

Joanne

Chapter 1 “I Wet My Bed!”

Fiction by Angela Bauer, as told to her by Joanne

My name is Joanne. My bladder control is not good. This May, when I turned eighteen I read about Angela Bauer. Suddenly I felt she would understand me and help me share my story.

There are differences between our early lives. There are also similarities. Both of us come from loving supportive families. However, I am a single child. Also both of my parents inherited a lot of money. So I never had to share a bedroom. My parents believed that misbehavior needed to be punished, so they were never reluctant to spank me very hard. Every babysitter and nanny I had was encouraged to spank me for the slightest misbehavior. Nobody in my family had a history of wetting.

In the late spring of 2009 as the school year was ending I was about to turn twelve. I only remembered my life after I was toilet trained. When a Pampers or Huggies commercial appeared on TV I paid no attention. Occasionally in a ladies' room I would see a baby or toddler being changed and I would ignore the incident. Ever since my youth bed was replaced by a larger bed I have been responsible for making it daily: I know for sure my bed did not have a waterproof sheet, then!

On the Thursday a week before school let out for the summer I was stupid enough to talk back to my teacher. A million times my Mom has told me, “Young Lady, in my day for doing something like that my teacher would have spanked me in front of the class with a paddle on my panties with my skirt up!”

I'm not so sure post-1986 school corporal punishment policies do me any favors. Each year, just before school starts, Mom drags me along on a

conference with my teacher and the Principal. Mom makes it clear she believes in spanking. Therefore she says, "Please do our family the favor of informing me whenever Joanne misbehaves. As soon as possible I will spank the daylights out of her so that she will learn a hard lesson!"

That Thursday Mom brought her favorite hairbrush with her in response to the phone call informing her that I was being held in the office for talking back. When the Principal saw the fire in Mom's eyes, both of us were invited into the private office. Mom pulled a side chair from the front of the desk to the center of the room.

Mom told me to start removing my skirt and panties, while she asked the Principal to witness my shame. I freely admit I did cry my eyes out as Mom more than spanked the daylights out of me!

"You can be sure Naughty Joanne will be double grounded tonight and all this weekend!" Mom promised with needless enthusiasm. "What a shame the teacher could not also witness Joanne's spanking."

Mom dressed me and led me through the office and much of the school to her Bentley. I was still in tears so many of my friends saw me and guessed that I had been spanked.

The rest of the day I was restricted to a guest room without any books or entertainment. Mom marched me to dinner where she delighted in telling my Dad all about my talking back and being punished. It took all of my self-control to avoid wetting my panties in the dining room.

I was sent back to the guest room as soon as I carried my plate to the kitchen. Two hours before my usual bedtime Mom marched me back to my own room with orders to take a shower and then put myself to bed, in disgrace.

What a strange coincidence that when I woke up that Friday morning, I had wet my bed!

That shocked and horrified me. Certainly I had not deliberately wet my bed. In no way would doing so make my Mom be less strict with me. Things were not going all that bad between us. For example after I had dressed and put myself to bed Mom had come to tell me I was no longer in disgrace as she kissed me good night.

I could not see any upside to trying to hide my wet bed. Yes, Mom might spank me for wetting.

However, it was a sure bet that if Mom caught me attempting to hide my wet bed I would get one of her “hairbrush wallopings.”

“Mommy, I am so very sorry. I woke up in a wet bed like some sort of naughty baby,” was the way I broke the news to Mom.

She actually took the news well. She gave me a cuddle and asked me to take a shower and then to dress to go to the doctor, not for school. By the time I was dressed, Mom had talked to my pediatrician as well as the school’s attendance office.

Nobody else was waiting when we entered the doctor’s office. Right away a nurse led us to an exam room. Mom sat on a chair while I sat on the exam table. The nurse asked some questions while taking my temperature and blood pressure. My height and weight were the same as during my last visit.

