

# Isobel

## Chapter 3

### “Cunning Isobel Meets Nanny”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Once Valery and Isobel were towel-dried after their Sunday night bath, their mommy Sylvia had them sit on their potties. Isobel produced nothing, but Valery managed to void a significant amount of pee and a moderate-size soft stool. They were wiped, diapered, given pacifiers and tucked into their cribs.

During the night Sylvia checked and found Isobel’s diaper was nearly saturated, so she changed her older daughter. Then she decided to prophylactically change Valery’s diaper.

Monday morning she let her girls sleep late in the nursery. Shortly before 8:00 A.M. she carried Valery and led Isobel downstairs while they were still wearing their night diapers and Onesies. She had just buckled the girls into their highchairs when the tallish and beautiful twenty-six year-old Nanny Carmen arrived.

Sylvia had a bowl of the Pablum/Metamucil mixture in each hand. Hurriedly she put those on the respective highchair trays so she could properly greet Nanny Carmen.

What impressed Carmen was that without fuss the smaller Valery picked up her own spoon and began eating her mixture. The far larger Isobel stared at her.

After an exchange of greetings Sylvia hurried to bring Valery a Sippy cup of milk and a baby bottle of milk to Isobel. Only after holding that so Isobel could eagerly suckle a couple of ounces of milk did her mother begin to spoon-feed her the mixture.

Carmen was wearing a very smart nanny uniform. She had left a suitcase near the kitchen door.

Without taking her eyes off Isobel, Sylvia called out to a maid, “Mary, please show Nanny Carmen to her room and help her with her other luggage. Nanny, as soon as the girls finish breakfast I’ll bring them up to the nursery.”

So saying Sylvia paused feeding Isobel to hold her baby bottle so she could suckle more milk.

Nanny Carmen was impressed by the nursery. Clearly the over-size changing table was brand-new, as was the larger crib. She was looking at the diaper stackers hanging from the wall behind the changing table when Sylvia arrived with the girls.

“Nanny Carmen, I trust your room is satisfactory. Should you need anything else just ask Mary.

“Valery and Isobel, this is your Nanny Carmen. You are to obey her at all times and treat her with respect always.

“Nanny Carmen, would you be ready to undress Isobel so she can use her potty? First I’ll do the same for Valery,” Sylvia said sweetly.

“That will be my pleasure, Ma’am,” Carmen answered demurely.

She then held Isobel’s hand while Sylvia sat Valery upon the changing table and began to unsnap her Onesies’ crotch.

Isobel tried to pull away: “No Mommy, I want you!” the defiant girl blurted, sounding like a petulant toddler having the “Terrible Twos”.

Without a word Carmen took hold of Isobel around her waist and bent her forward. Next she smacked the girl’s upper thighs just below the vinyl panties peeking out of the Onesies leg holes. Those smacks were administered hard and fast. Isobel soon started crying like a baby brat. After a few more smacks intensified the tears, Carmen stopped spanking.

Sylvia was most impressed. Until then she assumed it was necessary to completely bare the bottom so as to effectively punish it. However, she did not divert her attention from undressing little Valery, who she soon placed on her pink potty with her Onesies rucked-up.

Long before Isobel stopped sobbing Nanny Carmen easily lifted her onto the changing table: “See, Young Lady! **Naughty girls get sore bottoms**. Tantrums are never acceptable.

“Little One, I do not want to spank you, but I will punish you every time you misbehave. Now cooperate with your Nanny so you can use your potty like a good girl before your nice bath.”

Very soon a pouting Isobel was squirming on her larger pink potty near Valery.

Sylvia seized the opportunity to talk to her daughters: “Sweetie Darling Isobel, please understand that I love you both very much and equally. Your sudden loss of bladder control has taken me completely by surprise. I did my best, with the help of your Granny, to take care of you as well as Valery.

“Isobel, the fact is I have forgotten how to do many of the things you want me to do for you. This is why your father and I decided to hire Nanny Carmen. She has recent experience taking care of older girls who need diapers and want to be fed.

“It is a shame you were so rude to Nanny and me a few minutes ago just as I was about to explain why often Nanny will change, feed and bathe you while I take care of Valery. As for your spanking, you are the one who demanded being spanked instead of having your hands smacked.

“It is your hard luck that, considering she is such a loving woman, Nanny Carmen is also an excellent and experienced disciplinarian. Of course she has full authority to punish both of you as she decides is needed. As she said so well ‘Naughty girls get sore bottoms’. Remember that, both of you, before you misbehave.”

