy!" Phil said, excited to see what the little boy would wish for.

"I wish I was big like you and you were little like me," Timmy said, closing his eyes tightly.

Phil laughed, thinking it was just a cute thing for a kid to say. But as he opened his eyes, he realized something was different. He looked down and saw that he was now wearing a diaper and Timmy was now huge which made Phil do a double take.

"What the...?" Phil said in shock.

Timmy, now towering over him, laughed. "Wow I'm a big kid now and your just a baby!"

"Phil, now a baby, looked up at Timmy with confusion and disbelief as he tried to process the sudden change in their roles. "Nuh uh, ima big kid, yous da baby," Phil said, still trying to convince himself that this was all a dream.

Timmy, now towering over Phil as the big kid, couldn't help but chuckle at Phil's statement. "Uh, I don't think so, soggy," Timmy said with a smirk, pointing to the wet diaper Phil was currently wearing.

Phil's innocent expression of confusion only grew as he tried to understand what Timmy meant by his comment. That was, until Timmy picked him up under the armpits and brought him back inside the house. "I mean, you soaked that diaper you're in, obviously," Timmy explained as he carried Phil to his room.

Timmy was also in shock at the sudden change of events, but he knew he needed to take care of Phil now that he was the big kid. However, as he entered Phil's room, he was thrown off by the sight of posters of bands and other big boy stuff decorating the walls. It was clear that the reality around them had drastically changed to reflect the new roles they were in.

Timmy shrugged off the strange feeling and went on a hunt for diapers and other baby supplies. As he searched, he couldn't help but think about how weird it was that he was now using words and understanding concepts he had never even heard of before. Meanwhile, Phil was still sitting on the floor with his mouth wide open in shock, like a cartoon character who had just been tricked by a crafty rabbit.

"Timmy continued his search for the diapering supplies throughout the house, feeling increasingly frustrated as he couldn't seem to find what he was looking for. He had checked every cabinet and drawer in the house, and was just about to give up when he stumbled upon a colorful bag covered in rubber ducks. "Jackpot," Timmy exclaimed as he grabbed the bag and made his way back to the living room where Phil was still sitting with a blank stare on his face and a soggy Huggies diaper on his bottom.

"Found it, little man," Timmy said with a chuckle as he presented the bag to Phil. Phil, still in

shock, looked at the bag and asked "What dat?" Timmy explained, "It's your diaper bag, silly billy."

Hearing those words seemed to break something inside Phil as he began to shout "Me no baby! No diapie! No diapie!" His face turning red and tears pouring down his face. Timmy, feeling a little guilty, said "Well, it's clear you need them though." He knew he had to take care of Phil now that he was the big kid and it was his responsibility to make sure Phil was clean and comfortable.

"Phil didn't seem satisfied with Timmy's answer and said "Buh I no have chance wif potty."

Timmy simply replied, "Yeah, cause you had that diaper on for a whole three seconds before you wet it." Phil, thinking three is a big number, said "Yeah, I whas dwy fow twee se se sec-ons."

Timmy couldn't help but giggle at Phil's pronunciation and said "Three seconds isn't a long time, bud." Phil just huffed at that and Timmy put down a changing mat that he had gotten from the ducky bag. He then pulled out a

fresh Huggies diaper with Pooh Bear on it and the necessary supplies for changing him. He picked up Phil and laid him on the mat.

"No diapie!" Phil exclaimed. Timmy had to think quick and said, "But don't you want to wear some Pooh Bear undies?" Timmy calling them undies made Phil warm up to the idea a bit and he did love Pooh Bear. Phil hesitantly said "hmmph fine buh dey undies wight?" "Of course they are," Timmy lied.

Timmy then undid Phil's diaper and began cleaning him up. He started by cleaning him with some baby wipes and then took the diaper out from under his butt and balled it up, putting it to the side for now. He then wiped Phil's bottom and placed the clean Pooh Bear diaper under his butt. He got some A&D diaper rash ointment and applied it to Phil's diaper area. He then taped up the diaper and said, "All done now, you're nice and dry." Phil smiled and said "Me big boy!"

"You sure are, buddy!" Timmy was surprised at how Phil was acting. He seemed to be mentally

capable as any other toddler out there. So, he asked, "Hey Phil, uh, do you know how old you are?" Phil looked up at Timmy and said, "Uhh, me big." Timmy said, "Yeah, but what number?" Phil had to think hard and remembered how he thought three was a big number, but Timmy had said it wasn't. He thought for a little while longer and then proudly declared, "I thwee an a hawf!"

Timmy was shocked by this response and then said, "That's great, but you're only two and a half. Also, do you think you can count as high as you can for me?" Phil was confused as to why he'd ask such a silly question that could take all night. Phil figured he would humor him and started counting "won, too, twee, fowe, uhhhh seben, eihyt, niwen...sebendie won." "OK, bud, that's great," Timmy stopped him.

