





DIARY OF PAUL XAVER

AN ORIGINAL

Aschenbrenner

PRODUCTION

STARRING

BABY ..... Paul Xaver

MAMA ..... Simone

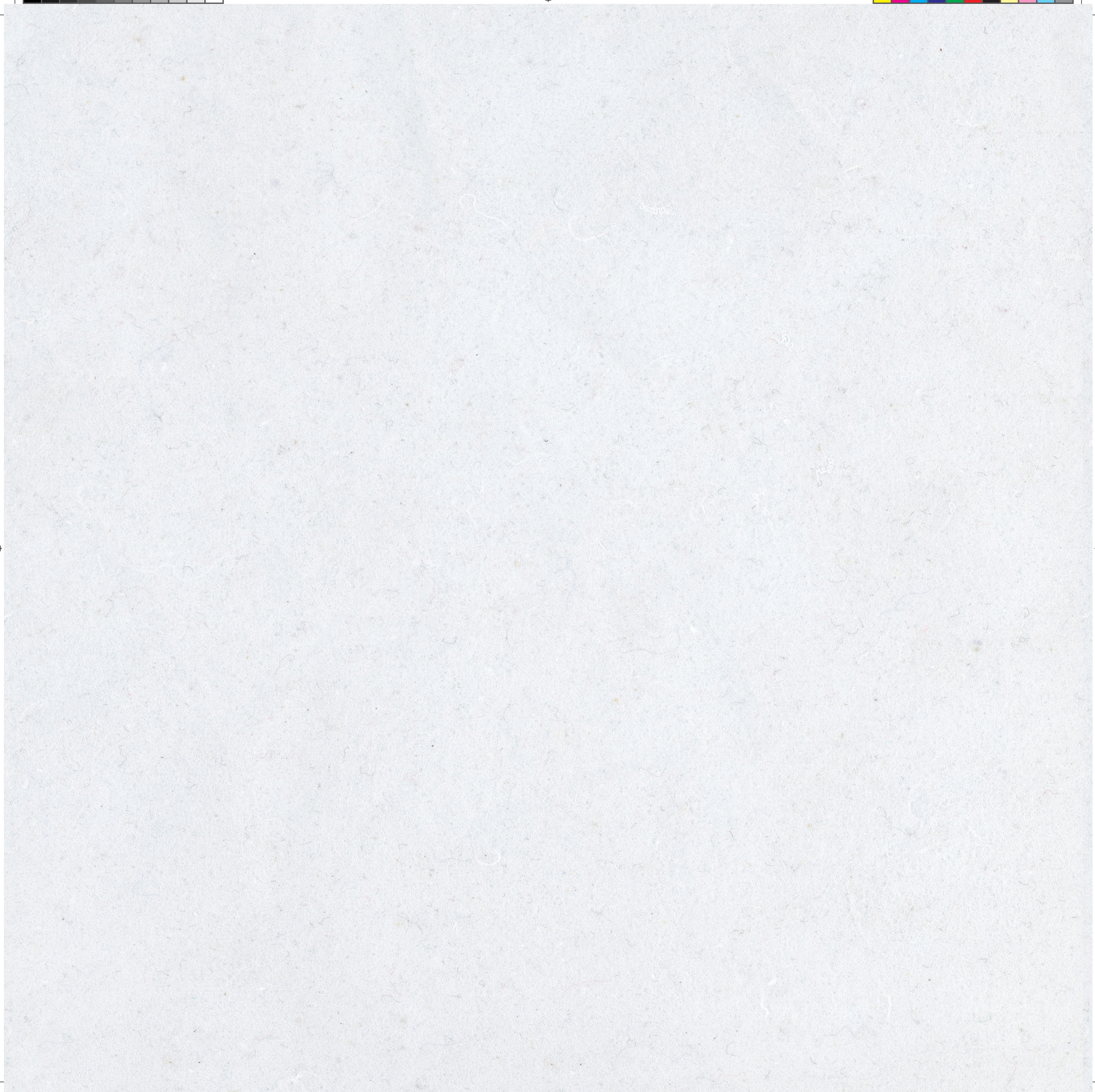
PAPA ..... Marcus

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











5

SECONDS

LATER...



