

Full House Fan Fiction

The Baby-sitter Merry-go-round

By: Doug Fowler

In Book Universe, more mom-like D.J. doesn't sneak Steph & Michelle into a movie in the ep. "Sisters in Crime." But, the sitter she got has to leave, leading to a confusing chain of events.

In the BU, more mom-like D.J. wouldn't sneak her sisters into a movie, four years after dedicating herself to be mom-like she'd find a sitter. But, that alone could have had very funny consequences. BTW, since the books mention a grandmother (Danny's mom) in Connecticut, I figured I'd assume she moved back by this time, & why; it would explain the TVU lack of Granny Tanner her and later, too.

THE BABY-SITTER MERRY-GO-ROUND

D.J. Tanner, fourteen, was stunned. She'd thought her current boyfriend - well, not a really close boyfriend, but the guy she liked, anyway - would be unavailable. She'd been happy to babysit this Saturday night.

And now, here he was at the door. The movie they wanted to see started in only a little while. And yet...

Had she not dedicated herself to being more Mom-like to her sisters Stephanie, almost ten, and Michelle, five, she might have tried to sneak them into a movie, since she didn't have money to pay for their own G-rated one. But, not now. Their mother had passed away four and a half years ago, and she was going to do just what she thought her mom would do.

Start dialing a bunch of numbers in a panic. Mom always had been pretty excitable, she told herself.

"Deej, what are you doing?" Stephanie asked as she stared at her older sister. D.J. had just tried the home of Stephanie's best friend, Allie Taylor, but nobody was home there.

"And who's the hunk?" Michelle asked, repeating a word she'd heard D.J. use to describe guys.

D.J. rolled her eyes. "Guys, I'm trying to find a sitter for you. Rats, Hannah's not home, either. And Kimmy'll be working at the theater." Kimmy Gibbler was D.J.'s best friend; they and Hannah were in 9th grade together. And, her mom's parents were in Greece for a month visiting Jesse's grandpa, while Danny's mom had moved back to Connecticut. Danny's parents had split rent money after divorcing when both moved out of the family home when Danny was little. But, she'd moved back a few months ago when the renters moved out, since Danny's father had passed away. "Come on, help me think."

"I could watch her, Deej."

“Sorry, Steph, you’re a little too young. You need a sitter yourself.”

“I could babysit Stephanie,” Michelle offered.

“Michelle, you’re younger than her.”

“Just trying to help.” Michelle tapped her chin as D.J. picked up the phone. “I could go to Cassie’s.” Cassie Wilkins was her best friend in Kindergarten.

D.J. plopped the phone down and said, “Great thinking, Michelle. Grab your jackets, we’ll just go there and I won’t have to waste time... Steph, why are you running upstairs?”

“I’m gonna work on my book report!” came the shout. As Stephanie descended with her backpack, she said, “I’m not playing Candyland all evening with a couple little kids.”

“Oh, all right. Come on, let’s go,” D.J. said in a huff.

Cassie lived very close to the Tanners, so they were there quickly. D.J. was hoping Cassie would be home that Saturday evening. “I wish I knew where Hannah was,” she said of her good friend, Hannah Larkin, as she knocked on the door.

“There she is,” Michelle said as Hannah opened the door.

“Hannah, what are you doing here?”

“The Wilkins hired me to babysit, so while my parents and the others went to Dad’s work party, I came here. The Wilkins are at some church activity.”

D.J. breathed heavily, and decided that this was the best of a bad situation. She had found a sitter, like she’d be expected to do. It was just not how and where she’d be expected to do it. “Okay, look,” she said as she ushered Stephanie and Michelle in, “My dad and Uncle Jesse and Joey are at a hockey game.” Jesse was Jesse Katsopolis, Danny Tanner’s brother-in-law. He’d moved in to help Danny raise the three girls after their mom died. He’d later married Becky Donaldson; together they lived with the Tanners still and had twin baby boys, Nicky and Alex. Joey was Joey Gladstone, Danny’s best friend from college, who’d also moved in to help, and who still lived in the basement. “Aunt Becky took the twins to visit someone, so they wouldn’t be back in time. And, I thought I was free but now I’m not. So, could you...”

“No problem, D.J.. I’m pretty sure the Wilkins wouldn’t mind. If need be, I can always take the kids back to your house; does Steph have a key?”

“She does. Great. Thanks, Hannah, I owe you one,” D.J. said as she and her date left hurriedly.