“I’m sorry, Mommy!” Isobel replied.

Eventually both girls deposited some mushy stool in their potties. They were praised then wiped clean.

Sylvia bathed Valery while Carmen did the same for Isobel.

While doing so Sylvia noticed that Isobel not only did not appear to resent being spanked hard by Carmen, she showed enormous respect for her new nanny.

“Nanny Carmen, could you wash Isobel’s hair?” Sylvia asked sweetly while she was lifting Valery from the tub.

Carmen added more hot water to the tub. Isobel cooperated while her hair was washed. She apologized to Carmen.

While effectively and gently washing the hair Carmen asked, “Little One, the first time I returned your mother’s call, she told me about your unexpected loss of bladder control. She also mentioned that you asked to experience being a baby again. Then just now she said you asked to be spanked instead of having your hands smacked.

“What would you like me to do to improve your baby experience?”

Isobel turned so she could beam up at Nanny Carmen: “Well, as far as I’m concerned, you are doing a swell job. While I have no bladder control I hope for as realistic a toddler experience as possible. You are good at that.

“Honestly, until I asked Mommy to spank me, I don’t remember even having my hands smacked as she sometimes ‘communicates’ with Valery. Over the years most of my friends have told me about being spanked. Some made getting spanked sound like an adventure, so I’ve wanted to find out.

“Mommy only used her hand, but Granny used a hairbrush. That was a lot less fun than I expected. But I still am sure I have deserved a lot of spankings. By now hardly any of my friends still talk about being spanked.

“I don’t know, Nanny, if they figure it is better to behave, or if their moms think they are too old. Around school there is a rumor of a Valedictorian who talked her grandmother into letting her live as a big baby the summer after she turned eighteen.

“Frankly I do not want to need punishment when I am in high school. So, maybe what I need right now is to experience serious punishment spanking so I will remember that discomfort later, when I am sixteen and dating boys.

“Am I completely nuts about this?”

Carmen smiled back at Isobel before she turned the girl’s head so it could be rinsed: “No, Little One, I don’t think you totally nuts. Maybe this is the right time for you to develop respect for not just the hairbrush, but also the switch and the cane. It has been my sad duty to cane and switch a

few naughty girls, all older than you. You might be right, if they had received the hairbrush more often at age seven or eight they might not have needed the cane at age sixteen, seventeen or even eighteen!”

While Isobel pondered the prospect of getting switched and caned, Carmen gently towel-dried her body and hair. Valery was not in her crib as they walked into the nursery.

Nanny Carmen helped Isobel climb onto the changing table. Just as the final pin was being inserted in the diaper, Sylvia entered: “I just made an appointment for Isobel to see her pediatrician, Jennifer Sherquest, at 11:00 A.M. today. Nanny, I want you to accompany us, since you will be taking Isobel to future medical exams.

“Since she is already diapered, she might as well join Valery in the playpen.”

Carmen smiled at Sylvia, “I have taken several children to Dr. Sherquest.”

Sylvia remained in the nursery while Isobel’s vinyl panties were pulled into place.

With both diapered girls playing nicely together, Sylvia and Carmen had a delayed breakfast. Carmen mentioned Isobel’s curiosity about canes and switches. “Nanny, I’ve never even seen those,” Sylvia confessed.

“Both the baby store and the school uniform store sell punishment implements,” Carmen explained, “but the uniform store has a better selection. After the pediatrician why not take Isobel so that you can select the implements you consider appropriate?”

“That is a marvelous idea,” Sylvia answered. “My mother already offered to babysit Valery so we can go to the doctor. She wants to meet you. She gave me the hairbrush I was planning to use on Isobel. It is identical to the one Mom used on Isobel last Saturday. Mom said Isobel respected the hairbrush.”

“Probably that is true. Normally a girl her age mostly only needs spanking by hand, reserving the hairbrush for very serious misbehavior,” Carmen said. “Isobel told me she hopes to learn her lesson from the switch and cane now instead of getting in big trouble as a teenager.”

“I hope she is right about that. I would have died had Mom spanked me when I was in high school,” Sylvia admitted, blushing deeply.

Carmen removed the Ginormous diaper bag from its shelf under the changing table. It was fully stocked with DyDee diapers for both Valery and Isobel, yet there was still room. She added several Attends Breathable Small.

