

You are walking down the sidewalk on a bright day. Right now you are currently in some business district. Buildings surround you, their natures largely opaque to you. There are few high buildings; things are generally flat. There are no cars on the roads. You also have no pants on, but you have long been accustomed to that.

You continue to toddle forth more, straining a little in the bright sunlight. You went off from your home a good half an hour ago to go exploring, as you often do. Midway through the trip, however, you decided that you were beginning to find this section of the city a little boring. You have been through many of its offices and stranger buildings. So, you just decided to stop by a grocery store before heading back. You could do with some resupplying.

You reach the grocery store. Its automatic doors tower above you. You pull a little on your drawstring backpack, preparing to go through the business of acquiring supplies.

Everything in the store is a good three times taller than how it was intended to be for those who entered, which renders the task of navigating the store a little difficult. You have figured out a great many ways to get beyond your small size, but that does not mean that implementing such methods is not annoying. You head to the produce aisle first, looking for raspberries and grapes and the like. As a toddler, you have to actually climb up on the surrounding shelves a bit in order to get to the goods themselves. At other times, you line up objects and little grocery store stairs in order to access others. You have not hit up this place much, but you generally know where you can find such objects now. You squirm a little bit as you climb up towards the fruit, diaper rustling with your movements. Soon enough, you get up to the top, and begin to assess the scene. You are able to get the raspberries easily enough, depositing them into your backpack with as much articulateness as you can manage. Next up is the grapes. You shimmy your way back down and head to the wall of the produce section, managing to get your way up and retrieve the grapes without too much effort. Having retrieved the fruit, you aim for another section of the store next.

You head for the candy section. Strictly speaking, you had not planned on even heading there, but you could hardly help it. You love gummies.

You get a box of gummy snacks and deposit it into your bag. It is starting to get a bit heavy, now. You know that you cannot put in much else. Quickly, you head to the back of the store. You arrive at the diaper aisle soon enough. You look among the shelves a little bit, before finding a package in your size and pulling it out. You rip open the plastic packaging and pull out several diapers, stuffing them into your backpack. Your trips for these are rather constant, and you keep a reserve stored back at home. These are one of the few resources that you can actually sort of exhaust, though you have little doubt that the city has enough for you. After securing the supplies for handling your incontinence, you begin to walk out of the store, and begin the journey home.

The journey back is, strictly speaking, long. At least, under normal circumstances, individuals would not consider it a long trip. For you, however, it was. Your small size meant that your stride covered less ground. More significantly, though, your youth rendered movements more difficult to manage. You could get fatigued very quickly. Thus, you tended to pace yourself throughout the day carefully. If you were not careful enough, you could easily be stranded out in the middle of the city at night. Not that that was really a problem, strictly speaking. You could always just find a house to crash in for the night.

After around a half hour, you arrive at your home. It is not much, just a two-story house in a residential

neighborhood. Granted, it is a pretty nice house. A bit on the higher-end. Good furnishings. And you did choose it for the aesthetic. Really though, it is not that much. You figured that there was no harm in getting a little dream home when you were stuck in some supernatural landscape.

You walk in through the front door, which you had left open when you left. You do have ways of opening up doors, but they are a chore. Being a toddler rendered many mundane tasks difficult. Not that you really minded it.

You walk into the house and toddle off towards the kitchen. After some effort, you force the steel-grey refrigerator open, placing the raspberries and grapes inside, right next to your supplies of milk. After that, you put the box of gummies in the pantry, before starting to make your way upstairs.

It is not long before you reach your room. The room is, rather strange, come to think of it. There is a little low bed that you can reach by yourself. In the corner rests a bookshelf, the lowest shelves filled with books on philosophy, the occult, parapsychology, anthropology, and just some ones you found fun. You have a little changing mat in the corner and a lot, a lot of diapers in the closet. Scattered around are other odd trinkets; little staves, esoteric charms, favorite toys that you keep in your room rather than the playroom. It is odd, but it is your home. You like it.

You store away the diapers that you got from the grocery store in the closet. A little more always helps; you often go through four a day. After storing your diapers, you toddle off towards a carpet in the middle of the room. There, you lie down. And think. You have been over some of the thoughts many times before, but you do not really mind that.

You still did not really know much about this place. It was supernatural, certainly, but the exact nature of it remained elusive. Perhaps it was a shared telepathic image-world, the kind that H. H. Price once described? Perhaps, but then who were the other minds? You had seen no one else in the city. Or maybe it was a physical world of some sort. After all, you needed to eat and drink and eliminate in it. Then again, you could have the seeming of that in astral environments. If it were a physical world, that would actually be more strange than if it were a nonphysical environment. Then all of that electricity would be having to come from somewhere. It would be pretty interesting to see dramatic paranormal phenomena like that.