# Dear Diary,

**It's a boy!** A big one, too. He's a pretty good sleeper and an **even BETTER eater**. He's still figuring his new world out, but he's a **quick** learner. The important thing is: he's trying. I call him **Papa**. That's him in the red shirt. He shouldn't need to try too hard, because he's getting plenty of help from my significant mother, or **Mama** for short. She's the one in blue.

**That's me** right there in the middle. They call me Paul Xaver, and sometimes other names, like *Your Turn*. I get that one 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 Simone and Marcus 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!**

**Paul Xaver**





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,  
**Paul Xaver**







## 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,  
**Paul Xaver**







## 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





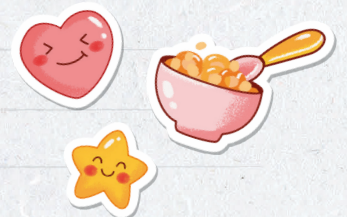
flung it across the table, right onto his shirt! He opened his mouth but didn't say anything. I'd left him **speechless!**

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,

**Paul Xaver**







## 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





“**WAAHHHHHHH!**” 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,  
**Paul Xaver**







## Dear Diary,

Mama and Papa are **babying** me. I'll admit, getting spoon fed can be nice, but they're mainly overdoing it. They should know by now that I'm a pro at taking off my own shoes. They've seen that I can pee without a diaper. And if they would let me near their drinks, they'd see I can slurp down anything. I'm done ~~with~~ milking it! I've dropped enough hints and clothes and



bottles – it's time **TO ADULT**. And there's no better way to start than by helping out around the house.

I've been watching how they use their adult toys for a while now. So today, when Mama began taking cups and plates out of the dishwasher, I added some of my sticky ones for her to put away. **Dishing** with Mama: **CHECK!** Next on my list was the vacuuming. Papa kept getting stuck because of the cord, so I unplugged it for him. **Helping** Papa suck less at adulting: **CHECK!** You're welcome, Papa!





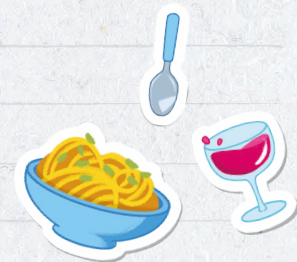
And later, when he came home with bags of groceries, I tore them open and threw the food at the fridge. **Shot-putting** the food away: **CHECK!**

As Mama began cooking more food than usual, it dawned on me: we were getting visitors! While she was holding me over the stove, I added a dash of dust and a dusting of dirt to spice it up a hair. A handful of hair, actually. **Kicking** and **squirming** dinner up a notch: **CHECK!** Then I saw Papa taking the trash out. It was full of shiny stuff, so I tore the bag open all over the kitchen.

**Decorating: CHECK!** Adulting is so much fun!

By the time the doorbell rang though, I was exhausted. The voices that filled our living room put me right to sleep. When I woke up, they were leaving. Their loss; they missed enjoying my finest whine.

Because babying is hard,  
**Paul Xaver**







## 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,  
**Paul Xaver**







## Dear Diary,

What a good time this afternoon was! It began with Mama and Papa putting on their outside clothes — the ones they don't like me wiping my mouth on. They both kept checking their watches, so there was no mistaking it: it was time for another round of **BEAT THAT CLOCK!**



Today's venue was the grocery store, and Mama told Papa we had to be done in one hour. That's how long my evening routine takes, and I tried my best to keep them on track.

### 47 MINUTES TO GO:

We were taking **too long** in the fruit section. Papa was just staring at melons, not picking anything, so I began chanting him into action. I'd learned this trick the previous time in the can aisle. It worked again: he picked me up, grabbed some bananas and caught up to Mama.







