

# Daycare Drop In

*by HallowsEveWrite*

Vicky falls into a situation where he is surrounded by toddlers and childish activities after, hopefully he can figure out how to navigate his way through the day and make it home.

The Costume Box

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*Chapter 1*

## Daycare Drop In

My lame older brother Daren and his ogre-like sidekick Sean have been chasing and picking on me all week, it's their favourite thing to do! He is only a year older than me but way taller and his huge friend even more so. I took off down an alleyway that connects two streets, it has high chain link fences with wooden fences behind them. I saw Sean at the other end, I turned around and of course Daren is there, I'm surrounded.

"Get him!" Daren yells at Sean.

Both of them started barreling toward me, I quickly looked around and grabbed the chain link fence behind me. Snagging each metal diamond in my fingers and kicking my body up the fence I swiftly was able to make it to the top. The fence was rather high but this way they couldn't reach me.

"Vicky, get down from there" Darren yelled at him.

"My name is Victor, I've told you a hundred times." I hate the name Vicky, it has 'icky' right in the name and it sounds like I'm gross or something, Darren calls me it whenever he can though.

Darren and Sean both grabbed the chain link fence and started shaking it. "You're coming down one way or another!" Darren shouted at me.

I grabbed the top of the top of the fence, this particular fence

was a wooden fence in front of a chain link fence and I started to pull myself over the taller wooden one.

“You won’t catch me!” I shout at him, planning on jumping the fence and running through whoever’s backyard this was.

“Vicky, wait, don’t jump over!” Darren shouted.

It was too late. I had already kicked my foot off the smaller fence and pushed my weight over the edge of the wooden one. It wasn’t going to be a graceful landing, but that was fine. Once I peeked my head over the fence I saw the roof of the building on the other side, it had a sign that read ‘High Flyers Daycare’. While trying to pull my legs out in front of me my sneaker got caught on the top of the fence. It was too late to grab onto anything and that sign was the last thing I saw as I started tumbling toward the ground. The fence was much higher on this side than the other so it was quite a large drop as I tumbled through the air, everything spinning around me.

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I groggily opened my eyes, expecting to reveal myself lying on some grass on the other side of the fence but that wasn’t the case. I was covered with a blanket and lying on some type of bed. Looking around I saw that the room was painted in primary colors and I was surrounded by soft looking furniture, there were no windows. I felt the pain from the fall, my body ached all over and it felt tender. My mouth felt weird and empty but I couldn’t figure out why. The door to the room suddenly opened revealing a tall woman with brown

hair wearing jeans and a cardigan, she had a lanyard around her neck with many dangling keys on it.

“Hello Vicky, I’m glad you finally woke up. My name is Miss Smith, I am a teacher here at High Flyers Daycare.” She explained to me. I still had a confused expression on my face. “You fell off the fence and crashed into the playground, so we let you sleep in here.” She motioned around the room.

“Uh, thankth.” I spat out, stumbling over the word. I lifted my hand out of the blanket and touched my mouth, my two front teeth were missing! They were some of the last baby teeth left in my mouth and I felt both afraid and proud that they were gone.

“You will need to stay at the daycare until your mommy or daddy can pick you up, you seem to have gotten pretty hurt in your fall” She looked at me with questioning eyes. “Do you understand?”

“Yeth” I spat out again with my lisp, blushing at the odd sounding words. “How did you know my name?”

“It was written on your underwear sweetie.” She said, smiling at me.

I could feel my face getting warm and starting to redden. I quickly pushed the blanket away from me revealing a juvenile snug fitting red onesie, there was a little plastic window on my chest that had the name Vicky written in it in blocky lettering. “Why am I wearing thith?” I said through the lisp, with a frantic tone.

“Oh sweetie, there is nothing to worry about.” She reassured me and knelt down so she was eye level with me now that I was sitting up. “When we got to you after your fall you had a little accident, we cleaned you up and put you in clean clothes for the day.”

“I peed mythelf!” I gasped.

“Yes, but it’s okay.” She said in a calming voice. “We cleaned you up and gave you some protection just in case.” She pointed to the bulge in his crotch.

“I’m wearing a diaper?” I asked, getting more embarrassed and could feel tears building up in my eyes. I pulled my legs up to my chest for comfort and could hear the crinkle of the plastic underneath me.

“Vicky, it’s okay. Lots of kids have accidents. It’s a good thing you weren’t seriously hurt.” She tried to calm me down and grabbed one of my hands and squeezed it, it was a comforting gesture and I squeezed back. “Okay, then please come with me and I’ll bring you to the other children.” She stood up and guided my arm up by my hand, not letting it go.