You lied down there for a little while in contemplation. Truthfully, you were not overly concerned with figuring out the mystery of the place, or with getting out. You still investigated, of course, but that was partially because there was little else to do.

You had been here for a year now. Throughout that time, you had not grown an inch. You had remained a toddler. Honestly, you had not really minded it. You did not mind your incontinence, either. Intellectually, you thought it strange that you had taken it all in stride. After all, you were neither a toddler nor incontinent before arriving here. But both just seemed natural, normal.

You lie there on the mat. Other thoughts come.

Once more, you wonder how you came here. The last thing you remember is falling asleep. Was it a physical transportation? Some sort of mental transportation that involves experiencing a great deal of time? Did you die? That would render it a strange afterlife. You think and think and think, but you are not too attached to any of the thoughts. There is a certain lack of concern, though you are still interested. It is mostly just fun to think about.

After some time, you get up. You look out the window and judge the time. It still looks like there is time in the day. And there were some places you wanted to visit. You pick up your empty drawstring bag, and exit the house.

You head first to the museum. The Egyptian one, of course. You love museums, and Egypt in particular. The sun is bright out, and you frankly kind of like the weather. A little breeze picks up, and your head leaves rustle lightly in it. You smile a little.

Eventually, you begin to enter the long street, the one where the museum is located. Of course, there is still a good deal of distance to cover. You walk slowly down the sidewalk, enjoying a day with a city all to yourself. You have on your standard attire for the trip; just the blue shirt, diaper, and backpack. There is really no point in wearing pants unless it is cold. It is not like anyone is going to see you. You must also admit that it makes it easier to check yourself sometimes. It can be surprisingly easy to forget you have gone.

You see strange shadows on the ground, and begin to look up. Up there in the sky, you spy your target. You are passing beneath the palm trees. They look sort of funny up there, all spindly and swaying. They are green, but not the kind of green that your body is. You find them sort of peculiar, but you like them.

You continue toddling forth. You think you are almost at the museum, now. As you walk, you feel a warmth develop in your diaper, the tell-tale sign that you are peeing. You just take the occurrence in stride as you continue walking.

The warmth of your wet diaper is enough to fight off some of the chill that is still present in the day, and you continue without much hassle. Eventually, you spy the signature architecture of the Egyptian museum. Right there on the side of the street lies a large complex of painted buildings, ringed with statues of gods and carved with magico-religious motifs. The place practically looks like a temple-complex transplanted into a contemporary city. You just approach the great golden doors of the museum with a smile.

It takes effort to open the doors. A great deal of effort. But eventually, you are able to make your way into the museum. Before you rests a dim yet lighted entrance hall, with the front desk resting unmanned. To your right and left, stairs lead down towards various exhibits. You toddle over towards one of the side tables in order to get a little stamp book. Once you have retrieved the book, your head towards the right.

You make your way down the stairs carefully, and soon arrive in the burial section. It is tradition to head here first. Taking up prominent places in the room are sealed glass areas holding sarcophagi. Along the walls rest sculptures depicting the sides of great temples and burial grounds cut into the side of mountains. A little further ways away, you can actually see a few mummies resting placidly in their sarcophagi. You kind of wonder how they feel about having their remains on display. It is kind of weird, come to think of it.

Your gaze turns towards a flickering simulacrum of a torch at the far end of the room. It is time.

You approach the entrance of the rock-cut tomb exhibit. This one is amazing. It simulates the experience of actually travelling through a tomb. You found it kind of surprising that they had even

been able to render this part of a museum. But you were not one to look a gift horse in the mouth. You begin to approach the dark portal that separates the faux-tomb from the rest of the world.

It is, well, honestly pretty scary. Mostly because you are 2 foot something and it is dark, and it all looks very real. But you steel yourself for the journey. You have been on it before, after all.

You pass through the first rooms rather quickly. These were just entrance rooms of a sort; there is precious little in the way of iconography or religious art. Further in, of course, things get interesting.

It does not take long for you to arrive in the burial chamber itself. Before and above you lies beautiful murals, each depicting a panoply of gods and the journey of the soul. You recognize many of the figures, but there are specific ones that interest you. You see the bi-sexed Atum upon the primordial mound. You see watery Nu, resting in that Negative Existence beyond mortal comprehension. You stand before their images for a little while, and wonder at them.

In the center of the room, within a surprisingly deep pit, rests a structure that represents a sarcophagus. It is covered, concealing any hint of a corpse. You actually kind this part of the tomb a lot less interesting than all of the art, but it is still pretty cool, you admit. After lingering in the burial chamber for a while, you pass beyond it, entering a small little contemporary room that has all sorts of informative plaques on the walls. You figure that you know more than what they could teach, and head towards a little station at the end of the room. You get a stamp for your stampbook, and pass out of the room.

