**Daily Free-Write September 16, 2021: Alternative Education Pt. 7**

*Daily Free-Write September 15, 2021 "Alternative Education Pt. 6"*

Once all the other people in our cohort were changed into their pullups or diapers and their new clothes, we were lined up again. It took some time to get there as there were a number of fussy babies, who didn't want everyone to see their naked rears getting wiped by another adult. The majority, however, accepted it. This is what we signed up for, and we were all in the same boat, more or less. There was no going back now.

"But I'm not a baby! I wanna go in the big kids' class!" said one particularly vociferous young man named Lozzie. He was eventually just strapped down to an open changing table and left there sitting naked on an open diaper until everyone else had been changed. If he didn't want to be seen by everyone as a big baby, he sure did a bad job of it. Thanks to all the racket he made, and the fact that everyone else was already dressed and ready to go, every eye was on him as he got diapered. His humiliation was palpable as he was powdered and taped up.

"I'm not wearing this! You can't make me!" he yelled. Mikey scolded him.

"If you don't cooperate, you won't get to wear *anything* over your diaper. So what's it gonna be?"

Lozzie looked around and evidently he realized that even the most babyish looking people in the room at least got to wear clothes over their diapers. Meekly, he gave in, speaking in a humiliation choked whisper.

"I-I'll wear the diaper."

"That's a good boy," said Mikey, patting his diaper. "I'm afraid this is all we have left. But I think it'll look precious on you!"

The young man was put into a very babyish fuzzy elephant sleeper, complete with trunked hood and elephant foot details. All the 'grown-ups' in the room fawned over him, but the rest of us courteously held our tongues. While I'm sure some of us wanted to be cutesy and little, there were others that simply felt they had no other choice but this program, and we were grudgingly giving up our adulthood as the day went on.

Soon, we were marched down the hall and into a big auditorium with seats that had 5-point restraints, much like the ones on the plane. Our hands were secured so that we could not remove them or anything else for that matter - a prudent choice given how easily Amanda and I had escaped last time.

I looked around at the other attendees, and saw that the baby group had grown a little bit larger. Notably, with some of the most fussy customers now on the baby side. Didn't Mike and Tisha mention something about fusiness being a sign of immaturity? I was glad I joined in on the sing-along. I wasn't quite ready for the baby class. At least not yet.

Soon, the orientation began, and a VR video headset was placed over each of our heads. Everything went dark. I was cut off from the outside world completely until the scene lit up in front of me. It was just me, Amanda, and Trevor in a kindergarten type classroom.

"This is more like it!" I said. *This* was how I imagined adult daycare.

"Hey, guys! Can ya see me?" asked Trevor.

"Yes, I can see you," I said looking around. The three of us were sitting in a circle on the carpet, strapped down into three kiddie carriers with harnesses just like the ones our corporeal bodies were wearing. "This is wild. I feel like I'm really here."

"Your brain can't tell the difference," said Amanda. "Even in a poorly rendered environment, VR is extremely effective at fooling our brains. In something as advanced as C.A.B.S. technology? Your brain doesn't stand a *chance*."

"Hey," I said. "My brain's tougher than you think. I may not be a *super genius* but I can hold my own."

"Don't worry," she said. "It's nothing personal. Nobody could get around it, me included. And if they've developed what I think they've developed... well, this is just the tip of the iceberg."

"Who *are* you, Amanda Looney?" I asked, cocking an eyebrow. I had to wonder if she was some sort of superspy with the way she was talking. But I knew that was just silly. Amanda, the nerdy know-it-all a spy? It could never happen. Could it?

"Like I told you when you met me. The rumors about me are only *mostly* true." She snort-laughed again, and I was definitely sure she was just a dorky girl after all. I rolled my eyes but I couldn't help but smile.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*