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Sally, Part 28

Montreal, Flying and Family—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Instead of taking the Country Day School bus home the afternoon of Wednesday, November 11, Daddy and Megan were waiting for us in a limousine. Mommy had agreed to let us leave on Wednesday instead of Thursday morning.

That morning Bobby and I wore our regulation school uniforms, with our coats because it was slightly chilly. We had packed our suitcases, and double checked them. It was not necessary for either of us to pack trainers or diapers.

Megan had a large extra suitcase filled with the trainers and diapers normally kept in Daddy's apartment. For the airport and flight she had enough supplies in her large pink diaper bag and my smaller teal diaper bag.

Because they picked us up at school, we all had enough time to drive to the Rye house. Bobby and I would change from our uniforms into our travel outfits and diaper-up, using diapers from Megan's large bag. Nanny Walsh would change Gene into a diaper from Megan. Once we all were changed, Megan carried Gene to his car seat in the limo. His folding stroller was already in the trunk. Very soon we were on our way to JFK!

Our first class reservations were on Air Canada. One of their VIP hostesses was waiting for us at the departure drive up. Things were so well

organized. Canadian Customs pre-checked our baggage that we were not carrying in the cabin. Megan had sent copies of all our passports, as well as the notarized letter from Mommy granting permission for us to leave the USA with Daddy, to Air Canada by messenger.

Our VIP hostess drove us to their club, similar to the Admiral's Club. Most of the airlines accepted a club card from a competitor. It did not hurt that Megan had many friends in very high places at Air Canada.

We were early, so there was time for drinks and snacks in the club. When we were warned that soon we would be boarding, Megan took Gene and Bobby to the family restroom. She changed Gene and helped Bobby release his diaper so he could use the toilet.

I used the ladies room to do the same thing. I took the opportunity to apply my peach Slicker which was waiting in my diaper bag. Casual observers assumed that was a new style purse.

The Air Canada jet had only four seats in a first class row. Bobby had the front row port window seat, with Daddy on the aisle next to him. Megan had the first row starboard window seat. Gene's airline travel safety seat was on that aisle.

To me it was much more important that I could help with Gene than look out the window, so I had the second starboard row aisle seat. Although most of first class was occupied, nobody was using the window seat next to me. The flight was scheduled to be less than two hours, yet we would be served dinner. Before dinner, once Gene was settled and the fasten seat belt sign was turned off, Megan came back to be with me. I scooted over to the window.

Megan told me that in the large new suitcase with the diapers and trainers, she had packed both my baby bottles and the newest hairbrush, just in case. She had put a set of my pacifiers in my diaper bag. I knew they were there but I had no intention of using a pacifier around strangers.

Mostly we used the time to practice my Canadian French. That was how I told her that I had not been spanked since the last time I saw her. I asked if she could spank me in Montreal. I will not even try to quote our conversation in French.

Megan replied that her parents had a home large enough that Bobby and I would have separate rooms. She would need to share a room with Gene and Daddy. As Megan explained her parents were liberal, progressive and broad-minded. I was going to stay in what had been her room during the last two years of her high school. That was when her parents bought that house.

Megan knew that room to be sound-proof enough she could discreetly spank me there without disturbing anyone else. Laughing Megan said that she had been lashed with the martinet by her mother in that room many times while her father was watching TV or grading essays by his students.

Immediately after dinner, Megan changed both Bobby and Gene. I waited until our stewardess warned me we were getting ready to land before I went to the lavatory, released my diaper and used the toilet. Since the airliner was flying smoothly, I refreshed my pink Slicker.

Megan had arranged for a stretch limousine to pick up her parents, so they could greet us at Montreal International Airport. She assured me they would be well treated in the club while waiting for our plane to arrive.

Daddy had brought no luggage inside the cabin. Bobby carried a picture book. I had my precious TWA purse inside my diaper bag. Gene's stroller had been checked with the other baggage. Megan needed both hands to carry Gene and I had my own diaper bag. Daddy carried the large pink diaper bag.