Timmy came to the conclusion that he and Phil also had the minds of their age, but still had their memories of being different ages. "Hey, bud, you remember what it was like being big right?" "Hmmm, yeah, I wike dwivin. Itd fun," said Phil.

Timmy was relieved about that, but also thinking that it might be easier for Phil if he didn't remember being big.

This thought was quickly gone though as he looked over at Phil who was now playing with the diaper bag. As he was going through the bag, he found a pacifier. At first, he was just looking at it, but the longer he looked, the more he had the urge to put it in his mouth. Timmy then said, "It goes in your mouth." Phil, being the smarty pants he is, responded with "Yuh I newd dat," and put it in his mouth to prove it. Once it was in, Timmy knew he was going to keep it there.

Timmy then had a thought, if all of this changed, what do people think? Like in this new reality, does everyone think this is the way things are supposed to be or will his parents get home and be confused on why his babysitter is pooping his pants and small and their former baby is now a music-listening teen who is old enough to drive a car. But Phil took him out of this thought by saying "T B T B?" Timmy looked at him and said,

"What?" This time Phil tried extra hard to enunciate "Tee Bee?" "Oh, you wanna watch TV?" said Timmy. "Yuh yuh yuh!" said Phil, bouncing in place. "Uh, sure, why not," Timmy grabbed the remote and turned on the TV. When it turned on, the show Bluey was on, and he remembered loving this show when he was the toddler. So he left it on. The show immediately drew Phil's attention, so he left Phil to watch it while he went to the kitchen to look around some more.

Timmy made his way into the kitchen and began looking around to see what, if anything, was different. One thing he noticed immediately was that all of his baby things were gone - no playpens or sippy cups, except for one on the counter, which was more than likely Phil's now. That's when he noticed a note right next to the sippy cup. It read "Hey Tim, if you're having any trouble with little Phil, please use this note as a reference, and if you have any questions not on the note, the emergency numbers are written on the bottom." It then proceeded to say "If Phil gets

fussy, try giving him his stuffed tiger Bingo. Also, remember to check his diaper pretty often, the last thing his mother wants is a rashy baby. His bedtime is 8, so make sure he's in bed by then. Your aunt will be there to pick him up at 11. There's some money for pizza under the note as well. Don't let him have any toppings, so make sure if you get toppings, to get half of it plain for him, and be sure to cut it up in small pieces for him since he's not old enough to chew the big slices. There's some sugar-free toddler apple juice in the fridge you can give him as well." Then it was just the emergency numbers.

"Well, I guess that answers the question of what people will think when they see us," said Timmy. He lifted up the note and there was no money there. He was confused at first until he looked over and saw a pizza box on the table. "Ah, so we already ate then. Come to think of it, I'm not hungry at all," he said to himself. He then walked over to the sippy cup and realized he should probably give Phil something to drink. He picked it up and it was mostly empty. This reminded

him that he was wet right after they transformed, must have been from the juice. He giggled and then thought about the pizza, wondering if it would have the same effect as well. "Oh well, let's get this filled," he said as he rinsed out the cup and filled it with a fresh cup of juice. He then made his way back into the living room where Phil was sitting on the floor on his knees and way too close to the TV.

"Hey Phil, you really shouldn't be that close to the TV. Also, I got you some juice," said Timmy. This got Phil up and running over to grab the juice.

"As Phil made his way over, Timmy noticed Bingo the tiger on the couch. "We must have already been watching TV in here earlier," he thought to himself, which made sense as to why baby shows were on the TV. That's when something hit Timmy's nose. He looked down at Phil and asked, "You didn't?" Phil looked at him with another confused look on his face, "Did

wha?" "Oh my God, he's completely oblivious that he's pooped his pants," Timmy thought to himself, a sly grin came across his face as he thought about having some fun at the expense of his cousin."

"Oh nothing buddy. Here's your juice, but before that, do you gotta go potty?" Timmy asked. "Uh I dun dink so," Phil said. "Oh OK good. Hmm, do you smell something bud?" "Yuh, it stinky in hewe," Phil replied. "It is, isn't it? Well, it's a good thing you're a big boy who doesn't need diapers or I'd think you might've mad a stinky in your big boy pants," Timmy said. "Yuh buh I a big boy so I nuh do dat," Phil said. "Yeah, for sure. I mean you wouldn't poo on pooh would you?" Timmy asked. "Nope, nuht me," Phil replied. "Well, just to be sure, maybe I should check your pants unless you can find where the smell is coming from," Timmy said. "Yeaw I can do dat!" Phil said, as he ran around looking for the smell that was obviously coming from his pants. As he walked around, he stopped and said, "Why dees pants so woose?" "Oh now that you mention it, they do

seem to be a bit saggy. Maybe I should get you a pair that fit better," Timmy said. "Nuh it'd ok. I wike pooh," Phil said.