The nurse said that I needed to have some lab tests. I moved to a chair so she could draw my blood. Then she had me sit on a bedpan into which I peed. That was poured into a plastic container.

Finally the doctor arrived. She started off by telling us that when she was a girl should a child suddenly start wetting after age four it was assumed the kid was just being naughty, seeking attention.

The doctor said that the time she wet when she was my age she got spanked. She claimed to never have wet again. Maybe all I needed was another spanking. That would not be so terrible. I mean hardly a week went by during which I escaped a spanking!

As I thought about wetting I realized I was not sure if this was entirely an accident. I still felt Mom spanked me overly hard because she was showing off to my Principal. Perhaps I had wet to get even with Mom? While thinking about that I stopped paying attention to the doctor.

Suddenly she used the word ‘diaper’, going on to say, “When I was studying pre-med over twenty years ago the medical profession came to believe that children did not deliberately wet to gain attention or to be naughty. Parents were discouraged from punishing wetting.

“My entire medical career the approach which has worked best is to simply let the child learn to use the toilet all over again.”

The doctor turned to face my Mom, “Fortunately long ago Pampers and Huggies made disposable diapers practical. Unfortunately Joanne is too large and mature to benefit from toddler disposable diapers.

“What has worked very well with girls like Joanne has been traditional gauze diapers. The clothing and bedding stay dry. Joanne will know when she wets a gauze diaper, so very soon she will remember to use a toilet before she wets herself!”

Was the doctor being serious? Who ever heard of diapering a girl who was almost twelve?

Mom looked at me and then at the doctor, “That sounds like a marvelous idea. Since Joanne has wet she does not need to be punished, she simply needs diapers again. Where do we get gauze diapers to fit her?”

“Most parents of my patients who wet do not buy diapers. Instead they use a diaper delivery service, since usually it only takes a few weeks for the child to re-learn to use her toilet,” the Doctor said calmly.

“Of course Joanne will need a waterproof sheet on her bed, as well as panties to cover her diapers. There is a nice store with all of the supplies. They will arrange for diaper delivery.

“You will need a nanny. Several have experience with children like Joanne. I am confident that very soon Joanne will resume keeping her panties dry like a big girl.

“Just please wait until we reach an available nanny. She will meet you at the store to ensure you have all the necessary supplies.

“Meanwhile, since Joanne might well wet before you get to the store the nurse will pin her into a nice diaper and cover that with soft vinyl panties!”

A couple of minutes later I was being diapered like a baby! I speculated that getting spanked would be better than being diapered at my age. The nurse even handed me a waterproof pad to protect the car’s seat.

Sure enough a nanny was waiting for us at the baby store. She looked to be over one hundred years old with a grim face. Naturally Mom adored her.

While I was standing there Mom asked the nanny to explain her views about spanking. How odd, since I thought the reason for having a nanny,

after being without one for several years, was to handle diaper changes and toilet training.

Proving she would be no fun, the nanny replied that the mistake young parents make is not being strict enough. “Spankings should be hard enough the silly child does not want another one!”

Mom beamed and gave her a hug.

The first things the nanny bought were several waterproof sheets for my bed. Next she bought a lot of plastic panties. It was decided that I would start off wearing pinned gauze diapers from the service day and night.

Once I proved responsible asking to use a toilet when awake letting me wear cotton training pants instead of a pinned diaper would be considered. Nothing was said about wearing trainers to bed.

In the furniture department Mom positively leaped at the chance to install an over-size changing table in my room. I was expecting that spot to be occupied by a big-girl vanity.

When asked, Mom admitted I had a large bed.

The nanny responded that a silly girl who wets needs a crib, not a bed. To my utter horror near the changing tables there was a selection of cribs ranging from those for small babies on up to larger than I would need.

It had been bad enough when I was placed on a changing table to be sure I fit. Far worse was when I was lifted into several cribs. Mom bought one of those. The store owner had mentioned to Mom that changing tables could be rented or leased since often toilet training did not take very long.

