



OUT OF THIS WORLD



# DIARY OF FIETE

AN ORIGINAL



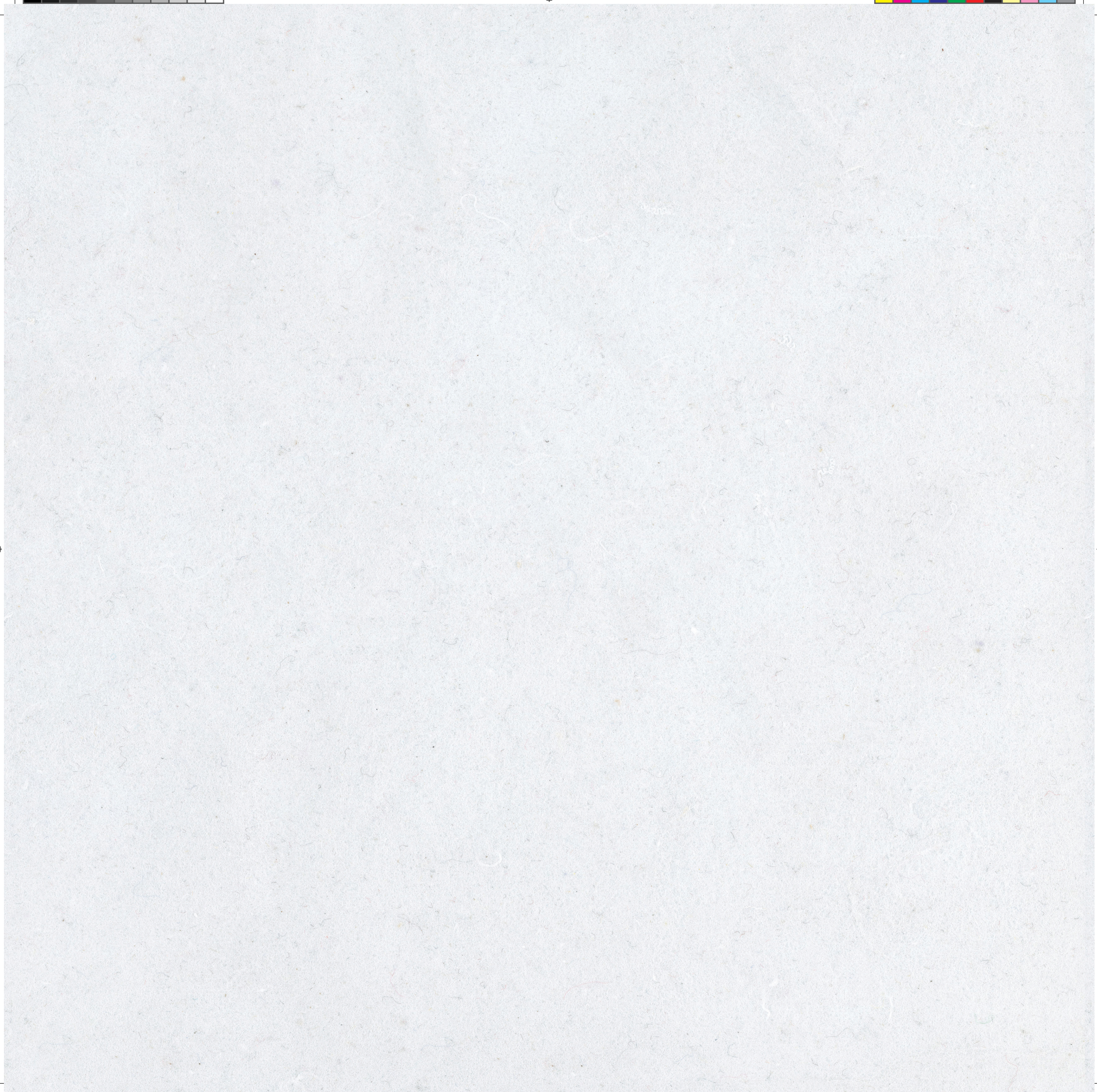
PRODUCTION

## STARRING

BABY	.....	<i>Fiete</i>
MAMA	.....	<i>Isabelle</i>
PAPA	.....	<i>Michael</i>

INSPIRED BY <sup>mostly</sup> TRUE EVENTS





5

SECONDS

LATER...

# Dear Diary,

Wow! **I made it!** Getting here was quite the adventure and filled with so many questions.

Will it be a girl? Will it be a boy? Well, as it turns out — it's both!

An adorable girl who never stops **exploring**, and a happy-go-lucky boy who loves to **eat and sleep**.

