

ABBY

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Chapter 39 - Guests

The new Mansion House building kept driving too many of us nuts. It was better by far than the prior building in the swamp. The diaper changing and breast pumping station had been made to be more comfortable for the person being changed and pumped. The sign on the wall there had reverted to an earlier version of:

No modesty
No privacy
No suicides

No one told me where the idea came from when the most withdrawn residents found something they wanted to do. They planted flowers.

Their first project had flower pots on the floor and hanging from the overhead of the open air patio on the top floor at the back of the new building. The ornamental railings on the side extended over the top. No unauthorized intrusions, and no suicides by climbing over and jumping. It became something of a disappointment. The noise and exhaust fumes from the nearby interstate highway reduced its value as a peaceful recluse. The plants helped with both the noise and the fumes without completely resolving those problems.

Their next project required a low retaining wall around the outside of the restaurant. They planted flowers in potting soil mixed in the dirt in the space between the new retaining wall and the low restaurant wall below the big windows.

They kept going planting across the front of the stores of the retail strip shopping mall parallel to the road.

They dug into the gravel in front of the church across the highway for planting flowers there too, plus they started a lawn which significantly improved the appearance.

Eventually they had flowers along the travel lanes to the gas station and around the parking lot there all the way to the far exit.

All those plants required frequent attention which they provided with quiet satisfaction. The seamstresses made them denim work shirtdresses for hiding their diapers and being smeared with dirt which they called soil. Their use of the word 'soil' for planting dirt caused the rest of us to stop using the word 'soiled' for a messy diaper. Often enough they were the first Mansion resident seen by visiting customers. Their being demure worked for a while, but the questions kept being asked about the flowers, such as "where did you find those?"

Tara and Christina went after our frightened gardeners to have a floral shop.

Talking about those favorite subjects with gardening customers slowly brought the last of our reclusive residents out of their shells. They made the unusable, soft, swampy, and water logged land beyond the retail strip mall into a full fledged gardening center. They made money which helped with our need for covering our operating expenses.

My five sister-wives continued their campaign of reducing my stress that kept showing up in the chiropractic treatments. When I was being pumped or changed, at least one of them told the committees and task forces to stop pestering me with every one of their problems. Go find the best answer yourselves, and bring in whoever else is needed for any decision.

At least one of my sister-wives always accompanied me everywhere and especially in the dining hall. Occasionally a task force had an issue that dragged me in, but mostly that didn't happen so much anymore. My women decided playing Canasta would be too boring for me. Instead they introduced me to the card game of Bridge, which I rapidly came to enjoy. My levels of stress came down.

Early one afternoon a big tour bus pulled into the restaurant parking lot. We didn't have all that much space for parking. We let the buses unload there before sending them across the highway for parking between the church and the motel being built. Construction of that motel kept running into delays.

One of the waitresses came running. "Quick, dress Abby in her best restaurant outfit. We have guests she has to meet."

They did, complete with a quick makeup air brushing concealing two blemishes, a subtle lipstick, and dangling ear rings. They had my enlarged breasts pumped while they did that makeup. They put me in a blazing white blouse with the fancy ruffles. During all that they hurriedly had my royal blue restaurant skirt-suit pressed.

Barbie-Doll on restaurant front desk duty made a quick demure tilt of her head to a table of a guy and four gals. Except he had auburn hair nicely brushed that came down to his jaw line. She whispered. "Their travel bus had an emblem on both sides and ends, but I couldn't figure it out."

I went to their table practicing my maitre-de roll in my head with a cherry voice. "Hi; good afternoon; welcome to our Mansion House Restaurant. May I ask what brought you here?"

One of the women broke into a smile to die for that women can easily make and the guys can't without working at it. "Hello. I'm Julia. This is Linda, Terri, and Ruth. We're on a travel vacation from a little town of the Navajo Nation. Nati; stand up and be gracious."

He did.

I barely kept my surprise from showing.