Granny Jessica arrived and met Nanny Carmen. As the time to leave for the doctor approached, Carmen found a nice ordinary skirt for Isobel to wear with her Onesies and diaper. However she begged to wear a far more infantile Sunny Suit with a snap crotch.

Before changing the girl into that Carmen did a diaper check. It was only slightly damp, so Isobel continued to wear the pinned gauze diaper.

In Sylvia's Cadillac Escalade, Isobel did her best to fit into Valery's car safety seat. She pouted because she had to sit next to that in the second passenger row.

By the time Dr. Sherquest examined Isobel the girl had wet much more: "I see she has daytime bladder control problems. Probably this is just temporary. I recommend having her wear gauze diapers most of the time. Doing so will speed her regaining control. Still don't hesitate to use disposables when they are more convenient."

"We brought Attends Breathable Small. They do fit Isobel. Do you need me to remove her diaper for the rest of her exam?" Carmen asked.

"No thank you, Nanny; not just now. My nurse will draw some blood for the lab. Then have Isobel sit on a bedpan to collect some urine. After that re-diaper her as you think best," Dr. Sherquest said nicely.

After the nurse was finished, Carmen cleaned Isobel, who wanted another gauze diaper. In the hallway leaving the office Sylvia used her cell phone to reach Just-for-Tots. They had the appropriate larger car safety seat in stock. That would be installed on the way home.

On the way to the uniform store they saw a classic Bob's Big Boy restaurant. Isobel asked if they could have lunch there. To her delight they had a highchair big enough for her.

The waitress filled one of Isobel's baby bottles with milk. Sylvia held it for her daughter while they waited for their food.

Carmen cut up Isobel's lunch into bite-size pieces and fed those to the girl, who had been outfitted with a bib from the diaper bag. Sylvia rushed eating her lunch so that she could take over the feeding duty while Carmen

ate her lunch. Because Isobel had behaved so well she was rewarded with a small bowl of chocolate pudding for dessert, which Sylvia delighted in feeding to her daughter.

After Isobel's face was wiped clean using her terry bib, they drove a few blocks to the uniform store. Carmen was greeted as a good customer. She introduced Sylvia: "This is my current employer and her daughter Isobel who is approaching that stage in which she no longer respects the corrective values of the hairbrush.

"What we need for sure are the 2.5mm and 3mm Lexan switches, as well as the 5mm and 6mm Lexan canes. Two of each, please."

Meanwhile Sylvia was holding Isobel's hand. Pulling her mother she toddled over to a display case featuring several clear Lexan paddles. Clearly the paddles fascinated Isobel.

Carmen suggested that Sylvia purchase one style for over-the-lap punishment and another longer bend-over paddle with holes for increased sting. Two each of those were added to the order.

Moving to the uniform sales room, Sylvia decided to buy Isobel a generic pre-school style jumper uniform in her size, along with an old-fashioned companion pink pinafore. She also bought the same kind of generic uniform in Valery's smaller size, also complete with a pink pinafore.

Isobel asked to wear her new uniform and pinafore over her Onesies for the rest of the shopping trip.

By the time they drove back toward home and reached Just-for-Tots a technician was standing by to install and then adjust Isobel's new car safety seat. While the seat was being installed Carmen took the opportunity to pin the girl into a dry diaper using the large changing table in the store's ladies' room.

Back at the house Granny Jessica had finished feeding Valery her lunch. Then she had removed the child's diaper so she could sit on her potty without any fuss. A small soft stool was produced.

Jessica was in the process of diapering Valery when the shoppers returned. Both of them were delighted to see Isobel wearing her pre-school uniform and pinafore.

Sylvia explained that Isobel had eaten lunch and had recently been changed. Reaching into a shopping bag she brought out Valery's uniform and pink pinafore. Once the girl was wearing it the girls were put into the playpen so the adults could talk privately.

Boldly Carmen brought all of the punishment implements out of their bag: "One set of implements will be kept in Isobel's old room so they will be available should she be naughty.

"The second set of implements will be kept in Sylvia's closet. She admitted to me that the harshest implement use to punish her was a hairbrush. Jessica, can you honestly tell me that you even remember being hairbrush spanked?"

"Yes, Carmen, I still am embarrassed that I was almost eighteen when my mother caught me smoking. Without sending my two best friends home I was dragged by my ear into my bedroom with the friends following. I was put over Mom's lap like I was a child. My slacks and panties were lowered. Mom blistered me so badly I could not sit for a week! Well, the sting lasted for at least a couple of hours. Mom never punished me with a paddle, strap of any kind of stick," Jessica blurted out.