I call them **Mama** and **Papa**. I haven't known them long, but I'm already falling for them.

**That's me** right there in the middle. They call me a few different names, like *Not Again!* and *Your Turn*. I usually hear those ones when I leak onto my back or when I'm wide awake and it's dark out. I'm a sucker for things like milk, my fingers, and **especially** Mama and Papa. Luckily, I was born to get their **attention**, so I do it all the time. Even if Papa is in the shower or Mama is eating — if I want them, I get them. They're always so happy to answer, they almost never go by Isabelle and Michael anymore, which were their names **BC - Before Child**. They snap right into being Mama and Papa. I love it when they snap! It happens a lot.

How cute are they though? Such a perfect family **portrait**.

Mama is great at holding me, and her **catching reflexes** are coming along nicely. And Papa? Well, he's getting used to this kind of thing, which is good, because there's plenty more where that came from!

They deserve to remember all the sights, smells, **late nights and close calls** of spending time with **me**, so I'll keep track of all the fun we have together right here. And one day, they'll look back on it **all** and laugh. Or cry. Or fall asleep. It's usually one of those three.

**Let's get ready to stumble!**

**Fiete**



AND  
THE STORY  
BEGINS...





## Dear Diary,

What did Mama and Papa do for fun before I came along?! They're so happy and excited by everything I do. I lifted my head last week and Papa started clapping, and just yesterday when I pulled Mama's hair, she smiled so much I could see **ALL** of her teeth! But this morning was my **biggest** performance so far. It all started with a trip to the changing table...



When Mama opened my diaper, I aimed right at her face and peed. She was very **impressed** – she opened her eyes wide and her jaw dropped. So, not wasting a single drop I also got some on her shirt, my onesie and the floor – I really **MADE IT RAIN!** All this was so much fun that when she lifted my legs to dry me off, I just couldn't hold it in. My bum burped and suddenly, my excitement came pouring out of me into my **fresh**, new





diaper and up onto my back. There was **a lot** of it too, as I had been building it up for **3**, maybe **4** – or was it **9?** – days, and Mama wanted Papa to see it as well.

When he saw what I'd brought to the table, he covered his mouth. I couldn't see his smile, so I decided that this wasn't the end of **ROUND NUMBER 2**. And it worked! The encore had them dancing around and singing loudly! I also started wiggling and even splashed my feet



in the puddles. It was a real **LOTTA-POO-LOOZA!**

So now I know how to make diaper changes more ~~easy~~ exciting. I'm sorry it took me so long to figure it out. It won't be easy to top today, but I'll sure try! **The sky's the limit ...** well, in my case, the ceiling fan.

That's all for now – I'm pretty wiped,  
**Fiete**





## Dear Diary,



This body of mine continues to surprise me! There I was, wondering how I would **EVER** see what the tops of tables, boxes, and other things around our home looked like when the answer was in my mouth this whole time. **FEET!** As tasty as these ~~leg~~ leg-hands are to suck on, they're even better to **stand** on! This is just like when I thought my spit-up was meant to mark where I've been, when its real purpose is clearly for finger painting on the go.

Now I'm head over heels with my new perspective. I simply use my arm-feet to hold onto the coffee table or Mama's legs or the toilet seat and **voilà**, I can see what's hiding above. It's incredible what I see when I'm up high, like their cell phones and cups that make **A LOT** of noise when I sweep them to the floor. So now I'm hooked: I get high first thing in the morning, at the park, and sometimes even at the store.



It does get me hungry like nothing else, though! Probably because of the workout that it is. And not just for me, but for Mama and Papa, too. They're jumping up and running toward me all the time now. And while they seem happy to see me standing tall, they show it from **WAY** too close and keep interrupting me. Such a **BUZZKILL**.

Another annoying thing is that they're now moving everything away from me, right to the other side of the table. Funny thing though: I'm starting to learn that

my feet can **move**, and I can **shimmy** closer to things I want while standing up, too. Next time Papa is **sleep not watching**, I'll see where my feet can take me after I get up and stand up.

I won't give up the fight,  
**Fiete**





## DEAR DIARY,

**OMFG** — Oh My Fairy Godmother — what a party I just came from! This place had everything: tasty decorations, my Buddy For Fun, or **BFF** as I say, and a big **MF'ING** cake! That's right — Multilayered Frosting! And the cherry on top? It was dusted with that sweet, white powder that I could sniff out a mile away.

I didn't want to blow this opportunity, so I made a beeline for a slice and destroyed it. **YOLO!** Yum O'clock Look Out! That really got the party started!

