

Ch.7 Crayons Aquired!

Tim was brimming with excitement to finally get the crayons he had been yearning for since he'd made his third wish. It appeared that he would soon obtain them. He and Dino D sat on the floor, eagerly awaiting the arrival of Tim's mommy with the coveted crayons. As they waited, Dino D inquired about Tim's plan for his first drawing. Tim hadn't thought that far ahead, as he wasn't sure he'd get this far so quickly. He didn't know at what age children were typically given their first crayon, but it seemed like he was about to get lucky. Tim had initially thought it more likely that he'd have to secretly obtain something to write with, but now he was just being handed one.

Their conversation was abruptly interrupted by Tim's mom entering the room, carrying a box of crayons and some paper. She placed the paper in front of Tim and handed him a very chunky crayon, which fit perfectly in his hand. He

examined the crayon and declared, "This one's my favorite." He tried to recall its name but could only remember that it produced a 'bah' sound when spoken. Tim remembered that crayon names should be labeled, but when he looked, all he saw were squiggles he couldn't recognize. He shrugged it off and began to draw on the paper, pondering what he should bring to life with his artwork.

After a moment's thought, Tim decided on something simple: he wanted his binky back in his mouth, as it had been lost amid the excitement of obtaining the crayons. He started writing, only to realize he didn't know how to form words on paper. He thought hard, but nothing came to mind; all he could envision were images of his binky. The more he thought about it, the more he yearned for the pacifier in his mouth. So, he decided to draw a crude stick figure of himself with a pacifier in his mouth, and sure enough, it appeared in his mouth, already slick with his own drool, as if it had never left

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Tim set to work on another crude drawing, this time of himself reading a book. To emphasize

his newfound ability to read, he added a thought bubble above the drawing's head, containing an even more simplistic sketch of a brain surrounded by lightning bolts. However, once the drawing was complete, the crayons vanished, along with the drawings, leaving Tim with only a book.

The book was a children's book for those just learning to read, featuring illustrations of the alphabet. To Tim's surprise, he could actually recognize the letters. The issue was that he couldn't remember how they fit together to form words or sentences. He knew that one was the letter A, and another was D, but lacked the knowledge to string them together.

This revelation upset Tim, as without the crayons, he was stuck at this rudimentary level of knowledge. Dino D asked him if the drawing had worked, and Tim, tears forming in his eyes, explained the situation. Dino D reassured him, saying that at least they had made some progress and that Tim now recognized the

letters to some degree. Tim snapped back, asking what good that was if he couldn't make words with them.

Dino D, usually being goofy, was taken aback by Tim's outburst and unsure how to respond. However, he suggested trying to get more crayons and giving it another shot. Dino then noticed a lone crayon sitting on the coffee table near where Tim had been reading his book. He pointed it out and said, "Hold up on the waterworks there, Timmy. It looks like it's not quite over just yet!"

Tim spotted what Dino D was pointing to with his snout and bounced up to grab the crayon. His sudden movement caught the attention of his mommy, who had been doing some reading of her own. She watched curiously as Tim approached the crayon on the table, not thinking he was up to anything too bad. However, when Tim grabbed the crayon and returned to the book to correct his mistake, she intervened.

She picked Tim up and said, "No, no, sweetie, that book isn't for coloring in." She also noticed that Tim's diaper was emitting an unpleasant odor, so she added, "Now, I'll get you some paper to color if that's what you want, but first things first – this little guy needs his diaper changed ASAP."

Tim figured that if all it took to get his crayons and paper back was a quick diaper change, he could handle it. What bothered him, though, was that he hadn't even noticed he'd used his diaper. He usually felt a difference in the weight of his diaper, but he began to worry that he was getting too accustomed to it. He didn't mind wearing diapers anymore, not like at first, but not even realizing his diaper was heavier put him on edge.

Tim's mom strapped him onto the changing table and began the process, pointing out how full his diaper was – which only reinforced Tim's belief that he should have noticed the state of his diaper before she did. While she made relatively quick work of cleaning him up, the

process still took longer than most of his previous changes because his diaper was not just wet but messy as well

She finished up by applying powder and securing a brand new diaper on Tim, leaving him mostly nude. With just the diaper on, Tim couldn't help but feel far too babyish for his own good. He felt torn between yearning for his adult independence and surrendering to his new baby lifestyle. The split was nearly 50/50, with neither side having a strong hold on his thoughts.

His mother then brought him back to the living room, placing him in a playpen. Tim worried she wouldn't let him draw, but to his surprise, she handed him the crayon and made an offhand remark about her "smarty pants" wanting to color like a big boy. Tim could see why she said this since he had practically no ability to talk, yet he was reading alphabet books by himself. Then again, he doubted she knew that he could recognize letters, but he supposed it was still

pretty impressive.

Now that he had regained the crayons, Tim felt determined not to waste this second chance. He considered making himself older and was surprised to discover that he knew the numbers 1-10. Although he didn't know their order or significance, he remembered that numbers were related to age. So, he drew a picture of himself with a number next to it. However, without thinking, he chose the easiest number to draw: 1. Since he was so young, he figured there was no way he could make things worse. But the result was him becoming a little bit younger, undoing the small amount of progress he had made and causing him to forget the numbers and letters again.

Fortunately, Tim still had the crayon and paper, so he could attempt to fix the situation.

Frustrated, he acknowledged that he was going in circles and that if he had more knowledge, he could have resolved this already. So, he sat down and thought hard, only to realize that he

was having even more trouble than before. "Oh great," he thought, "I can't come up with anything now." Tim knew he probably didn't have much time left with the crayons, so he had to think quickly

Suddenly, Tim had an idea: why not just draw himself older? So, he drew himself as a baby and then slightly bigger. The size difference between the two drawings was fairly insignificant, perhaps due to Tim's lack of knowledge about the size he wanted to be. He finished the drawing, but nothing happened. Tim inspected himself to see if it had worked, but the picture hadn't achieved the desired effect.

Tim wondered if he hadn't drawn himself big enough or if the last drawing had taken not only his knowledge of letters and numbers but also his power to draw things into reality. This frightened him, as he didn't know if the power would be gone forever or if he just needed to return to his previous age for it to come back. He decided to test it out by drawing something

simple and easily noticeable—a rattle. Sure enough, it appeared in his hand without any issue.

Puzzled, Tim wondered why the previous drawing hadn't worked. He stood up to look around the room, hoping for some clue. As he scanned the area, he noticed that all his toys were still there, but it appeared as though there were new ones as well. Before he could figure out what was happening, his mother walked into the room, carrying another baby in her arms. Tim hadn't even realized she had left, but the most pressing issue was the identity of this new baby.

The baby looked older than Tim and wore only a diaper, just like him. As Tim wondered who this child could be, he realized the picture he had drawn had manifested the new baby. He was shocked by this turn of events, as he hadn't even known that was possible. Tim didn't have to think too long about who this child was, as his mother placed the baby in the playpen with him and said, "Now that you're all clean, be nice to

your baby brother, okay Marky?" The baby, Mark, responded with, "Otay, Momma."

Tim was at a loss for words. He had accidentally manifested a big brother who, ironically, was just as diaper-dependent as himself. The only difference was that Mark could talk.