

Title: The Worldwide Rewind

Chapter 1: When In The World

It was just an average day when a very strange event occurred. In this tale, we'll be following the journey of a guy named Terry. Terry had just turned 17 and was ready to start his senior year of high school. It was about a week away from his first day of school when a very strange event happened. This is his story of what transpired.

"Hey mom, did you get all of the things off the list that I'll need for school?" Terry shouted from the top of the staircase in his house.

His mom called back, saying, "Yup, I got them all right here," and proceeded to flash a bag of supplies from the bottom of the stairs.

Terry ran downstairs and grabbed the bag, excited to get his supplies ready for school next week. "Thanks, mom," he said very

enthusiastically.

"No problem, sweetheart," she replied.

He quickly ran back up the stairs and reached into the bag. As he did, things began to feel weird, and the world felt like it was melting before his eyes. He looked down and his bag of supplies was gone, replaced with a cookie jar, and he found himself no longer in his bedroom but instead sitting on the floor of the kitchen.

He blinked, confused on what just happened. He then heard a crash come from outside the house, which startled him out of his confusion. He stood up only to notice that everything had gotten huge, so he shouted out for his mom.

It also didn't seem right – he sounded weird. His voice was high-pitched and unrefined, was the best way to describe it. It wasn't quite a lisp, but it was definitely not normal.

His mom rushed into the kitchen, seemingly just

as confused as he was, maybe a little less so. She entered the room, and he immediately noticed that she was also huge, almost like he had been shrunken. Her first reaction was to gasp and cover her mouth. Then she spoke, asking Terry, "Is that you?"

"Huh? Of course, it is. Why can't you recognize me? What do I look like?" Terry asked, now getting scared, thinking he'd become deformed or something.

"Terry, hon, I don't know how to tell you this, but you're a toddler," his mom said.

"I'm a what?!" shouted Terry. He immediately looked down at his clothes and realized he was now wearing a Barney shirt and cargo shorts.

He looked back up at his mom, asking, "What happened?"

"I don't know, but the house isn't the same as

before. Look around, everything's different," said his mom.

Terry then looked around more carefully. While it was the same kitchen, the walls were a different color, and the fridge wasn't the new one they had been using for the last 5 years. It was all old stuff, some of which Terry had never seen in the kitchen before or at least remembered seeing.

Terry then remembered the crashing noise he had heard and asked his mom if she had heard that noise, to which she said, "Yes, I was gonna see what it was until I heard you calling for me. It sounded like it came from outside."

So his mom ran to the nearest window and saw a car crashed into a tree in front of their house. Still not sure what was happening, she tried to call an ambulance, but it was busy. So she decided to head outside to see if she could help, so she picked Terry up, to his dismay. But she said that she can't just leave him here, so they went outside to find a few people outside,

gathering, some of which were helping the man in the car.

That's when she went to her neighbor, who was also watching, and asked her what's going on. And that's when they noticed that the other looked 15 years younger. Their neighbor Kelly seemed a lot more surprised than Terry's mom, on account her 17-year-old son is now a 2-year-old toddler.

After the initial shock, Kelly then noticed the small child in her arms and asked, "Who's the baby?"

"This is Terry," said Terry's mom.

Kelly got an even bigger look of shock on her face when she realized that her son wasn't home, who was also around Terry's age. She then exclaimed, "Wait, where is Kenny? Then did this happen to everyone? Was it just our neighborhood? What's happening?" Kelly was saying hysterically.

Terry's mom used her free arm to shake Kelly a bit while saying, "Calm down."

"I'm sure Ken is fine, maybe he wasn't affected," she said, as her thought trailed off. As she thought for a second, she said, "Could he be at daycare?"

"Daycare?" Kelly asked.

"Yeah, daycare. Didn't you usually drop him off at daycare during the day?" asked Terry's mom.

"Well, yeah, but only on days I worked. So why would I be home...unless I'm on a lunch break. Oh no, I gotta go," said Kelly as she made her way back into her house.

Terry, meanwhile, was starting to grow antsy being held by his mom but not wanting to interrupt the conversation as he, too, was worried about Kenny, as they were childhood

friends. But now that they had finished up their conversation, he asked if they could go back inside now.

She looked down at him, having completely forgotten their own predicament. "Yeah, they seem to have gotten the accident under control. Let's go check the news."