He wore a comfortable shirtdress. Only a diaper user like myself would notice the slight bulge down there. What kept him from being too feminine or childish was the big knife in a battered sheath on his left hip. He held out his hand. He had a comfortable voice as if he greeted customers all the time. "Nice of you to welcome us."

Evelyn as the waitress on mid-afternoon duty joined me with her order pad in

one hand and a pen in the other.

One of the other three women customers asked. "What is really special today? Something I might not notice just from reading the menu?"

Evelyn gave the question a polite pause. "There is spoonbread coming out of the oven in a few minutes. This batch is made lactose free with our lactose free special dairy source." She didn't tell them that special source came from our own human milk production. "They usually make it from our private recipe with a light dose of herbs and spices. What goes really well with it is skewers of braised meat interleaved with onions, green peppers, and other veggies."

"Sounds yummy. Can we have a communal meal?"

Evelyn furrowed her brows and tilted her head. "I guess so. What do you mean by communal?"

Another woman spread her hands around the center of the table. "We're from the Navajo Nation. Put the spoonbread in the middle where we can all help ourselves."

Evelyn rose to the occasion. "Never heard of a Navajo Nation. Where's that? Where are you from?"

"A little town in Arizona on the Interstate Highway. Linda; do you have our photo album?" They told us what Navajo clan they came from by using Navajo words that I didn't hear right, couldn't remember, and could never repeat back with the correct tone.

Linda reached around behind her and brought a three-ring notebook out of a canvas tote bag. Julia seemed to take charge re-arranging everyone for that book to be at one end of the table.

The guy pushed a chair to that end, and spun the book around so it opened top side up for the person sitting there.

I took the hint and sat there. Evelyn and Barbie-Doll watched over my shoulders.

The outer cover displayed a glossy page sized photo of a spiffy modern gas station with a name of Sunrise Service. Julia did most of the talking. "This is now. Back when Nati arrived." They opened the flap to another page sized glossy photo of an abandoned gas station with two repair bays.

Barbie-Doll had continued enjoying being a sex toy to Tara and Pat, but she had grown her self-esteem and her skills from working the restaurant front desk. "Nati. Is that a person?"

Julia pointed at the guy in the shirtdress with the big knife. He shook his head sending his long straight auburn hair swirling around his neck. She continued. "That's Nati. That's not a real name. It's a name made from a contraction of a Navajo phrase for a dog loving person." They flipped to almost the last page with an adorable picture of a tan dog showing an intense interest with a tongue out, eyes sparkling, and ears cocked. A name at the bottom read 'Ginger'. "You can meet her. We left her in the bus. She loves having her withers scratched. When she trusts you she will let you rub her tummy all day long. It can be hard to tell who owns who. She adopted Nati as her human more than she is Nati's dog."

His face softened making an appearance of his feeling loved.

They flipped back to the front. The next image was of a man with a rounded face and a light brown complexion. "This is Uncle Joe. His is important to our story. He is our uncle. He is also the grandson of our great grandmother known as the Sorceress who is a Healer in the Native American Church. She launched us into our modern healing avocations of psychologist, social worker, elder care, and home maintenance."

They flipped to the next page with a photo at a firehouse with a big shiny red fire truck out front. An elderly woman and this guy Nati stood in the middle with these four women on each side of them. Joe stood behind him in a row of guys explained as the Chapter Chief, the Chapter Fire Chief, a Navajo Police Lieutenant, and Uncle Joe."

I asked. "Chapter?"

"That's the name for the smallest government unit of the Navajo Nation. Way back when the Bureau of Indian Affairs insisted on subdivisions, they had divided the tribe into five areas called Agencies which carried over easily. The bottom level became more difficult with all the English words having unfortunate connotations. Instead they adapted the word 'Chapter' for towns, villages, and small remote areas."

They turned a page. "On a whim Uncle Joe sent Nati to the Arizona County courthouse almost an hour away by car. Nati returned with a business license for a parking lot. No one knows where the boundary between the Navajo Nation and the Interstate right of way runs through this old gas station. With that business license Nati could keep unscrupulous Anglos from taking over the abandoned two stall repair garage as had happened before. With the building under control ..."