You arrive back in the central chamber. You peek a little bit outside, and notice the position of the sun. It is getting a bit late. You do want to reach your other destination, and so you elect to cut your journey through the museum short. You can always get the rest of the stamps another time.

You walk outside and begin the journey towards your next destination. It should not be too far, all things considered, though you still think it would be best to start heading towards there now. Your first few days in this situation taught you much about your physical capabilities. At this rate, you think you will reach home by dusk.

You walk down another street, passing by a public library and a garden on the way. Commercial buildings begin to crop up once more, residences giving way to businesses. You head down the street a little further until you reach a crossroads, one that marks the definite beginning of a business district. You head down another road at that crossroads.

As you walk, you begin to notice a strange feeling down below. A half-second later, you feel yourself begin to poop, and after another second, you finish relieving yourself in your diaper. You pause for a little bit, mostly because a messy diaper still feels a bit weirder than a wet one. After a few seconds of waiting, though, you continue your walk. You figure that it would be best to change at the destination.

After some slightly awkward waddling, you finally arrive at the plaza. There at the end lies the arcade. You can't help but smile, and begin to rush towards it.

Running in a full diaper is kind of awkward, mostly as it throws off your balance, but you have had experience with moving around in them. It does not take you long at all to reach the front of the arcade, with a translucent glass door revealing rows of glittering machines that go on and on. You take your time in opening the door, and make your way inside quickly.

Before you lies an electronic wonderland. Countless arcade machines stand in rows, and an assortment of games rest before you. You pass by the empty receptionist's desk, rushing towards one of the machines that you liked. Initially, you had planned on heading to the bathroom first, but in the rush of excitement you forgot about your dirty diaper. You head towards a section of the arcade with brighter colors and more juvenile imagery eventually taking a seat at a little driving game. You sit down with a slight squish, pressing a button to start the game. It asks for no payment.

You go through the racing game and have a bit of fun. Strictly speaking, there is little gameplay, as this one was intended for younger kids, but you still like it. After going through the driving game, you pass by some of the other attractions. You play at claw games for a bit, snagging a little plush friend for the journey home. You think you will treat your fuzzy wood elemental nicely. After storing your friend in your backpack, you head off towards another arcade machine, scooting up some stools until you can reach the console. You play at Joust for a little while. You also play some shooter game, and a pinball machine, and a bunch of other games whose names and nature are difficult to recall. In all honesty, it is pretty hard to use half of the machines, just because they were designed for people who were taller. But all in all, you are able to get a good deal of enjoyment out of the arcade. It is only after you notice the sky reddening outside that you begin to stop.

Before you head out, you toddle off towards the restroom. You enter swiftly and begin to lie down on the middle of the floor. There is a changing table here, but you cannot reach it. You open up your backpack and search for a spare diaper. But you only find your plush friend. You lie down awkwardly for a little bit in your messy diaper, realizing that you forgot to bring a spare change. You quickly recover though, getting up and beginning to exit the restroom. You can always change when you get home.

You exit the arcade and begin the long journey back home. It is easily dusk now, which means that it will probably be night by the time that you reach the house. You do not really mind it, though. You do not find the nights scary.

You walk down the streets of the city as the Sun dips below the horizon, streetlights flickering to life. The sky begins to turn a pale indigo blue. It is beginning to get quite cold. You redouble in your efforts to work.

The city is a great shining maze on nights like this, you think. All of the business and homes remain alit, even though they are all unoccupied. Shadows are tall and there are signs and you are in a city. You are suddenly struck with a perception of oddness, one that you have not had too often throughout your time here. It is at times like this that you are reminded that you are really alone in this city. And it is not bad or scary or anything. It is just surreal.

After a long time spent walking, you finally arrive at your house. It is solidly night, now. You toddle up towards the still-open front door, making your way inside before shutting it behind you. You walk up the stairs, heading towards your room. Once you have arrived in your quarters, you place down your bag. You draw back the drawstring and open the bag, revealing your elemental friend and your stamp book from the museum. You place the stamp book on one of the low shelves, besides others notes and miscellaneous materials. You place down the plush on the foot of your bed, looking in towards the room. You yawn a little bit, sleepiness finally beginning to come over you. While you still have awareness, you go over to the closet and get a simple white diaper. You take it over towards the changing mat and lie down. You change yourself a bit roughly, but swiftly, all things considered. You

head downstairs to throw away the old diaper before heading back upstairs and crawling onto the bed. You get underneath the sheets, and look on out the window. The moon is there.

You think for a while.

Eventually, you sleep.

Another day passes in the city.