

## 14. Rehabilitation and Education

**Thursday, July 13, 1865**

I rose from my sleep, well refreshed. The bright daylight suggested that summer in Kent continued in full splendor. I knew I could be assured of a sunny day, with a blue sky punctuated by only a few white, fluffy clouds. London, by contrast, was often quite dreary.

I dressed, went to the kitchen, and obtained a pot of tea from Meg. My intention was to work in my day room, planning a schedule of activities for Sir Reg that would span two months.

At nine o'clock, I joined Sir Reg in the library. He had wheeled himself in, as he had the day before. I was relieved that he had not attempted to dress.

"Good morning, Reg. How do you feel?"

"Better-most. I've slept well and have surprisingly little pain."

"Can you describe the pain?"

"Easily. It emanates only from my lower back, where my wound is tender. I'm rather basking in a new feeling—the lack of pain in my legs."

"Excellent. Today, after dinner, I'm to change your dressing. I will poke and prod you to learn more. I have no other plans, except to ensure your well-being."

"Would your care-giving include expressions of love?"

"It certainly would."

After we had spoken of the day's simple plan for health care, we then talked of trivial things, namely the weather and books we were reading. At the end of our meeting, I returned to my day room to continue my planning.

As I developed Sir Reg's schedule, I was struck by a major omission on my part. Canes! I'd not ordered canes! With that thought, I immediately set out to correct my error by writing Mr. Bunsen in London.

Thursday, 13th Inst. of July, 1865

Arthur Bunsen, Medical Equipment  
№ 11 Addington Street  
Lambeth, London

My Dear Mr. Bunsen,

I truly hope all goes well with you. I write you because of a need for new items, viz.:

- 2 walking canes of the sturdiest and plainest wood, the finish to be of your choosing. Their length should be appropriate for a man of approximately six feet in height.

- 1 formal cane, suitable for a gentleman, made of ebony, with a tip and head of silver. Any style will be satisfactory, so long as the head has impressive chasing and affords a good grip. The price may be up to £10.

I enclose a cheque for £15, signed by Mrs. Bates, the estate manager at Folkestone Manor.

Faithfully yours, I am,

Mrs. Patricia Goodman, Nurse of the Nightingale School  
Folkestone Manor, Hawkinge, Kent

I folded the letter, walked to the kitchen, and obtained a cheque from Meg. My next task was to take it to the postal office.

As I walked down the manor's drive, I took a moment to appreciate the beauty of the beeches. I approached one and bent down to pick bluebells, as I rather fancied having a nosegay. The trees had a complete carpet of them, and I judged that Mother Nature might spare me a couple.

As I stood, I looked down the drive and saw a figure advancing west on Barnhurst Lane, just crossing our drive. I didn't move, hoping I wouldn't be seen. The person passed without glancing in my direction.

Grimstead! I could easily determine the walker's identity, even from a distance, by his gait and his manner of dress. I abandoned my plans for a post office visit. Instead, I walked to the end of the drive, and began to follow him. At the Pent Stream, he turned north to enter the manor grounds. Simply by walking upstream toward our lake, Mr. Grimstead would be able to come close to the barn and stables, where he might easily spy upon activities at the manor. From that vantage point, he could see Jack and Meg's principal movements and visitors to Meg's kitchen.

I walked smartly back up the drive and entered the manor house through its main door. I went to the kitchen.

"Hello, Patricia. Back from the post office so soon?"

"I haven't been, Meg. I've been hunting."

"For grouse? Ye have no gun."

"No. For a rat. And I found him."

Jack came in and overheard me. "Rats? No, Patricia, we have several cats and they're all good mousers."

"This one wears spectacles and recites poetry." With that I explained Grimstead's route onto the estate.

"Ah! Of course! Shall I have the gamekeepers run him off?"

"Not yet. We may be able to use this to our advantage. I simply want your crew to alert you when next they see him trespass. Of course, for his safety, they should ask him to leave if Bill Black and Jedediah Green are hunting. Tell me, Jack, have you modified that wheelchair in your shop?"

"Indeed. It's ready for you, or Sir Reg, rather. You need only to test it."

“Let us do so in my day room this afternoon. Later, I’ll explain how it fits into my plan for Sir Reg’s recovery. Meg, may I have a cup of tea?”

“Certainly, dearie. The dinner is well on its way to completion, and I need a sit-down. I hope you like leg of mutton. And we have something new from the greengrocer. It’s called broccoli.”

“I’ll join you ladies. And I’ll pass on an odd tale.” We nodded our assent. Over a cup of tea, Jack told his story.

“As you know, yesterday’s rib chops and today’s mutton come from Mr. Simon Shepherd. Well, he visited my shop early this morning with a most unusual request. He asked me to make him twelve wooden swords, twelve wooden shields, and twelve slings of the Biblical variety. It took only a short time to oblige him, as I have plenty of lumber for swords and shields, and plenty of hemp and harness leather for slings.”

“That *is* odd, Jack. Did he state his reason? Is he equipping an army?”

“That, Miz Pat, is *exactly* what he is doing. An army of boys. He explained no further. He only said—and this is baffling—‘In one week you will have a shepherd for your new flock.’”

“Well, I am—what is the Kentish term?—fanteeged!”

“And I also. Well he now has his armory. I’ll share more when I learn more.”

“Jack, I’ve just thought of a project having to do with shooting. Could you deliver the wheelchair to me right away instead of this afternoon? Then I wish to show you a drawing, based on a sport my Michael and I did with his parents.”

Jack agreed. I bade them good-bye and went to my room. Jack soon brought the modified wheelchair. I sat in it and tested the mechanism.

“Why Jack, you are a marvel! This works just as I had hoped. You can see by its function why it’s called a ‘lifter’ or a ‘stander.’ When Sir Reg presses the lever you’ve installed, the chair will raise the seat, causing him to rise.”

“Thank you, Miz Patricia. It’s a talent I’m lucky to have. What drawing do you have? And don’t be askin’ me to build any of those things you’ve read about in your Jules Verne novels, as I’m not quite able to launch men to the moon.”

“Ha! Yes, of course. Please take a look at this. It’s merely a matter of making boxes with ropes attached to the lids.”

Jack studied the drawing, recognized the purpose, and nodded his approval. We discussed in detail how the boxes would be used, and he promised to deliver them within a week. Filling them would be a bit of a problem, but Jack assured me that it could be done.

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I went to the dining room at one o’clock and found Sir Reginald at his place.

“Why, Reg, you are again in a nightshirt. I’m surprised you haven’t yet broken the rule about dressing yourself.”

“I wanted to be sensible. You’ll be changing my dressing today. I shall wait until to-morrow to break the rule.”

I shook my head slowly and sat next to him at the corner of the dining room table. We dined on slices of mutton, broccoli, and bread. As in the morning, our conversation was quite light. I did not share the news about Mr. Uriah Grimstead; however, I brought up the item about Simon Shepherd's request for military toys and his declaration that the manor would soon have a shepherd.

After dinner, prior to attending to Sir Reg, I made a small quantity of diluted carbolic acid solution. I placed it, several cloths, a bowl of water, and bandages, on a small cart.

At two o'clock, I knocked and entered Sir Reg's bedroom with my cart. He was sitting up in the bed, and judging from the nightshirt lying at its foot, I surmised that he was quite naked.

"Ah! You have come to tend to me."

"Indeed. If you will be good enough to lie face down, I'll change your dressing."

I removed the dressing and inspected Sir Reg's wound. It was slightly red, as I expected, but happily there were no "leaks." Especially, I encountered no blood, no foul smell, and no pus, about which Dr. Lister had warned me. I applied carbolic acid to the area surrounding the surgery, and quickly washed it away with water. It only remained to apply a new, clean dressing.

"There! All is well. We shall repeat this ritual in two or three days' time. Now, please continue to lie there while I survey your body."

As I had found exactly one month ago, Sir Reg's body was a delight. I ran my hands over the soles of his feet the backs of his thighs, his buttocks, and the interior of his thighs. At each location, I said, "Do you feel this?"

"Yes."

I paused. "Please describe what you feel."

"First, there is no pain. Also, I sense that there is rather less numbness than in the past. I have the sensation that you are touching me."

I ignored Sir Reg's arms, as I knew they functioned quite well. "What am I doing now?"

"It feels as though you are poking my back, from my neck to the base of my spine. There is no pain."

Again, I paused. "Please turn over." He did so without my assistance. I stroked his nipples.

"Patricia, you know from our recent frolics that my nipples are fine."

"Reginald, I do know. I just wanted to feel them." He smiled.

There was one final frontier. I took his penis in my hand and gave it a gentle tug. Two gentle tugs. Three gentle tugs.

"Can you feel this?"

"Don't stop!"

“What do you mean?”