"Okay, then ladies, it is only fair that before either of you use the new implements, or Sylvia spansks Isobel with the hairbrush, both of you must be punished with such implements.

"When Valery and Isobel are tucked in for their naps this afternoon, I will give Sylvia her sample hairbrushing. Jessica, you will watch. Later we will schedule sound switching and caning for both of you so you will learn to use those implements safely and will understand what Isobel will be experiencing. Does this plan sound fair?" Nanny Carmen asked.

With alacrity Both Sylvia and Jessica nodded in agreement, while blushing like two naughty girls.

In their playpen Isobel and Valery were drooping they were so sleepy. Jessica carried Valery while Sylvia led Isobel to the nursery. One by one the girls were undressed so their diapers could be removed. Without any protests they sat on their potties.

Valery's diaper had only been slightly damp. She peed generously and deposited a significant soft stool into her potty.

Isobel's diaper was wet, yet without any hint of poop. After she appeared to attempt to move her bowels for a couple of minutes Nanny

Carmen asked her to stand. Then a suppository was gently inserted. A few minutes later Isobel smiled in relief as she passed a very firm stool.

Both girls were cleaned and diapered. It was a hot June day so they were dressed in only thin stretchy Onesies. As they were tucked into their cribs each girl was given a MAM pacifier with the leash clipped to their collars. Within a minute both were sound asleep.

All Carmen said was, “Young Lady, your time has arrived!” She took Sylvia by the hand, as if she were a naughty child, to lead her to the master bedroom.

There Sylvia was asked to remove her high heel pumps. Nanny Carmen took an oval wooden hairbrush from the pocket of her uniform and sat on the side of the bed with the head end to her left, a foot and a half from the end.

All she did was pat her lap with the hairbrush. Sylvia just stood there, frozen in place.

Jessica prodded her, “She expects you to ‘assume the position’, you Silly Child.”

At last Sylvia’s covered delicate derrière was in the classic position over Nanny’s lap. The first dozen spanks were administered by hand to the skirt.

Then, as Sylvia whimpered, her skirt was ruched-up, revealing panties so sheer and skimpy both Carmen and Jessica were shocked. At first the derrière was barely pink, but a dozen and a half very hard hand spanks caused the flesh of the lower buttocks and upper thighs to glow dark pink.

Sylvia shrieked, wriggled and kicked to the extent her position allowed. All Carmen said was: “Get back over my lap!” She reinforced the message with two exceptionally hard smacks to each upper thigh.

While Sylvia started to sob, her skimpy panties were rolled down to her knees. Only then did Carmen pick up the hairbrush.

With each of the first firm hairbrush spanks Sylvia shrieked through her sobs. She received no sympathy. From then on the spanks kept getting harder each time Carmen needed to say: “Get back over!”

Silently Jessica had been counting the spanks. She was fascinated because this was the first time she had witnessed a spanking so closely. As

a child when one of her sisters was spanked, if she was made to watch, it was from a chair on the far side of the room.

Jessica's count of the hairbrush spanks reached fifty. Sylvia was as limp as a rag doll and sobbing her eyes out. Carmen stopped spanking, laid the hairbrush on the bed behind her and said, "Sweetie Sylvia; that was your sample hairbrush 'walloping'. I expect you to remember the feeling, so you will be an effective disciplinarian as well as a better woman!"

Sylvia was helped to stand by her mother. Carmen gently said, "Sweetie, you may rub your spank spots." Sylvia did so vigorously.

The most surprising thing was that before Nanny Carmen could get up from the bed Jessica kicked off her pumps and began to assume the position: "Nanny, I've been a naughty girl!"

"Okay then, Young Lady, obviously I need to give you a good old-fashioned walloping like the one Sylvia just received," Carmen said as she settled back comfortably on the bed, patting her lap with the hairbrush.

The difference was that before assuming the position Jessica rucked up her own skirt. Doing so revealed she was wearing modest white cotton 'granny panties'. She even lowered those without instruction.

After Jessica was properly positioned, Carmen administered a dozen extra-hard hand smacks. Jessica made no noise nor did she wriggle.

That was when Carmen began the hairbrushing. The spanks were even harder than those received by Sylvia. All were concentrated in the prime spank spots along the *Gluteo-Femoral Fold* where the lower buttocks meet the upper thighs on both sides. Jessica could not keep count. Counting hairbrush spanks was instinctive for Carmen, who never administered more than fifty during a single punishment.