They pointed at the facing page which had another photo. "Uncle Joe had Navajo mechanics repairing cars and pickup trucks in those two repair bays." The next photo had a big cheap sign made from a piece of damaged warped plywood painted white on the roof reading 'repairs' in huge black letters.

When they turned the page the next image featured a guy in a wheelchair. "Everyone calls him Wheelchair Bob. He returned badly disabled from the Iraq War. Uncle Joe brought Bob down to run his portable computer for repair guides, parts, and how to charge. He had been clinically depressed. Giving him something worth while to do brought him out of all that."

I understood that depression business. We certainly had lots of that at the Mansion House.

The opposite photo had a construction crane on a two axle trailer. "The arm of this crane crashed to the ground. Gary Reese of Reese Construction became our biggest customer for a long time. Nati kept it straight with what could be done and what could not be. That crane required a big expensive part. Nati talked the owner into an advance on the costs for that part. The mechanics figured out how to hold up that much weight safely of the crane arm. They parked the outer end of that crane on a masonry wall of the repair bays. Nati's having that big advance payment converted the mechanics from grumbling acquiescence to enthusiastic supporters of Nati. Someone, Uncle Joe probably, took Nati aside and explained Navajo organizations are run by consensus. Our history is maternally run camps. We are not a natural fit and have difficulties with a corporate structure. That consensus method worked for the mechanics."

The next photo showed the front concrete apron being dug up of that old gas station. They explained how Nati kept going to the next highest Court in increasingly good looking dresses selected by these four women. The local judge commented on Nati wearing skirts as "it's a free country; or did somebody ring a bell and change that".

They continued. "The Navajo culture has always been more accepting of what we call 'two spirit' people. A fuel company wanted out of the contract which included removing and incinerating all of the contaminated dirt from leaking underground gasoline storage tanks. At the last Arizona Appeal Court we had brought along Wheelchair Bob and a few Navajo mechanics, plus two of us four women. The impression they all made worked when the Court asked about alternative employment which didn't exist. The next photo was of the glossy, spiffy, new gas station with the name 'Sunrise Service' blazingly displayed across a red top. The name came from the morning sun illuminating the location before most everything else nearby.

They turned the page to a photo of a restaurant added next to their gas station. Their restaurant provided income to the local Navajo women. It had been mischievously called 'Coyote Café' and the name stuck. Their by-line become 'you'll howl at our food'.

I envied that by-line. I thought of *alligator café* and *you'll growl at our food*. But, as happens, our head chef Marsha decided 'no', and a vote of the residents sided with him and his girl's name. He had chosen that name for matching his dress hiding his enlarged breasts and diaper.

The next page had a photo of a used car lot. It had started with the mechanics buying and repairing cars and trucks for sale for their own income. Their repair business grew with their loaning their cars for sale to customers whose car repairs needed more time. Usually more time meant needing more parts from an hour or two away. They had a modern auto painting shed out back and stocked common tire sizes. A tire dealer to their east would hustle more tires in sizes as needed within an hour drive, or so, in another state.

Their business kept growing aided by Small Business Administration loans through the nearest bank branch located a two hour drive to the west. Their little town is too small for a bank branch.

The next turn of the pages featured a round faced teenage girl with a big smile standing with one foot on the running board of the tractor for an eighteen wheel tractor-trailer truck. "Cedar Valley Trucking started with old battered heavy trucks put on the road again by the mechanics working for the good of the cause. Shannon had been a High School intern who made a reputation with the State Police for checking tire pressures and defective brakes. The police would tell an offender they could not drive and would have to have their big heavy truck towed, at their expense, or they could drive to Sunrise Service and see Shannon. Or else pay us for our elderly overhauled heavy duty tow truck. The police alerted Wheelchair Bob by radio for having Shannon or a substitute "Shannon" ready. Heavy trucks crack their brake drums. We had so many old cracked brake drums thrown on a pile we had to make that a separate reclamation.