I held her hand as she led me off the bed and through the door of the little room I had recovered in. “I can jutht walk home from here, I don’t live far away.” I told Miss Smith.

She looked down at me with a concerned stare. “No, I can’t let you do that. Your brother stopped by and tried to pick you up as well and I told him the same thing, you need to wait for Mommy or Daddy and I have called both of them already.”

She gripped my hand tighter. “They have asked us to look after you so don’t worry about anything.”

“Okay...” I said. I can’t believe my Mom and Dad would agree to just leave me in the daycare for the rest of the day. I looked at the hallway, everything was painted a bright green, the place seemed oddly familiar somehow. We walked into a small foyer where backpacks and outdoor shoes lay strewn about.

“Here this is where we put the clothes you were wearing, make sure you take them with you at the end of the day.” She tapped a brown bag in a cubby that was stapled closed and had ‘Vicky’ written in front of it. My shoes sat underneath the bag.

“I like the name Victor instead of Vicky ” I said, lisping again. I ran my tongue over the space with the missing teeth and tasted the copper taste of blood, even if it was faint.

“Well everything is already set up as Vicky, can we use that for today?” Miss Smith asked with a smile and tapped the name already displayed on my chest.

I was annoyed and in no position to argue. “that’s fine i thuppothe” I spat, my face flushing again at the mispronunciation.

Miss Smith pulled my hand through the foyer door and into a large playroom, there were boys and girls of various ages from crawling babies, toddlers and pre-schoolers all running around. Some were playing with toys that were strewn about

the carpet while others were coloring on paper. I was easily the tallest and oldest kid in the room and the next oldest was probably half my age. “Okay Vicky, just go have fun and play nicely.” Miss Smith told me and let go of my hand. My hand fell to my side and slapped against the diaper, causing my red face to deepen in color. I looked at the kids who were chasing each other holding soft toys to the kids mindlessly coloring in their books. Did she really expect me to just ‘play’ with all these babies?

I slowly stepped into the room, the other kids didn’t seem to take notice of me as I let them run past and continue playing with each other. The reading nook seemed like a reasonable place to hide out until my parents came to pick me up. I still couldn’t believe they wanted the daycare to look after me all day. The nook is just a corner of the playroom with two bookshelves set up to form a little room. One of the few things I remember about daycare is that I spent a lot of time reading. I looked through the selection of baby books on the shelf displayed in colorful easy to reach spots, I tried to find the most mature looking book and settled on a story about a mouse going to his first day of school, at least the story was fitting. Like every book on this shelf this one was also a picture book, it doesn’t matter though since I’m just killing time anyway.

The ground in the reading nook has pillows lining along the wall and I finally sat down and leaned against them, I could still hear the crinkle of the diaper as I moved which caused me to blush again. This day could not end soon enough. I

looked at the book with the big letters on the front 'Small Mouse, Big School', it had a little nervous grey mouse with a backpack looking nervously at the shadows of larger animals.

"Hello!" I heard a young boy. I peeked over the front of the book and saw a boy wearing a blue shirt and red overalls staring at me, he couldn't have even been four years old. I noticed he also had a name tag on it that read 'Greg' in blocky letters like my own and was clipped to one of the straps on his overalls. "My name is Greg, what's yours?" He asked me.

"Victor" I said, still peeking over the book.

"You're a big kid?" He continued.

"Yeah." He was getting a little annoying. Why won't he just leave me alone?

"You're wearing little kid clothes?" He asked innocently.

I blushed at his accusation and wanted to protest, but given the red pajamas and bulging diaper I couldn't really deny it. "Only for today though, my other clotheth." I paused as I lisped and Greg giggled at my funny words. "Got dirty."

"Are you going to read that out loud?" Greg asked me, smiling.

"No." I told him flatly. He started pouting, which quickly escalated to whimpering and the last thing I wanted was for these kids to think I'm a bully, that's who my brother is. "Okay, I'll read it to you." I conceded.

Greg quickly waved over a few of the other nearby kids who started to sit crossed legged in a semicircle around me. I got nervous as the attention started to pile on me as they stared at me in my baby clothes. “Thmall mouthe, big thool” I slipped over words causing a few giggles from the youngsters, this was a bad idea. I turned the book around so that they could see the illustration on the front and opened the book. The first page was the mouse looking at an imposing school. “Mike the mouthe tharth a new day and big animal elementary” another wave of giggles.