Even before the count reached fifty Jessica was limp. She was crying her eyes out. Her body language was that of a little girl who only wanted to be forgiven.

Once Carmen put the hairbrush back on the bed, she began to stroke Jessica's damp hair. She beckoned Sylvia to help her mother regain her feet. Then Carmen stood up to cuddle each woman. Finally she told them to restore their clothing and then to use the bathroom to freshen up: "By all means wash your faces and brush your hair. However, remember

naughty girls who get spanked my not apply makeup for the rest of the day!”

It was decided that Jessica would concentrate on tending to Valery the rest of the afternoon, so that Sylvia could provide Isobel extra attention.

When the girls woke up from their naps Valery was totally dry, but Isobel wet a surprising amount. Jessica removed Valery’s diaper so that she could sit on her potty.

Nanny Carmen suggested that was the time to transition Valery into disposable trainers. Sylvia confessed she had forgotten to buy any of those.

Jessica proposed driving Sylvia’s car (with the safety seats) to take Valery to buy some Pull-Ups. In the meantime she diapered Valery.

Sylvia handed her mother the car keys before she diapered Isobel.

Jessica drove Valery to Just-for-Tots. A sales woman showed them into the demonstration nursery. While Jessica removed Valery’s dry gauze diaper, samples of both Huggies and Pampers disposable trainers were brought to the nursery.

Valery was just too large for the smallest trainers, but both the Huggies and Pampers medium fit her very well. Jessica bought a bag of each. Then she showed Valery how to put on the Huggies Pull-Ups. Those she proudly wore home.

There was no teasing because Isobel still needed diapers day and night. After an hour at home Valery asked to be taken upstairs to her potty in the nursery. There she pulled down her trainers to pee into the potty.

Of course Jessica praised Valery. Back downstairs Isobel also praised her little sister.

Eventually it was time for the girls to have their supper. By then Jessica needed to return to her home, so Carmen assisted Valery while Sylvia fed Isobel. Valery was offered a Sippy cup but asked for a baby bottle instead.

Because of her constipation during the morning, before her main course of supper Isobel was fed a small bowl of the Pablum/Metamucil mixture to keep her stool soft.

Sylvia decided to bathe and diaper Valery for bed, so Carmen took care of Isobel. The second Valery was led to the bath tub Isobel asked Carmen for a sample hairbrush spanking.

“Little One, I am not going to spank you tonight because I want you to think carefully if you really want to be spanked,” Carmen nicely replied. “The thing you need to remember is that I only spank for punishment, even when administering samples.

“When I do spank you with the hairbrush I am sure I will do so longer and harder than you were spanked by your grandmother. The spanking from me will hurt you a whole lot. Tomorrow after Valery is tucked in for her nap, the two of us can talk about spanking. If you do decide you still want a sample, then it will be my pleasure to administer your walloping.”

“Okay, Nanny, that sounds fair. I’ll think about all that,” Isobel promised.

The evening dual bath was uneventful. Soon both girls were dry, diapered, dressed and tucked into their cribs.

Once the girls were asleep, Sylvia and Carmen sat down to their supper. Over coffee in the den, Sylvia said, “I noticed that Valery’s Pull-Ups were fairly wet although one time she used her potty.”

Carmen patted her hand reassuringly, “It will take her awhile to master getting to the potty on time. I suggest letting her toilet-learn at her own pace. Even if she still needs Pull-Ups for pre-Kindergarten this fall that is not a serious problem.”

Suddenly Sylvia looked worried, “What about Isobel wetting?”

“Over the past few years several girls under my care wet during school,” Carmen started to explain. “The best approach is to inform the school about the day wetting unless you are sure Isobel is reliably day-dry even when she can’t use a toilet the minute she feels the need.

“Five years ago the school would have required her to wear tape-on disposable diapers only changed by the nurse. Then Dr. Sherquest convinced the school administration to let students change their own disposables with Velcro tabs. When the new GoodNites Tru-Fit pull-on disposables came on the market in 2014, for students slender enough to use those effectively, they became acceptable by the school.

“Isobel seems an ideal candidate to benefit from Tru-Fit. Let’s keep her in pinned diapers for at least another couple of weeks. I dare say by then she will welcome disposables she can change herself during the day.

“Since the school could care less about her bedwetting, she might as well continue wearing DyDee pinned gauze diapers to bed while sleeping in her crib. Besides from what I’ve seen, Isobel enjoys living like a baby.