“I mean you’ve got my gobstopper in your hand and what you’re doing feels good.”

What a surprise! I think my face plainly showed it. I didn’t speak for several moments. Then I provided Sir Reg with a few more strokes, but there was no change in the organ’s appearance.

“Reginald, this is a very promising sign. Mind you, it’s only a sign, but, as I say, a very promising one. We must monitor this progress.” I was even in my speech, but in fact I was quite stunned. I drew the sheet up over Sir Reg, leaned over, and gave him a kiss.

“Your lack of pain shows progress, as does your sensitivity to my touches. The last item is, as I say, quite unexpected. But, Reg, even if you have only felt tingles, that’s but a first step to achieving a full cockstand. Now, darling, I must leave you, but I will be pleased to join you at tea.” With that I left. I was immensely encouraged, but still, I knew that it would have been fruitless to continue.

In my room, I wrote in my journals and advanced certain dates on Sir Reg’s schedule of rehabilitation. I took no walks, neither to the village, nor around the estate. At five, I joined Sir Reg for a simple tea and pleasant conversation.

#### **Friday, July 14, 1865**

Friday was a lovely day, in terms of both temperature and cloudless sky. Such pleasant days, I had learned, were very much to be expected in July in Hawkinge. The weather would be a good deal warmer in August, when the hops matured and the harvest was to begin.

When I met with Sir Reg, he was dressed in a suit, as was his custom. He confirmed that he had dressed himself, contrary to my cautions. But after a brief discussion, I learned that he had not harmed himself, so I judged that all was well.

I left the manor and walked to the village, stopping first at Sam Fowler’s to post my letter to Mr. Bunsen. “Good morning to you, Sam. I have a letter to mail.”

“Mrs. Patricia Goodman, I bid you the same, and I have two letters to give you.”

I tore the first one open. “It’s from my mother, but she doesn’t write from Kew. It’s from Paris!”

“Well, she must be having a fine adventure. And the other?”

“From Florence Nightingale. I’ll bring in my responses as soon as I can.”

I left Sam, crossed the Canterbury Road, and entered a shop that bore the sign:

J. Green & Co  
Produce & Fruit

The woman behind the counter surprised me. She was young, and looked to be younger than I. When I had met Jedediah Green on his day of grouse hunting, I had thought him to be an older fellow. Could he have a very young wife?

“Hello, may I help you?”

“Why, yes. I’m Patricia Goodman. I’m looking for Edna Green. Are you she?”

She laughed a girlish laugh. “Oh, no! I’m her daughter, Alice. Let me get me mum.” In a moment, another woman came to the counter from the back of the store. She was older and rather attractive, I thought. She bore a striking resemblance to the younger woman.

“Ah, Nurse Patricia Goodman. I’m Edna Green. I see that you’ve met my daughter, Alice. She has just returned from America.”

“You know who I am? We’ve not met before. I have meant to visit, but have been overtaken by responsibilities at Folkestone Manor.”

“Yes, of course, I know who you are. All Hawkinge knows who you are. ‘Pop goes the weasel,’ right? More importantly, the village knows about Sir Reginald’s surgical operation. How is he?”

“Doing very well, I’m glad to report. It was a difficult operation.”

“We heard that, too. But it appears that Dr. Lister prevailed—by somewhat enacting the role of blacksmith.”

“Mrs. Green, it’s all true. You are exceedingly well informed.”

Alice looked confused. “Don’t worry, dear. I’ll tell you all about it later. Now, Miz Patricia, how may I serve you?”

“You need not. My visit is social in nature. I merely want to congratulate you and your husband in regard to the excellent produce you send to the Manor.”

“Well, we’re simple rural folk, but I must point out with pride that my Jedediah is, in my humble opinion, the cleverest farmer in all Kent.”

“How so, if I may ask?”

“Well, for one thing, we use greenhouses. That’s where Jed is working at this very moment. He took his cue from Kew, as you might say, with its enormous greenhouse. But a practical lesson came from Charles Lucien Bonaparte, a French botanist. That man built a greenhouse for growing medicinal plants in Leiden, Holland.”

“Meg Bates believes that growing in greenhouses must be how you put beautiful produce on your customers’ tables well before, and after, the normal season.”

“Right you are. And Jed experiments, too.”

“How so?”

“He’s always improving various vegetables, using a technique he learned about. He read the work of a monk named Gregor Mendel in Brno. That’s in the Austrian Empire, you know. In fact, my Jed taught Angus Bourne a thing or two about developing better hops.”

“I know a bit about Angus’ work with hops. Speaking of which, I am on my way to visit Betty Bourne.”

“I have a basket of greens for her. Alice, be a dear and go along with Mrs. Goodman to deliver it.”

With that, Alice and I departed on the short walk to Betty's boarding house. "So you've been visiting the United States of America?"

"Yes, Mrs. Goodman. I returned on the train from Liverpool just the night before last."

"Please call me Patricia. We've been introduced, and I perceive that you cannot be more than four or five years younger than I."

"That would be bully, er, I mean very good. Please call me Alice."

We climbed the steps to Betty's house. I knocked, opened the door, and shouted, "Betty, it's Patricia."

"I'm coming. Oh! Alice Green, for heaven's sake!"

Betty gave Alice a big hug, and we went inside. In only a few minutes, we were seated in the parlor, drinking tea and eating scones.

"Alice, it's wonderful to see you, but why have you returned to us so soon? I thought it would be another year or more before I saw you."

"It's a long story, and a bit sad, too. It includes love. Are you sure you want to hear it? And you, Patricia?"

We nodded. I cannot account for it, but women seem to relish such conversations more than men. Well, I thought, perhaps in a hundred years things will be different.

"As you know, Betty, I went to New York City in the United States in January of last year, as my parents felt the experience would be quite good for me. America is a new country and jolly more exciting to me than a tour of Europe. Although the American Civil War was raging, I had little to fear in taking a sea voyage. The Confederate commerce raiders would not attack a British ship, since we were building their ships and buying their cotton.

"I stayed with my aunt Gertrude, and had rather a wonderful time. I saw the old monuments, which are new by English standards. I went to plays, and saw the acting of Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth. I must say, I prefer our Shakespeareans to the American ones. I even met Horatio Alger, an author who helps the newsboys and bootblacks of the city."

"Well," I said, "that sounds lovely. Surely there was no need to return after only eighteen months?"

"Ah, but my placid tour was to change to something more serious. First, I met a wonderful man. That would be Lieutenant Nathaniel Trueman, a cavalry trooper, serving under Major General Philip Sheridan in the V Corps. Second, I had the good fortune to meet Miss Clara Barton."

"Oh! The 'Angel of the Battlefield.'"

"Precisely. At first, she worked with Ladies' Aid societies in gathering medicine, bandages, food, and clothing for the war. Later, she gained permission to work on the front lines. In 1864 she was appointed to be the 'lady in charge' of the hospitals at the front of the Army of the James. Tell me, is this too dreary a history lesson?"

Betty said, "Not at all, dear. But what does it matter about Miss Barton's appointment?"

"I went to the front lines with her."

Betty and I were silent for a moment.

"I was there when a bullet tore through the sleeve of her dress. It didn't strike her, but it killed the man she was attending. I was unharmed, but I must say that I have now seen more wounds inflicted by bullets, round shot, and saber than a young woman ever should."

"But what of your man? The war ended on May 10th of this year."

"Yes, that's true. And oh, what a handsome and loving man he was!"

"Was?"

"Yes. He was killed in the last battle of the war, in the battle of Five Forks."

I must confess, I was quite startled at the parallel with my own life. "I'm very sorry to hear that, dear. I lost my husband to the Crimean War."

Alice could not hold back tears. "He was just twenty-nine, proud and brave, but a rebel laid him in his grave."

Betty offered a handkerchief. "Oh, Alice! Both Patricia and I have each lost a wonderful man. If you wish, tell us more. What plans had you made?"

"We were so in love! We planned to spend our lives together. He was a rancher from Dutchess County in New York. The county has 63,000 sheep, and we planned to acquire a flock."

"That is a lovely idea."

"And Adam had big ideas. When the war ended, he wanted to move west, even beyond Chicago in the American state of Illinois. He envisioned owning a giant ranch with hundreds of thousands of sheep. Now he's dead, and I might as well be, too!" Tears welled up again and began to run down her cheeks.

Betty wiped the tears. We each took one of Alice's hands. Betty said, "It's clear, I believe, why you sailed back to us. This is your home, and you'll find comfort in Hawkinge."

I said, "I only hope that in time you will feel less pain regarding your poor fiancé. It has taken me ten years, but I now have a bit of peace in my life."

"Thank you both. I hadn't meant to tell this story, but I feel better for doing so."

With that, we left Betty's and returned to Alice's store. We gave each other a hug. I promised to visit soon, and I walked back to Folkestone Manor.

