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# Sally, Part 35

## Manhattan With Rye—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Tuesday, December 7, was my second session with my child psychiatrist Wendy Keighley, MD, since Daddy and Megan's wedding. As usual the bus from Country Day School dropped me off at her Larchmont office instead of our house in Rye.

When I was sent into Dr. Wendy's session room, I noticed where I normally sit on the sofa there was a very large rag doll. Before I could ask about the doll, Dr. Wendy said we needed to talk about scheduling. I am not sure until then I had ever sat on a chair across her desk.

I knew that Mommy was also seeing Dr. Wendy, although of course her sessions were as confidential as were mine. That day I was told Mommy felt I needed to see Dr. Wendy twice a week. Originally I had seen Dr. Wendy four times a week.

Dr. Wendy said it was completely up to me. However, she agreed with Mommy that there was more stress in my life since Daddy married Megan. Also did I really need tutoring in French four afternoons a week? I had communicated in a mix of Parisian and Canadian French in Montreal without problems. *To me the only stress I felt about Daddy and Megan was when I had to return to Mommy following a visitation!*

After a few seconds consideration I told Dr. Wendy that since Megan could help me with my French I would really like two sessions a week.

That was when we moved back to the sofa. Dr. Wendy told me the rag doll was for role play. Using her I could play many roles while talking through situations. I could be myself with the doll as Mommy, Megan, my kid brother Bobby or even Daddy. Or, the doll could be me and I could play the mother.

During that session I told Dr. Wendy that I missed not seeing Megan the previous weekend. One reason was I was much more comfortable talking to Megan than Mommy. This became more so since Mommy announced she was pregnant and therefore if I needed spanking at home it would be Nanny Walsh punishing me.

When I was with Megan, I could ask her for a spanking if I felt guilty. From the reaction of Dr. Wendy as I said that I suspect Mommy had told her about that. Of course I had already told Dr. Wendy about my requesting spankings.

She suggested I hold the rag doll and play myself as the doll and also Mommy. It felt silly since I had not played with dolls in a couple of years. But once I started the role play, I got into it.

Very soon I was saying, "Sally, yes I will spank you!" I put the doll over my lap (it must have been three feet high) and spanked her. I am sure never before had I spanked a doll. Doing so released a lot of my hostility. I felt that was wrong, but I still felt better.

When I talked to Dr. Wendy about those feelings, she asked if I had ever considered how Mommy reacted to spanking me—or how Nanny Walsh reacted. I answered I had not done so. Then I said that the Saturday before the wedding when I asked Megan to spank me, she had Daddy do it. Afterwards Megan told me spanking me had upset Daddy. I admitted I never assumed spanking me upset Mommy. I had just thought somehow Mommy was constantly looking for an excuse to spank me.

Dr. Wendy felt I had made progress. It was good that we had another session on Thursday afternoon, December 9. Mommy picked me up when my session was over and drove me home without asking anything about the session. Actually Mommy was in a much better mood than usual. When we got home I gave

Mommy a really long hug and genuine kiss. I thanked her for allowing me to see Dr. Wendy twice a week.

Nothing significant happened at home or in school the rest of the week. Wednesday I received a package with some of the wedding photos, so I showed those to friends Thursday at school and to Dr. Wendy that afternoon.

During our session I happened to look behind me. I noticed a doll the size of a real baby, maybe 6 months old. Dr. Wendy explained that was for role play with children who were concerned about a new younger sibling. I joked, "Wait until Mommy's new baby is born--then I might well need to work out some of my own issues." Dr. Wendy and I chuckled. I think that was my first attempt at making a joke with her.

Mommy was in Dr. Wendy's waiting room when my session ended. Dr. Wendy invited Mommy to join us for a brief chat. I told Mommy that I agreed for the time being I wanted to see Dr. Wendy on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

There was not any conversation as we drove home to Rye. We were a few minutes late arriving. Our housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, told us that Daddy was on the phone with Bobby.

When he saw me, Bobby told me Daddy wanted to talk to me. I told Daddy how much I missed him. He said by Friday everything would be ready for us to stay at the Grove Street co-op apartment. I assured him I could hardly wait.

Mommy surprised me when she came to my room with Henry to wish me good night. She also said that My French tutor Sheryl Holt agreed I no longer needed her so often.

Although I was dreading saying so with Mademoiselle Holt when I saw her on Wednesday (December 8) afternoon, she was full of praise for my progress. She said she hoped I would use my afternoons to meet new people. We agreed she would still tutor me Wednesday afternoons.

When Mommy got home shortly after Mademoiselle Holt left, she told me she had agreed that routinely we could leave to stay with Daddy after school on Fridays. I told Mommy I always miss her, but I also wanted to spend time with Daddy. To avoid trouble I did not mention Megan to Mommy.

Thursday (December 9) afternoon the school bus dropped me off at Dr. Wendy's Larchmont office. That time the rag doll was seated on one of the toddler-size plastic chairs, as if she were an actual little girl.

Reverting to earlier sessions, Dr. Wendy and I started off playing Hearts while we talked. I told her how thrilled I had been to get the phone call from Daddy. I said I was so happy Mommy was going to let us start our visits with Daddy on Friday afternoons. I said I was so much less angry and frustrated with Mommy because she was not constantly nagging me and she was letting me spend extra time with Daddy and Megan.

We spent time chatting about ways I could get along with Mommy even better. Dr. Wendy asked if I was feeling better about Nanny Walsh. I answered that for days I hardly even saw Nanny Walsh. When we were in the same room, Nanny Walsh was busy with Gene. It made me so happy to see Gene maturing, walking so well and going to the potty on his own. I admitted Nanny Walsh had done wonders for Gene. Maybe she is better with infants and toddlers than young women like me?