Stephanie gazed after D.J. for a moment, then looked at Michelle and Cassie, who had already gotten a board game out to play. “As I said, I have a book report to do.”

“Cassie’s brother is building a model he got over Christmas, I’m helping him with that,” Hannah reported. Christmas had only been a few days before, and the Wilkins’, like the Tanners, had many decorations still up. “I might have some time to help with your book report once that’s done; maybe once we get back to your house.”

“Great, thanks.” Stephanie opened her backpack and said, “By the way, how are we going to get in?”

“Huh?”

“Well, D.J. got out too fast for me to say I didn’t get my key.”

“Ooookay. This is getting interesting. Well, tell you what. Why don’t you call your house and tell them where you’ll be, in case they get back before D.J..”

“Sure; will we be at your house, or here?”

“On second thought, maybe you should hold off on the call,” Hannah remarked.

“Gotcha.” Stephanie began to work on her report as Hannah left. But, when she reached a point that stumped her, she took a break - and called home.

“Hey, Dad, in case you get this before we get in, D.J. wound up having a date after all, so we’re at the sitters. That might be Hannah. It might be Cassie’s. They’re sorta combined right now, ‘cause Hannah’s at Cassie’s. More as new information comes in. Bye.”

Stephanie had just hung up the phone and picked up her pencil again when the Wilkins came in. “Don’t worry, Hannah didn’t shrink. D.J. dropped us off because she was in a hurry,” Stephanie explained as Hannah came out of the kitchen and explained the situation.

“I hope you don’t mind. I was going to take Stephanie and Michelle back to their house...”

“Oh, it’s no problem, Hannah, thanks.” Mrs. Wilkins hugged Cassie and her brother, and then told Cassie, “Do you remember that nice Mr. Wentzel? The man whose wife died a couple years ago?”

“Yeah, Mommy. We took a turkey to him.”

“Why didn’t he just get a dog?” Michelle wanted to know.

The Wilkins laughed heartily. “Dear, we took a turkey for him to eat at Thanksgiving. I was just telling Cassie about him because I thought we could go visit him tonight.”

“So, we’ll be going with you?” Stephanie guessed pointing a pencil at Hannah.

“Well, no, sorry guys. I just sort of realized I did promise my folks I’d be at the party once the Wilkins got home.” Hannah looked at them and said, “If it’s okay with you.”

“Oh, no problem at all, we love having Stephanie and Michelle over,” Mrs. Wilkins said. As it was still early evening, before it was dark, Hannah got on her bicycle and rode the several blocks to the party, since it wasn’t very cold outside.

“We called and promised him we were coming; or at least some of us were,” Mr. Wilkins noted. “But, I can always here with Stephanie and Michelle while you take the kids, honey.”

“Can Michelle come, too?” Cassie asked eagerly.

“Welllll, I suppose,” Mrs. Wilkins remarked. “We won’t be staying very long anyway, and I know you girls won’t be too rowdy. We’ll be back home in plenty of time before D.J. or their dad picks them up, honey.”

“Great; just let me make one call,” Stephanie said, holding up a finger and rushing to the phone. “Dad,” she said once the machine picked up, “it’s Steph. It’ll be the Wilkins, except they promised to visit an elderly friend. So, we’ll be out spreading some cheer for a few minutes. But, we’ll be back at the Wilkins’ by the time you get this. Bye.”

Upon arriving at Mr. Wentzel’s house, however, the elderly gentleman was clearly in some pain. “I’ve been having these pains off and on for a while,” he said.

“Where does it hurt?”

“It’s all over my chest, like a crushing feeling,” he told Mr. Wilkins.

“Oh, boy. Look, we need to get you to the hospital.” He looked at his wife, and said, “Honey, I think we’ll have enough room, we’ll just have to double up on the seats; the seat belts are big enough people can sit on laps and still be strapped in.”

Michelle quickly ran out to the car. “I get Stephanie’s lap,” she announced.

“All right, and Cassie can use mine in the back. We’ll put your brother up front, Cassie” she informed Cassie.

“So will one of you be taking us back to your house?” Stephanie wanted to know.

“I’m afraid not, Dear, both of us will have to be helping him so he doesn’t fall, plus calling a few relatives. We know a friend who babysits our kids, she can watch you girls, too.”

“Rrrright.”

As Stephanie tried to keep everything straight in her mind, Michelle turned around in the seatbelt once buckled in and asked, "Who will be babysitting us?"