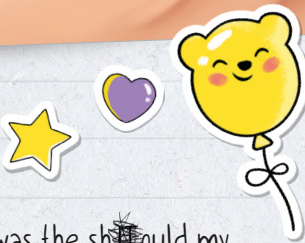
I shattered a porcelain pinata, won flip cup, and to celebrate, totally spiked my foot into the punch. I was on a roll. And the pizza. And the nachos, too! That's just what happens when I take the cake: Joyful Kicks Land On Lunch, **JK LOL!** It was epic! Everyone was taking pictures, and me and **BFF**



played spin the bottle, too! It was so much fun! This party was the sh~~ould~~ould my head hurt this bad? You know what always gives me a headache? **A BYOB** party. So they tell you to Bring Your Own Box, and then they make you give it away immediately? Mine was covered in pretty, crinkly paper, too! And all those **NSFW** pictures of me... To Notice, Smash, Fling, and Wolf something down usually isn't a public spectacle. Can't a baby have some cake and eat it?

Things did get a bit wild... But it was **BFF** who started flipping cups off the table and spinning their bottles until they exploded, not me! At least Papa was happy enough to clean it up. He's the real **MVP**. And Mama just laughed it all off; she really is the mother I'll love forever. It's always a party with those two.

OK, time for rest, I'm tired **AF**. Also Fussy.  
**Flete**





## DEAR DIARY,

It's **OFFICIAL**: of all the things I put in my mouth, food takes the cake. I've sucked on sock puppets, licked lots of blocks, and munched my way through mountains of books, but, in the end, food comes out as **number one**.

Actually, it makes it to some pretty stinky **number twos** as well. And not only is it the tastiest activity, but it stacks up against some of the funnest ones, too. Just yesterday, I balanced three carrots on top of each other before knocking them to the floor!



For a while now, Mama and Papa have been sweet enough to let me savor all the fun, but today, I decided to let them enjoy it with me.

**APPLESAUCE** was on the menu, and since it's one of my favorite colors, I finger-painted it all over my face. When Mama came in for a better look, I spread the **awesome sauce** on her face, too. And she really liked **them apples!** She jumped up to show Papa how good she looked, and he ~~laughed~~ laughed, so I figured he wanted some as well. I put some on the spoon and



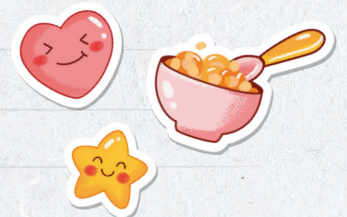
flung it across the table, right onto his shirt! He opened his mouth but didn't say anything. I'd left him **speechless!**

So I was quick to repeat it **again** and **again** until Mama grabbed the spoon out of my hands. Unfortunately, there was no sauce left for her to fling; I had already put all of it **EVERYWHERE** – the table, the floor, the walls, and all over the two of them, of course. Papa was so proud, I swear I saw **A TEAR**

in his eye! I love spicing things up and making them happy, but all that flinging and painting really made me **HUNGRY!**

I'll be back for seconds tomorrow,

**Fiete**





## Dear Diary,

It's not easy being a baby. I can't walk, I can't sleep - I can't even ~~sleep~~ burp without help! Luckily, Mama and Papa are there for me day and night, but they don't always know what I'm trying to say. I've been teaching them, and they finally get that **dede** is "train" and that **yaya** means "Hey, I'm gonna need a new diaper." Took them long enough, though!



Their listening skills were driving me **CRAZY** again today. It all started when we got into their big toy, which I am not a fan of. It's either too hot or too cold, it smells funny, and I have to sit in **the strappy**. Also, my toys make me smile or drool, but this toy usually makes at least one of them cry!

Anyway, once we were in, Papa made it move. That always feels nice enough. But then, almost right away, we stopped. **BORING!** I figured this was a good chance to try and make them do it. So I went





“**WAAHHHHHH!**” Mama didn’t get it – she shushed me instead. When we soon stopped again, I tried a bit louder. This time she responded with **zrrt singing**. Well, at least we were stopping quite a lot, so I had plenty of opportunities to try again and again. Each time, Mama’s ~~own~~ voice got a bit louder, and Papa started saying things like “Oh, for the love of God,” but **they still. Didn’t. Get it!**

At last, Papa figured it out. I was on full volume when he said “Mother-**BEEP!** Will you **BEEP-BEEP!** move already!” **YES!** That’s all I wanted – their toy to make the same “beep-beep” sound mine does! We started going again, and I happily closed my eyes and drifted off. And whaddaya know: a few minutes later, we pulled over. We were there!