“Perhaps she will give up infantilism when her school pals are around. On the other hand, Isobel could be one of those kids who love diapers and playing big baby.

“Should she be a confirmed infantilist with a diaper affectation then she must be taught to be discreet when and how she acts-out as a baby. Isobel is a sensible gal. This will all work out, trust me.”

Sylvia looked as if she was about to be ill, “You mean by ‘confirmed infantilist’ that she will be that the rest of her life?”

Carmen continued to pat Sylvia’s hand, “Since 1996 the consensus of mental health professionals has been that a diaper affectation is the least medically and/or physically dangerous habit-forming behaviors, such as smoking or drinking.

“In theory therapy could substitute another behavior for diapers, but since the other behavior would be dangerous, such therapy would be unethical. This is why it is so vital parents and others around an infantilist do everything possible to keep lines of communication open.

“The best chance a confirmed infantilist has is to learn to be discreet, circumspect and use common sense. Did you know there are people with diaper affectation who go so far as to steal diapers? That is wrong on so many levels!”

“Nanny, I had no idea about infantilism and diaper affectation,” Sylvia honestly shared. “It never occurred to me that Isobel wets deliberately.

“You must have noticed that my husband Tom is away. A couple of times a year his business trips extend over a weekend. This time he left last Tuesday morning and is not due home until Wednesday evening. All I told him by phone last Friday was that after school Isobel took an unexpected nap during which she wet a little. I did not tell him she had tried to put on a Pampers and added a crib pad to her bed.

“Sunday I told Tom you would be starting today. He agreed hiring you was a smart move. I can’t wait to introduce you to Tom.

“The funny thing is that when you told me you intended to spank me so I would know what Isobel could expect from a hairbrush, it got me thinking about just before Tom and I decided to marry. We both knew over-educated women who lacked the self-discipline to be successful wives.

“Tom is very sensible and fair, which has made him so successful. I told him that he should be in charge of this family’s spanking.

“The funny thing is that Tom has never gotten around to Isobel and Valery!” As Sylvia admitted that she vigorously rubbed her derriere. “Days after I told him that we drove to an adult toy store in West Hollywood where he watched as I selected a punishment strap.

“He rejected the hairbrush as being too feminine and uncomfortable in his hand. Tom doesn’t hit me many times with the strap when I displease him, but those strokes are hard. They sting like hell and I jump. But they are good for me, I guess.

“Anyway, when I am naughty, rude, careless or just piss off Tom, he leads me to our bedroom. I must get out the strap and hand it to him. I must ruche-up my dress or lower my slacks. Then anything else covering my bottom is moved out of the way. I bend over his lap just like you made me assume the position. While he spansks me I squirm and cry like a baby. Only then does Tom forgive me.”

“Wow, Sylvia, I consider you so lucky. I have a good friend who is a respected nanny. She recommended me as a nursery maid and then had me promoted to nanny. That woman has a similar deal with her lover. I’m not in love with anyone, but probably I will make such a deal when I fall in love. As a parent I cannot imagine trying to raise my children without spanking, so fair is fair,” Carmen explained, giving Sylvia a hug.

It was by then 10:00 P.M. Carmen was heading to her room, carrying the portable nursery monitor. Valery was calling out, “I need to use the potty!”

Both women rushed to the nursery. Carmen lowered the side of Valery’s crib and carried the child to the changing table. There she unfastened the Onesies’ crotch and removed the diaper. As soon as Valery was standing on the floor she scurried to her potty.

Valery was just in time because she peed quite a bit and deposited a substantial soft formed stool. While Sylvia re-diapered Valery it was decided for the rest of the night to return her to her crib, “Precious, just call out when you need your potty. One of us will be here to help you. In the morning we will figure out where you will sleep tomorrow night.”

When Carmen checked Valery in the morning her diaper was nearly as wet as Isobel’s. Therefore Valery would continue being diapered and sleeping in her crib until she could keep her diaper dry all night.

In the morning, after the girls were in the playpen (Valery in Pull-Ups and Isobel in a pinned gauze diaper), it was decided that since Isobel still needed her large crib for at least a couple of weeks longer, when Valery was ready to sleep in Pull-Ups in a youth bed, she would take over Isobel’s old room. The safety rail closest to Valery’s potty would be removed so she could get up, lower her Pull-Ups and use the potty without assistance.

Should Isobel ever reach the point of staying dry during the night some fair sleeping arrangement would be made.