"Shannon had been riding right seat with an old man driving a big rig when he had a heart attack. Not knowing what else to do she had illegally brought that huge truck straight home with that stricken man in the right seat. When the State Police found out they had her do a demonstration drive of a big tractor-trailer truck on the side road next to the Interstate highway to the next interchange. When they returned they

made a big ceremony of handing her a CDL commercial driver's license even though she had been underage. That cute young bunny waltzing into truck stops across several states grew Cedar Valley Trucking into the go-to place for difficult haulage."

I didn't ask whether she had any boyfriends or a husband, and they didn't say. She had obviously become her own person.

This conversation took so long I dribbled in my diaper. When I felt that wet warmth on my Special Toy in my diaper I realized their story talked to me. This laid out how we could have a big gas station and repair business. We had guy residents who were waiting for our opening a car and truck repair business.

They turned a page to an image of a very old Mack chain drive truck in terrible condition. The right side chain to the rear tire had disappeared. The matching page showed the truck after being fully restored. "An older guy from Dallas, Texas, found it in a dilapidated barn behind a hill on the rez. Sorry, that means the tribal reservation. They loaded it on a low trailer and stopped for gas at the town with the Agency offices. Someone we never quite identified told that older guy he 'would be a damn fool if he didn't have Nati look at it'. He called Nati an 'honest injun' which insulted all of us until we 'got it' and squealed with laughter. Nati is pure blooded Anglo; not a bit of injun in him. Oh, yes, that older guy wanted that same Shannon to take the first drive with him riding in the passenger seat. That terrified her, but she did it perfectly including hand cranking the engine."

The next page had a photo of a steam locomotive on the Red Rock Railroad. The rocky cliff side behind Sunrise Service had a reddish color. "That same older guy sent this locomotive to be restored. On the other side from Sunrise Service of the Interstate and the local dry riverbed is the mainline of the BNSF railroad. Protesting didn't change his mind. He wrote a big fat check for starters. The mechanics crafted extra axles on a truck and a flatbed trailer to bring this overweight load across the bridge above the railroad, the river, and the Interstate. The High School interns spent almost a year taking it apart. We found out the hard way how dangerous removing heavy parts could be. We were lucky there were no permanent injuries. He suffered a disabling stroke, and his wife donated the inoperable locomotive to us. Wheelchair Bob had the privilege of being the locomotive engineer the first time it operated on its own steam."

Nati interrupted with an infectious grin. "He earned it by his constantly chasing on the internet for advice, a tender, parts, crossties, and rails. They let me be an honorary brakeman hanging on a back corner of the tender for that first run of maybe eight hundred feet out and back."

A vision grew in my head of running a vintage locomotive on the tracks under our private parking garage, under the highway, and around the big shopping center across the highway from us. Ultimately our Heritage Railroad ran all the way across the county to the tourist hostels along the beach. The local area didn't have nearly the unemployment rate of their Native American tribe. The local farms and fishermen weren't doing all that well. Within driving distance there were financially hurting communities. We could do this if our financial committees watched the costs like hawks.

Barbie-Doll ran out and returned with our three ring notebook about ourselves. She, Evelyn, and I talked the guests through the story of our new place, the restaurant, the church, and the motel under construction. We didn't show them who we really were.

Images were flashing through my head of everything I had been learning from them for growing the Mansion activities. We needed to make more money to completely cover our costs. I touched him on the elbow. "Let's talk a walk around. OK?"

"Sure." He seemed almost glad to escape the women.

One of those women slipped her hand up the back inside his skirt out of sight of everyone except I saw it. She reported, "OK."

So, I thought, *he is in diapers and they take care of him that way. I wonder why?*

We went out the regular front door and around to the right in front of the big glass windows of the restaurant.

He asked. "Why the curving wall and windows?"

"We want a big gas station." I held out my hand for the area beyond the restaurant. "Servicing the Interstate."

He frowned. "Too narrow."

I responded. "I know. That's why we haven't built it yet."

He asked. "You have the financing? SBA loan?"

I took a risk explaining how we had been captured, tortured, escaped, and all the rest.