Ok, enough **BEEP** –talk for now,  
**Fiete**





## Dear Diary,

Mama and Papa spent the morning packing up, but they're not taking the things I like most! What about the closet door I love to bang shut — why can't we take that? I miss home already! **WHERE** are we going anyway?

### DAY 1

Our new place is great, but it's just a room! There must still be plenty to explore though, and I'm sure I'll find some fun things to play with. Anyway, Mama and Papa seem pretty happy.



### DAY 1 1/2

There's **NOTHING** fun to play with here. The drawers are all empty! And Mama and Papa seem to prefer playing with each other instead of with me. At least we're spending most of our time in a giant sandbox.

### DAY 3

Papa fits right in here with his colorful clothes and how friendly he is with everyone. Maybe he grew up here? But I'm starting to think that **SON OF A BEACH** is trying to steal Mama away from me, especially the way they keep rubbing sunscreen on each other. And now, Mama has been





missing all afternoon after he told her to go get pampered. What does that mean? Is she wearing diapers now!? Me and Papa are heading out, and **that beach better have my mommy!**

#### **DAY 4**

We're packing up. Finally! **Bye-bye, beach!**

#### **DAY 5**

The beach is back. It was just a day trip. Papa's **RESTING BEACH FACE** is back too. Hello!? How about some help with this sand in my diaper? Am I not **itching** loud enough?

#### **DAY 7**

It's official: my parents have lost it. I was woken up by some banging last night, and not the kind a closet door makes. I was a little scared, but they were too busy doing the **HOKEYPOKEY** to notice. In, out, in, out — would you turn around already? Whenever this ends, I'm gonna need a serious vacation!

**Life's a beach,** then you cry,  
**Fiete**





Dear Diary,

There are few things I enjoy more in my life than a nice, relaxing **SNOOZE** **CRUISE**. There's a lot of rushing around with Mama and Papa, so it's always a welcome change of pace when we hit the neighborhood in my **slowrider**. Don't get me wrong, I do love my crib, but with a comfy seat and built-in toys, every walk I get to go on is a real joyride. I take in the sights, enjoy some fresh air, and fall into a sweet, sidewalk-strolling **SIESTA**.



As long as we don't run into any cheek-pinching, head-patting, **PERSONAL-SPACE INVADERS**, that is. I might still have a soft spot, but they must be pretty thickeheaded to think I enjoy this. I'm not public property. And I don't mean to get kissed and yell, but hey, at least treat me to some **milk** first.



Because even with all their petting and poking, there's nothing **WORSE** than when they pucker up and peck me on the cheek! I'm already at the bottom of the

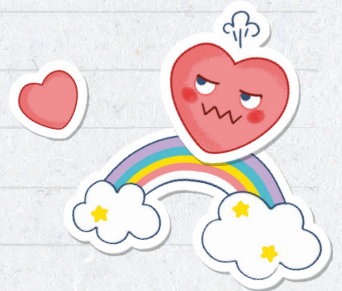


pecking order, and I don't know where those lips have been! Can't these puckering people peck on someone their own size? For starters, I've got a couple of **BIGGER** cheeks they can plant their next one on...

And these mouths don't just ~~peck~~ pucker up my day, they also say things that make no sense whatsoever. **Why** do they think they can baby better than me? They're **adults**, they should probably get their own ~~sh~~ shtick together before telling me how to act. I'll decide for myself when to sleep and how much to eat,

thank you very much! It's nice to know that *Papa* is with me on this one. The other day, I heard him tell *Mama* that these slobbering **SMOOCHERS** should go and pucker themselves.

**XOX-NO,**  
**Fiete**





Mama's cheeks are red,  
Papa's clothes are new,  
So it's time for a game of  
"What are my parents up to?"



## Dear Diary,

Another **case closed** for Detective Fiete! It all happened yesterday, a day that was going just like any other. Mama was with me, smiling big. Then she was gone! Then back again. Then gone! And then back. Peekaboo is a real **emotional ROLLER COASTER**. I hate it when she leaves! Then, suddenly, Papa was home. Earlier than usual. And holding a bunch of **flowers** and a box of **chocolates**. You never know what you're gonna get with him, but this was definitely odd. And so began **the mysterious Case of the Table for Two**.

Flowers + chocolates = ???  
Possible bribe

Where did she go?!