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At the manor, I ate dinner with Meg and Jack. I then went to my day room to read my letters. First, there was the one from my mother.

Miss Patricia Goodman  
c/o Folkestone Manor  
Hawkinge, Kent



1865, July, 9th Inst.

My Dearest Daughter Patricia,

Pittypat, your *maman* is alive and well. I beg you forgive me for not writing sooner, but Howard and I are having a *soujourn* in Paris. We have been here for two weeks and plan to stay at least two weeks more.

We are at Le Grand Hotel in the Place de l'Opéra. We often sit at the Café de la Paix watching the people stroll by. We are situated across the plaza from the Palais Garnier, the opera house. The city is beautiful, rather better designed than London, I should say.

It is a city known for love, and Howard and I find that it has a wonderful effect upon us.

I hope all goes well with you and your poor earl. If anyone can make him better, it surely would be you. Please send me some news.

I love you very much.

I remain, your mother,

Elizabeth Richardson  
Kew (generally)

Ah! What a lovely time she must be having! I went on to read Nurse Nightingale's letter.

13th July, 1865

Nurse Patricia Goodman  
c/o Folkestone Manor  
Hawkinge, Kent

My Dearest Nurse Goodman,

I would wish you well, but I have abundant reason to suspect that you *are* doing very well.

Dr. Joseph Lister and I had the most extraordinary conversation regarding the just-completed surgical operation he performed on Sir Reginald Pleydell. If you will, I have the following remarks for you:

- My compliments! It appears that you performed very well in a difficult operation. My compliments to your assistant, whose name, as I recall, is Margaret Bates.
- The details of the surgery are quite remarkable. Dr. Lister apparently used tools that one might find at the Woolwich Royal Brass Foundry.
- I must remark that nurses do not commonly kiss a patient before he goes "under the knife." It suggests that you are in love.
- I have learned from Dr. Lister the meaning of the term "big battleships." How bold, I must say! I must tease Dr. Wong Kei when next he visits me.

As always, remain very cautious as to sanitation, diet, and wound care.

Please write when you can to report progress. It appears likely that Sir Reginald will heal well. In that case, you must use all your skills to see whether he can be made to walk again.

I am, yours,

Miss Florence Nightingale  
St. Thomas' Hospital  
Stangate, Lambeth

The balance of my day featured nothing of an unusual nature. I checked on Sir Reg in the afternoon, and later joined him for tea. After a pleasant conversation, with the exchange of several kisses, we parted. In my bedroom, I merely undressed, read a little, and fell asleep.

### **Saturday, July 15, 1865**

On this day, I began what was to become a regular and quite satisfying rhythm of activities, comprising therapy and romantic interludes with Reginald. This rhythm was accented by several opportunities to help others, which amounted to unexpected calls upon my nursing talents. Also, I was able, over a time, to visit a number of the residents in the village.

The challenge of early July had been Sir Reg's operation. With its success, I felt that a great burden had been taken from my shoulders. I was no longer distressed by the debilitation caused by the shrapnel; my concern now shifted to his rehabilitation.

### **Sunday, July 16, 1865**

On Sunday, I was witness to a most unusual sight. I had no interest in attending church or visiting anyone in town. Rather, I was content with the company of the inhabitants of the manor. However, after dinner I took a walk which put me in the vicinity of Simon Shepherd's flocks.

At Barnhart Lane, I turned to the east as usual, but after walking perhaps two hundred yards, I turned south onto a footpath. In only a few minutes, I was well between Barnhart Lane and the bluffs. This was the location of Simon's sheep, and there I beheld a startling scene.

In front of a flock, I saw Simon speaking to an "army" of twelve boys. Six wore red bandanas and six wore blue bandanas. Although I didn't recognize most of the boys, two of them were easy to identify: Frank Bourne in red and Tom Brown, the grocer's son, in blue. I watched this without being seen, as I was masked by a tree.

Simon had a whistle. He blew it and the groups separated, the blue group going to the flock and the red group moving to the woods at the edge of the meadow. The blue group held the higher ground. As Simon left the center of the meadow, I noticed, with a bit of concern, that he was walking with a pronounced limp.

When he blew his whistle again, a battle began. The "reds" advanced upon the "blues," pelting them with objects launched from slings. I gathered that the "ammunition" was rotting fruit from the various orchards around town. But the reds were in for a surprise. The blues stooped to the ground, picked up shields, and began deflecting the missiles! There was one curious exception: Tom Brown used no shield; instead, he employed his *sword* to parry the fruit when it reached him. I fairly marveled at his perception and agility.

The reds began to withdraw to the woods. The blues drew swords and gave chase. All fine for the blues, but something clicked in my brain.

Yes! A feigned retreat! William the Conqueror had done the same thing during the Battle of Hastings to lure Harold's infantry from higher ground, at which point they were annihilated by a charge from William's cavalry.

And so it was! At the edge of the woods, the reds turned, drew swords, and attacked the blues with great enthusiasm. After a few minutes, Simon blew his whistle and the groups stopped fighting. He strode into the crowd and upon his word, the boys fell into ranks. Simon then seemed to be giving the boys pointers, much as a rugby coach would do.

Having witnessed a battle, I returned to the manor. I had tea with Sir Reginald and updated him on the military exercise I had seen. We shared each other's company for a portion of the evening, and then I retired to my bedroom.

### **Monday, July 17, 1865**

Today, I began Sir Reginald's program of physical therapy. To me, it was obvious that he could not simply lie in bed and sit in his wheelchair in the library, as he had in the past. His rehabilitation was my main focus.

At nine o'clock, I went to the library. "Good morning, Sir Reg!"

"No 'darling?' What of love?"

"This morning, sir, I am your nurse. And it is quite likely that you will *not* find me a 'darling.'"

"Why is that?"

"First, I must reduce your medications. You experience less pain; therefore, opiates are increasingly unsuitable for you."

"But I was rather enjoying them."

"That, Sir Reg, would be my point. Second, here is an appliance I should like to fit you with."

"My God! What are those things?"

"They are called leg braces. They will assist you in walking."

"I doubt very much that I can walk."

"I know you doubt it. That is why you hired me. I do *not* doubt it."

I fitted the braces to both of Sir Reg's thighs and calves. "Now, please try to stand."

Sir Reg attempted to lift himself from his wheelchair. When he was almost all the way up, he collapsed back into the chair.

"I cannot do it."

"Yes, you can. Please try again."

He tried again, with the same result.

“That is enough for today, Reginald. We will try the same thing tomorrow. And every day after.”

“Did I actually hire you to put me through this ordeal?”

“Technically, you did not. You hired me only to delay your death. And indeed, the surgery was my idea, when all the quack doctors said it could not be done. On Tuesday, June 6th of this year, I said to you, ‘I have helped men to walk.’ You said, ‘When can you start?’, which I must take as reflecting your desire to walk again.”

“Patricia, please try not to remember *everything* I ever said.”

“No, Reg, I don’t, and won’t, but this item is vital for you to remember.”

Aside from my attempts to induce Sir Reg to walk, the rest of my work was less challenging. I gave him massages, with great care, almost every afternoon. I changed his dressing every other day for one week. After that, there was no need for a dressing. Of course, I continued to monitor his vital signs, all of which were excellent.

### **Tuesday, July 18, 1865**

In my room, I had both the time and the motivation to write my mother.

1865, July 18th inst.

Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson  
№ 41 Gloucester Road  
Kew, Richmond

My Dearest *Maman*,

I am sending this letter to Kew, but heaven knows where you and your MP are “sojourning” now. Dear me, your cook Bridget must be scandalized!

I report to you that Dr. Joseph Lister’s operation was a complete success. I am now embarked upon a program of rehabilitation. Sir Reginald *will* walk again, if it is at all possible.

Your loving daughter,

Patricia  
c/o Folkestone Manor  
Hawkinge, Kent

Also, I sent a brief report to Dr. Lister.

July 18th, 1865

Dr. Joseph Lister  
Professor of Surgery  
University of Glasgow Medical School

Glasgow, Scotland, United Kingdom

Dear Dr. Lister,

I hope this brief letter finds you well.

I report to you that, in the one week since you performed the operation on Sir Reginald Pleydell, he has improved markedly. His wound is healing well, and there is no sign of infection.

He reports a cessation of pain in his legs and lower back. There are new "tingling sensations," as well.

I feel that it is not too soon to begin a program to develop his ability to walk again.

I remain, yours,

Patricia Goodman  
Nurse of the Nightingale School  
Folkestone Manor, Hawkinge, Kent

**Wednesday, July 19, 1865**

The canes from Mr. Bunsen arrived. They were first-class items, and I was quite pleased.

**Thursday July 20, 1854**

I rose early and went to the kitchen. While having a cup of tea with Meg, Jack dashed in.