The next page revealed the mouse walking in and finding a large giraffe. “Mike wath lotht, he didn’t know where hith clath wath. A large giraffe told him where to go.” I struggled to get the sentences out, the kids had stopped giggling and now seemed concerned for Mike the mouse. I read the rest of the story, stopping to let the kids admire the illustrations and eventually even more of the pre-schoolers had turned up to listen. By the time I was finished one of the kids had already selected another book and held it up, I put down Small Mouse, Big School and started reading the next story to the youngsters.

By the third story Miss Smith was leaning against the bookshelf looking over the scene, she smiled at me as I tried to read the stories to the kids. “I think it’s time to give Vicky a break and take a nap.” She told the crowd of youngsters, some of whom yawned and others who groaned at the prospect of stopping. I was actually relieved, the next story lined up looked like it was just about the letter ‘s’. Miss

Smith ushered the kids out of the reading nook and over to a part of the floor that had mats setup for naptime. She turned around and looked at me as I was putting the books away, thankful to get away from the little kids. "Come on, you need to go for a nap as well." She told me kindly.

"I'm not tired, I don't need a nap." I told her, I just wanted some time to myself.

"Don't think I didn't see that yawn earlier." She accused me. It was true I had yawned during the last story, but it was a bedtime story in my defence. She grabbed my arms and lifted me to my feet. "Just lie on the mat and stare at the ceiling if you aren't tired then." She told me as she walked behind me towards the other kids sitting on their mats.

I walked past a row of kids, there were little cards on each mat with their names on it denoting where they were meant to nap. I found an empty one next to Greg that had a card with 'Vicky' written on it like all the other kids. My face started turning red as I looked down at the pink mat and sat on it cementing my place not as someone who reads to the other children but a nap needing preschooler.

Miss Smith walked around with a basket to a few of the other kids and they chose a stuffed animal from it, eventually she got to me and held out the basket.

"Uh, no thankth" I said blushing. Miss Smith just shook the basket in her hand waiting for me to take something. I simply reached in and grabbed the first thing my hand touched, I pulled out a fluffy stuffed rabbit with long ears. Not knowing

what to do with it I just placed it beside me.

After everyone was situated with comfort items Miss Smith made her way to the lights and turned them all off, the room wasn't in complete darkness as light still made its way through the curtains. She shushed everyone making noise and turned on a speaker that played a very soft lullaby to the room. The other kids had now laid down on their mats, clutching their stuffed toys. I was still sitting on the mat as Miss Smith sat in a rocking chair, she looked at me and used her hand to motion that I should be laying down. I felt embarrassed that I needed extra direction just to have a nap and not wanting to disturb the little kids I laid on my side and looked at the happy fluffy bunny that laid beside me, how had I gotten stuck in a situation like this?

At some point I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew the lights came back on and the kids were putting away their mats. I quickly sat up and folded up the mat, I grabbed the bunny and stuffed it under my arm.

“Okay kids, enjoy some free time for a bit while I prepare a snack for everyone.” Miss Smith said.

“Vicky! Let's build a tower, you're so tall and can build the biggest ever!” Greg asked me. “Then we can knock it over!” he grinned with excitement.

“I don't really want to.” I told him as I put the mat away, I couldn't find the basket the stuffed bunny went in though and held onto it.

“Please, please, please!” Greg whined and elongated his pleases. What is with this kid, first reading to him and now I have to play with him too? I looked around and the other kids had all dispersed and there didn’t seem to be any place I could hide from Greg.

“Fine, I’ll build a tower with you.” I finally agreed since I didn’t really have anything better to do and it sounded like he needed my help. He quickly snatched my hand and led me to a shelf where boxes of toys were stored, he grabbed a large blue box and tipped it over onto the floor, with a loud clatter. I kneeled beside Greg and started stacking up the wooden blocks until a large tower was formed. It was challenging to place the final block on top.

“It’s so big!” Greg said the tower was taller than the youngster and was clearly impressed. A little girl came running from around the corner and smacked the tower over with all the blocks crashing into the ground, she giggled and ran away. “No fair!” Greg sounded upset. “I wanted to knock it over!”

“It’s okay Greg, we can build a new one!” I tried to console him, he was teary eyed and upset. I quickly gathered up the wooden blocks into a pile and started to stack them up again. I was certain I could protect the tower from the other kids for Greg this time. After a couple minutes I finally put the last block on the tower. “Thee Greg!” I said to nobody, since Greg had left. I looked around the room only to see he had run over to Miss Smith who had returned with snacks.

