

Corliss:

Chapter 1

Goes to Disneyland

Fiction by Angela Bauer

I wish I could remember every detail of the summer I was four. Fortunately my Mom Alice and older sister Penny have filled in the blanks. What is confusing is they do not always agree. Therefore I am sharing the version of history I enjoy the most.

At dinner on Friday 2 August 1968 Mom told me that she was taking me to Disneyland the next morning. My baby brother Ed (2) and baby sister Ruth (1) would be coming with us. If she had nothing better to do, our oldest sister Penny (9) would come along.

To be honest, both Penny and I were challenged by tiny over-active bladders. Mom always nicely asked us to wear pinned Curity gauze diapers inside Gerber vinyl panties. We did not mind the diapers because Mom had no bladder control. Consequently she was always diapered.

It turned out Penny decided to make the trip with us. She had not put on her skirt while she ate breakfast, so her vinyl panties were clearly visible.

Ruth and Ed were in the play pen wearing summer Onesies over their diapers.

Mom had led me upstairs to the changing table in the nursery where she was starting to diaper me. I looked past Mom.

Standing in the nursery doorway was Mrs. Phyllida Archer, our neighbor from down the block who was Mom's best friend. Corliss was with her mother, a month older than me and not then my best friend.

Pulling Corliss by the wrist, Mrs. Archer loudly said, “Alice, I don’t know what to do with this girl! The last thing before we left the house I put Corliss on the toilet. I could hear her pee.

“Just as we reached your veranda she wet her panties! Probably we should forget Disneyland.”

“No fair!” Corliss whined with a lisp.

Without pausing my diapering, Mom responded: “Phyllida, how about letting Corliss wear a diaper like my kids?”

Corliss blushed bright red and loudly whined, “No fair! Didees are just for babies.”

Penny had been down the hall in the room we shared. Hearing Corliss, Penny walked into the nursery holding her skirt: “Do you think I’m still a baby?” Her diaper and Gerber panties were obvious.

“Alice, that is a brilliant idea!” Mrs. Archer stated. “I’ve been thinking about returning Corliss to diapers. She has been wetting every couple of days.”

“Then it’s settled. I’m nearly finished diapering Angela. You might as well use the changing table,” Mom said sweetly.

Corliss protested. I could only hear, but not see, a few smacks land, causing the girl to yell.

In a stern voice Mrs. Archer said, “Young Lady, keep up the whining and I’ll give you a real spanking. Then we will stay home.

“Or, you act like a nice cooperative girl. I will diaper you and then all of us will have a good time at Disneyland.”

Once my Gerber panties were in place I scrambled off the changing table. Corliss was roughly lifted to take my place.

Her damp panties were removed and put into the diaper pail. Mrs. Archer folded two of our diapers together and pinned those on Corliss. We were the same size so a pair of my vinyl panties fit Corliss.

Penny was asked to add another dozen Curity diapers and six more of my panties to the large family diaper bag.

The skirts Mom, Penny and I were wearing were long and full enough that our diapers were hidden. Unfortunately for Corliss her skirt was shorter and less full; her diaper was obvious.

Since before I was born, our family owned a two-baby stroller, which also carried the large diaper bag. The stroller already had been loaded into our passenger van. Penny put the diaper bag in the storage compartment with the stroller.

Mom carried Ruth and Mrs. Archer carried Ed. They were buckled into car seats with room for Penny between them. Corliss and I sat next to each other on the rear seat. Mom drove with Mrs. Archer sitting beside her.

Corliss had a million questions about wearing diapers. I patiently told her that instead of begging to use a toilet, at Disneyland when I had to pee I simply wet my diaper. When we had the chance to use a restroom all wet diapers would be changed, which included Mom's diaper.

Her next question was about poop. I told Corliss that usually I could hold my poop until my diaper was removed in a restroom, but if I could not hold it I would just mess my diaper.

“Does that happen often?” Corliss asked shyly.

“Several times that I remember,” I answered. “I don't like feeling poop. Mommy does not scold me when she has to clean me after. I always say I'm sorry.”

At Disneyland after Mom parked, the babies were put in their stroller seats and the diaper bag was placed in its basket. Mom pushed the stroller. Mrs. Archer took Corliss by one hand and me by the other. Penny walked beside us.

By now I've forgotten such details as which rides and attractions we visited. Mom waited until our favorite restaurant had space to serve us lunch. The first step, as always, was a visit to the ladies' room for thorough hand washing.

My diaper was more than damp. Corliss whined that her diaper was uncomfortable. Her mother replied, “Well, when you keep your panties dry you will no longer need diapers!”

After lunch we all went back to the ladies' room. Mom removed my diaper so that I could pee and poop in a toilet. Penny was allowed to

remove her diaper without assistance, but after using the toilet she still had to wait her turn to be re-diapered.

While Mom was changing the babies, Mrs. Archer used another changing table to take care of Corliss. Smelling the mess, the girl was scolded sternly until she was crying. Having vented, her mother cleaned her, applied some baby lotion and diapered her which ended the tears.

