

ALTERNATIVE SCHOOL

Here I was again. I'd already had in-school suspension twice this year, and I figured I'd be sent home for a few days. My mother and I were meeting with the Assistant Principal, Mr. Grange. He was giving the the usual "gravity of my actions" remarks, and I was just waiting bored for him to tell me what he was going to do.

"Mrs. Moss, have you considered an alternative placement for your son?" he asked.

"Alternative placement?" my mom said surprised.

"Yes, it's a special school. Smaller classes, a special program for behavior problems. It might be what Jason needs. It's only a mile away; I can set up a visit if you'd like."

"Well, I guess we should consider it. When can we go?" Mom asked.

"I'll call over; I'm sure they can take a visitor today."

After a phone call, we were in the car on our way over to the Highland Hills Center. The building had once been a regular school (you could see they had pulled "Elementary" from the building and placed Center there). We entered and went to the office. A woman came out and introduced herself.

"Hi, I'm Mrs. Mason, principal of Highland Hills. Mrs. Moss and you must be Jason?" we nodded. "Come let me show you a typical class." As we walked down the hall, she explained that the class sizes were small and there were only four classes a day (two before lunch, two after) to provide intensive education. She reached out with a set of keys to open a classroom door and paused and said. "Now I should warn you now if you haven't heard, we have a rather unusual situation. For safety and security, students are restrained at all times."

She opened the door. A teacher was talking and nodded to the principal. I step in and gasped. There were six students sitting at desks. Each was wearing some sort of harness. As I examined further, I found that there were straps going from the harness to large a lock on a ring welded to the desk. Further the students were wearing matching polo shirts with the school name, but they were not wearing pants. Beneath the harness straps passing through their crotch were diapers. I felt faint. We stood there for few minutes and then Mrs. Mason escorted us out.

On the way back to her office she explained that students from the time they are picked up at their houses to the time they are brought home are restrained. Aides with special restraints unlock the student from one desk and move them to their next class and relock

them. As it would be impractical to take students to the toilet, they all wore diapers. At lunch period the diapers were changed.

I was flabbergasted, this couldn't possibly be real or legal or whatever, but having returned to Mrs. Mason's office, my mother was asking questions. Was she really considering sending me here? It seemed possible. "Would you like to try on the school uniform?" Mrs. Mason asked, and my mother agreed.

Mrs. Mason pulled the components out of a supply cabinet. I was told to strip down. I was too dumbfounded to think, so I complied. Mrs. Mason deftly placed the diaper between my legs and did up the tapes. She gave me the shirt, and I put it on. Over that, the harness was slipped and tightened up. I saw her reach for the lock and heard it click behind me. "Comfy?" she asked. Not really, I thought, but kept my mouth shut.

I sat down, and mom seemed to have decided and started working out the details on my enrollment. I was to start the following day. A package was prepared with several uniform shirts and a bag of diapers and a spare harness. My mom was given the key to the lock. She unlocked the harness and slid it off me and then practiced putting it back. We were ready to leave and I just quickly pulled my pants back on, leaving the diaper on and the school shirt. My mom grabbed my underwear and the shirt I had been wearing, and we headed home.

I pleaded a bit, but mom said that I had brought this on, and if I behaved myself we would see about when I might return to a normal school.

Mom got me up the next morning. She reminded me to use the bathroom, and when I came back, she slid the diaper under me and taped it up. She spent more time than Mrs. Macon, taking care to get it snug and straight. Then the shirt went on and the harness. Again I heard the dreaded click of the padlock. She tugged on the strap that was attached to the back of the harness and led me outside. I looked around, but thankfully nobody else was present to see me in this outfit. After a few minutes, a small school bus arrived. An attendant got off the bus, and my mother handed her my "leash" and waved goodbye. The attendant told me to take a seat. She reached down with her keys and locked the other end of my strap to a ring on the bus floor, and we headed to school.

We picked up several other kids; nobody much said anything to me. At school, we waited, and soon I was unlocked and led off the bus. The man took my leash and locked it to a ring outside the building. After he had collected four others, he relocked us all to a ring on a belt he had and led us to a classroom. We were then locked to our desk. I was still stunned. Here I am wearing a diaper and chained to a desk. This was just too weird. I also, despite my attempt to empty my bladder and bowels before diapering up this morning, had to go. A kid behind me said. "Hey new kid, what's your name."

"Jason," I said.

"Mike," he replied, "and this here is Bill. Welcome to hell," he snickered.

I managed a small laugh. “What’s wrong with you?” he said as he saw me squirming.

“I have to go. Is it true we don’t get changed until lunch?” I asked.

“After lunch,” he said. Then he added, “You get used to sitting in wet diapers.”

“I may have to crap.”

“Oh, that’s different,” he said. “Just tell the teacher, and they’ll get you changed right away.”

Well, I thought about it. I didn’t want to poop myself, but I also didn’t want to spend the next three hours sitting in a wet diaper. Class started, the teacher introduced me, and we launched into a description of factoring numbers. As the time droned on, I couldn’t wait and finally started peeing. I felt the warm wetness spread and looked down and could see the diaper soaking it up. I reached down to check for wetness, but nothing leaked. After a few minutes, the warmth went cold, and I started to get uncomfortable. No way I was going to make another two hours. I thought about what Mike had said, and since the pressure was growing anyhow, I lifted myself slightly from the seat and pushed.

For a second the relief felt good as the poop left my body. Then it hit the restraint of the diaper and mushroomed back across my rear. Oh, this was gross. I gingerly let myself back into the seat and felt it all squish around my body. Oh well, I better ask to be changed. I held up my hand.

“Yes, Jason?” the teacher asked.

“Um...I need my diaper changed.” I said timidly. There were giggles from behind me.

“Jason, diaper changes get done at lunchtime,” she said sternly.

“But I’ve pooped myself,” the giggles erupted into laughs.

“That’s nice Jason, but diaper changes get done at lunchtime,” she returned to teaching.

It occurred to me that I had been the victim of a cruel joke and I was to be wearing this stinky wet diaper until lunch. I sat there in a pile of my own crap pondering my fate. When class was over I was unlocked and escorted to my next class. The diaper was plastered to my butt with my poop so I gave myself a little shake and felt the load sag into the bottom of the diaper. Of course, that relief was temporary. In the new class, Science, I sat down in the pile again.

The rest of the day progressed without too much incident. At lunch time, they took us one by one and locked our hands to the table and opened our harnesses and changed the diaper and then locked us back up.

Soon I was locked to the seat in the bus just happy for the day to be over. As the bus arrived in front of my house, the aide came and unlocked my leash and led me out. Mom was nowhere to be seen, but there was a new addition to our front yard. Right down by the curb, set in a block of concrete was a metal ring. I was locked to it, and the bus drove away. Soon mom came out and unlocked me and led me inside. I was eager to get out of this getup but she just led me into the family room and locked me to a ring set in a large heavy weight.

“The school people came here today to put your bus ring in, and they offered to install some additional ones so you can be locked up at all times.”

“You have to be kidding?”

“No, I am not, young man. If it’s good enough for school, it’s good enough for home.”

The next layer sunk in...”But the diaper?”

“Of course, I don’t have time to be around you all the time to take you to the bathroom. The whole point of the harness is to keep you in line without a whole lot of supervision. You better plan on using the diaper and getting changed at me and your father’s convenience.”