"Come see! Today we have a flock of fifty sheep!"

Meg and I followed Jack out of doors, where we were treated to a bit of sheep herding. Simon Shepherd, accompanied by a boy and a sheepdog, was moving a small herd into our pasture, just north of the ha-ha. To my great surprise, the boy was Tom Brown, the son of Jack and Willa Brown, the general grocers.

"Jack, this is a bellwether moment for the estate, if you'll excuse the sheep pun. But I tell you that I'm concerned about Simon's limp. Please ask him to visit me in my day room."

Within twenty minutes, Simon was with me. His hair was well trimmed and his clothes were quite clean. However, he walked with a profound limp, and looked a trifle pale.

"Simon, come in and sit down. How fine of you to deliver a flock of sheep!"

"Ah, Nurse Goodman, I required only a talented shepherd for the task to go forward. If I am not mistaken, I have found that shepherd in Tom Brown."

"But, my dear Simon, he is quite odd. He was the leader of the boys who wanted to throw stones at you."

"Yes, I know. But here's what I did: One day, I found my cavalry sabre and walked to town. I approached Tom and his friends. Perhaps Tom thought that the 'crazy man' had come to kill him, but I gave the boys a show of swordplay. Then I prevailed upon them to 'play army,' something boys are inclined to do."

"What of Frank Bourne and his friends?"

"I simply went to Frank's house and offered a plan. As you might imagine, he was very enthusiastic and enlisted his friends. Now the boys have an army, and they train together. Frank and Tom are *decani*, each the leader of a *contubernium*, a squad of legionaries."

"What a command of Roman military organization you have! Where did you learn that?"

"I cannot account for it. I feel as though I have always known this. No doubt the terms came to me in a dream."

"Last Sunday I witnessed a battle between the two groups. I noticed that Tom deflected the fruit thrown at him by using his sword instead of a shield."

"Indeed! On a lark, I suggested that to him one day. He's very good at it. It's as though some force guides his hands. The idea came to me in a dream. I envisioned a world that existed a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away."

"If Tom Brown leads one of the squads, I gather that he shows some leadership skills. Is that why you hired him?"

"Yes, but it's not the only reason. His parents have treated him quite brutally. His mother always speaks harshly to him and his father beats him regularly, so Tom has run away from home."

"Run away? Oh! I should have anticipated this as the outcome of the way the Browns have raised their child."

"We should not think of him as a child, Miz Patricia. He is sixteen years old, and in much of England, a boy that age is considered a man."

"Still, I remind you, Simon, that he is very odd. He has been a bully and he stares at women in a peculiar way."

"I know, Nurse Goodman. He is troubled, yet he is very talented, and quite personable when encouraged. I see difficulties ahead for him, but as I once told Mr. Grimstead at dinner, I cannot predict what those difficulties will be."

"Then let us move to another topic. Now, I notice that you walk with a limp. Did you sprain your ankle again?"

"Er, no. I was chopping wood and I cut my calf. Rather badly, I'm afraid."

"Did you ask Dr. Prang to look at it?"

"No, I dressed the wound myself."

"I'd like to see it."

"But I should have to remove my trousers."

"Yes, that's true. If I can't see it, I can't fix it."

"But I have no short pants under my trousers."

"Please, Simon. Just drop your pantaloons."

With some reluctance, he stood and did so. He had, I saw, a pleasant pair of legs and a nice “tool,” too. However, his wound seized my attention. The cloth was soaked with blood and dried. I cut it away with shears. Oh! There was a great deal of pus and a foul odor was emanating from the gash.

“Simon, this is serious. Very serious. You could lose your leg due to gangrene. Surely, you know that from the Crimean War. Now, place your foot on this chair.”

I rinsed the wound with phenol. That, of course, caused Simon to cry out in pain. I then rinsed the wound with water.

“Simon, you are no longer bleeding, and I thank God for that. If you had come to me immediately, I might have closed this wound with stitches, as I have seen a surgeon do. However, the need for that has passed.”

But my worry would not pass. All the pus was a very bad sign. Then a memory struck me! Suddenly, I knew there was a God, and he had the form of a Chinese herbalist in London!

“Wait here. Do nothing.”

I dashed to Meg’s kitchen and was back in less than two minutes. I had a bowl filled with slices of moldy bread, soaking in water. I set to work. I squeezed the water from the slices and applied them as a poultice to the wound, the mold facing it, and rebandaged the leg. I uttered a prayer that the item of trivia I had learned from Dr. Wong was correct.

“Now, Simon. That is all I can do for now. Please come here tomorrow for a new dressing. I’m sure you will be about Folkestone Manor to supervise young Tom. I insist that you do this.”

“Very well.”

“Now, here are pills, made of opium. Take one every four hours, or as needed, for pain.”

“Thank you, Miz Pat. You’ve been very kind.”

I followed Simon to the kitchen, obtained some food for him, bade him goodbye, and requested that Meg let a few more loaves go moldy. I’m sure I offended all her culinary sensibilities, but she agreed.

Young Julia was there. To my surprise, she approved of Simon’s hiring Tom. “Why, Miz Patricia, he’s the cutest boy in the village.”

“But Julia, he isn’t a *chef de cuisine*.”

“Perhaps not, but I’d give him a hot and tasty dish whenever he might ask.” I nodded my head. I wanted to shake it, but reminded myself instead that it was difficult to account for the flexibility that young people often show.

### **Saturday July 22, 1865**

At nine, I took the canes and the standing wheelchair to the library.

“Good morning, Reginald.”

“Good morning, Patricia. Please join me in a cup of tea.”

“Do you require any medication?”

“Actually, I do not. Now tell me, what instruments of torture have you brought today?”

“I see you have donned your leg braces, and that is one instrument. Today, I have brand new canes and a special wheelchair. First, please try to stand.”

Sir Reg attempted to lift himself from his wheelchair. As he did, I gave him a broad smile of encouragement—and I held my breath. When he was almost all the way up, he collapsed back into the chair. “Excellent, Reg! You nearly succeeded!”

“It’s difficult. I wobble, and that is very discomfiting.”

“But it is not impossible. Stand again, and this time, take a cane.”

Sir Reg did so. I handed him a cane. He stood for a few seconds and then collapsed into his wheelchair. I bent over and gave him a long kiss.

“There! *That* is progress!”

“If I get such a nice kiss when I stand, what do I get when I walk?”

“I’m sure you know. Now, let us shift you from your old wheelchair to this new one.” I pushed his new chair next to his old one.

He shifted as readily as did when moving from a wheelchair to his bed. “It feels much like my regular chair.”

“With one difference. Now, *carefully* pull the lever at your right. Be prepared for a surprise.”

Sir Reg pulled the lever, but was by no means prepared for a surprise. The seat of the chair became vertical, the back remained vertical, and the arms remained horizontal. Reg was standing.

“GAW! What the hell is this?”

“I call it a ‘standing wheelchair.’ Perhaps I should patent it.”

“I’m going to fall on my face.”

“Nonsense. Take the canes to stabilize yourself.”

“I feel a bit like a piece of luggage on a hand truck at the railway station.”

“But my love, you *look* like a handsome man standing at his full height. Now, can you take a step?”

“No.”

“You seem rather sure about that. Very well. Please lift one leg, if only for a moment.”



Sir Reg tried, but his foot barely rose above the footrest on the wheelchair. It would take time for his muscles to “cooperate.”

“Very well. Now push the lever down, and the chair will collapse.”

Sir Reg did so. He and the chair returned to their original positions with a thud.

“I must say, these efforts are very tiring.”

“Well, dinner will restore you, and after dinner I will give you the finest massage you have ever had.”

### **Wednesday, July 26, 1865**

My work with Sir Reg was, of course, a daily occurrence. However, this week brought the most unusual episode to me. I assure you that I’m no educator, but when one is a nurse, and has a modicum of common sense, educating others comes relatively easily.

I was in my day room, making journal entries, when I heard a clatter outside my French doors. I had opened them to let in the summer breeze as well as the morning light. The noise comprised grunts and yowls in two different registers.

“Yo! Nurse Goodman!”

Without looking up, I said “Yes, Jack. Come on in.”

“I don’t ken what I can do with these two. Can you help?”

I looked up and was presented with a startling picture. Jack held a struggling boy and girl by their necks. I knew Jack to have an iron grip, so escape was clearly impossible for them.

“Oh! The stable boy and the milkmaid. To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?”

“Because of this lot! I goes out the barn and I catch them in the stalls *in flagrante delicto*, as you might say. They were doing the deed, much like a bull and a heifer, and they weren’t even in the loft.”

“Why, Jack. You surprise me. You’re no moralist.”

“Indeed I am not. But I’ve marched young men all over the world, and I know when there’s trouble. This young girl will have a bun in the oven if she doesn’t watch out.”