“That’s a nice tower buddy.” Another teacher told me, a young man wearing jeans and a green polo shirt, he also had a lanyard with keys on it. “Why don’t you go with the others and grab a snack.” He told me and then left me alone. My face was red from embarrassment, he thought I was just playing with blocks! I looked at my block tower and reached over and knocked it down myself. I smiled as the blocks made a satisfying clatter on the ground. Before heading to get a snack I put all the blocks back in the bin and picked up the stuffed bunny, still not sure where it went.

I went to the crowd of kids who were now sitting in chairs at different tables, Miss Smith was handing out snacks for everyone. I quickly joined a table not wanting to be the only one standing around and was promptly provided with a sippy cup of milk and some fruits and veggies. “I don’t need a thippy cup” I tried to protest.

“You don’t need a thippy cup?” Miss Smith grinned teasing my lisp.

“No, I don’t need a thippy cup!” I repeated through the lisp trying to convince her.

Miss Smith picked up the cup and removed the lid and put it back down. “Give it a go.” She asked while waiting for me to take a drink. I picked up the cup and took a swig, something felt off, the cold milk irritated my gums where my front teeth were and without the teeth I accidentally dribbled some milk out of my mouth. I swallowed and then whipped my mouth on my sleeve, my face got hot as the kids around me started

giggling. “So, perhaps you do need your thippy cup” She said again, putting the lid back on the cup. The other kids started laughing at me, it felt like they were pointing, I was completely humiliated. I looked down at my lap, here I was sitting in daycare playing with blocks, wearing a diaper and pajamas meant for pre-schoolers, I couldn’t even drink milk without looking like a baby. In my lap sat the fluffy bunny from nap time, just another thing that made me look like a little kid. I wanted to throw it across the room in defiance but decided to just hold onto it tightly until I calmed down. I spent the rest of the time slowly eating the veggies and sipping my milk, not looking at any of the other kids.

After the snack I had the urge to use the washroom but I had no idea where it was. I looked around the room and finally discovered a small hallway that had the washroom, luckily it was unoccupied. I stepped into and realized I had carried the stupid bunny here as well, I just placed him on the counter top while I went into the stall. I locked the door behind me and laughed at the miniature toilet in front of me, highlighting the fact that this place was built for little kids. I ran my hand over the front of the pajamas trying to find a zipper only to realize this onesie zipped up in the back, it’s even more childish then I realized. I reached my hand behind my back and a pain shot through me, I must have hurt myself during the fall. I scoffed at the situation and left the washroom in search of Miss Smith. I saw her helping another kid with a drawing.

I walked up to her and whispered “Mith Thmith, I need help.”

I blushed when I spat out her name but she just turned to me and smiled.

“Yes Vicky, how can I help you?” She said loudly letting the table of girls go back to drawing.

“I need help getting thith off.” I moved my arms up and down.

“Did you have another accident?” Miss Smith asked.

“What! I didn’t have an accident!” I shouted, and some of the kids started to look over. I was starting to feel like the centre of attention, like Miss Smith had broadcasted my earlier accident. Miss Smith simply took my hand and led me back to the washroom without further discussion.

“Vicky, it’s okay, it wasn’t your fault earlier.” She reassured me. “Most of the kids already saw you when we carried you in.” She knelt down so they were eye level.

“They did?” I asked with a whimper. “They didn’t thway anything.” The humiliation was getting the better of me and I got teary eyed. Miss Smith then gave me a big hug, which was supposed to be comforting but seemed to have the opposite effect as an injury from the fall shot through me. “Ouch!” I yelped. That pain wasn’t the only thing that happened, I also started peeing, the pain was lingering, I couldn’t stop myself. Miss Smith let go quickly and noticed something was wrong as tears started streaking down my face.

“Vicky, I’m sorry!” She gasped. “Are you okay?”

“I peed mythelf.” I snivelled feeling like a helpless little boy.

“I’m thorry!” I couldn’t stop the tears, they just seemed to keep coming, the humiliating day plus the warm diaper wrapped around my waist made me feel awful. I was taking deep breaths and whimpering as I cried, my hands blocking my vision trying to hide myself from Miss Smith.

“Vicky, it’s okay! It isn’t your fault.” Not wanting to hurt me with another hug she grabbed the stuffed bunny from the sink and held it out to me, I greedily took it and held it tight to my chest with one arm and slowly started to calm down. “Come with me.”

I shamefully followed Miss Smith out the washroom, my face and eyes were red from crying and now held onto the bunny with both arms. She quickly led me out the playroom’s door and back into the hall and back to the room I woke up in. “Turn around Vicky.” She said softly, I did and she unzipped the onesie and helped me take it off, leaving me standing in the room in nothing but a pair of socks and the wet diaper. I looked at myself and saw a bruise crawling up the right side of my body. The diaper was white with rain clouds printed on it, I whimpered as I looked at it. I held the bunny close to my bare chest. “Are you ready?” Miss Smith asked.