"Anyone but the Gibblers. I'd rather have Nicky and Alex babysit us!" she remarked, referring to Jesse and Becky's baby boys. Kimmy was weird and very annoying, especially to Stephanie, and it stood to reason Kimmy's family was just as odd, though they didn't seem near as annoying because at least they weren't over all the time like Kimmy.

Once they arrived at the hospital, Stephanie went in with the other kids while the Wilkins helped Mr. Wentzel. Stephanie led the children over to the pay phone to call home - but when she reached into her pocket for a quarter, she found her key! It had been on her new key chain, but she'd forgotten that she'd put it in her pocket that morning.

"Hey, Dad; it's Steph," she told the machine. "Guess what - I have my key after all. I forgot about that new key chain you got me, I had put it in my pocket this morning. So, I guess Hannah could have...well, what does that matter? We're with the Wilkins, but they had to take that older neighbor to the hospital. His chest was really hurting; he said it felt like a crushing feeling. They think it might be a heart attack. But, at least I found my key; oh, maybe I didn't tell you I didn't have it. Did I? No, I guess it was just D.J. I told, back when she dropped us off with Hannah - well, with Hannah at the Wilkins'. But, anyway, they're..." The machine beeped and hung up, as Stephanie had talked for too long. "How rude," she said into the phone before hanging up.

"Did you talk to Daddy?"

"Yeah, Michelle, but I didn't have enough time to say where we were going. I guess we'll just have to wait till we're...well, wherever we're going." She put an arm around Michelle and one around Cassie and smiled at Cassie's brother, who was practicing his baseball swing with an invisible bat. "I'm so glad you guys are co-operating, and staying right here. You make my job so much easier." She remembered D.J. complimenting Michelle often when younger about such things, and knew it was important to shower praise on kids sometimes. She really was glad, too; she couldn't imagine what it would be like having to corral these kids. She grinned as Mrs. Wilkins checked to make sure they were all okay.

"You could handle the troublemakers, too," the boy said confidently. Michelle smiled proudly at Stephanie in agreement.

"Yeah. I guess. I handle them pretty well now when I help the principal out. Of course, who knows what kind of challenge I'll face next year. I just now really got established as Principal's Assistant." She snickered and said, "I don't know if it was more stopping Aaron's bullying, or the fact you sent so many kids to me those first couple weeks after you came to see me your first day of Kindergarten, Michelle," Stephanie remarked.

Mrs. Wilkins walked up to them. "Okay, kids, come on. They'll be checking Mr. Wentzel out for a couple hours, but before I try to call some of his relatives, I'm going to try to get you someplace where they can watch you." She informed Cassie and her brother that she'd be back to get them about eleven that evening. "It won't be long, although you'll probably be

asleep by then, Cassie.” With the video games this friend had for her own nephews, it was likely that the Wilkins’ boy might be awake till then.

“He’ll probably keep me awake shouting at the game,” Cassie said of her brother.

Once they were driven and introduced to the newest sitter, Stephanie asked if she could use the phone. While Michelle and Cassie enjoyed some ice cream for dessert, and Cassie’s brother ran to the video game system in the spare bedroom, Stephanie phoned home once more.

“Hey, Dad, it’s me again. Now, we’re...well, we’re at Staci Saunders’ house. It’s a friend of Mrs. Wilkins, but you know, I forgot to get the address yet. It’s probably in the book, though. In fact, I just thought, Mrs. Wilkins said she’d be back by eleven. You might be back by then. I’m sure D.J. will be. Why don’t I call Allie’s mom? Maybe she can take us home.”

Stephanie got the address from Miss Saunders, and called Allie’s house. “Hey, Al...You just got back from a late dinner? Well, we need a babysitter....What do you mean, for who? For Michelle and I....It’s a long story. Look, can your mom pick us up at this address?”

Once that had been taken care of, Stephanie called home again.

“Hey, Dad, it’s Steph. Allie’s mom is coming to get us, so we’ll be home pretty soon. In fact, probably before you get home. So, if you get home first, DeeJ, don’t worry. We’ll be there.” Stephanie hung up, trying to remember if there was anyone else she should call. Oh, yes, the theater.

Kimmy Gibbler answered the phone at the ticket window. “Hello, cinema....Hey, what’s up, squirt?...Look, I don’t care who had to go to the hospital, I’ve got a job to do. This is one of the few places that would take me....So you say you’re being taken home?...Look, I can’t tell D.J. everything you’re saying, my brain doesn’t work like that.”

