

Socks and Underwear

Billy's Christmas List, he wrote in large letters at the top of the page. "1. A pony," he started. It was a long standing joke in the family to put something you knew you weren't going to get at the top of the list. His sister always wanted a pony and used to put it at about item number three. It didn't work, but everybody always put ponies at the top of their list. The lists were important as mom always threatened socks and underwear for anybody who didn't make their desires known. Billy hated getting any clothes for gifts. Clothes were necessities; gifts were supposed to be fun.

"2. Super X Plus fitted briefs, size medium," he continued. More items followed cloth diapers, plastic pants. Of course, he wasn't going to get these either. It was pure fantasy on his part.

About six months ago he had fashioned a diaper out of an old towel and some plastic pants out of a plastic trash bag. He'd even manage to wet them before his parents got home early and caught him. They about freaked out. He went underground with his desires.

About two months later, trying to be more careful, he had managed to buy a package of Depends from a store and a baby bottle. Again when he was sure nobody was home, he slipped into the diaper, filled the bottle with milk, and crawled off to his room to play. He crawled into bed with the bottle and must have drifted off to sleep. The next sound he heard were his parents coming through the door. "Billy?" his Mom called. He panicked.

Here he was wearing just a diaper. He pulled the blankets over him as his mother poked her head in the room.

"Just taking a nap, Mom. I was a little tired," he replied. Then he realized the bottle was there in plain site. He tried to stuff it under the pillow nonchalantly.

"What's that?" Mom demanded to hold out her hand. He'd been caught. He realized he had no choice and handed over the bottle. Mom shook her head. "We better talk with your father about this. Come downstairs!" Billy hesitated, "Now!" she said as she grabbed him by the arm and pulled him to his feet. Another gasp as she caught sight of him standing there in just the diaper.

Of course, the resulting conversation wasn't pleasant. "Why?" they asked, and he just said he liked it. The questioning went round and round nowhere. Mom went up and grabbed the stash of baby stuff and tossed it. He had appointments with a psychologist and a doctor. Embarrassing and unproductive it was. And it was the same line of questioning: why?

Bill crumbled the list. It was futile. He threw it into the trash and thought "Well I guess it's socks and underwear this year."

Christmas morning came. His sister was excited, and so was he. His parents always came through with something good. There were plenty of wrapped packages with his name. He picked up a small one and tore into the wrapping. A small box, inside. He opened it, socks. Socks, the nightmare was coming true, was socks and underwear to be the theme? And these socks were baby blue. Great, not even clothes he was going to wear.

He picked up the second package. It gave a bit as he picked it up. Great, more clothes inside. This was going to be the worst Christmas, ever. He tore it open, dejected and found a plastic

package inside. This wasn't what he was expecting. He tore the wrapping further to expose what was written on it.

SUPER X-PLUS FITTED BRIEFS (SIZE MEDIUM)

He just blinked for a minute. Was this real? A flash bulb went off. Dad was taking his picture. His parents were smiling. "I found your list in the trash," mom said. "After a long talk with your doctors, we decided that there was nothing to harm, physically and mentally, by letting you have your wishes."

A great smile broke onto his face. Another flash. He picked up another small package and opened it, diaper pins. Another, a set of milky white plastic pants. As he continued, he grew more and more excited. Baby bottles, pacifiers, cloth diapers, a diaper bag, were found. Even things he hadn't had on the list. A set of footed pajamas, bibs, some onesies and other baby clothes. He couldn't believe. This was the best Christmas ever. One package was some pull-up diapers. These weren't on his list, so he looked at them for a second. His father spoke, "We figured you might not want to wear the regular diapers to school, so we got you some of these."

"Perhaps you'll want to dress before breakfast," Mom said. Sure, he grabbed some of the stuff and headed to his room. He grabbed the pins and cloth diaper and quickly did himself up. He pulled up the plastic pants and stood there looking in the mirror. It was too good to be true. Mom entered and told him to put the rest away. He pulled open the drawer. His underwear was gone. Mom had removed it while he was opening presents. He put the remaining cloth diapers in the drawer. Out of curiosity, he pulled the next drawer; it was already full of more diapers and baby stuff. He went and looked in the closet. There were several sets of school clothes but besides that, more baby stuff.

"We figured you'd do this in a big way." Your underwear is gone as are most of your big boy clothes. You have your normal school clothes, but at other times, you'll wear the diapers and baby stuff. By the way, here in your bathroom are two things, a diaper pail for the cloth stuff and a diaper genie for the disposable. We don't want your messy things smelling up the place. It's a little crowded now, but the plumber is coming Tuesday to remove the toilet. You obviously won't need that anymore.

He put on the onesie he had brought up, taking joy at snapping the crotch closed. He came downstairs and a bib, a bowl of oatmeal and a bottle awaited him at the table. As the family sat down, Billy proclaimed, "This is the bestest Christmas EVER!"