They made it inside and made their way over to the living room to watch the news. She then noticed a playpen on the floor and thought about putting Terry in there, but shook off that thought and sat him on the couch next to her and flipped the TV over to the news.

But as she flicked more and more channels, they were static until she found one channel where they were telling people not to panic. Maybe it was because the caster was someone who was still on the air now, as well as when he was 15 years older, but he was willing to stay and report the strange occurrence or at least what they knew about it.

So, from what they had gathered, the entire United States had been sent back 15 years. Everyone had even been in the position they had been 15 years prior. Almost time had been rewound by 15 years, and the most insane part was everyone remembered everything they had known before what would eventually refer to as the rewind. So many people had regained their youth, some for the better and some for the worse. Terry seemed to be a part of the latter, having transformed into a toddler.

They continued to watch the news when Terry's mom noticed a smell and was looking around, wondering if the garbage needed to be taken out. Terry just continued to watch TV. She eventually made her way back into the living room and realized the smell was definitely coming from in there. She walked towards the couch when she noticed something peeking out of Terry's pants and said, "Diaper!" while smacking her fist into her hand like a gavel. Terry looked over, confused, and said, "Diaper?"

His mom simply said, "Ahhh, nothing. I was just thinking." She waited for Terry to turn back around and took the opportunity to pull the back of his pants and diaper to find that her newly toddlered son had a poopy diaper that was in desperate need of being changed.

This made Terry jump, asking what she was doing, and she said, "Sweetie, you need a diaper change."

"What? No, I might look like this, but I don't need diapers. I didn't even know I was wearing one," protested Terry.

Almost on cue, he started to feel the front of his crotch grow warm, and so did his face. His mom took this opportunity to grab him. She carried him with one hand under his butt and the other on his back, and she could feel how squishy his diaper was and was more than willing to point it out.

"Wow, hun, you really soaked this thing. Guess

you're gonna have to go through potty training all over again, huh?"

He stayed quiet though, merely changing into a pinkish color. She made it to their destination, a changing table in what looked like a nursery. The only problem was this used to be where all of Terry's video games and other cool stuff was. Now, it's all been replaced with diapers and stuffed animals, not to mention baby toys like alphabet blocks.

Terry cringed at the idea of being forced to play with such things but felt pretty confident that things wouldn't go that way, on account he wasn't really a baby and didn't need to use such things. But that thought was quickly cut off by the removal of his pants, which made his brain kick back and remind him that his mom was about to wipe his butt.

"Uhh, mom, do you think I could change myself? You cleaning my uh-hh area is pretty embarrassing," said Terry.

"Sorry, hun, but I think changing your own diaper is a bit out of your current skill set," said his mom.

"But I, I, I...ugh, fine. But make it quick, please," said Terry.

"Of course, sweetie," his mom stated.

"And could you quit baby talking me?" Terry said, feeling frustrated.

"I don't know what you're talking about, baby," his mom replied.

Terry decided to just take the loss on that one and let her just do what she had to. While cleaning him, she said, "Oh boy, I forgot what big poopies you used to make in your diaper," to which Terry just cringed and said, "Could you please not, mom?"

"Ok, ok. But you really did do a number on this

diaper, sweetheart," she said.

He just looked away, annoyed at the situation. He then asked what the plan was, to which she said, "I don't know, hun. This is very weird. I don't even know if I still have a job. Do I go to the one I had 15 years ago, or do I go to the one I went to yesterday? Things are so confusing. Honestly, I think you're lucky you don't have anything like that to worry about. You get to stay out of kindergarten for at least three years," she said.

Terry got a look of fear and said, "Kindergarten? I am supposed to be a senior in high school."

"Yes, you were. But look at you. You're not even potty trained anymore. I can't really picture you being able to go to elementary school yet, let alone high school. And I don't think that's gonna change much when you turn 5 again," said his mom.

This hit Terry pretty hard, and it brought his attention back to the baby toy and how he may

have been wrong and might have that as his only entertainment for a while. His mom finished up the change and said, "All done," while tossing the pants he'd been wearing into the laundry bin and the dirty diaper in the pail.

She picked him up from the changing table and brought him back into the living room. She eyed the playpen again but this time decided to put him there. So she deposited him into it, and he blinked, stupefied that it just happened. He stood up and asked her why he was being placed in there.

