

A comet flew across the night sky with a green shimmer to it. As it passed through the dark night sky, something bizarre happened. Anyone under the glow of the passing comet's light began to notice that their bodies were being morphed.

Our story is about one of those unfortunate enough to have been outside during the comet's pass. Jet was a normal guy who had never really had any true issues with his life. But, even so, he had the wish that he could give his life a second go-around. After all, who doesn't wish to press the restart button now and again? For Jet, though, his mind couldn't get that thought out of his head; it consumed his every thought.

One fateful night, when he was out on his front porch, just staring at the sky and enjoying the quiet, he looked up and saw the very same comet with its green streak across the sky. Jet couldn't help but think that it was special, so he made a wish. It was the same one he always made when seeing shooting stars at night. "I

wish to start over again with my mind intact," he said in what seemed like a futile attempt to get what he dreamed of.

The difference this time, though, was that his body began to glow the same color as the comet, an unearthly green that now enveloped his form. In a matter of moments, he began to notice that he was slowly losing height. His arms and legs were soon enough swallowed by the clothes that once fit somewhat tightly around him. He was sure he knew what this was; he had dreamed of such a thing happening for so long, and he was sure that it was finally happening.

Soon he was standing in not clothes, but they were now more like a blanket as he got shorter and shorter. By the end, all that could be seen of Jet was a tiny head popping out of an oversized shirt. He blinked, surprised and unsure how to react, but it quickly became clear to him that he must get inside to let his mother know what had just happened.

Jet was 17 before he went out on his porch, only to return inside his house as a child, a mere toddler, no older than 2, and that's being generous. He appeared closer to a year old, if he had to guess, so trying to open the front door would be an obstacle, to say the least.

Fortunately, the main door was open, so he just needed to get through the screen door, which was cracked open due to a faulty latch.

Jet managed to pull the screen door open with all his might, making his way inside. He somewhat tripped over his oversized shirt as he went. He then called out for his mom, yelling, "Mommy, mommy!"

As he walked around the house, his mother, who had already retired for the night, heard the commotion. She realized it sounded like a small child was calling out for their mother. But they didn't have anyone who fit that description; after all, it was just her and her 17-year-old son who lived here. Regardless of that fact, she went to

check to see what or who was making the noise. She found out that it was indeed a small child, a mere toddler. She came up to him and asked, "How did you get here, little man, and where's your mommy?" But after saying that, she couldn't help but notice that this baby was wearing an oversized shirt, the one her son had been wearing earlier that night.

Before she could question that, though, the toddler spoke up and said, "It's me, Jet, mommy." Her suspicions were confirmed, but it was impossible. She then asked, "Did my son put you up to this, sweetie?" But Jet just shook his head and said, "No, mommy, it's me, Jet."

It was clear to her that it didn't matter if this baby was telling the truth or not; he was in nothing but an oversized shirt and needed to be dressed. She picked the child up and said, "We need to get you into something so you don't get sick or make a mess for that matter." Jet wasn't sure what she meant by that, but he didn't really care. He figured that he had convinced her of his

identity, and his second chance was about to begin.

She took him upstairs to the attic and found Jet's old baby clothes, packed away and labeled "baby" on them. Jet seemed content to just be held, enjoying the feeling of being carried. He never imagined it would be this nice to be a little kid again, and it had only just begun, he thought to himself. She found a shirt, a pair of pants, and she even lucked out finding an opened pack of diapers. They were going to be big on him, but it was sure better than nothing. She carried the stuff downstairs, making a stop in the bathroom to get some baby powder from the shelf, and laid Jet onto the living room carpet.

Jet looked at her, confused at what she was doing, so he asked, "What are you doing, mommy?" She responded, saying, "I've got to get you dressed, Mr. Jaybird." Jet was surprised. He didn't think he'd even get to be exempt from having to dress himself. He made a note of how cool that is until he saw what he was to be

dressed in. It was really obvious that she was dressing him in a diaper. This surprised him; he knew he got little, but not that little. He then said, "I don't need diapers; I use the potty."

Jet's mother, however, didn't believe it for a second and said, "Well, my son is 17, so if you are who you say you are, he wasn't potty trained until he was 3 and a half and your not even half that age. So, let's get you dressed, shall we?"

Jet was surprised to hear this. "I'm not even half of 3 and a half," he thought to himself. "How old am I then?" Jet asked, "Mommy, how old am I?"

His mother seemed surprised by that question and said, "I'd say a little over a year old if I had to guess." Jet thought about it as his mother powdered his bottom and taped up a diaper between his legs. He managed to get a look at it and saw that it was covered in one of those baby show characters, but he couldn't place which one, mostly from the angle that he saw it. But after the diaper was taped on, she then sat him

up and placed a shirt over his head, then asked, "Would you like pants or no pants?" Jet pondered the question, one that he would've never been asked outside of his current state, and said with an overenthusiastic, high-pitched voice, "No pants."

At this point, Jet's mother was getting more and more convinced that this was, in fact, her son. He just acted too much like him, at least like he was when he was this age the first time. She picked him up in just his shirt and diaper and carried him into the living room to question him. They went back and forth for a while, but after about a full hour of questioning, she was fully convinced that this was indeed Jet.

"Jet, honey, so you stood outside and a shooting star turned you into a baby? Did you wish to be a baby?" Jet wasn't sure how to respond, but he eventually spoke up, saying, "Well, kinda, I guess. I wanted to start over, but not this much." He admitted, embarrassed. She sat for a moment, trying to take in what he said, and then figured

that there wasn't anything they could really do at this point. So she said, "It's probably best for us to get to bed." Jet, tired from the whole thing, agreed, so his mother picked him up from the couch and noticed a spot on the couch. She then checked Jet's diaper, only to find that it had leaked. She then said, "These diapers are way too big for you; we're gonna have to go shopping first thing in the morning." Jet was just shocked at the state of the diaper, having been wet without him even noticing it. But he was more than content to have mommy change him. After all, he was starting over, and right now, he was too little to take care of himself, so why not enjoy it?