There were a few minutes left in our session. I asked Dr. Wendy if I could role-play with the rag doll. Acting as both the mom and daughter, I scolded, and then really spanked the doll. Doing that made me feel so much better.

It was our housekeeper Mrs. Danvers who picked me up. She said Mommy was at a political function with my step-father Henry. They would not be home until after I was in bed. Mrs. Danvers told me that Mommy had left me a present in my room.

The last time Mommy gave me a surprise present was shortly after Gene was born. She tried to claim that hideous Barbie was a gift from Gene, who had a magic fairy write the card in Mommy's own handwriting.

This gift was a rag doll identical to the one in Dr. Wendy's office, along with a small hairbrush like was used on real infants and smaller toddlers. Unlike the one used to spank me, the doll's hairbrush was pink plastic. It has real bristles, so it would not have worked on the rag doll's red yarn hair.

Seeing it I realized Mommy must have had one of her own sessions with Dr. Wendy while I was in

school Wednesday or Thursday. Once my homework was finished I gave the doll a spanking. Then I went to Gene's nursery and borrowed a pair of his plastic panties. Back in my room I diapered my new doll using one of the full-size gauze diapers, my pins and Gene's plastic panties. I put the doll to sleep on a spare blanket on the floor near my bed.

Since I had returned to Rye from the wedding, I had not worn trainers. For bed I would a diaper myself. Usually I would wake up if I needed to use a toilet. The couple of times I did not wake up until after I had wet my diaper, I pinned on another one. For me in bed a diaper was more comfortable than trainers.

In my excitement about seeing Daddy and Megan the next afternoon, I actually started wetting my first bedtime diaper minutes after I had pulled on my plastic panties. That was so weird, because I had used the toilet minutes before, to poop as well as pee. Obviously I had not emptied my bladder.

Once I knew my diaper needed to be changed, I sat in the dark trying to completely empty my bladder. When I no longer could force out more pee, I changed myself, cleaning especially well.

In my second bedtime diaper, I fell asleep very soon. The next I knew I woke up needing to pee. That time I made it to the toilet in a dry diaper, which I re-pinned.

On Friday, December 10, I woke up at 6:30 A.M. about twenty minutes before dawn. I felt just wonderful. My diaper was only slightly sweaty. I took it off, put it in the pail, washed my plastic panties and took my morning shower.

Long before I needed to be downstairs I was dressed, so I could take my time eating breakfast. Nanny Walsh had to hurry Bobby. We were out near the street only seconds before the school bus arrived.

When school was over, Bobby and I waited together where the town car usually was parked. Neither it nor Daddy's blue Cadillac was around. At the other end of the curb for picking up students there was a pale green station wagon. I had heard a car honking, but paid no attention. Then that station wagon started to back up, headed toward me. I took Bobby's hand and led him away from the curb.

Only when the station wagon stopped did I see Megan was driving it. Gene was in a new car seat attached to the back seat. Megan rolled down the passenger window. She told us everything was okay.

Megan asked if I could sit in back to keep Gene company. I was so flattered by having so much responsibility I forgot to me annoyed I was not sitting shotgun.

While we drove to Manhattan, Megan told us that when Daddy had started buying the Grove Street co-op apartment, he had asked for a spot in its underground garage. I knew while Daddy was living on Waverly Place he had considered renting a spot in an old parking garage on Morton Street and Seventh Avenue. There was a waiting list there. It was also a long walk from his old apartment. Besides, he had a spot in the Time-Life Building's garage.

On December 7 the co-op building manager called Megan to say that a parking spot was available. Without waiting to talk to Daddy, she took the spot. Then when Daddy returned to the office they called the sales manager of the Cadillac dealership. He had just accepted the Chrysler Town & Country New Yorker Edition green 1963 four-door station wagon as a trade-in. Megan said it had hardly any mileage. She had picked it up Wednesday morning, explored Manhattan for a couple of hours and finally parked it at the co-op. She had to take a cab back to the office.

One of the places Megan had found while exploring was a free parking lot at West Eighty-Second Street. She told us that when she was working as a nanny one family had a chauffeur. Several times he would drive her and the child to another part of Riverside Park.

I came to love Riverside Park. It hugs the Hudson River bank of Manhattan all the way from Sixty-Sixth Street north to the tip of the island. We had seen all that green from the Circle Line excursion boat. Megan felt the Eighty-Second Street parking lot was perfect because it was a short walk to the Children's Museum of Manhattan. With the station wagon she could drive us to places like Riverside Park. Although you could get there by cab, unless you paid it to wait, you would need to walk many blocks to hail a cab to go home.

As Megan pulled off the Westside Highway to get to Seventh Avenue, she told us another surprise.

Although DyDee Service for Rye and Larchmont no longer supplied trainers, she found that "Cotton Tails Tidee Didee" which served Manhattan not only could provide trainers and the Curity 21x40" gauze diapers we wore, they had Curity pre-fold diapers for toddlers and even larger gauze diapers. In the rear-view mirror I saw Megan wink at me.

Seeing Megan and Gene in the new-to-us Town & Country, I never considered our suitcases. Also, never during the drive from Rye did Bobby ask to use a toilet, so we made excellent time.

Once Megan parked in the co-op garage, entered and exited from Bedford Street, she opened the tail gate. Suitcases for Gene, Bobby and I were in the back area, along with Gene's folding stroller and both my small teal and the huge pink diaper bags.

We unloaded and headed to the co-op building's elevators to at last see the new apartment furnished!