

Tim's mother pulled into the driveway of their home and quickly went to work freeing Tim from his car seat. She unlatched the seat belt, brought him and Mr. Bear Bear back into the house, and placed him in a mesh playpen. "Now sit tight, honey," she said, "I need to get the groceries out of the car." Then she disappeared back out the front door, leaving Tim and Mr. Bear Bear to their own devices. Tim stood up while leaning against the walls of the playpen, trying to get a better look around. He knew there were crayons somewhere in the house, all he had to do was find them. He stumbled around the walls of the playpen, looking through the mesh wall as best as he could to see if he

could find the crayons he so desperately sought. Although he had grown used to his new status as a baby, he was still interested in what he could do with the power of his third wish. Whether he decides to use it to grow back up or not

Tim was determined to find the crayons, but after a thorough search, he realized that either they were on a shelf too high for him to see or they were in another room. He shifted his focus back to Mr. Bear Bear and the other toys in the playpen. Most of the toys were the same: toy blocks and chunky wooden race cars. Tim noticed a baby rattle and found it amusing, since he didn't think anyone

bought those for babies anymore. It was just a loud noise maker, but he grabbed it without thinking, and the noise it made completely caught his attention, making the rest of the world disappear as he started playing with the toy.

Meanwhile, Tim's mother was bringing in the groceries and nearly finished retrieving them from the car when she noticed her cute baby playing with the rattle. She thought it was so adorable that she quickly took a picture of him on her phone before returning to putting away the food and dry goods. Tim was still playing with the rattle when he heard someone say something. "Hey, snap out of it!"

shouted a voice near by. Tim looked around but saw no one. That's when the voice said, "I'm down here." Tim looked down and just saw Mr. Bear Bear. He then asked, "Was that you, Mr. Bear Bear?" Mr. Bear Bear responded, "Yes, it's me. What do you think you're doing? You're not a baby. Stop playing with that thing!"

Tim wasn't surprised when he started talking to Mr. Bear Bear, even though it was an inanimate object. His mind must have accepted it as a normal occurrence. Instead of being shocked, Tim simply engaged in a conversation with Mr. Bear Bear. When Tim asked why playing with his

rattle was a problem, Mr. Bear Bear quickly responded, "Only babies play with rattles, and we just established that you're not really a baby, right?" Tim replied, "Well, yes, but I'm stuck like this, so why not have some fun?" The rattle was so much fun to play with, after all.

But Mr. Bear Bear warned Tim, "aren't you worry about losing your mind to the baby side? What if your mind turns to baby mush and you forget everything before you find those markers? Playing with that rattle looks like it's draining any precilections you have left, leaving you with just baby interests and values." Tim scratched his head and said, "Uh,

okay." Not really understanding what Mr. bear bear meant. Mr. Bear Bear then sighed and said, "Rattle makes you goo-goo-ga-ga. You have baby brain. You played with the rattle and now your diaper is wet. Any of this sinking in, diaper brain?" Tim felt bad about the mean things Mr. Bear Bear was saying to him, but he knew he was right. Tim responded by saying, "Yeah, I understand now. But how do I fix it?" Mr. Bear Bear said, "Don't worry, kid. You've got me, don't you?"

Tim realized that Mr. Bear Bear was right, he did have him, so there was nothing to worry about. His mother had been observing the scene for a while, feeling both confused and

captivated by Tim's conversation with his teddy bear. She managed to capture the moment on video, but all you could hear was Tim's baby-like babbling and the occasional silence when he was listening to Mr. Bear Bear. She finished putting away the last of the groceries and commented, "Hmm, it might be time for someone's nap." Mr. Bear Bear quickly responded, "Hurry, act as awake as possible, unless you want to be put down for another nap." Tim was caught off guard, but he quickly jumped to his feet and started babbling loudly to show how awake he was

Tim's mother wasn't completely

convinced, but she found it adorable and said, "Oh, is my goofy baby a chatty cat today?" She began tickling him, which Tim wasn't expecting, so he cried out for help to Mr. Bear Bear. However, Mr. Bear Bear just sat there and stopped speaking, as if his connection was severed during the tickle spree. Tim cried out, "No, Mr. Bear Bear, help!" This made his mother stop, as she saw the distress in his eyes. "What's the matter, honey? You usually love to be tickled," she said, confused until she realized the problem. "Oh, I didn't mean for you to make poopy, baby Timmy. I'm sorry," she said, as she held him to console him. This only made him cry harder, as he worried he would never hear Mr.

Bear Bear's voice again and that he had fully been babified. His mother made her way to the nursery to give him a change and put him down for a nap. She laid him on the changing table and strapped him in

Tim was beyond frustrated. He hated this. He had no freedom, no power. He was nothing more than a helpless baby with a poopy diaper and it was so infuriating for him. He felt as though he was losing his mind. He wasn't sure what was happening to him, but he was squirming and balling as his mother attempted to change him. she was trying to shush him, but it wasn't working. So, she had to pull out the big guns and grab his binky.

She gently worked it into his mouth, he even almost fell for it. But he wasn't going to be so easily swayed this time. He was adamant about this tantrum and continued to be an uncooperative baby. However, mommy had other plans. She pulled out a little stuffed dinosaur. Tim didn't know where she got it from, but everything stopped when he saw it. The tears, the sadness, the frustration all disappeared. Now, all he knew was that he needed that dinosaur and he needed it now. He reached out for it, but it was just out of reach. He reached and reached, and of course, mommy eventually obliged his need for the stuffie. He immediately became the most well-behaved baby

you've ever seen, as she could finally change that big, stinky diaper. She made quick work of it, and before Tim knew it, his diaper had been changed and he felt so much better without even realizing why. She breathed a sigh of relief and unstrapped Tim, took him to the crib, where he and Dino D could sleep. Hopefully, Mr. Bear Bear isn't the jealous type... or things could get messy in a different way.