

# Potty Talk

By Wendy e Davis

"Mommy?"

"Yes dear, put your head back so we can rinse the soap out of your hair."

"K, what's this?"

"What's what dear?"

The little girl points to between her legs, "What's this?"

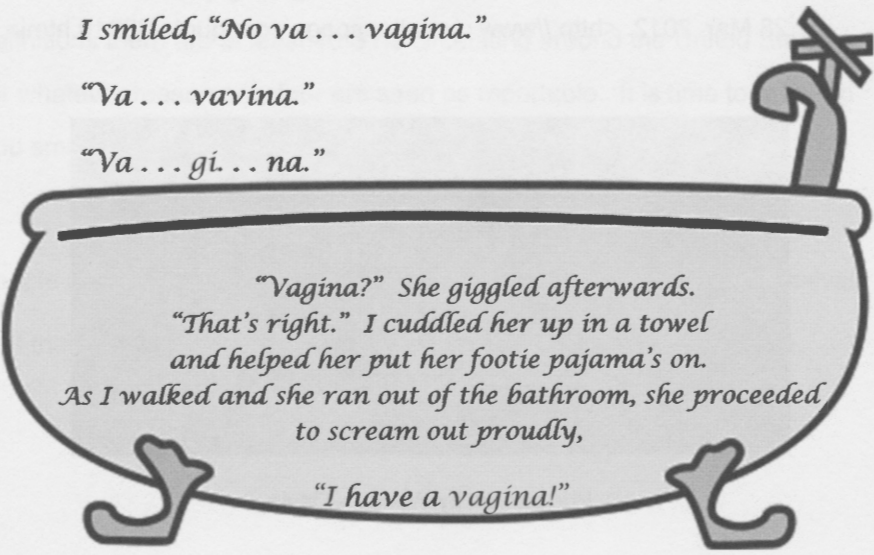
"Oh . . . umm . . . "I always wanted to be open and honest with my children but I wasn't ready for my three year old little girl to ask this yet. I thought about not telling her the real name. Then I thought about telling her it was her monkey, a friend of mine used that one. Then I thought again of my mom not telling me anything about my vagina and reinforced my decision. I took a deep breath, "That, dear, would be your vagina."

"My China?"

I smiled, "No va . . . vagina."

"Va . . . vavina."

"Va . . . gi . . . na."



"Vagina?" She giggled afterwards.  
"That's right." I cuddled her up in a towel  
and helped her put her footie pajama's on.  
As I walked and she ran out of the bathroom, she proceeded  
to scream out proudly,

"I have a vagina!"