I went **under-the-cover** during nap time and overheard them talking about a dinner reservation. That raised suspicions, so I spied on Mama and saw her putting on a disguise. Then, I **BUGGED** her while she was in the bathroom and learned that one of the usual suspects was coming over to watch me. Mama has always been good at picking her accessories. Meanwhile, Papa was **suiting up** and singing to himself in the bedroom. Singing! Since when is the bedroom a place for **FUN?** I was hot on their trail and knew I had to do something quick. So I did what I know best. I turned on **THE SIREN.**

Dinner reservation -  
I'm hungry for clues!!

SIREN TIME!

Bedroom ≠ fun!  
Why is he singing?!

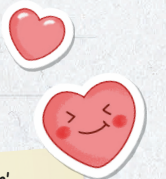


Neither of them expected it, so they both came running. Mama picked me up and cuddled me. She touched my head and told Papa I was **HOT**, and I really was! He sighed, **unbuttoned** his shirt, and ate one of the chocolates from the box. That's when it all came together – the candy, their costumes – it was another holiday! And they'd almost spent it **WITHOUT ME!** My detective work was rewarded by snuggling with them all night on the couch while they ate pizza.

Lovesick for Mama and Papa.  
**Flete**

Possible serial chillin'.  
Be very careful!

Going without me?  
Makes me sick...





## Dear Diary,

I got my finger pinched in another drawer today – why do bad things like this happen? And there's so much more that I don't understand, like: **why is my head so heavy? what's the meaning of sleep? And how did I even get here?** All this mental and physical strain is exhausting! Even my own clothes have been wearing on me lately. Sometimes the only thing that keeps me going through it all is the welcoming water of my evening bath. Lying in the warm **BUBBLES** is the perfect way to put my mind and body at ease.

Tonight's bath started no differently, but then I wondered: Why is my heavy head always left high and dry? I just had to **TAKE THE PLUNGE** and dunk it under the water. And that's when it hit me. It came over me like a wave. I used to live and float in water **ALL THE TIME!** Those were the days before I'd ~~found~~ met Mama. Back then, I wasn't even sure if she really existed. I'd always sensed that she was all around me, but how could that possibly be? I always believed in her, and I've always known she's watching over me.





Sure enough, she was watching over me when the splashback was over, and I remembered how much I used to like **KICKING** and twisting and punching in the water! Next thing I knew, we were all dripping wet. Mama joined me in the splashing too, and Papa was even sporting a soapy white **BUBBLE-BEARD!**



I still don't know how I got here, but believing in Mama continues to be rewarding. And **who knows?** Maybe tonight, I'll see the point of sleep. I'd better call on Mama again so I can drift off to the sound of her voice.

Just like the good old days,  
**Fiete**





**DEAR DIARY,**

The stars are shining bright; it's a quiet, **peaceful** night.

I've been fed and bathed and dressed, and now it's time to get some

**REST.** Mama will tuck me in, kiss me sweetly and then she will begin...

**TO SING.** 🎵🎵

I cling to my blankie, I cling on for dear life! I'm **TERRIFIED** of that farmer's wife! And what I am doing up in a treetop!? Catch me, Papa, don't let me **DROP!** Oh God, how I fear these stories and rhymes! Well, I guess they can be pleasant **sometimes.** But at night, when it's dark, I dread that horrible shark! Little fish, swim away! Swim **FASTER,** I say! Now I'm all **shaken, rattled, afraid!** I scream and I panic, I feel so betrayed! Oh, the tricks Mama and Papa



have tried: **talking** and **rocking** me while I cried. They've paced around, rubbed my back, and they've given me a midnight snack. It looks like I'm about to close my eyes... **surprise!** I can't just simply fall asleep; I won't lie here and count some sheep. A man bumped his head when he went to bed. Will that be my fate? I'll just have to wait... Wait and see...

### **NO!! That's not for me!**

Mama and Papa want to get some shut-eye, but I **WILL FUSS** and **SQUIRM** and **CRY** so I don't die before I wake, or fall off a wall and have my

skull break. I will stay up as long as I can, then wake up a lot — that is the plan! And so, for my sanity's sake, I'll spend all my nights alive and **AWAKE.**

But for now... Good night, shadows. Good night, moonlight. Good night, bugs in my bed — **please** don't bite. Good night, squeaky chairs that give me nightmares. Good night, muffled screams.

**Sweet dreams** (whatever that means),  
**Fiete**



Dear Diary,





ME

2 BE CONTINUED...

THE  
END?

WRITTEN BY:  
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RYAN QUINN

ILLUSTRATIONS:  
JEREMY POLONEN

EVERYTHING ELSE:  
FUN, TALENTED PEOPLE!

Dear Hooray Reader!