Mom answered, “I think Joanne might not learn to be responsible on toilets for awhile. If we get lucky and she learns sooner, then we can donate her changing table and crib to a charity.”

At the suggestion of the nanny Mom also bought a nursery safety rocker. It was explained that would be useful to soothe me when I became upset.

After that things became a blur. Before we moved to the clothing department the nanny lifted my skirt to check my diaper. Wouldn't you know that in the hour or so since being diapered at the doctor's office I

had wet without me feeling a need to pee. The nanny used a changing table in a ladies' room to pin me into a fresh diaper.

That was embarrassing! I was told to get used to being changed away from home. Before we started looking at clothing the nanny selected a very large and super pink diaper bag for me. It was specially designed for larger girls wearing cloth diapers. Since many other girls in the area needed similar diaper bags, my name would be embroidered on it. Actually that was to be attached later, since we would be taking the diaper bag with us that morning.

I did not realize there were so many special garments needed to hold diapers and plastic panties in place. We walked around the store. A saleswoman made notes. Then we all went back to a fitting room. I was undressed down to just my diaper and plastic panties.

The basic garment the nanny called "Onesies" which are like a t-shirt with a flap through the crotch which snaps to the front. They come in white, but to get me used to cooperating I was snapped into a pink Onesies that was nearly as vivid as the diaper bag.

It was terrible. My own skirt did not fit over the thicker diaper the nanny used, so in addition to the Onesies there were childish skirts and dresses. I wanted to melt into the floor as I saw myself in the mirror wearing any of those things.

Eventually the nanny could not tolerate my whining. She sat down and pulled me across her lap while I was diapered. I hoped the padding of my diaper would reduce the sting.

No such luck! From her purse the nanny withdrew a clear plastic paddle. The blade was rectangular and only a couple of inches wide. Nanny applied the paddle with vigor to the back of my thighs just below the leg elastic of my plastic panties. I really cried and also wet.

The baby store did not sell those paddles. On the way home nanny showed Mom a school uniform store which sold all kinds of paddles and other punishment implements. I was embarrassed at that store when Mom put me over her lap to test various sizes of the plastic paddles.

Nanny showed Mom how to pull my diaper and plastic panties up so more of my thighs was exposed to the paddle. That was mean because after my spanking when I moved, the leg elastic returned to its normal position which irritated the freshly spanked skin. Then too, the plastic

panties held in the heat from the spanking. Being spanked while diapered was even worse than being spanked bare-bottom!

A truck from the store was already parked at the house when we returned. I was kept downstairs so I could only imagine that was being done to my room. In frustration I said nothing as I felt the need to pee. Mom wanted me diapered so I was going to use my diaper as my toilet!

What surprised me was that my freshly wet diaper felt better than when it was dry.

Lunch was very strange. I was presented with a large bowl of what turned out to be Pablum mixed with Metamucil. Nanny told me this would prevent constipation. With that mess I was given a glass each of water and milk.

“Joanne, you have a choice: Feed yourself and drink your milk like a good girl; Or, you will wear a bib when I spoon-feed you and then give you baby bottles of milk. How’s it going to be?” Nanny asked.

I tried to be as neat as possible eating that slop, compared to which the milk was not so bad.

After I finished my lunch Nanny brought my new pink diaper bag to the dining room. She spread a baby pad on which she changed my diaper with Mom, the housekeeper and a maid watching in fascination.

At some point after lunch a large man walked over to Mom. He was carrying a clipboard. I could hear him say they had completed the installation and wanted Mom to inspect the work before signing the receipt. Soon Mom returned looking very pleased.

“Joanne, your new baby nursery is ready! From now on you are to address me as ‘Mommy’.”

I was marched upstairs. What had been my bedroom now looked like a real nursery. Against one wall there was the changing table. The crib was close to it, with a bench at the end. A new table was at the head end of the crib. It held a childish clownie lamp and one of the new plastic paddles.