Timmy started laughing at that and said, "Clearly." He then had his fill of this and picked Phil up, pulled the back of his diaper and said, "Surprise, surprise! Somebody really does like poo. Time to get changed, stinky." "Huh, nuh uh I big boy me no stinky u stinky!" Phil protested. "Uh, that's not what the back of your diaper is saying. If you listen really carefully, you can hear pooh asking to be taken away from this poo machine," Timmy said.

"Timmy laid Phil on the changing mat and said, "You know, diapers aren't that bad. When I was your age, I loved my diapers. They're so comfy, and even you didn't realize you had used them. So clearly, you need them, and there's no arguing this time." Phil just looked away, all pouty, while Timmy changed him. Timmy then undid the

tapes of the diaper to reveal what was causing all this fuss. "Oh, that's it, it's not that bad. I'll have you cleaned up in a jiffy," Timmy lied. In reality, he did a real number on this diaper, and the fact that he didn't even know it happened is a shock to say the least. He started to go to work wiping him down, but even after going through like 20 wipes, it wasn't looking any better. "I think it might be time for someone to take a bath," Timmy said. This made Phil ask, "You gon take a bafh?" "No buddy, I'm gonna be giving a bath.. to you," said Timmy. He then picked up Phil and headed to the bathroom, where he told him to stand still while he ran the bath.

Phil stood there, still suckling on the pacifier and wondered how this happened to him. This morning, he was a grown-up, and now he was standing naked, nursing on a pacifier in his cousin's house, with his butt still half-covered in his own poop. He was then grabbed and placed into the tub. Timmy went about getting him cleaned up. After he felt that he was properly cleaned, he took Phil out and began drying him

off. Timmy then laid him back down on the changing mat he brought into the bathroom with them, placed a clean diaper under him, powdered him, then taped it on, and declared it's time for bed

"Timmy brought Phil to the living room where the portable crib was set up and gently placed him in it. "It's time for bed, buddy. You need to sleep. I already kept you up past your bedtime. You should have been asleep 30 minutes ago," Timmy said softly. This went over Phil's head, as numbers were clearly not in his wheelhouse anymore. Instead of arguing, he just remained silent. He was too tired to fight it anymore. Phil's eyes drooped closed and he quickly fell into a deep sleep.

Tim was now left alone to reflect on what had happened. He couldn't believe that he had just gone from being a toddler to an adult through the means of magic. His belief in magic couldn't be more powerful now. He found it strange that not more people believed in magic and why his wish had come true. His adult brain was telling

him it was impossible, but his predicament was saying otherwise. He began to wonder if he had always been this age and he and his cousin had a shared delusion of thinking they were the other's age. "Who knows," he said to himself and looked over at Phil, who looked adorable in the crib, still suckling on the pacifier. This reminded him that, due to the bath, Phil never drank his juice. Tim went to the coffee table where he had placed the juice and thought, "Well, might as well," and began drinking from it. Then it hit him that this might be the last time he would ever drink from a sippy cup again. This made him feel excited and a little sad, as he did like his sippy cup, but he knew that he was a big boy now and didn't need it since big boy glasses were more appropriate for him. He also realized that he should stop calling things "big boy" this or that, since to him they were just cups or glasses. "Oh well, let's see what's on TV," he said as he picked up the remote and changed the channel to something that was more geared towards his age range. He spent the next few hours watching TV.

"As Tim heard the door unlocking and opening, his aunt walked in and greeted him with a cheerful "Hey Tim, how was your night? And how was Phil? I hope he wasn't too much of a handful." Tim responded with a smile, "Other than a poopy diaper that required a serious bath, it was fine." They both shared a laugh and his aunt handed him \$30 as a thank you for watching Phil. Tim protested, saying he didn't need the money as he had fun, but his aunt insisted, saying "It's OK, take it. I appreciate having someone I can trust watching him." Reluctantly, Tim accepted the money. His aunt then gathered some of Phil's things, such as his stuffed tiger, Bingo, and other essentials, before picking him up out of the crib and carrying him out to the car. She carefully placed him in a car seat, buckled him in, and gave Tim a wave goodbye before driving away. Phil slept soundly the entire way home, exhausted from his day.

When Phil's mother arrived home, she brought him inside and placed him in his room, which

was now set up as a toddler's room. Fortunately, Phil had a toddler bed instead of a crib, but his mother wasn't sure if she felt comfortable letting him sleep in it yet. So, while the bed was set up, she decided to keep the crib in the room as well. She thought about transitioning him to the bed, but she couldn't help feeling that once he started sleeping in it, he wouldn't be her baby anymore. So, she placed him in the crib and got ready for bed herself. Before leaving the room, she turned on the baby monitor, just in case Phil woke up during the night. She then headed to sleep while Phil slept peacefully through the night.