

### Melise makes her own magic



“I like to poop on floor.”

Leading up to that remark, my 2-year-old (almost 3-year-old) had three days in a row of perfect potty behavior! I rewarded her by letting her buy some real panties to wear instead of the training pants. She chose some with Dora on them.

I also let her pick out one of those potty cushions that can be set on a regular toilet to make the seat smaller. She chose one decorated with Disney’s princesses. At home, as I unwrapped the new potty seat, I burst into a fit of giggles because it has this phrase printed on it: Making my own magic.

At the end of the day, I had a few things to do outside, so I called to Melise to join me. In her potty enthusiasm, Melise had stripped all her clothes off. I tried to talk her into putting them back on, but she was in one of those jumping, dancing, jabber non-stop moods that I couldn’t penetrate. So, I ushered her out the door as she was. Don’t worry, I brought a pair of panties and some shoes with me—I was prepared!

I had this strange notion that she would calm down outside and I’d be able to put something on her, but I was wrong. She ran back and forth on the front lawn giggling and yelling, “Bare bottom!”

I sat on the steps, holding baby Alina on my lap, considering my options. Catching and forcing her into clothes would be a lot of work. We live out in the country, so it was unlikely that anyone was going to be offended by her streaking, but it still challenged my modesty.

Minutes passed as I sat pondering. Melise was still running around giggling. Suddenly, I

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Written by Susan Pfaltzgraff

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realized I was no longer holding the panties. When I looked around I found that our kitten was flinging them in the air like a dead mouse. I gave up on dressing Melise.

With Alina on my hip, I got up to do my chores. First, I cleaned out the car. By the time I finished that, Melise was sitting in the passenger seat, so I left that door open while I went to water the garden.

I paced back and forth by the car as I set the sprinkler. Melise was still sitting in the car, pretending to drive.

I took out the garbage next. I walked past Melise on my way to the dumpster—still in the car. As I came walking back, I couldn't see her, but I heard, "Mommy, I peed."

"Okay, honey," I called back and sighed as I imagined the puddle in my car.

"Mommy, I pooped." Suddenly, I was running to my car to see the damage!

I stopped to catch my breath when I saw Melise standing outside of the car—thank goodness! Between her feet was a little ball of poop. She looked nervous.

"It's okay, honey, I'll clean it up." I grabbed a plastic bag, picked up the poop, and tossed it in the dumpster.

When I returned, she still looked nervous, so I said, "It's okay to poop, sweetheart. Just try to put it in the potty next time instead of on the floor."

She smiled and I smiled. And that's when she said, "I like to poop on floor."

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I hung my head at that remark, trying not to laugh. Potty training leaves me feeling so helpless! Maybe the new potty seat will convince her that she should make her magic on the potty, not on the floor!

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