

Ch.6 Stuffing Rivalries

Tim's mommy gently placed him into the crib, still clutching his new friend Dino D. With his worries momentarily forgotten, Tim was content to have a new dinosaur buddy to play with. They spent a few minutes happily playing together in the crib, lost in their world.

His mother returned shortly, holding Mr. Bear Bear and a pacifier, likely hoping to coax Tim into taking a nap. She slipped the pacifier into Tim's mouth and placed Mr. Bear Bear next to him before leaving the room, allowing Tim and his stuffed companions some privacy.

Once Tim's mommy had gone and he had fully settled down, Mr. Bear Bear spoke up, saying, "Oof, I didn't think I'd wake back up," as he shook his head. Tim asked, "Mr. Bear Bear, what happened? You stopped talking and it scared me." Mr. Bear Bear brushed off the concern, replying, "Don't worry about that. We have bigger issues. We need to get you back to normal."

Suddenly, a sickly sweet and somewhat goofy voice, reminiscent of a cartoon character, chimed in from the other end of the crib. "Nuh-uh! Being a baby is way better! Think about it: you'll have so much extra time in your life because of this. That's what you wished for, isn't it? More time?" Tim looked over at the source of the voice and realized it was Dino D. Surprised, he asked, "Huh, you can talk too, Dino D?"

Dino D looked over and exclaimed, "Of course I can! It's because you're a baby, and babies have super imaginations! Isn't that so much fun?" Tim blinked, pondered for a moment, and then asked in surprise, "Does that mean I'm only imagining that you're talking?" Dino D replied in a goofy manner, "Nope!" and then giggled. "I like this game," he said then in a generic robber voice he said. "You'll never catch me, copper! Nyah!" Tim giggled at Dino D's silly antics.

Mr. Bear Bear interjected, "No, he's got to get back to being a grown-up, unless he likes being a

poopy pants baby." Tim hesitated, recalling the diaper change he had just experienced. He had mostly forgotten about it until the subject was brought up again. "Well, it's not all that bad, Mr. Bear Bear. At least I don't have to stop playing to use the potty, and half the time, I don't even know if my diaper has been used. So it's really not a problem."

Frustrated, Mr. Bear Bear retorted, "Fine! I guess we don't need to get the crayons, markers, or anything. You can just wait until you're big enough to get them yourself in four years." Tim quickly responded, "No, Mr. Bear Bear, we're getting those crayons." Mr. Bear Bear, confused, looked over and asked, "Wait, really?" Tim's tone shifted from serious to excited mid-sentence as he said, "Yes, if I get those markers, imagine how much more fun we could have!" Tim seemed absolutely giddy about getting the crayons, which Mr. Bear Bear reluctantly accepted as a positive step, even if Tim's baby brain seemed to be almost entirely in control.

Mr. Bear Bear then pointed out that it was nap time and the longer it took for Tim to go to bed, the longer it would take to get the crayons. This motivated Tim, but Dino D proved to be too much of a distraction while Tim tried to sleep, cracking jokes and making Tim giggle, resetting his "fall asleep" timer. Eventually, Tim calmed down and drifted off to sleep, only to wake up with his mommy changing his diaper a mere couple hours later.

Tim was excited to see mommy right when he woke up, holding out his hands, wanting to be picked up. However, she was far too deep into the change to stop and pick him up; he'd have to wait until he was fully cleaned up. She blew a raspberry on his belly, leaving him in just his diaper as she carried him into the living room and placed him in his mesh playpen. Again, he sat there and looked for his stuffed friends, but it was just him and his toys. He did end up grabbing a wooden train and pretending he was driving it until he was interrupted by his mom putting Dino D into the pen with him. He babbled,

"Dino, it's you!"

"Yuh huh, it's just Dino D and Tim taking on the big city," he said while laughing. "But where's Mr. Bear Bear?" said Tim. Dino replied, "He's still in the crib. Mommy must have put him in time out since he's such a grumpy pants." Tim simply nodded, saying that it made sense since he was being grumpy.

"Hey, Dino D, can you help me get the crayons from mommy?" Tim asked. "I can try," Dino D said enthusiastically. "So, how are we gonna do it? Mommy can't understand me," said Tim.

"Well, you might be able to cry for them, but it's not like she'd know why you're crying. But I bet it'd be fun to see her wondering why you're tearing up," Dino D exclaimed with a giggle.

"But it's not like I can just cry on command either," Tim says. Dino D simply said, "Give it a try," almost baiting Tim to act even more babyish than he's been so far. Anytime he's cried, he at least had a reason, but this was just being a

crybaby. Although Tim wanted the crayons, he felt like this plan was riddled with holes, but he also figured he wouldn't be able to cry on command, so he'd give it a try, feeling as if it'd fail.

Tim scrunched his face and attempted to create tears, which, to his surprise, actually worked. Before he knew it, he was crying completely for seemingly no reason, and by the time mommy made her way over to see what was wrong, he'd completely forgotten why he was even crying. Tim's mommy picked him up and shushed him until Tim settled down. While she held him, she checked the back of his diaper, but it was clean, and it hadn't been too long ago since he ate, so she figured he just wanted attention.

Tim noticed Dino D, and Dino D said, "Get the crayons!" So Tim tried to get his mommy's attention by barely making out, "Mah, mmmm, mah, mah, mah." He had done it! He'd said, "Mama!" She looked at him and recognized the same gesture he'd made in the store, which

reminded her that she had promised to let him play with the crayons.

She said, "Oh, that's why you were crying! Such a funny baby, you wanna play with the crayons? Ok." She was fairly busy, but she figured she could stop for a little bit to see how he would interact with the crayons. So, she put him back in the playpen and left to set them up.

Unfortunately, without Mr. Bear Bear there to be the voice of reason, who knows what'll happen