“Ready for what.” I said sadly.

“To get changed sweetie.” She said sweetly.

“Okay, I’m ready.” I whimpered. Miss Smith then picked me up with a grunt and placed me on a changing table. I didn’t expect that and started getting teary eyed again. She gently guided me into a laying down position and I buried my face

into the stuffed bunny. “Juth get it over with”

Miss Smith put on some gloves and expertly removed the wet diaper from me, she then used some wipes to clean the area and swiftly a new diaper was placed underneath, it was taped up and she cleaned up the area and tossed the old diaper into a bin. She sat me back up and placed me on the ground, I finally lowered the bunny and looked at the diaper, this one had pictures of the sun instead of rain clouds. “Thankth” I whispered very softly. Miss Smith cleaned up the changing table and returned with the onesie. She helped me put it back on and we went back to the playroom.

“We are going to do some painting now, so go sit at your seat.” She told me as we walked back into the room. I looked for a seat and found it, it was next to Greg again. Vicky was already written on the large construction paper and I sat down in front of it. In front of me were different colored paints already in little containers but no brushes, I looked at the other kids and they were using the paints with their fingers and drawing scribbles all over the page. I put the stuffed bunny under my chair so he wouldn’t get messy.

“Greg, are there any paint brutheth?” I asked him.

“No, silly, this is finger painting, just use your hands.” He told me while making some forest out of green paint.

I looked around and after my cry from earlier I didn’t really feel all that embarrassed about getting my hands messy. I reached my hand into the yellow paint and settled on painting some suns, after that I focused on adding rain clouds. Pretty

soon the humiliation and anxious feelings were replaced with giggles and showing off what we were painting to each other.

I hadn't noticed but during the painting some parents had stopped by to get their kids and the daycare had shrunk to only a handful of kids completing their finger paintings. I worked diligently on mine and had covered my hands with all different types of paint by the time I thought it was complete.

"Mrs. Page, we have been expecting you." My ears perked up as Miss Smith said my last name and I saw my Mom, we met eyes and I smiled at her finally I would be able to go home. I gave her a wave with my paint covered fingers and she gave me a concerned look and waved back.

Miss Smith and my Mom both walked over to me. "Vicky, your Mommy is here to pick you up." My mom looked at the painting I was working on with interest.

My mom looked at my hands. "Can you go wash your hands while Miss Smith and I talk?"

"Okay." I told them and got up and rushed over to the sink to wash my hands. It took longer than I thought to rinse and wash all the paint off my fingers, the paint left them lightly stained in various colors. I went back to my seat and picked up my stuffed bunny and marched over to the two adults having a conversation.

"Mom, can we go home?" I asked.

"Hang on Vicky." My mom dismissed my question and returned to her conversation.

“So I’ve prepared an invoice for Vicky’s stay at High Flyers Daycare plus incidentals. He used two diapers during his stay and the onesie.” Miss Smith said.

“Two diapers? You mentioned on the phone he was only going to need the one.” My Mom said with concern.

“There was another accident, unfortunately.” Miss Smith said. My face flushed a light red and I tried to bury myself again in the bunny.

“I see.” My Mom said, sounding unimpressed. She sighed deeply and took out a chequebook, filled in the details and slid it across Miss Smith’s desk.

“Here ith your bunny.” I said holding the bunny out to Miss Smith.

“Vicky, for being such a great kid today and reading to everyone, consider the bunny a gift from me.” Miss Smith said and started smiling when I made a large toothless grin.

“Thankth” I said, bringing the bunny back to my chest.

My Mom then took me to the coat room to gather my remaining things and helped me put on my shoes. “Mom, I can put on my thoes.” I spat out, my mom stood up and left me to it while she collected the paper bag with my soiled clothes inside.

Once outside the afternoon air felt different from the play room, all of a sudden the calm environment was gone and I was out in the open in my diaper and onesie clutching a

stuffed bunny. “I’m thorry Mom.” I told her, feeling humiliated again.

My Mom just sighed and knelt down so we were eye level. She reached up and whipped away the tears from my eyes. “Don’t worry Vicky, you had a big day today and you needed some help. We are lucky you fell in a place that could take proper care of you.” She took my hand. “Miss Smith told me you were very good today, I’m proud of how you handled everything” She gently squeezed my hand “It must have been scary.”

“A little.” I admitted for the first time.

My Mom took my hand and we walked side by side home.