

# Getting Home

## Chapter II

*A story by BecomingBabyAgain*

*The lights went out and the room was plunged into darkness.*

Emily tried to take some deep breaths and get a grip on the situation, she was just thankful that she was at the edge of the crib and not sandwiched between the strangers, even if they were acting like it was a totally normal thing to be doing.

Her thoughts raced through her head. There was no way to tell how long it had been dark for but as the time dragged on and the room was pitch black, she began to feel a wave of tiredness come over her. She noticed gentle soft music beginning to play quietly as if to lull her to sleep. Simple tunes played softly and smoothly by trio of instruments, the gentle twinkle of the harp with the occasional bird-like twittering of a flute. It was extremely relaxing and Emily set her head down and closed her eyes, focusing on the music, and letting herself drift off to sleep.

*“Emily... Emily”*

She felt a gentle shake on her shoulder and her eyes opened. It wasn't some crazy nightmare as she had hoped, and the brightly lit nursery was still there in front of her. Raising herself up from the crib, she accepted Eric's hand to help her down onto the floor. Eric and Annie were stood upright, Matt was sat in the corner of the nursery hugging a large teddy bear with one arm and stacking some wooden blocks with the other. They all looked over at him and back at each other with the same look in their eyes. He'd been here the longest and that's what staying in this nursery had reduced him too. Emily spoke with a tone of urgency in her voice.

“Look, I'm not turning into... whatever the hell is going on over there. We need to get the hell out of here and quickly!”

“But how? I mean, there isn't a way out!”

“How did we get here?” asked Emily, already knowing the answer but suggesting the question anyway as a springboard for more ideas.

“That doll,” said Annie. She plonked herself down on the floor, her legs giving way under her. Landing with a firm thud as her diaper cushioned the fall.

“Yeah, I found it in the attic”. They all agreed and sat in silence thinking.

Their thoughtful reverie about getting home was interrupted slightly from a light hissing sound. Annie made it obvious what had happened when she looked down and moved her hand down to feel her diaper, it's clean white was staining a dark yellow colour as it grew warmer and soggy. Emily and Eric kindly tried to ignore it. But it was too much for Annie. The nursery had worn down her levels of emotion and this tiny thing, not being able to control her bladder, had pushed her over the edge. She didn't cry, she didn't let out a small

stream of tears, instead she let out a full toddler style tantrum of wails and arm waiving. It took all Eric and Emily's effort to calm her down. Speaking reassuringly in a motherly voice and explaining how it was okay, it was the room's fault not hers. They'd make it all better, between them.

"Wait." Emily was so pleased about the idea that struck in her head; she could almost see the imaginary lightbulb 'ping' above her head. "This doll, I found in that attic, right?"

"Yeah and?"

"Well, this doll transported us somehow to this place here. So maybe there's something here that will take us back, back to the house, my house!"

"I guess that could work"

Then Annie chimed in through deep breaths in a quivering teary voice. "If a child's doll took us here, then maybe there's something in this nursery that is kinda adult related that'll take us back!"

"That's clever! So, we need to look for something vaguely grown-up!"

That's when Emily felt her stomach rumble slightly.