

Miss Tinkle's Class

"My First Day"

A story by BecomingBabyAgain

I was pretty terrified. It was only a couple of weeks ago that my life had changed drastically, and my previous life and memories were already becoming fuzzy, they were so distant in my mind. Where once I vaguely remember having a job, my life now revolved around Mommy and Daddy, playtime, and diaper changes. I was worried about how simple things like reading and counting were becoming hard for me, but my Mommy and Daddy were so sweet and understanding about it, sitting me on their knees and reading to me and giving me little wooden blocks with painted numbers on to play with. One Monday morning, Mommy and Daddy sat me down at the breakfast table in my high chair as usual.

"Just so you know, Mommy and Daddy, both love you very much," said Mommy

"And we would love to spend all day looking after you and playing with you" continued Daddy. They carried on alternating their sentences.

"But we're grownups, and we've got to go away to work"

"We've decided that, because you're a growing girl, that it's time to send you off to school during the daytime!"

"It's a very special school for other girls like you, there's nothing for you to worry yourself about". But all the same, I was terrified.

"Now, let's change that bedtime diaper of yours and find something smart for you to wear."

An hour later, we were all in the car driving away from the safe security of home. I was strapped down into an oversized car seat with a couple of seat belts, a clean diaper taped around my waist, but I was more embarrassed about the short tartan skirt I was made to wear. It didn't even attempt to hide my diaper. A white shirt and a little clip-on tie completed the ensemble. After about five minutes in the car, we arrived at the school. Mommy came and unclipped me from the car seat and I held her hand as we walked across the car park, Daddy following closely behind.

The reception of the school was just as normal as you'd expect, a couple of sofas opposite a reception desk, a bored secretary typing away at a computer. Daddy spoke to her for a couple of minutes as we sat and waited. Then he came over and spoke to us.

"Right then, little Miss. It's all sorted. You're going to be put in Miss Tinkle's class, it's a special class with other big girls like you. I'm sure you're going to have a great time and make lots of new friends!" I wasn't so sure.

"Daddy, please don't make me go. Can we go home? I'm scared!"

"Awww" cooed Mommy, "Don't worry, by the end of the day I'm sure you'll be desperate to come back tomorrow!"

Without any fanfare, Mommy and Daddy said goodbye and the uninterested receptionist directed me the way to Miss Tinkle's class. Down the corridor and it's the door at the very end. I waddled my way down the corridor, the butterflies in my stomach fluttering harder and harder with every step. My head aching and my stomach churning as I got closer to the classroom door. I stood outside the door, trembling in fear, and knocked. After a couple of seconds, the door swung open.

The classroom was laid out like any other, rows of chairs and desks facing a whiteboard at the front of the room and the teacher's desk. It was decorated more like a nursery with crudely coloured-in pictures, cartoon posters on things like "potty-training" and there was a faint smell of baby powder in the room. Other students were sat down in their seats, I saw that all of them were thickly diapered just like me, seated with their legs far apart under their desks. Some were wearing skirts and others wearing nothing on their lower halves to hide their padding. All of them looked up from their work over at me standing at the door.

"Ah ha! You must be our new student!" said Miss Tinkle, standing over me. I don't know what happened then, but the strain and emotion overtook me.

"I... I..." I stammered before my stomach cramps kicked into gear. Acting automatically without realising, I pushed. Loudly filling my diaper in front of everyone. It wasn't the best first impression I wanted to give. All the other girls started giggling to themselves, trying to hide it by holding their hands over their mouths and looking around at everyone else.

"Oh!" said Miss Tinkle, "sounds like you really needed that! Don't worry though, I'm excellent at changes!" Miss Tinkle took my hand and led me to the front of the classroom, gently placing me down on the floor in front of everyone.

"Now girls, get back on with your work! You don't want to get yourselves into trouble do you!"

They all got back on with whatever it was they were doing, as Miss Tinkle opened a cupboard and received a fresh clean white diaper from a large stash. She changed me

there on the floor without making any fuss. I was too embarrassed to make a sound. Once that was finished, she stood me up and turned to the class.

“What do we need to do now then girls?” asked the teacher and all the girls responded in unison.

“Put it on the chart!” Miss Tinkle went across to her desk and handed me a little sticker in the shape of a cartoon smiling poop emoji and gestured towards a poster on the wall, with all the girls’ names listed and mine added to the bottom. It was covered in stickers charting each girl changes across the day. There were a couple with rain droplet stickers, but she placed the first poop sticker on the poster next to her name for everyone to see.

“Welcome to the Class!”