Of course Daddy was wearing one of his best custom-tailored suits with his signature hint of white pocket square peeking out of his breast pocket. He was carrying that diaper bag with such authority it was as if he was always a post-modern father. The reality is that Daddy had never carried a diaper bag until he fell in love with Megan. I could tell several women found Daddy very interesting.

Because this was an international flight, we had to pass through Canadian Immigration Passport Control before we could go to the VIP Club. An Air Canada Ground Hostess was waiting for us as we left the airplane. She had copies of all our documents.

When we reached the immigration desk, without asking us any questions our passports were all properly stamped. That nice man smiled. He welcomed us to Canada in French and English, and then in French he also welcomed Megan back home.

Sure enough it was most emotional inside the Club. Megan's parents were waiting for us.

Her Father, Professor Gaston Bouvier Calvert, Ph.D., was handsome in a way stereotypical of long-tenured academics. His sports coat and slacks looked selected for comfort, not style. Gaston was Daddy's height, 5'11", but not as athletic looking. Probably he weighed 210 pounds, so he had a slight belly. Gaston also had a very warm smile and hazel eyes that sparkled.

Megan's mother, Professor Tanté Lachaille Calvert, Ph.D., was as stunning as Megan. She was a couple of inches shorter than Megan, so about 5'7". Tanté had a significant bust. She also had a curvy womanly body, more like Mrs. Joan Harris than Megan, who was slender. Tanté's smile had some reserve. If I had not been told she was Megan's mother I would have assumed her to be an older sister.

On the plane, while all of us were standing together waiting for the door to be opened, Megan whispered to Daddy and me, "Mama prefers Parisian French, but can be rude if the pronunciation is not to her liking. She cares much less about the way Canadian French is spoken. Let's use that around her."

Megan rushed ahead of us, still carrying Gene, so she could kiss both of her parents. Then she introduced all of us.

Daddy and I told them how much we were looking forward to getting to know them, using our Canadian French.

Gaston responded in English with a slight Brooklyn accent, which I was not expecting. He hugged us and kissed Megan and me. Then he introduced his wife.

Knock me over with a feather! Without a word, Tanté started by kissing Daddy on his lips. Then she kissed Gene, Bobby and me on both our cheeks. When she stood up, in Parisian French she welcomed us to Quebec and Montreal.

Then she walked so that she could put her right hand on Megan's left arm and turned her daughter to face Daddy. Tanté put her left hand on Daddy's right arm. In English with a London upper-class accent, she welcomed us all to join their family and Daddy as Megan's husband.

I could see Megan's mouth drop open. She said, "Mama!"

At last Tanté broke into a broad grin that was electrifying: "Don't be so shocked, My Pet! I learned English in school. I seldom use it. Especially around you, because I wanted to ensure you remembered our heritage.

"Sally and Mr. Draper have gone to so much effort to learn the language of Quebec, it is only proper that I do my best in English."

The club hostess told us that there was a technical delay unloading the baggage. She showed us to a comfortable area. A steward took a drink order and left us a tray of snacks.

What was more important to me was getting to a toilet. I just made it to the ladies room. Not only did I really need to pee, I defecated. To better clean myself, I pulled the left side pin.

Before re-pinning I decided to use a fresh diaper. I must say, that was more comfortable. I guess all that sitting caused more sweating than normal. I decided it was late enough in the evening to look more sophisticated. I blotted off my Peach Slicker and replaced it with Evening Rose. That is the shade just less dark than Dusty Rose Slicker.

There was no family restroom in the club or anywhere at the airport. Megan had to use the ladies room to change Gene, who had made a small mess in his diaper.

As Megan returned to the group carrying Gene, we noticed that Bobby was doing what I called his "Potty Dance." Often he hesitates to use a toilet

or tell someone he needs help until he is dancing about while peeing his diaper. Of course that is precisely why he was wearing a diaper.

When Bobby stopped dancing, shyly he came over to Megan and took her hand. She handed Gene to me so I could hold him. Tanté seemed so pleased that I could handle all that responsibility. Using my Canadian French I told her that I had been taught to change Gene.