“Your brain doesn’t work, period, Kimmy,” Stephanie cracked. “Look, just tell D.J. to come home; we’ll be there with the sitter.”

“Your home?”

“Of course, our home! Whose house did you think it would be, the President’s?”

“Just checking.” Kimmy wrote down the message on a piece of paper. “Tell D.J. to go home. Got it.”

“Good.” Stephanie sighed. “At least she can do one thing right.”

Mrs. Taylor, Allie, Stephanie, and Michelle were relaxing in the living room talking about presents when D.J. and Kimmy walked in. “Hey, Steph, we got your message, thanks.” D.J. glanced at Mrs. Taylor. “How did you wind up as the sitter, Mrs. Taylor? When I tried you before nobody was home.”

Kimmy threw back her head. “And Steph thought I was dumb not being able to get that complicated story she tried to tell me. It’s obvious, Deej.”

“What’s obvious?”

“Well, of course, the Taylors weren’t home, Deej. They were right here all the time.”

“Kimmy…” D.J. held her mouth open as Danny, Jesse, and Joey entered the house from the kitchen. It would be too hard to explain this late at night. “Never mind.”

“Daddy!” Michelle ran up to Danny and hugged him.

As they embraced & Danny picked her up and held her, he said, “Hey, pumpkin; sounds like you were on a merry-go-round tonight.”

“I was? Where was the music?” She held out her hands. “And where was the cotton candy?”

“Sorry, Dad. I found out I actually did have a date, so I found a sitter. Except, well…it kind of got out of hand, I guess. I still don’t know what all happened, although Kimmy tried to explain from what she got of Steph’s story.”

“It’s okay. Although next time, you might think about trying Blockbuster.”

“Sure, Dad; this time it wasn’t a movie they’d be allowed to see, though.” D.J. looked at Steph. “I figure I may as well admit that; you would, anyway.”

“You bet. You’ve trained us well, Deej.”

“She really has. And, I guess it’s just like something that Mom would have done. I still remember that day Steph was born. Rushing around trying to find a sitter for you, Deej, and having to interrupt doing that to keep you from using all our jugs as water bottles.” He turned to Jesse and Joey, oblivious to D.J.’s embarrassment. “Remember that, guys? She had heard somewhere that hot water bottles were used sometimes, so she poured all our milk and juice into every glass there was, and was running hot water into the jugs.” Turning back to D.J. he said, “You were ready to start helping her deliver right then and there.”

“Dad!” The snickering from the others was bad enough; Kimmy’s was horrifying. “Whatever you do, don’t repeat that at school,” she instructed her firmly.

“Oh, I won’t, Deej. Except for an occasional reference to your nursing skills.”

“I won’t complain; it sounds like you couldn’t have expected things to get that wild. And, you’ve taught Steph how to handle herself and Michelle well, and neither was in any trouble.” He chuckled as he said, “In fact, Steph, if you wanted to be a little less verbose in leaving messages, I wouldn’t mind.”

“Okay, Dad.”

“I’m still waiting for the cotton candy,” Michelle exclaimed, still in Danny’s arms.

“Let’s all go out and have ice cream instead before we get you girls to bed,” Danny suggested. They all followed him out to the kitchen, after he thanked the Taylors and they went home.

Stephanie was getting a sinking feeling as Danny explained to Michelle what he’d meant by a merry-g-round. “I think we need to go back to the Wilkins’.

“Steph, it’s okay; you’re not on that merry-go-round any more,” D.J. said.

“No, I mean, I think I left my backpack with my book report there.”

“And we didn’t finish our game of Candyland.”

“You girls can go back tomorrow to pick it up,” Danny assured them.

“Okay.” Michelle turned to D.J.. “But if you put us on that thing again you make sure they have some cotton candy.”

“We’ll try. But, if they don’t have that, will ice cream do?” Michelle nodded with a mouth full of it. “I guess I didn’t do too bad being in Mom’s shoes tonight, huh?”

“No, not really. You were responsible enough; you could have stayed home, but I want you to have your freedom, too. And, it’s one of those things where normally, there’s two good sitters where you left them, then it turned out there were none. But, your mom couldn’t have done much better. And Steph, you watched out for Michelle, and kept calling and calling, and calling. You really take after me in how much you like to talk. And Michelle, it sounds like you listened to all of your sitters very well. I’m glad to know I’m raising such wonderful, responsible young ladies.”