### 38 MINUTES TO GO:

Mama was no better. She was looking at clothes — we already have clothes! I pulled at Papa's shirt to show her this, but he just stuck me back in our cart.

### 27 MINUTES TO GO:

I made up for lost time by pulling food from the shelves into the cart. A few jars missed and hit the floor, but that finally **got them moving!**

### 11 MINUTES TO GO:

We were never going to make it at their pace, so I started yelling. We were **flying** past other shoppers now!

### 6 MINUTES TO GO:

After the frozen foods, I was afraid we were still ~~still~~ lagging. I wanted to win! So I cheered at the top of my lungs, and other people in line let us go ahead of them — they wanted us to beat that clock too!

**AND WE DID IT!** We won! I was so worn out from our victory that I dozed off on the way home. So, the falling asleep part of my evening routine will take extra-long tonight. Right on schedule.

Still the all-time champ,  
**Paul Xaver**





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



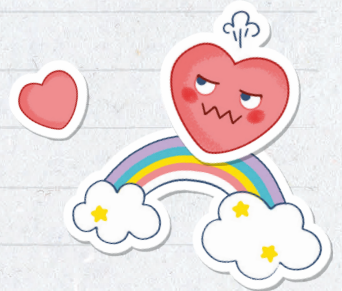


pecking order, and I don't know where those lips have been! Can't these puckering people peck on someone their own size? For starters, I've got a couple of **BIGGER** cheeks they can plant their next one on...

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 ~~pecking~~ 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 peck themselves.

**XOX-NO,**  
**Paul Xaver**







## 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,  
**Paul Xaver**







## DEAR DIARY,

Once upon a time lived two aliens called **GA** and **GOO**. They were curious and smart, but often told what **NOT** to do. But one day those stubborn blobs snuck away and turned some knobs and **zoomed through space** till Earth came into view. Now when it came to planets, Ga and Goo were good at choosing; of all galactic races, they knew the human one was losing. See, they

wanted to help humanity and they saw some hope when they found me, so they **BEAMED ME UP** and cried, "Let's take this baby cruising!"

Their ship was full of **BULGING BUTTONS** and levers big and small, and they told me, "Go ahead! You can pound and yank them all!" So I beeped and tugged with joy — I was deep inside a blipping toy! I felt so happy, it almost made me want to bawl! After all, my home is **FULL of toys** Mama and Papa won't let me touch, like machines that rotate, flash or vibrate,





and squeak and leak and such. But it's always, "Paul Xaver, put that back!" and, "How on Earth did you find that!?" or, "Let's be safe and smart," but all these rules can be **TOO MUCH!** When I told Ga and Goo, they said, "Do we have news for you?! You don't know the half of what your parents get up to! We've seen Mama sleep in an unsafe place; Papa stuffs un-smart food into his face. You have to **EXPLORE YOUR WORLD** – it's exciting, huge, and new!"

Before long, I began to yawn and wonder when this game would end, then two giant space blobs entered, saying, "Ga and Goo, no! Not again! Tiny Earthlings are **NOT**

toys, they make a mess and too much noise!" When they shipped me home, it was like our trip didn't even happen ... but then I hear my parents talking, saying things like **"Ga Ga Goo!"** and I know they've been on that play-ship – this proves my story's true! So, like those space-babies say: I'll probe new things every day! And when Mama and Papa take toys away, there's only one thing I can do... I'll play with **THEM.**

And push their buttons, too.

**Paul Xaver**





Dear Diary,







ME

2 BE CONTINUED...



THE  
END?

WRITTEN BY:  
N. GOSAR QUINN &  
RYAN QUINN

ILLUSTRATIONS:  
JEREMY POLONEN

EVERYTHING ELSE:  
FUN, TALENTED PEOPLE!

Dear Hooray Reader!

