

The world, as we once knew it, had fallen into chaos in a matter of seconds. Cars crashed, people were unborn, the dead returned to life, and adults became children—some less fortunate than others in that regard. Some were merely of high school age, while others ended up in kindergarten. For a few select individuals, they were banished to the realm of diapers. This is the story of one of those individuals.

Jess was having a pretty normal day, albeit boring. She was spending it watching TV and, more or less, goofing off. She was a bit of a lazy person even at school, scraping by with D's and C's. She was what you would call an unmotivated individual. On this particular day, though, something extraordinary and impossible happened to her. Halfway into an episode of some corny soap opera, it was as if a blinding light had hit her. The world went bright, and it took a few moments until she regained her vision.

She tried to speak, but when she did, her voice sounded extremely off, almost like it wasn't even her own. It resembled the voice of a very young child, perhaps even a toddler, she thought to herself. But that wasn't all. She also felt very weird, as if she wasn't quite where she had been before. She was still lying down, but it wasn't the same place. She was almost positive of that. Her vision returned, and as it did, she found herself staring at a mobile made for babies hovering above her. She stared at it in awe and confusion. At first, she wasn't really sure why, but then, after the initial shock wore off, she looked further down and saw bars surrounding her.

The further down she looked, the more unsettled she became. Finally, as her gaze reached her own body, she discovered that her outfit had been swapped out. Instead of wearing a band t-shirt and pajama bottoms, she was wearing what looked like some kind of onesie, the kind a very young toddler would wear. As she stared at it, she noticed that her undergarments weren't

supposed to look like that. There was a clear bulge around where the buttons on the front and back of the onesie met. She was absolutely stupefied, to say the least. She immediately tried to get up, but found that getting to her feet was more challenging than it used to be. After a little while, she managed to stand up and looked around the room, which gave her an eerie feeling of nostalgia and déjà vu.

The room was all pink and frilly, which made her want to barf. She was one of those girls who loved everything black, from her hair to her shoes and everything in between. She noticed pictures of cartoon animals on the wallpaper and a table in the corner of the room.

Underneath the table, it was well stocked with diapers and other things required for changing said diapers. She started to think that she was in some kind of hell or purgatory. That was when a woman burst into the room, tears in her eyes.

"Jess! Jess, honey, I'm here! I'm here!" the woman practically shouted as she entered the

room. Jess couldn't believe her eyes. It was her mom, who had passed away when she was 23 months old. But here she was, back from the grave. Jess could only tell it was her because of that damn photo album she spent hours and hours flipping through after she had been forced to live with her grandmother, who had ended up raising her.

Jess was awestruck by yet another impossible miracle happening to her. She stood there at the edge of the crib, stunned and silent. But from her mother's perspective, she had just been loaded into an ambulance after a severe car accident, only to wake up back at home and find her toddler looking more like a baby than she had last seen her. She knew she couldn't take this for granted, so the first thing she did was pick her up and give her the biggest hug possible. This melted Jess's jaded heart, causing her to cry her eyes out at having her mom back, something she didn't even realize she was truly missing in her life.

This heartwarming situation quickly ended when her mom said, "Oof, looks like my little princess needs her stinky little diaper changed, doesn't she?" This made Jess's face turn red and her confusion grow. Her mind was racing, wondering if that had happened while she was conscious or if it had happened before she got her. Then she thought back to the idea that she was in some kind of purgatory. "Maybe this is some kind of afterlife, and I'm being punished," she thought to herself.

This thought was soon pushed away to deal with the more immediate situation at hand. Her long-lost mother was attempting to change a diaper she didn't need 20 minutes ago, nor did she ever think she would need. But here she was. She attempted to say something, but it mostly came out as little words only a small child would know. She said things like "momma, no diapee" and "me big girl." Her mother wasn't completely unresponsive. She said, "Oh, so you remember when you were big?" To which Jess got excited and said, "Uh huh, uh huh, me big girl, mommy."

This amused her mother, and she said, "Yeah, I know, honey. But I think you're too little for pull-ups now. Besides, you're so cute, I could just eat you up like this," as she laid Jess down on the changing table. But this upset Jess, and she said, "Nuh nuh, pull-ups! Me big girl, wike weally big." All the while, her mother continued to undo the onesie but stopped at the diaper when she heard that, confused. "What do you mean, princess?"

Jess then said, "Me sixteen years old." Her mother looked at her in disbelief and said, "But no, that can't be. You were only two and a half when I saw you last." Jess, not really sure how to explain, decided to just come out with the truth. "Mommy, ya died when I was that little, but I'm a big girl. Well, I was."

They both paused for a moment, unsure of what to do, as they sat with this revelation. Her mother soon said, "Well, that doesn't change

anything, and it certainly doesn't change this diaper," as she started to undo the diaper. Jess, shocked by this, started to protest. Her mom said, "So, you'd rather stay in your poopy diaper than have your mommy change you, then?" Jess turned red again and said, "Well, no, not really." Her mom responded, "Good, it's settled then," and continued to change her diaper.

This was extremely humiliating for Jess. After all, while this woman was her mom, she didn't really know her. Her mom was out of her life before she was out of diapers, which was now more evident than ever. It felt like being seen naked by a stranger. This experience really messed with her mind a little bit, and she wasn't sure if it was her newly regressed brain or the stack of unbelievably impossible things that had happened, but she fell asleep, practically fainting right there in the middle of the diaper change.

Her mother, while worried, knew she couldn't do anything about any of this. If it wasn't for the fact that she had a small child to look after, she

felt like she could have reacted the same way. She even thought about her daughter's own predicament from her point of view. "How would I react if I had woken up as a baby? My God, that must be traumatizing," she thought to herself. "I should make sure I get things in order so she doesn't have a meltdown when she wakes up." So she started making calls and watching the news to see if anything was off.