

THE STORYTELLER

STORYTELLER ME

I am a storyteller too. The Daddies love my stories as much as I love telling them. I am lounging on the bed in my leopard print panties and bra while Daddy fixes my computer. I am practicing the dance I will do for Daddy's birthday wearing the schoolgirl outfit she likes so well. In the last moments of the song, I tie my panties around Daddy's wrists, playful-like. This will make a good joke of the way we pass dominance back and forth, back and forth like a hot potato, but Daddy always has it for dinner, wipes the butter on my skin. I am hiding my black lace bra under Daddy's pillow just before we leave the house for the airport. She will find it later and miss me. I coo my approval softly into her ear when Daddy tells me she has purchased a pacifier, to remind her of me while I am away. She misses me in certain ways and I cultivate the story that allows this to happen.

When it ended, I couldn't understand why Daddy had to break the story of our love so completely. Why did it have to be irreparable? At first, she threw down our specialness and broke it with her deceptions, but that wasn't enough. She had to stomp on it and break it into a million pieces with the boot of her revisions – revisions of the beautiful stories she had told me. Suddenly, in her stories, she was never attracted to me; she was never really my Daddy; I was always on the outside of what I thought to be home.

This is how I have interpreted what she said. I invented the broken relationship metaphor – said it could be repaired with a little attentiveness glue, a little apology glue, some precision and devotion. I came up with the metaphor of her boot coming down upon the precious vessel of our love, smashing it to indistinguishable bits, making powder of the pretty patterns that adorned our days. These are

my stories, now that I am wounded. And the Daddies had to wound me – that was always part of our deal.

I am in charge of the story now and I manipulate it to my greatest pain. There are other ways of telling the story – don't think I'm blind to their possible unfolding. I am a master storyteller too and I know my own masochism. The Daddies and I are alike in our love of a good story but at the end, I tell the story of my own righteousness. I have been wronged and this hurts me like a guillotine chopping off my head. It hurts me like the fear of public ridicule and revulsion, every secret revealed to unforgiving audiences. I am the one who is vulnerable: the girl who longs to please her Daddies, the benevolent controlling mother who knows just how to soothe the little Daddy-boys.

When the stories please me they are powerful metaphors; when they displease me, they are powerful lies. Daddy told me once that the girl is always in charge. Daddy adores her, but must have her permission. That's one of the Daddies' stories. It seems to me that the girl is vulnerable to the whims of Daddy's adoration. That's one of my stories. Both are stories of potential betrayal and pain and we wallow in these shallow muddy pools alternately, according to our needs. I am sullied by my own understanding of things that would be simple, if only we weren't telling such tall tales.

I am no stranger to my own shortcomings – don't think I truly believe it's all the Daddies' fault. I am holding up my wrists to be bound, loving the pressure of the ties against my flesh. I am pulling down my brassiere in order to free my breast when my Daddy-boy's brow furrows and she looks helpless. I am pulling her to me, looking lovingly and giving. I choose to give – and get something from it in the process. I am not selfless, but who is? I am not loyal only to love. I give allegiance to the stories I create. I write love with my left hand, recreating the universe in perfect balance. With the right hand dominant, I prepare the legible writ of oppression. The Daddies will betray me. That's what the script says. And so it is done.

The Daddies reel me into their confusion and deception again and again. I am outraged. This is also in the script. It starts to sound like I will be soothed and so I forget my troubles, pull back the covers and open myself for the Daddies' stories. I can't always tell when I