

Molly Left her Dolly on the Trolley, Car

by Jules de Jongh
Season 3 Episode 10

[opening theme music and strapline]

Nanny Bea: It is that time once again, the tea is ready and my neighbour Jules will be bringing us a story any...

[knock sfx]

Nanny Bea: minute now.

Nanny Bea: What was that? Oh, my door. Hello, who is it?

Jules: HI Nanny Bea, it's your neighbour Jules with a story.

Nanny Bea: And who wouldn't want a story, come in dear.

Jules: Oh we have an unexpected travelling tale today.

Nanny Bea: But first we have a wonder word!

[insert wonder word jingle]

Nanny Bea: Hi Nanny Bea, I'm Marie and I have a wonder word for you...

[insert drum roll]

Nanny Bea: It's schmooze. To schmooze is to talk to someone pretending to be more excited or interested than you really are, usually to impress them or flatter them. My sister's new boyfriend does this. That's so my dad will like him.

[insert chimes]

Jules: Thank you Marie. Now listen carefully friends, this one just slipped on in there. Are you ready for a story?

Nanny Bea: Oh, yes please.

Jules: Okay then, **Molly Left her Dolly on the Trolley, Car**, adapted for radio

Molly didn't want to. Molly didn't mean to, but Molly did, leave her dolly on the trolley car.

It was a wet and windy day. Molly was enjoying an outing in the city, San Francisco to be exact, where trolley cars are trugged up and roll down the lumpy, bumpy streets. Her mother had told her that very morning, 'Don't take your dolly, you might just leave her on the trolley, car. ' But Molly always took her doll, everywhere and up until today had never left her behind.

You might be thinking that is because Molly is particularly good at hanging onto her dolly but it was actually quite the opposite, her dolly was in fact particularly good at hanging on to Molly. The only reason her doll, we should really call her by name now, her dolly who she might've named Polly but instead named Pip, don't ask me why, wouldn't or rather couldn't hang onto Molly on this day because of that wet and wind.

Instead of leaving Pip to hang from her arm as she usually did, Molly tucked her into the inside pocket of her sunshine yellow raincoat, to take extra care of her but Molly'd totally forgotten that this pocket was the one with no bottom whatsoever. To look at it, you'd wonder how it could have ever been a pocket at all, but this Molly did not remember. Pip being the skilled hanger oner she was, managed to cling on for some time, all the way along the pavement, onto car number 39 and to the eventual seat that was made available after most occupants exited at Fisherman's Wharf. What is a wharf you may ask yourself? Well I asked myself and it is in fact a quay or a staith, still none the wiser? Okay let's just call it a sticky outty bit into the water where big boats can load and unload, their cargo, not their worries.

So Molly and her clinging on dolly sat for about ten seconds hearing the brake clunk, clunk, clunking on until she too realised Fisherman's Wharf was her exit. Molly popped up and followed her Gran off the trolley for a nice warm helping of creamy clam chowder served up in a bowl carved out of a loaf of San Francisco's own sourdough, bread that is. It wasn't until Molly was full to nearly overflowing of that yummiest of soups that she discovered the hole in the pocket her doll should be safe inside of but wasn't.

Molly began to cry. 'Never fear my dear,' said her Gran in that comforting way grans do. 'We will be right back on that trolley for the return journey and we are sure to find Pip waiting there for us.' But that return journey wasn't for some time as Gran and Molly had many sights to explore.

Meanwhile a wet Pip sat alone on car 39 rolling back and forth along the same path for what must have been an entire hour and in doll years that feels like an eternity so Pip took it upon herself to seek out Molly which is no easy thing for a doll. San Francisco is a large place and Molly could be anywhere and then of course there is the fact that Pip cannot walk, not that that stopped her before. She and her clinging on skills got her from A to B and all the way to Z on some occasions. Pip would just have to employ those skills once again and the perfect target came into view.