Nobody paid attention when I was diapered. Penny was the tallest youngster in the ladies' room. A couple of little girls giggled seeing Penny being diapered. The woman in charge of those girls smacked their thighs and apologized to Penny. She answered, "I get teased about wetting my diaper. Don't worry about it."

Sometime during the late afternoon I fell asleep. So did Corliss and the babies. Once we woke up it was time for another diaper change all around. At least Corliss did not poop.

The plan was to stay until the parade and fireworks. After dinner and before the parade there was another group diaper change. Despite using a toilet while my diaper was removed, I confess during the drive home I messed my diaper.

Before we got out of the van Mom told me, just to be safe, that night I would be diapered for bed. I knew Mom was right so I did not argue. In a show of support Penny asked for a night diaper.

Mrs. Archer said, "I think Corliss deserves to wear diapers to bed. Somewhere we have a carton with the diapers remaining from before she was toilet trained. I know I need to buy her larger Gerber panties. Could you loan me some?"

Mom assured her friend loaning diapers and vinyl panties was no problem.

Corliss whined about having to wear diapers to bed. That earned her smacks on her thighs below her diaper. Those smacks I actually could see. Corliss yelled her head off.

Mrs. Archer promised, "Young Lady, the second we are home you are getting a proper bare-bottom spanking. Count on wearing diapers full-time until you stop wetting!"

Penny was sent to gather diapers and my-size Gerber panties to last Corliss over-night. After those were handed-over, Mom walked out with

Mrs. Archer and the fretful Corliss. In my opinion she totally deserved a spanking, despite the fact that I had never been spanked. Our parents did not believe in spanking.

Being nosey, I followed Mom at a discreet distance. When they reached the sidewalk, Mom lowered her voice: “Phyllida, can we talk about spanking?”

“Sure, Honey, what can I tell you?” Mrs. Archer answered, letting Corliss shuffle home.

“I’ve never spanked any of our kids,” Mom said hesitantly. “In our family John is in charge of spanking. He spans really hard. The thing is he has never gotten around to any of the kids!”

Mrs. Archer rubbed her *derrière* significantly before answering, “Honey, I know what you mean! It’s only been the past couple of months that he has let me spank Corliss.”

Mom also rubbed her backside: “My Mom never hesitated to spank my sisters and me. I mean through high school, for God’s sake! Mom often says I am spoiling Penny and Angela because I don’t spank them.

“Until I can convince John that our kids need regular and sound spankings would you be willing to spank them? Penny is at least five years over-due. I don’t want to make the same mistake with Angela.”

“Honey, that is a request I never expected to receive,” Mrs. Archer admitted. “I really love your kids and I agree all kids need spankings. When do you want them spanked?”

“Phyllida, in a perfect world I’d send them to you tonight,” Mom responded. “Actually, how about after lunch tomorrow? I’ve decided both of them need to stay diapered for a few more days.”

“Sure, just give me a call before you send them over,” Mrs. Archer said, kissing Mom’s right cheek.

It was just as well I was still diapered because I both peed and pooped; hearing Mom talking about me getting spanked shook me up. I scampered upstairs before Mom returned to the house.

“Mommy, I suddenly needed to poop and I couldn’t find you,” I said when Mom finally walked upstairs.

Knowing I was going to be spanked anyway, I whined about being diapered for bed. The very last thing I wanted Mom to know was that I looked forward to wearing diapers. Several times I had seen Penny pinning on a diaper when she thought she was alone. I never had the nerve to do anything like that.

Normally Dad has Sunday breakfast with us. That day I saw Daddy was not seated at the table when I shuffled downstairs, my very wet diaper sagging. Through her thin summer nightie I could tell Penny's diaper was even more saturated than mine.

"Your father is helping Mr. Archer build a large changing table for Corliss. Her mother has decided to keep her diapered for a few more weeks," Mom explained. "I was going to have you take baths and then wear regular panties today. But since both of you wet so much I'm going to diaper you until after lunch at the very least."

So saying Mom put the babies in their playpen, and then she took Penny and me upstairs to remove our diapers. Penny washed and dried herself and was promptly diapered. Mom insisted upon washing and drying me.

During the night I had told Penny what Mom said about spanking. Penny accused me of making all that up.

After lunch Mom did remove our diapers. She told us to wear nice dresses and panties, as well as Mary Janes. Penny gasped when Mom told us to walk down to The Archers: "Young Ladies, she is expecting both of you so you can receive what you have needed for a very long time."

When we arrived a carton of freshly washed diapers and many packages of Gerber panties was ready on the kitchen counter.

Mrs. Archer was expecting us: "Young Ladies, we all know why you are here. Last evening Angela was eavesdropping like a naughty brat. I am sure both of you know that your loving mother requested me to give each of you a sound bare-bottom spanking.

"Yes Penny, the hairbrush on the bed is for your education. This time Angela you will go first and only get my hand. Both of you will wriggle and cry. That is to be expected. I have anticipated you both will wet, so over my lap you will lie on an under pad to protect my dress."

She undressed us completely. While Penny had to wait standing naked with her back to a wall, I was placed in position, face down.

“By the way, Girls, Corliss is napping in her room. Hold down the histrionics unless you want her awake so she can hear your shame.”