Nanny lowered the side of the crib nearest to the changing table so that she could put me down for a nap. The side was raised and it clicked when it was all the way up. Once Mommy and Nanny left me alone I saw a new video camera attached to the wall over the hall door. I could not

ignore the red light. I could see the camera moving around. I could forget about privacy. In my crib I was “Mommy’s baby TV Star”.

I was not sleepy. I could not remember the last time I took a nap. I tossed and turned.

Perhaps an hour went by. I no longer had a clock so I could not be sure of the time. Suddenly I felt the need to get to my toilet to poop.

I begged to be let out of my crib. Nobody came to help me. All I could do was let Nature take her course. I totally messed my diaper. That was a horrid sensation!

Nanny did not bat an eye. She lifted me out of the crib after lowering the side. I was led to my bathroom where my messy diaper was removed as I stood in my tub. With that out of the way I was washed clean by Nanny using the shower wand. While I dripped dry I could see in the mirror the red marks on my thighs from the plastic paddles.

Eventually I was led back to my changing table. I waited until Nanny assembled a dry diaper set. Once I reclined upon my diaper Nanny pinned it snug. She put me in a clean pink Onesies and sandals. Then I was allowed to play in the backyard.

On the way back to my room Nanny led me through the kitchen. A lot of baby bottles were lined up on a counter with a new bottle and nipple sterilizer. So Nanny was not kidding about feeding me from bottles.

In a corner was the largest highchair I had ever seen with really big bibs hanging from it. “Should you ever fail to cooperate during a meal and from then on you will be fed in the highchair, Joanne. Do I make myself clear?” Nanny asked.

Dinner started off well enough. Nanny was seated next to me, with Mommy to my right at her end and Daddy at the other end.

I have no clue what I did to displease Mommy. I was yanked from my seat. The maid brought in a plastic matt to protect the carpet. The housekeeper brought in the highchair and a pink bib. I was buckled into the highchair and the tray was locked in place. The maid brought me a baby bottle each of milk, apple juice and water.

Nanny began feeding me a bottle of milk. The housekeeper placed a plate on the tray. Nanny promised I would learn to love Gerber baby food.

That was nasty. I nearly threw up as it was spooned into me. While eating I wet quite a bit. As I finally had finished the bottle of apple juice I pooped my diaper.

After I finished eating Nanny wiped my face with the terrycloth bib. Then she led me upstairs for a diaper change.

Apparently I had not pooped as much as before since Nanny did not hose me off in the tub. She removed my diaper and wiped me clean. At least those wipes were not icy cold.

For bed Nanny used an extra soaker. I took my time getting used to the thicker diaper. As soon as I wet a little my diaper became softer and more comfortable.

Once I was on my back in my crib Nanny gave me a pacifier with a leash which she clipped to the collar of my Onesies. It was babyish, and strangely comforting.

Although it was early I must have fallen asleep very soon.

Sometime during the night Nanny lowered the side of my crib, moved me to the changing table and pinned me into a clean diaper. I had been awake and quiet before Nanny entered my room. Perhaps she could tell from the video?

It was daylight when Nanny woke me Saturday morning. She removed my wet but not messy diaper and undressed me. I was placed in my tub and bathed like an infant or toddler, but I knew better than to resist. A plastic paddle was right beside my crib and I did not want another spanking from it!

I was dressed in just another Onesies over my day diaper and plastic panties. A fresh pacifier was clipped to my collar. Then I was led downstairs to my highchair for breakfast, at the counter in the kitchen. A clean pink cobbler bib was tied around my neck.

Probably over the years I had been rude to the housekeeper, the cook and the maid. Lord knows Mommy spanked me for such misbehavior often enough. Therefore I was hardly surprised at the delight all took in my infantile treatment.

No sooner than the highchair tray being locked in place did the maid put three baby bottles on it. I noticed all the nipples were soft and clear.