She was a girl with silky black hair in bunches either side that refused to hang down as bunches traditionally do. She wore a bright red coat and pale blue galoshes, both a sight to behold but neither as stunning as her brown black eyes. They looked like puddles of ink, that would spill over if you touched them. And it was these eyes that opened doors and offered seats. No one could resist, no schmoozing necessary, just a couple of blinks and the seat was hers. The seat, it just so happens, that included Pip. Pip took her opportunity and

wrangle, wrangled her way under the bright red belt on that bright red coat. It wasn't long before the little girl with the big brown black eyes got off of the trolley and on to the street, a busy bustling street with cars and bikes and scooters, all beeping and honking. The girl seemed not to mind and Pip was too focused to notice.

The little girl with the big eyes walked for what seemed forever, she held the hand of a man with matching eyes. They made their way to Pier 39 where a juggler entertained even Pip for a while. The juggler in his diamond multi colored silky jumpsuit. The diamonds seemed to blur as he threw first squidgy balls, then bowling pins and then china plates. Round and round they'd go. First two, then three, four and more, spinning and flipping in all directions. At one point the girl grew a bit dizzy and looked down, beside her was a sunshine yellow coat that looked so happy against her red one. Once she collected herself, she looked up again and although no longer dizzying, the show was at once repetitive. Both Pip and the girl grew tired of seeing things being thrown into the air and decided they wanted to be the things that were thrown.

Fortunately there was a fairground ride on the pier designed to do just that. The little girl paid her fare and boarded with Pip whom they allowed on for free. It seemed such a good idea at the time, to hop into a bucket with seats and a massive bar that was snapped into place by the young lad who doubled as the ticket seller. Once he made his way all the way around, clicking Pip, the girl and the man into their seats, there was a stillness as each rider awaited their fate. The bucket click, clickety, clicked them up, paused for two maybe three seconds then dropped them plummeting to the ground. The bucket then rose up again, click, clickity, click then fell even faster this time. Once more they went up and came back down at such a speed it seemed the entire world was a smudge of colour, mostly blues and greens but there was a smear of sunshine yellow that seemed to be waiting next in line.

They waddled off, Pip, the girl and the man only to be hailed by a street artist offering to draw caricatures of passers by. The man with the same eyes couldn't help but get one of his little girl. The artist drew with such speed it was as if he knew her face already. He did seem to stop at one point and take extra time over her eyes that were even bigger and blacker in the cartoon drawing. The rest of the picture was in a rainbow of colours, the girl's bright red coat, her pale blue galoshes, and a dash of golden strands of Pip's hair poking around the corner and matching the sunshine yellow coat being worn in the distance.

Pip, the little girl and the man with the matching eyes were most pleased with their outing and had worked up quite an appetite. They couldn't resist a big helping of creamy clam chowder served up in a bowl carved out of a loaf of San Francisco's sourdough, bread that is.

With their bellies full to nearly overflowing of that yummiest of soups they made their way back to the number 39 trolley car. Pip was so tired from all the activity she slipped off to sleep and out from the little girls belt. Before she knew it, Pip heard the familiar clunk, clunk, clunk of the trolley car breaking and squeals of joy from a familiar voice. It was Molly! Back on the trolley and at the exact same time as Pip. 'You were right Gran, here is my lovely dolly waiting patiently for me, what a bore it must have been sitting here all day,' Molly told her Gran. 'If only she'd been with us to see that juggler and ride that ride and get a cartoon drawing.' At that Molly looked closer at her drawing. What a coincidence, in the background

was a girl in a bright red coat and pale blue galoshes with a dolly tucked in her belt that looked almost exactly like Pip.

The End

Nanny Bea: Oh thank you Jules. And thank you Markey Mark for that story seed. By the way, did you notice my little cameo?

Jules: I sure did. Is there something we should know about Nanny Bea? Are you reigniting your performance career?

Nanny Bea: Well I've never been one to shy away from an opportunity. And the off, off, off, off, off Broadway production is casting Legally Blonde the musical. Now I'm not a natural blonde by any means but a wig does wonders.

Jules: How exciting. Will you be here next week for more Tales and Tea?

Nanny Bea: Yes and I will for a few more after that.

Jules: Listening friends, you heard it here first. To find out more...

Thomas: Go to NannyBea.com

Jules: Go there to find out about all our episodes. Then join us next week for more Tales and Tea.

[Be on the Show jingle]

Mr Announcer: This has been a Toad in the Hole production for NannyBea.com.