

Tinkle Tale

Brian was two and a half years old and in the midst of potty training. Unlike me, his nine year elder, and Gary who was five years ahead of him, Bri was being trained on a contraption quite different than Gar's and my wooden potty chair. Brian's was a yellow plastic "seat" that hooked to the toilet and sat atop the toilet seat.

One day Brian ventured into the bathroom and apparently hooked the yellow seat up by himself, hopped up, and somehow managed to get his little appendage caught between the two seats. In his effort to disengage, he sliced his teeny "tinkle" (we did not refer to certain body parts or functions by their real name). According to my hysterical mother it was sliced "almost in half".

I overheard all the commotion from my favorite spot in the den where I was listening to the Hi-Fi. Brian yelped, and then cried briefly, but within minutes he was pretending to play baseball and sliding into imaginary bases just yards away from me. If the situation was even *close* to what my mother was shrieking I reasoned, we'd be experiencing a *really, really* bad happening if baby brother wouldn't keep still. "Stop it", I yelled as he batted and slid again. "Mom, what are you doing"? "Calling your father"!

Of course she was calling my father; she always did when we had trouble on the home front and he was at the fire station. So firefighter Ray in his infinite wisdom, re-directed my Mom to the emergency room. So---off we went and Brian was made whole again by an emergency room doctor who probably had not had too many similar experiences. Brian announced in a nice loud voice when he emerged from the cubicle, that his tinkle had stitches. Groan.

For those relatives who thought over the years that Brian was overactive and inattentive, I can attest that he sure seemed to get all the points down pat about his precious stitches. Later in the week, when we were on the shore of the lake where the Knights of Columbus had a beachfront club, Brian announced to one and all that he had "disappearing stitches" in his tinkle. The more he was shushed, the more people he told. I was **mortified**.

My mother would fret off and on in ensuing years about whether the trauma of the potty seat would somehow cause "problems" in Brian's future. We were all pretty sure we knew what she meant.

News of note: no problems of that nature for the proud father of four boys. You go Bri!