I grasped Jack’s meaning instantly. He had seen many young soldiers succumb to disease or leave a trail of little bastards in their wakes.

“Ah! They were having sex.”

“Yes, Miz Pat. It was below the level of ‘makin’ love.’ There’s been some friggin’ in the riggin.’ So I brought them to you for a little medical advice.”

“Very well, Jack. I think you did right. Leave us, lock the door, and we’ll have a little talk.”

I hoped I looked formidable in my severe nurse's uniform. I had spent time, not only at the soldiers' home, but in the workhouse. I had seen the troubles of unwanted pregnancy. The consequences were poverty, unhappiness, and ruined lives.

I directed them to sit. I believe they trembled a little.

"You, boy, what's your name?"

"Jim Hawkins."

"And you, young lady?"

"Mary Wilson."

"First, tell me, Jim, do you love her?"

"Why yes, ma'am. I think she's supreme."

"And you, Mary?"

"He's my treasure."

"Well, I know Jack Bates wouldn't have brought you here if he weren't concerned for your well-being. Tell me, are either of you in school?"

"No, ma'am. Both our mums are widows, and we must work. We stopped going to school."

"Very well. I will presume that you can read and write. Now, tell me, where did you learn about sex? No, don't blush, young lady. That is what the act is called."

"We've watched the cows and horses."

"I see. Now, Jim, I will guess as to your method. You bent her over a rail in the barn. She lifted her skirt, you dropped your pants, and you rammed your pecker into her. Is that correct?"

Jim paused and looked down. "Uh, yes."

"Well, young people, that's efficient but hardly what you'd call prolonged lovemaking. Mary, do you want to be a brood mare?"

"I should say not."

"Then stop that act, because all you will get out of it is a baby."

"Well, I'd have a baby, and marry Jim, if he'd have me. Jim is seventeen and I'm sixteen, so we're old enough. But... if I had a baby, I couldn't earn any money to help me mum."

"I agree, and I do not doubt you when you say that you love each other. Tell me something, young lady. We may be able to prevent a baby here. When did your last menstrual period end?"

"My what?"

“When did your monthly juices stop flowing?”

“OH! I don’t think I can talk about *that*.”

“Please do. *Now*.”

She hesitated. “Well, about three days ago.”

“Good! Too soon to ovulate.”

“What?”

“Oh, nothing. You will not have a baby—this month. Now let me think.” I paused. In a moment I had developed a plan. “Today I’ll tell you about something that cows and horses don’t do. It may keep you out of trouble until you’re older and can afford to marry. Further, you’ll see each other’s faces when you take your pleasure.”

“What’s that?”

“Oral sex.”

Mary said, “Oh Nurse Goodman! I know that word. You mean with the mouth, but only whores do that.”

“Then, my dear, you’re talking to one of England’s biggest whores. I did it to my husband all the time.”

“Oh, I didn’t mean...”

“No, of course not. I know. Now, get your clothes off. Both of you.”

“Why?”

“Making love is never as good in clothing as when you’re naked. Perhaps you are concerned about modesty. If you love each other, that will disappear. If it doesn’t disappear, then you don’t love each other.”

“I’ve never seen a naked girl before.”

“Nor me a boy.”

“Well, this will be a nice first for you. *Now*, take off your clothes.”

“Someone will see us.”

“Nonsense. No one except me. The door to the room is locked, and Jack and Meg know to leave me alone when I’m working. There! Good! Now Mary, get on your knees and look at that boy’s roger. No, look closer. Touch it. Feel it. You should, because you’re planning to be this organ’s ‘friend’ for the rest of your life.”

Mary did so.

“If you handle him right, he’ll be stiffer than the Luxor obelisk in the *Place de la Concorde* in Paris. And I’m quite sure you learned about that in school.”

“Well, he’s quite stiff when he’s, er, inside me.”

“Good. Now I caution you, young man, she will have a tremendous influence on you. You have a big head on your shoulders and a little head one on your willy. Don’t let the little head do the thinking for the big head.”

They now waited for my instruction, Jim sitting and Mary kneeling at his feet. “Part, the first. Mary, put it in your mouth. Go ahead.”

She did and Jim moaned. “Excellent. Now, Mary, move your mouth up and down. Use your hand, too. Yes, that’s the way!”

I noticed that Mary was rather enjoying the experience, and seemed to be encouraged by Jim’s moans.

“Now stop. You should stand, Mary, and have Jim lick and suck your nipples. Go ahead, push one breast right in his face.”

Mary tried, but seemed to lack the *gusto* to continue.

“You will get better with practice, Mary. Now, watch this.”

I removed my apron, uniform, and *chemise*. I stood only in my pantalettes.

“God, Nurse Goodman! They’re huge.”

“Yes, they are, Jim. Now suck.” I pulled Jim’s head firmly to a breast, and gave him no room for escape. “Now nip at them. In a moment, you must do the same thing to Mary.”

Mary did as I had done, pulling his mouth to her breast, and in a moment Jim was greeted with her groans.

“In addition, Mary, when you have a baby, use must nurse just as firmly, or your infant will hurt your bobbies. Mary, there is one remaining thing. Let us both kneel, and see what we can do for this boy’s tool.”

With that, we both knelt, and took turns putting Jim’s penis in our mouths. Jim’s moans were, I thought, most satisfying. In a few moments, I left Mary to continue.

“Mary, you must now stop. No, Jim, don’t object. You will soon be satisfied, but first you have some work to do. What’s sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.”

“How’s that, Nurse Goodman?”

“I’ll show you.” I moved up to Jim and straddled his chair. I used my fingers to part my *labia majora*, as anatomist Henry Gray calls them. “Now lick, and show some enthusiasm!”

To my great surprise, Jim did show enthusiasm. Very soon, I was moaning audibly.

“Mrs. Goodman, I’d like a turn.”

“Certainly, Mary. Step right up.” Now to my surprise—again—Mary pulled Jim’s head firmly into her crotch and began rocking her pelvis up and down. How very creative! Her moans grew steady, and she finally arched her back dramatically.

“Excellent! That’s the way to do it. Now, we owe your young man a fine reward for his efforts. Get on your knees and suck.”

It was now Jim’s turn to groan with greater and greater frequency. Mary stopped and turned to me. “Nurse Goodman, if I continue, he’ll do it in my mouth.”

“Yes, dear. That’s the plan. You don’t want to waste what comes out.”

She gave me an odd look and a shrug. She returned to her labors. I fancy that near the end she rather showed some eager anticipation of his ejaculation. Oh, my! When Jim was done, his hips came well off the chair, and he fairly buried his penis in Mary’s throat. But there was a further surprise! Mary seemed to relish the experience, and subsequently spent some time licking all ejaculate from the penis.

“Stand up, my young friends. Give each other numerous kisses and don your clothing. I’ll put on my uniform.”

When we were all dressed, I reinforced my advice that they keep their frolicking to forms that avoided pregnancy. Then, I extracted promises that they would visit me again when marriage was imminent. I gave each of them a kiss on the forehead. They left through the French doors, and I spent a well-earned few minutes pleasuring myself.

Later, I explained the basic points of my “therapy” to Jack and Meg. They nodded, laughed, and seemed satisfied with the outcome. Jack was unlikely to be troubled again by the staff playing “mare and stallion” in the barn.

#### **Thursday, July 27, 1865**

Today was a day of intense therapy. I can think of no phrase more compact to describe hours of working with Sir Reginald. Progress is slow.

#### **Friday, July 28, 1865**

Today I offered Sir Reg an activity and, to my surprise, he acceded, although not without the usual arguments. As usual, I went to the library at nine.

“What evil do you have for me today?”

“Well, my Fifth Earl of Obstinacy, I have none. Instead, I invite you to a shooting match.

“Pistols at ten o’clock?”

“No sir. Birds. You will shoot against three opponents.”

“Patricia, my love, are you mad? Are you deaf? I am not able to shoot birds. I do not want to meet opponents.”

“I suggest to you, sir, that you *are* able to shoot birds. Further, you will not have to meet your opponents. I shall explain: Your opponents are Bill Black, Jedediah Green, and me. I have invited Bill and Jed especially for today. Well you know, they are grouse hunters on the estate, and very grateful to you.”

“No matter. I don’t want to meet them.”

“And you will not, Sir Resistive. All shooting will be done from the north side of the manor. Bill and Jed will be at your far left and far right. They are already in their ‘blinds,’ having a toddy, and shielded from seeing you. We will do trap shooting, based upon the Finsbury rules.”

“The shot guns are not in order.”

“My dear, sweet Reginald. My love, my only man. I love it when you speak from ignorance. I have had Jack ready all guns. And first-class guns they are!

“But what of the birds?”