She said, "I need to make some calls in the kitchen since we don't have a wireless phone to use, and I can't just let you have free roam. You're way too little for that now."

"But I'm not a baby, I don't need to be in here, and can I get some pants please? I don't want to be in just a diaper," said Terry.

But his mom just gave him a look and said,

"Honey, it's just easier than having to take pants off you every time I need to check your diaper and change it. Besides, I'm pretty sure the only reason you were dressed was because we had just gotten home. And don't think I forgot you snuck cookies from the cookie jar, mister."

He was dumbfounded and said, "You know I just appeared in front of that cookie jar, right? I didn't even get to have one, and I most certainly am not gonna need a diapie change, mommy... I mean mom. I'm not gonna need a...diaper change...uhhh, mom." His thoughts trailed off, and his mom's heart melted a bit at his cuteness.

"Don't worry, sweetie. I'm not gonna punish you for being naughty and sneaking cookies. And all those crumbs on you told me otherwise. Now be a good boy and play while I try to handle the situation, okay?"

Before he could protest some more, she was already out of sight.

Terry sat there, contemplating what had happened. He looked around and noticed that the playpen had some toys in it, but nothing he really wanted to play with. So he just sat there and watched the news through the bars of the playpen. It was mostly more of the same, and he wasn't getting any new information from it, until his mother came back into the room holding something. She made her way to the TV and switched the channel to some kind of baby show that seemed eerily familiar but he didn't recognize it in any great degree. She then walked over to Terry and told him to say "ahhhh." He thought maybe she brought him something to eat and he was kinda hungry, so he did as she said, only to get some rubber thing stuffed into his mouth. He subconsciously started suckling on it. He thought it was weird but quickly forgot about it, and she was gone again before he could ask, so he just shrugged it off. Little did he know what he was just given was a pacifier, which he apparently didn't seem that upset with. He was pretty content all of a sudden. He'd been

pretty cranky since this happened, most likely on account of his little body being tired from whatever event they had before the rewind happened. He sat there, sucking the pacifier, looking around for something to do until the TV captured his attention, and all the bright colors had him hooked on it.

His mother watched from the kitchen as she spoke on the landline and couldn't help but smile at her toddlerified son. After what felt like seconds to Terry, he had already finished three episodes of this show he'd been watching. His mother came back in and noticed that the front of Terry's diaper was faded a bit, so she picked him up and said, "Hey, good news sweetie! Turns out I do have a job, and I can start tomorrow. The bad news is that means you're going to daycare, but that also means you and Kenny get to go together. Isn't that exciting?"

No, that's not exciting. I don't wanna go to daycare with a bunch of babies, mommy, said Terry.

Honey, any babies there are people who were your age yesterday or older, said his mom.

Oh yeah, but still, I don't want some person treating me like a baby. I'm a big boy danggit, said Terry.

Terry's mom noticed that he seemed to be talking more babyish, but she didn't want to upset him, so she didn't bring it up. Instead, she told him that it's gonna be fine, you're just worrying too much. I bet you'll have fun, so just drop it cause I need to work and you're gonna have to adjust. After all, the world must keep going.

He let it drop and then asked why she was carrying him. She responded by letting him know about the status of his diaper, to which he looked down to see a very faded Winnie the Pooh.

"Oh, I had an accident?" "That's right, sweetie,

but it's okay. You're only little, and little boys your age always use their diapers, so don't even worry about it," said his mom.

Terry nodded then buried his head into his mommy's blouse. She then went about changing his diaper, which this time was a much quicker process since it was only wet. After Terry had a fresh diaper on, she put him into the crib in the nursery and told him it was time for a nap.

He didn't seem happy about it, but also thought it was better than the playpen. At least he could get some sleep in here. She then took the pacifier out of his mouth, and he said, "Hey, that's mine."

To which she responds, "Oh, you like your binky that much, sweetie? I had no idea." He just blushed at the whole situation, not only was he nursing a binky, but he also demanded it back.

She said she had something better and for him to wait there and get comfy. After a couple of

minutes of waiting, she returned with a baby bottle which he was hesitant at first, but the second it touched his lips he couldn't stop suckling, and before either of them knew it, Terry was sound asleep.

His mother just stood over the crib with a smile while she was concerned about the future. Having her baby back felt like such a gift.