Tanté moved over to where I was sitting on a sofa. Leaning closer to me, she whispered, "Megan tells me you also change your own diapers. That is marvelous." She pinched my left cheek affectionately before kissing it.

Once Bobby walked out of the ladies room, he headed to a picture window so he could watch the airliners being serviced. Tanté and Megan smiled at each other. I asked if Tanté if she would like to hold Gene while Megan and I sipped our drinks. From the way Tanté held Gene so naturally, I was sure she wanted to be a grandmother as soon as possible.

The adults all had a second round of drinks, although I limited myself to a single glass of lemonade. Eventually the club hostess told us our luggage had been unloaded and was ready to be put in our limousine. A different VIP ground hostess escorted us to our luggage. A skycap and the chauffeur stored all our bags in the trunk. Gene's stroller was now in an airline carton. To make it fit the chauffeur removed the stroller and folded the carton flat, for re-use when we flew home. Very cunning of him!

The drive from the Montreal International Airport to the Calvert home took forty minutes. It was so dark outside that I could not see the scenery. Bobby was sound asleep, leaning against Daddy. Daddy continued to charm the socks off Tanté and Gaston. Megan whispered that I was not missing any good scenery. The airport was in a drab

industrial area. We had driven around the city, which she promised was very beautiful.

At the Calvert family home, Lise Bouvier was waiting along with her husband, Paul Trochard. Lise had been Megan's third nanny and is a distant cousin of Gaston.

The chauffer, Paul and Gaston all helped Daddy carry our luggage into the house. It was much colder at the house, which is on a hill, than at the airport. Fortunately all of us were wearing our warmest coats. Those coats did slow down the carrying of the luggage.

I got to laugh because all I needed to carry was my teal diaper bag. Megan was holding Gene. Tanté picked up the pink diaper bag very naturally. She led us upstairs to our rooms.

A borrowed crib that could function as a changing table was set up in the guest room where Daddy and Megan would sleep. Down the hall was a smaller guest room for Bobby.

What once had been Megan's room subsequently was redecorated as a generic guest room. I noticed that my mattress was protected by a Dundee waterproof sheet. Clearly Megan had told Tanté so I assumed Bobby also had a Dundee sheet on his bed.

The largest guest room had its own bathroom. Bobby and I had to share one between our rooms. There were no connecting doors so we would need to put on a robe to walk several feet down the hall.

No problem for Bobby because he would just wet his diaper during the night. I needed to remember to actually put on my robe before leaving my room.

By the time I unpacked my suitcase and put my things away in my closet and drawers of my bureau, I was getting sleepy.

Cousin Lise knocked on my door. She had a stack of clean diapers and my plastic panties from Megan's "nanny" suitcase. She smiled. I thanked her in Canadian French. She told me I was welcome in English. We laughed about that. I said I wanted to practice my French as much as possible.

Sleepy as I was, I managed to refresh my Evening Rose Slicker. Then I followed Lise downstairs to the family room where more snacks and hot coco waited us. Megan said that Tanté had put Gene to bed while she changed Bobby. Both my kid brothers were tucked in and sleeping.

While Lise and Paul joined Gaston and Tanté getting to know Daddy, I whispered to Megan that I really hoped she could spank me before I went to bed. She smiled at me sweetly, saying, "Of course, Sally Sweetie. I'll take you to your room in a minute." I was so happy.

"Everyone, will you please excuse me for a few minutes?" Megan asked Daddy and her relatives. Gently she took my left hand in her right, to lead me from the room.

"Sally and I need some quiet time alone for a serious discussion. Mama and Cousin Lise will remember that kind of discussion! My bottom has never forgotten." What could I say? I was the one who asked to be spanked. I could hardly expect privacy. Daddy just gave me a wink. Gaston and Paul did not blink.

Before we reached the door Tanté got up. She took Megan's left arm to stop us, saying "Darling, do you need to borrow something from me?"

"No thanks, not now Mama, perhaps tomorrow."