“Jack and the gamekeepers have spent two weeks trapping and feeding them. Grouse, mostly.”

“You are amazing. Have you ever considered marrying me?”

“When you ask, I’ll say ‘yes.’ Until then, no.”

At 9:30 AM precisely, Sir Reg entered my room. We moved through the French doors and onto the apron that ran the length of the north side of the manor.

“All right. Where are Bill and Jed hiding?”

“They are not hiding, Sir Reg. *You* are hiding. They are behind screens at your left and your right.”

Jack arrived. “I have the guns in readiness. Tell me, Sir Reg, will you fire from a standing position, or sit like a pussycat?”

Sir Reg gave Jack a grim stare. “I will stand. I can do that.”

“Good. Now, I’ll announce to our gathering.” Jack raised his voice and said, “Ladies and gentlemen, you each have a fine English double gun. They are from Westley Richards, whose system was perfected in 1860. The guns fire metallic cartridges. I will give the signal, and ask each shooter in turn to take two shots. We will repeat this a total of three times. That amounts to twenty-four birds.”

I held my gun with its butt to my shoulder and awaited Jack’s call.

“Shooter #1. That’s you, Bill. Be ready. Meg, pull!”

A bird flew up and Bill shot it. “For Bill, Meg, pull another!”

Bill missed. “God damn it!”

“One bird grassed. The other has flown! Now, shooter #2. That’s Jed. Meg, pull!”

So the process cycled to me and to Sir Reg. After we had done this three times, Jack said, “I announce that Bill Black has grassed five birds, Jedediah Green six, Patricia Goodman four, and Sir Reginald Pleydell six. Jed and Sir Reginald will shoot an additional round.”

Jed and Sir Reg shot one more round, with Jed grassing two birds and Sir Reg only one.

“All is well. Jed Green is our winner. Meg, my love, please bring all the birds to the kitchen for plucking and singeing. You boys lend a hand, if you will.”

Sir Reg collapsed into his wheelchair. I could see by his smile that he was quite pleased with his shooting. In any event, I knew that our little family—and the village—would eat well tonight.

### **July 29, 1865**

Simon has visited me every day since July 20th. There is no trace of infection or inflammation. I believe the treatment was a success!

### **Tuesday, August 1, 1865**

This day was punctuated by an event, perhaps the oddest I was to encounter in Kent. I was required to understand a young mind, double-quick, and to provide a kind of cure. It's unfortunate that no science has yet developed to understand human behavior, but perhaps there will be such a discipline in the future. To say it succinctly, I encountered a very naughty boy.

The time was late morning, and I was I was in my study, as I had now begun to call my day room). On impulse I determined to change from my nurse's uniform into more casual clothing. I removed my apron and dress, and wore only my chemise and pantalettes.

“OWWWWWW!!!”

What on earth was that yowling? An answer came immediate. Jack Bates entered my room through the French doors, firmly holding Tom Brown by an ear. Tom could not run away without losing his hearing apparatus.

“See here, Miz Patricia! Our new shepherd Tom Brown is a Peeping Tom! I've caught him just outside your window, spying on you.”

“Tom, that behavior is disgusting.”

Tom was silent.

“Shall I sack him and run him off the estate?”

I thought quickly. “No, Jack. I want Tom and me to have a little talk. First, if Sir Reg's bath water is still warm, please clean him up. Take care not to drown him. His clothing looks terrible, so throw everything out.”

Tom Brown paled. Perhaps he thought I would kill him and bury him naked in an unmarked grave.

“Relax, Tom. I know you have been living the rough life with Simon Shepherd. We'll get you some new clothes.”

Jack hauled the young man off to his bath. I was tempted to cut a switch from a willow tree and render a punishment. Throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland we hold rather a low opinion of those who spy on women. Leering at women was the province of the hellfire clubs of the last century.

I donned my laboratory coat, and went to the kitchen. Meg and I quickly devised a plan of action. When Meg came to my study, she brought a couple of accessories. Together we moved my large table to the center of the room.

A short time later, Jack entered the room, again with an iron grip on Tom's ear. I must say, Tom looked a good deal better than when I had first seen him.

"Here's your baggage, Miz Patricia. Where shall I dump it?"

"Simply bend him over the work table and tie his arms to the table legs. Meg will supply the cords." Jack did so.

I sat opposite Tom. "Now, young man, what do you think will happen to you?"

Tom was sullen. "You're going to cane me, just like me dad."

"No, Tom. You are mistaken. Why would you say that?"

"He beat me most every day until I run away. I reckon that you'll do that, too."

"No, that will *not* happen here. However, Meg Bates has a crop. Show him, Meg." Meg brandished the same crop that Master Jack had used so effectively in the barn.

"This crop will encourage you to communicate, and to communicate honestly. As that begins to happen, Meg will stop using it, and you will be asked to sit like a gentleman. What say you?"

Silence. Meg gave Tom's buttocks a sturdy whack.

"Yes, yes! I will!"

"Now, you have been spying on me. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Silence. I nodded to Meg. Tom got another painful thwack.

"I'm... I'm... sorry I spied on you."

Excellent. A gentleman should be able to apologize. Why did you do such a thing?"

Silence. I merely had to nod to Meg, and Tom quickly spoke. "I wanted to see your bubbies."

"That, sir, sounds like the truth. Meg, untie him. Tom, please sit in that chair, and we will have a civil discussion."

Tom took his place in a chair. "First, tell me. Is what Simon says about your parents true?"

"Yes, ma'am. It was hard. I couldn't do anything right. It seemed like they told me so every day, and me dad would give me a few licks. The boys at school all know about it, but it doesn't matter. I don't do well in school, and I don't care anyway."

"Well, what about your army of boys, which fights on the week-ends?"

"That has been great fun, and Mr. Shepherd is very wise. I'm... er, I'm sorry that I ever teased him and threw rocks at him. Despite all that, he made friends with me gang and taught us to maneuver."

"And then?"



“He hired me as a shepherd and gave me a place to live. He says he’ll help me fix one of the harvester’s huts, or even help me build a sheepherder’s wagon, like the Basques in America use.”

“Have you told him of your gratitude?”

“Er, no.”

“Well, best you do so as soon as possible. That’s what a gentleman would do.”

“But I ain’t no gentleman.”

“You can trust me, Tom. Before you end your employment at Folkestone Manor, you *will* be a gentleman. Now, to go further, is there a girl in the village you’re fond of?”

“No. I never had a girl.”

“Then you have a case of arrested development.”

“Arrested? Are you going to have me pinched?”

“No, never mind. It means something else. Now, me bucko, you are about to get a bit of education. I call it ‘Tom Brown’s school days.’ This is an education you will not want to share with your parents, should you visit them. You will especially not want to mention it to Reverend Pritchett nor to Mr. Shards, the schoolmaster.”

Tom only stared. I surmised that he was baffled as to what was to come. I confess that I was baffled, too. I was making this up as I went along.

I gave Tom a gentle kiss on the forehead. Then I removed my laboratory coat, followed by my chemise. I now stood before him with breasts of no little consequence at the height of his eyes.

“Tom, look up. Are these what you wanted to see?” He didn’t look up.

“Meg...”

Tom looked up. “Yes, yes! Exactly. I think about them constantly.”

“And so you will, I imagine, until you find a girl of your own. Then, you’ll just recall these as merely an older woman’s Bristol bits. Now take them in your hands, lift them up, and give ‘em a closer look.”

At first, Tom hesitated, but only for a second or two. He did as I asked.

“Now, give ‘em a squeeze, my young stud. Put your face between them. Good. Now, put a nipple in your mouth and suck. Harder. Good!”

Tom was clearly enjoying himself. I glance at Meg, standing behind him. She had a broad smile.

“Meg, I think you should lend a... hand here.”

In seconds, Meg had stripped to the waist. We traded places; she now stood in front of Tom, with me behind, holding his shoulders.

“And these, young man, constitute a bigger pair, from an even older woman. Latch on, as you did with Miz Patricia.”

Tom needed no coaxing. He was quite excited, if his cockstand was any indication. Rather a nice willy, I thought.

“Thomas, we have but three things left to do, before you and I have a concluding conversation. Are you ready?”

Tom was panting. “I don’t think I can take any more. I’ve not ever been so excited.”

“It’s far better than watching women from afar. Now, Meg, keep our boy occupied for a moment.”

I removed the rest of my clothing. Clearly, I was going too far, but I reasoned with the logic of an Australian swagman: “I’ll be hung for stealing a lamb; might as well steal a sheep.” I showed Tom all of me. Then I turned away from him.

“Meg, I suggest you doff the rest of your outfit and join me. Tom, aside from my marvelous character and noteworthy breasts, you see here my buttocks. Have you ever see buttocks close up before?”

“Oh, no, ma’am.”