To his credit he emoted surprise at our story. "How awful. I want you to meet our business coach. Standing here I can see how to do this. Your problem is the traffic could come down the Interstate exit ramps, turn at the light for this side road, and bring them in way up there." He pointed at the far corner of the property. "But then how could they exit? There isn't space in here for the big truck rigs to turn around and go out that same way."

With that discussion, I asked him why his diapers. His had a special answer. He had dropped out after graduating from High School and had toured the country doing odd jobs. He had wanted to try being in diapers, and for that he tried dresses. Only a few restaurants would let him make their deliveries while he wore his dresses. There had been just enough. Hitchhiking had landed him at that little Navajo town, and his love for Ginger the feral starving mutt had kept him there. The Sorceress had seen through him in minutes. It had been her private comments that kept her four great granddaughter Acolytes interested in him. They waited for the right moment to tell him they knew about his diapers. The four of them had ganged up on him, and held him down right then as they changed his diaper regardless of what he thought about that. With a loving dog and four girlfriends, how could he leave? No way.

As Nati talked I explained my growing vision. "We could have the traffic come in an expanded restaurant entrance, drive around this curve, put in the gas lanes after that, and have a big parking lot. No one can economically build on the swampy land beyond us, but we could buy that worthless property for a parking lot sized for big trucks. They could exit way up there on the side road." I waved my hand towards the hill side under the Mansion House. "We could have a truckers' store tucked into that hill.

Like a Love's Truck Stop kind of place."

He walked towards that hill slope. "Yep. Put in a tunnel from here to your restaurant entrance. You will need big signs drawing people into your access, and where to go. Inside the entrance to your store put more signs for the truckers and the car people. The big triple trailer trucks will need a wider entrance, which you can do. Use huge well lit signs for the night time."

We were late returning to the restaurant judging by how much spoonbread had been consumed with lots of butter.

Nati explained to the women what he and I had envisioned out there. He announced, "they have to meet Cindy".

"You want to ruin them?" Julia grinned. "OK. Bring out the portable." They did and went to a website they knew. An image of a drop dead gorgeous blond came on the screen with her long hair drawn over her right shoulder and wearing a performer's snug dress in royal blue decorated with sequines. She sang the hymn *How Great Thou Art* which we had enjoyed in church. Her soprano voice soared for the refrain "then sings my soul" before coming down smoothly with "my savior God to thee".

Envy of her erupted in me.

Their leader Julia tapped keys. "This is Cindy our coach. As you can see she is something else. So are we." Four lithe young women in ankle length white gowns came on the screen singing *America The Beautiful*. Those singers were these four Navajo Acolyte women. They sang beautifully.

She tapped more keys.

I became awestruck with Cindy. I had the dyed blond hair already that could grow that long and the airbrushed makeup. I wanted to change my name to her name. I wanted to be like her. Ultimately my sister-wives shamed me into taking Organizational Development courses and becoming a business coach.

Cindy had returned to the screen with another woman in a Florida Keys revealing sun-dress. I didn't catch it at first they were singing an altered version of the Johnny Cash hit, except as *A Boy Named Cindy*. The other woman sung phrases in a perfect rural Appalachian accent such as "in the mud, the blood, and the beer".

Julia pointed at one of the other women who leaned into me and whispered. "Cindy is a trans. She has an injury in the sacral nerve under the tailbone that gives her fecal incontinence. Her wife Katie is the other singer. She changes Cindy's diapers. Cindy is a Post Traumatic Stress Disorder expert on a ship at sea. Cindy and Katie overcame all that. That gorgeous face had been surgically created as a disguise for fleeing a drug gang. She learned how to fight, fight hard, when they attacked her. Cindy is charming, but cuts no slack with her coaching clients. We will show you a video of her breaking a big mean Russian's elbow. The guy buried under her feminine appearance shoots, throws, and growls with the best of Marines and Army Rangers. You have to meet her. We will introduce you to her in a few days in our next coaching call. We want to see New Orleans, and will return after that.