Funny thing is until then I had never given nipples or baby bottles any thought.

After Nanny fed me some milk, water and orange juice (which I liked better than the apple juice) a bowl of warm Pablum/Metamucil was placed upon the tray. I was careful to fully cooperate as Nanny spooned all of that glop into me. After I finished all of my bottles my face felt clean. Nevertheless Nanny still used the bib to wipe me.

I was left in my very damp diaper in the highchair while Nanny had her breakfast. Mommy came to the counter and virtually ignored me. She only spoke to Nanny and the servants. Mommy announced that three younger women, all well-known by Nanny, would be interviewed as the assistant nanny.

Then Mommy went on to say she and Daddy had decided I would stay home for the final week of the school year. Ironically I had finished my last final exam a half-hour before I talked back to the teacher. I was not sure if Mommy had received permission from the Principal about me missing school. Obviously Mommy and my Principal were as thick as thieves. Perhaps I had actually been suspended?

Later Saturday morning either Mommy or Nanny held my hand while I was introduced to the three potential assistant nannies. All were recent graduates from the best local nanny training program. None looked older than twenty-one. They all only wore a hint of lipgloss and no other cosmetics.

None were raving beauties, which was an important factor when Mommy hired servants. My Daddy is a very handsome man. Mommy is no longer the beauty she was before she married Daddy, based on the many photos she had shown me.

All of the candidates were pleased with the set-up of my nursery. They all made it clear they totally approved of the plastic paddle to spank me while I was diapered.

They were not kept waiting in suspense long. Mommy and Nanny selected one of them and the others left.

After lunch it was the new assistant nanny who changed me and put me down for my nap. I did not see Nanny until I woke up Sunday morning.

No longer could I stay up as late as I wanted Friday and Saturdays. I could not sleep in Sundays until the last second to make myself presentable for church. Living in a nursery under the care of a nanny and her assistant, my schedule was decided for me.

My diaper was messy enough I clearly was not constipated. Still instead of a bath Nanny undressed me and hosed me off in the tub. When barely dry I was pinned into a day diaper and put into a fresh Onesies for breakfast.

That was downstairs in my highchair in the kitchen. The menu and service was the same as Saturday. Even my bib was a similar pink. Somehow I managed to hold down the slop without even being threatened with a spanking.

After my breakfast I was taken back to my crib to rest while Nanny and my parents ate.

For Church I was pinned into a day diaper covered by plastic panties. Over those I wore a plain white Onesies, the top of which could well have been an ordinary t-shirt. Covering the Onesies was an especially childish short ruffled dress. When I stood the bottom of my crotch was exposed. At least the Onesies covered that part of my plastic panties.

I was used to wearing white knee socks with my school uniform. What was new that day was a pair of flat Mary Janes. I was ordered to be a very good girl while the maid supervised me just long enough for Nanny to dress for Church. She carried the pink diaper bag as she led me to Daddy's Rolls. Mommy sat beside him up front. I sat with Nanny in back. She acted as if she expected to be driven around in Rolls and Bentleys.

Instead of going to my normal middle school Sunday class, Mommy and Nanny led me to the pre-school class. I had heard rumors of older girls and boys who wet and attended that class along with the still-wetting toddlers. I had never believed such rumors. That morning I discovered at our Church this actually happened.

All of the older wetters had an attendant, or shared one. It turned out Nanny was friends with those other nannies. In fact she would also be caring for two other diapered girls, one seven and the other nine. Since they had separate diaper bags, each with her name embroidered upon it, I assumed they were not sisters.

The classroom had two changing tables. One was ordinary size for babies and toddlers. The other was similar to mine. Near the changing tables were cubbies for the many diaper bags.

Seating was divided with the really tiny chairs and the babies on one side. Us larger wetters had more appropriate chairs on the other side of the room. The nannies all had really nice adult chairs.