“This is our first step. Grab them and pull them close. Ah, yes. Put your tongue between them. Meg, are you ready?”

“Certainly.” With that, an equally naked Meg came to Tom’s front, and Tom provided her the same treatment.

“I don’t think he’s going deep enough. And me buns ain’t all that large, you know.”

I stood behind Tom. “Bend over a little, Meg.” And with that, I pushed Tom’s nose into the crack between her buttocks. “Best you lick, Tom, until she wants to stand.”

Meg took her time. When she did stand, I joined her in front of Tom. Tom was panting so hard that I feared he might not be getting enough air to breathe.

“Our second step is quite simple. Look closely at what Meg and I will show you. You can touch if you want.” With that, we put our pudenda directly in front of Tom. On my signal, Meg and I both tugged up a little, so Tom could see and touch the lips. He did so.

“You’ve never done this before, correct?”

“Oh no, ma’am. My family thinks it’s evil.”

“Well, it’s not. Now, go to that table and lie on it, face up.” Tom rather staggered to the table and lay on it. I fetch the oil I used for massages.

“Meg, hold his shoulders. First, we’ll take a nice look at Tom’s equipment. Then we’ll proceed to step three.”

I got on my knees and coated my palm with oil. I got a firm grip on Tom’s penis and commenced giving him long up-and-down strokes.

Tom's quiet moaning quickly became loud moaning. He raised his hips and fairly bucked. At last, an enormous flow of semen issued forth. Tom collapsed, exhausted.

"A towel, Meg. Let's clean this fellow up." We did. I offered Tom a laboratory coat to wear and bade him be seated.

"Tom, I have some advice for you. Will you take it?"

"Yes, Nurse Goodman."

"First, do not spy on women. It's unbecoming. Second, strive to find a girl who likes you. You're a young man with an honest job—not a boy, you know—and you may want to marry. And third..."

"Yes?"

I glanced at Meg, and she nodded. "Third, should you need advice, counseling, or any other help, please visit Meg or me. I will be at Folkestone Manor only until Sir Reginald gets better, but Meg will always be here. Right, Meg?"

"Right, indeed. And Jack always has sound advice for young men, too."

I kissed Tom on the forehead. "Now, Tom, go with Meg. She'll get you into some better clothing, and probably provide a basket of good food for you and Simon Shepherd."

"Thank you. For... everything."

With that, Tom and Meg left me. I spent a few moments assessing my behavior, and judged that I had taken the best course of action possible. I told Sir Reg about the whole incident later, and he laughed quite a bit over it. In fact, he said he wished someone had given him such "help" when he was young.

#### **Thursday, August 3, 1865**

Today, there was a bit of a breakthrough in Sir Reg's struggle to walk. He was able to lift his feet a significant amount of distance. By "significant," I mean that he raised each foot approximately four inches, enough to clear the footrests of his wheelchair.

He placed his feet on the floor, and I handed him canes so that he might steady himself. At this point, he grew quite wobbly, and I collapsed his standing wheelchair so that he might sit again.

#### **Saturday, August 5, 1865**

Saturday was a gray day. Clouds had gathered in a sky that was usually deep blue. It appeared that rain would come, a sure signal that the season was changing. Meg assured me that a day such as today was unusual, and the village of Hawkinge counted upon good weather to ensure a good hop harvest.

"The row crops in the gardens will manage a rainstorm, and the stone fruit in the orchards won't care. But we are approaching the time for the hops, and we don't want a wet harvest. Besides, we have a big harvest festival at the end of September."

At nine o'clock, Sir Reg and I had tea. I no longer administered medications, either for his surgery or his general pain. Our regimen of medication now comprised ale, an occasional glass of whiskey, and a rare glass of port.

"Sir Reg, I see your strength returning. Do you feel it?"

"Somewhat. I suggest you test me this afternoon in my bedchamber."

I found Sir Reg's statement a bit odd, but held my tongue and simply nodded agreement. We then had a light conversation, comprising health in general, books, and the agriculture produce of Sir Reg's various estates.

At dinner, Meg said, "Today, I'll tell ye a story as I place your plates before ye. The cutlets of beef are known in the United States as Delmonico steaks, and I've broiled 'em to perfection. Now, be careful, as these pewter plates are hot. I'm servin' the meat on metal plates so the steaks will 'sizzle' a bit longer than usual."

"Meg, that other item is most curious. Would it be potatoes?"

"Yes, Sir Reg, but not the kind we see in England. These are Saratoga chips, invented by George Crum at Moon's Lake House in Saratoga, New York. He's one of those red-skinned American Indians. The story goes that when a customer complained that his *pommes frites* were too thick, Crum sliced a new batch so thin they looked like shavings. He fried 'em up, and added lots of salt. The Yankees seem to love 'em."

"Oh, Meg, they're good. But do you not worry that there's too much salt?"

"Not today, Miz Patricia. Besides, it's only a fad, and a hundred years from now, I'm sure no one will eat Saratoga chips."

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At two, I entered Sir Reg's bedroom. He lay upon the bed, face up, under a sheet.

"Sir Reg, if you roll over onto your stomach, I can begin testing your sensitivity, starting with the soles of your feet, as I do normally."

He gave me a sly smile. "I should prefer that you start with me on my back."

I nodded. I began my usual litany "Do you feel this?" and repeated it for his feet, angles, calves, and thighs.

"I believe you've omitted an important organ."

I had touched his "important organ" numerous times, with only minor effect. Nevertheless, I grasped his penis. It instantly began to grow in size. I must say, I was fanteeged—flustered. I held my grip and the organ continued to grow. I gave it several gentle strokes, and it continued to grow. And grow. And grow.

"Why, Reginald! What a surprise!"

"As the old saying goes, 'Stand back, as I don't know how big this thing gets.'"

I laughed. "Well, sir, we must give it two tests."

I drew my face close to his formidable club, and licked it from the base to the tip. It quivered! It remained that I should take it into my mouth for a stroke. After perhaps twenty or thirty such strokes, I employed the technique Meg had demonstrated in the barn with Master Jack. I relaxed my throat and took it *all* in.

“My God! Don’t stop.”

“But I must stop. There is a second test I am obliged to conduct.”

I stood and began removing my uniform. Soon I was standing naked before him. I leaned forward to give him a kiss, and he was quite quick to grab my breasts.

“Good! You have sustained yourself during this interlude. Now we must see if your back is sufficiently healed to sustain the weight of a woman.”

With that I mounted the bed and mounted *him*. I gently eased myself down and felt the full penetration of his Jolly Roger. OH! There was nothing to do but ride Sir Reg, much as the cowboys and vaqueros of the American West ride their unbroken broncos. My goal was to stay on for seven seconds—or more.

“Now I won’t stop!” Sir Reg’s thrusts rapidly increased in intensity, but I stayed in the saddle, so to speak.

Reg: “Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Me: “Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Both of us exhausted, I dismounted my steed and lay beside him.

He said “I thought you might enjoy the surprise, Patricia.” With that, and a long kiss, we drifted off to sleep.

### **Sunday, August 6, 1865**

The glow of a physical encounter buoyed me. I suspected that Sir Reg’s dramatic improvement in lovemaking ability would enhance his self-confidence. Perhaps that self-confidence would stimulate his efforts to walk. Besides, the sex was good.

My only task today was to write two letters. One was addressed to Dr. Wong Kei in London.

Sunday, 6th Aug., 1865

Wong Kei  
Physician and Herbalist  
№ 6 Oak Lane  
Limehouse  
London

My Dear Dr. Wong,

I must thank you for all you have done to make my work with Sir Reginald Pleydell successful. He has survived a complicated surgery and there are numerous indications that he will walk again.

My report to you today is, however, of a less clinical nature. I must tell you:

- You asked me on Thursday, June 8th, “Can your nobleman get the *Tsat?*” Indeed, he can now.
- I have provided him with a *kǒu jiāo*, with excellent results.
- He has a marvelous *diu*, and seems to experience healthy vigor. I will encourage it with the ginseng root and catuaba you supplied.

I wish you success and prosperity, and that wish extends to your son, the future Dr. Wong Li.

Faithfully yours,

She with the big *zhàn jiàn*  
Mrs. Patricia Goodman, Nurse of the Nightingale School  
Folkestone Manor, Hawkinge, Kent

I also wrote a letter to Dr. Lister, reporting Sir Reg’s progress with walking and ensuring him that all was well with our patient.

### **Saturday, August 12, 1865**

This day was as beautiful as any I had seen in Kent. Granted, the days were now starting to grow shorter, and the countryside had taken on hints of a fall aspect. Soon the harvest would begin in earnest.

I walked into Hawkinge in the afternoon to visit Betty Bourne. From her, I learned a most marvelous story. We talked over several cups of tea, accompanied by biscuits of her own baking. They were shortbread, made from one part white sugar, two parts butter, and three parts flour.

“Yesterday, I entertained a wonderful guest. He has left, but promised to return at the end of September.”

“You must tell me all about it.” And so, she began her narrative.

“Just a bit before noon, there was a knock at my door. I left my kitchen, glanced out the window, and saw a hack going away on Oak Lane. Now who, I thought, would hire a cab? Only a visitor from Folkestone.”

I shall attempt to describe the rest, using the dialogue she supplied.

I threw open the door. “Yes?”

“Are ye Mrs. Bourne?”

I stopped. I couldn’t answer. My visitor was a man, and a very attractive one, but in fact and in short, I thought it was the very ghost of my Angus Bourne.

“I say, are ye Mrs. Bourne?”

“Why yes, I am. And who might you be?”

“I’m Adam Bairn, from New York City, in America. Angus is me cousin. I wish to see him.”

I grew quiet. "I do, too. He's been dead for five years."

"Now it was the stranger's turn to be silent."

"Oh. I'm verra sorry to hear that."

"Please come in, Mr. Bairn, and we can have a proper conversation."

I took him to the front parlor. "Please seat yourself, Mr. Bairn. I'm flummoxed, as you are the spitting image of my Angus."

"Yes. They said that in Edinburgh when we were boys."

"Rather than offer you tea, I'll ask if you'll be joining me in a Scotch whiskey."

"Certainly, and if it ain't too much to ask, I'll trouble you for an ale to go with it."

"Certainly. Why is that?"

"Well, Scootch makes ye droonk without fillin' ye up. Ale fills ye up without making ye droonk."

I was struck silent at hearing one of Angus' favorite expressions.

"Yes, of course. I'll return in a moment." I went to the pantry and returned with mugs of ale. Then I poured out two glasses of whiskey. "This is Glenkinchie, from East Lothian."

"Excellent! Angus and I drank it in school. In America, I find mostly the whiskey made in Bourbon County, in the state of Kentucky. There is also a potent drink called *white lightning*, made from corn."

We lifted our glasses. Adam said, "Well, whit's fur ye'll no go by ye!"

"Mr. Bairn, those are the very words Angus wanted on his tombstone. If you like, we can visit him after our drinks. But first, please tell me about all that has passed."

"I'll be glad to pay me respects to me dear cousin. Well, to continue, in 1847, Angus and I attended the University of Edinburgh. Angus studied natural philosophy. I studied to become a mining engineer. In 1849, he and I went to California because of the Gold Rush. We 'worked a claim' together."

"But he returned to the United Kingdom. I met him here in Hawkinge in 1852. We were married within days. I must say, he quite swept me off my feet."

"Indeed, he returned to Scotland in 1852 and thence must have come here. He wanted to buy a farm, and he had the gold to do it, too."

"And you?"

"I went to an area called Montana. It has only recently become a territory of the United States. There, I made a pile."

"You were mining dirt?"

“Oh, no! That’s an American expression. I mean that I became very rich. Copper mines. As you may know, the sure signs of a Scot are love of money, love of Scotch whiskey, and...”

“Brodies tea, from Leith?”

“Nay. I was going to say ‘the love of a good woman.’ I then moved to New York City. Montana has plenty of copper and plenty of sheep, but no women, haggis, or good whiskey. Trust me, Mrs. Bourne, if anyone ever offers ye a ‘shot of redeye’ you must decline.”

We downed our drinks and had another. “Angus mentioned a cousin in America, but only two or three times.”

“Ah, ‘tis a pity. You could have written me, or visited the United States. I have plenty of bucks to pay for the voyage.”

“Bucks? Aren’t those male deer? I thought you were in the mining business.”

“Ho, me lassie! That’s more of that odd American slang. It means I have plenty of U.S. dollars. I’m not bragging, you understand. The fun for me is in making the money, not in hoarding it.”

“Mr. Bairn, you are a delight. Can you stay for dinner and perhaps remain in Hawkinge for a bit?”

“No, sadly, I cannot. True, I’d like to see where Angus is buried, and then I must take the train to Liverpool. But I’ll tell ye this: I should like to return here in late September. You’re a bonnie lass, and a good miner does nae walk away from a rich strike.”

That concluded Betty’s narrative. I was delighted that she had met an intriguing—and plain talking—man. I told her so.

“Oh, my dear Patricia, I liked him. I should like to get much closer to him,” she said with a wide smile as she downed her drink.

### **Monday, August 14, 1865**

Today was marked by intense attempts to have Sir Reg walk. I have no other word for it.

As a concession to Sir Reg’s efforts, I participated in a wheelchair race with him. He won, but in fact I performed better than ever.

### **Saturday, August 19, 1865**

This day was, like all the others, a long one. I led Sir Reg through a series of exercise to strengthen his muscles, especially those in his legs.

### **Friday, August 25, 1865**

Friday, August 25th, was a day whose memory will be permanently engraved in my mind and heart.

It began with a morning session of physical therapy with Sir Reg, following our usual pattern. I attempted numerous times to get Sir Reg to step out of the standing wheelchair. As usual, his leg braces were on and I stood by with his canes. Sir Reg was meeting with very little success.



“Sir Reginald, please try again.” I sure he was quite exhausted by repeated efforts over many days.

He stared at me, and then said, “I can’t.”

“With respect, sir, you can.”

“I tell you I can’t. I have tried diligently every day. You plainly see that I cannot make my legs function.”

Sir Reg conveniently ignored his abundant progress. He was always quick to discount it. Further, I did not believe that he had tried “diligently.”

I was getting hot. “You tell me you *refuse* to walk.”

“That isn’t so, Patricia. It’s painful. It’s difficult.”

“Is that the way an officer speaks? Sir Reginald, please try again.”

“Stop! I’m not an officer. I’m a cripple. And I *can’t* do it.”

His response was entirely unacceptable to me. “Your surgery was a success. You *can* do it!”

“I can’t.”

“You *can*.” What a juvenile conversation we were having! Now, my knickers were in a knot. I was ‘as hot as a Hottentot,’ as they say. I cannot explain it, but I had a vague memory of that disagreeable man who had attempted to assault me in Limehouse.

“Please, sir. Please try again.”

“No. I will not. I am done with this!”

Enough! I couldn’t not tolerate this! I took a deep breath. I approached his wheel chair, and brought my arm back to its limit. I gave him the hardest slap I could.

Sir Reg was completely surprised at this unexpected gesture of love. He just stared.

“Now, YOU LISTEN TO ME, you spoiled rotten piece of Braunschweiger. *Everybody* loves you and works to help you. Jack loves you. Meg loves you. I love you. We have also busted our bloody bums to keep you well and happy. *You* are the only one who doesn’t love you.

I brought my face very close to his, and hissed, “Now, you get out of that chair and YOU... FUCKING... WALK!!!”

I saw Reg’s face display the following: surprise, shock, and a struggle with emotions. He was silent, and his jaw was set more tightly than I had ever seen.

Then—slowly—Sir Reg pushed down on the arms of the chair and raised himself.

He stood. He took a shaky step forward. He began to wobble, so I handed him a cane. And a second cane. He was standing and stable.

He took a step forward. He took another step forward. And another. And another. He was walking!

I was thrilled! I rushed to him and embraced him!

That was foolish. We both fell to the floor, causing a great clatter, with Sir Reg lying on top of me.

We were both quite out of breath. Recovering his bravado, Sir Reg panted, "Well that wasn't so hard. At least I had a woman to help me break my fall."

"Oh, Reg! You're wonderful."

I kissed him as hard as I could! He returned the favor.

Jack and Meg rushed in. "Say isn't it a bit early in the day for that sort of thing?"

"Meg. Oh Meg! Jack, please help Sir Reg up. He is walking!"

"Walking? Is it true, sir?"

Sir Reg couldn't deny the truth. "Well, er..., yes. A few steps."

Meg rushed to him and planted a big kiss on him. Jack said, "Excuse me, Major, if I don't kiss you." Jack helped Sir Reg to his wheelchair.

"Now, Sir Reg, for the benefit of your audience, please do it again."

"What? Am I a performing dog?"

"Yes, sir. This morning, you are."

Pause. "Very well. Please hand me the canes as soon as I am upright." Slowly, Sir Reg pushed down on the arms of the chair and raised himself. He stood, and then took a shaky step forward. He wobbled slightly.

Again, I handed him a cane. Again, I handed him a second cane. He was standing and stable. He then walked across the room.

Jack, Meg, and I rushed to him. As a group, we gave him a hug. I don't believe there is a term for such a thing.

Reg was panting, but I saw a small smile of satisfaction. The smile grew. "Who's Braunschweiger now?"

"You are, sir. The best one—one I'd love to eat." We kissed for a long time, and found no particular reason to stop.