To put it mildly the Lesson was below simplistic. Only the certain knowledge a plastic paddle was stored in my diaper bag prevented me from making a fuss. At least diaper changes broke the monotony of the lesson.

Nanny changed both of her other charges before I needed a clean diaper. The smaller girl was wearing some kind of disposable, maybe Pampers or Huggies. Nanny changed that as efficiently as she pinned gauze diapers. The larger girl wore gauze diapers and plastic panties like mine.

I had pooped my diaper slightly, as had many of the other kids. Perhaps the Pablum/Metamucil glop was standard breakfast for kids like me.

All of us were wiped clean and not hosed off. When the older boys were being changed Nanny made us look away, but we did watch the toddler boys being changed. All but one wore baby disposables.

That Sunday school seemed to last forever, but when Nanny led me to meet Mommy and Daddy I saw a clock so I knew it had been a standard length class that I imagined lasted a week!

Back home all of the servants routinely had a half day off, so we normally had lunch at a restaurant or at the country club. In the car Mommy said that today we would be eating with the two girls, their parents and a set of sisters my age and a year older with their parents and nanny. I did not know them because they attend a different church.

Lunch was at an elegant hotel built about 1895 when our city was the winter home of Mid-West and Eastern filthy-rich folks. One dining room was dedicated to families with younger children. I was used to eating in another room with older kids and teens. My diapers reduced my rank at lunch as at Sunday school.

During the lunch several kids got spanked at their tables. The nine-year-old talked back. Her mother spanked the daylights out of her with a

plastic paddle. How I managed to escape a spanking that day I will never know.

I did wet enough that Nanny took me to the ladies' room with a changing table. I was mentally prepared to be changed in public. Maybe there were public health rules against that?

Sure enough a woman used a stall while I was being changed; so did two younger girls. One must have been a teenager. The other was perhaps slightly younger than me. She giggled when she realized my diaper was being changed.

I blushed with embarrassment.

Nanny told me loudly enough everyone else could hear: "Joanne, so long as you need diapers, those need to be changed. At home you are changed in your nursery. Outside of your home you will not always have privacy. Do you want to only stay in your nursery?"

"No, Nanny, I'll take my chances when we go out," I stammered, starting to cry.

"Good girl. Now stop sniffing or I'll give you something to cry about!" Nanny promised.

I managed to stifle my tears. After a few more times being changed in ladies' rooms I became blasé about the process. I had never freaked-out because a kid was being changed when I used a ladies' room, even if it was a big toddler boy. It was not my fault I needed diapers.

Sunday evening we had a light dinner. I wore a bib and was fed in my highchair.

On Monday I did not leave the house. Breakfast, lunch and dinner were all fed to me in my highchair. When I said I needed to use my toilet I would be told that I was a very good, responsible girl. Then I was told to use my diaper as my toilet. After I finished doing so my diaper would be checked. When I pooped it would be changed immediately. If I only wet my diaper would be changed if it was close to capacity.

Nanny explained that I still needed to get used to the sensation of being in a wet and messy diaper. The goal was to help me sense that my bladder and bowels were about to do far enough in advance that I could make it to the toilet every time. Once Mommy and Nanny had confidence

in my ability to make it to a toilet in time I would be switched to training pants which I could use without supervision.

Unfortunately several times I wet before I felt the need to pee. Once I pooped without forewarning. I did not think of my diapers as punishment. Honestly I needed them.

Wednesday Mommy and Nanny took me back to my pediatrician for a follow-up exam. I was in the office when she told us that none of the lab tests revealed an obvious medical cause for my wetting.

“This does not mean Joanne is being naughty and deliberately wetting. There are thousands of conditions which interfere with bladder control and not all can be detected by lab tests,” the doctor said. “I recommend that before referring Joanne to urologists you continue to keep her diapered while gently toilet-training her again.”

Angela will turn more of my rambling into stories. I hope you enjoyed this one.