The pain of the first spank was beyond anything I could imagine. I yelled as loud as had Corliss. Mrs. Archer only spanked me about twenty times, but they were hard. The sting was terrible. I sobbed my eyes out. I also wet the underpad.

Therefore Mrs. Archer left Penny standing in dread as I was frog-marched to Corliss’ bedroom. By then it looked more like a nursery.

In addition to the new large changing table, very similar to the one at our house, Corliss was sleeping in just a diaper in a regular crib set up next to her bed. On a shelf behind the changing table there was a stack of clean Curity gauze diapers.

Very soon I had been expertly diapered. That was covered by Gerber panties. Thus dressed I was led back to the master bedroom.

I was ordered to watch as Penny was hair brushed: “Pay Attention and learn another valuable lesson!” Mrs. Archer told me.

Penny was positioned on a dry underpad. She received a few warm-up spanks by hand, causing yelps and wriggles. The hairbrush was applied very hard, at least twenty-five times. Penny was limp and had cried her eyes out by the time she was allowed to stand.

She had wet her underpad. I quietly followed to watch her diapering.

Much to my surprise Corliss did not stir. In her mouth as she slept was a typical toddler pacifier.

We were dressed for the walk home. Penny sniffled as she carried the carton of diapers. I followed, also weeping.

The parting words from Mrs. Archer were chilling: “Young Ladies, your mother wants to make spanking sessions a regular thing. Until next time.”

At home Mom unpacked the carton. In addition to the Gerber panties and diapers there were Onesies for each of us, as well as sets of toddler pacifiers. Mom redressed us in the Onesies and ordered us to use our pacifiers for the remainder of the afternoon.

Very soon Granny Vi arrived and looked so pleased. Mom told her about Mrs. Archer spanking us. Penny and I blushed as we were required to tell Granny every detail of our spankings.

Granny's only comment was, "High time and so rightly deserved!"

Penny and I were given our supper while the babies were being fed. We were wearing night diapers and Onesies when tucked into bed while it was still light outside. Our pacifiers had leashes so in bed they would not be lost.

My rump was so sore I had to sleep on my tummy. The diaper and vinyl panties held in the spanking heat.

Granny was still downstairs when Daddy came home for supper. I could hear raised voices. Eventually Granny drove away.

Our bedroom door was partially open. Perhaps the door to the master bedroom was fully open. I am sure I could hear Mom being sternly scolded and spanked very hard. She yelped several times

On Monday morning 5 August 1968 Daddy left for work at the usual time, before Penny and I were awake. Our diapers were soaked. Penny had even pooped during the night.

Mom left me in my wet diaper but she did undress Penny who was cleaned, bathed like a toddler and diapered for the day.

Granny joined us for breakfast. That was when Mom made a startling announcement:

"Young Ladies, last night your father and I reached an agreement about home discipline. We have sincerely thanked Mrs. Archer for spanking your naughty bottoms.

"However, from here on I will be your primary disciplinarian. This afternoon Granny will coach me as I give both of you spankings. She and Mrs. Archer will still have authority to spank you when they are in charge, as we will when taking care of Corliss.

"Before lunch, while Granny watches the babies, I am taking both of you shopping. You will have more Onesies. We will also buy a special family hairbrush. Mrs. Archer told me the brand and model she uses. In addition we will buy a supply of underpads."

The baby store where Mom usually shopped had many Onesies to fit me, but just one left which was large enough for Penny; more of her Onesies were placed on backorder. They did have enough of the washable underpads to satisfy Mom.

A beauty supply store sold the brand of hairbrush Mom wanted. From the moment she started speaking to the saleswoman Mom made it clear the hairbrush would only be used to punish naughty children.

“Penny here, trying to look innocent, is nine and my oldest,” Mom began. “Without question I was silly to not start spanking her when she was much younger. I do not intend to make the same mistake with little Angela, who is four!”

I sneaked a peek at Penny who was blushing bright red!

The selected hairbrush was made of blonde Bass wood. It was oval and not very wide. As best I could tell it looked just like the one Mrs. Archer had used. Certainly Penny recognized the similarity because she trembled.

Back at the house Mom proudly showed the new hairbrush to Granny. She approved the selection.

Because both of us had soaked our diapers during the shopping trip Mom took pity and changed us before lunch.

After we finished eating, and the babies had been fed, they were changed and put in the playpen. Penny and I had our diapers removed. We were sent to use toilets. Back in our bedroom Mom had placed T-shirts on our beds. Neither had been worn recently. Mine was slightly small on me; Penny’s shirt was really tight on her and short enough it did not entirely cover her derrière.

Mom held the hairbrush in her right hand and my right hand in her left. We followed Granny who was carrying some underpads and marching Penny to the master bedroom.

A straight-back wooden chair, which I did not remember seeing previously, was waiting in front of the foot of the king-size bed. Without letting go of Penny Granny placed the underpads on the bed in easy reach of the chair.

Penny was told to stand facing the chair, about five feet away from it. Only then did Granny release her hand.

Mom was told to put the hairbrush on the bed. She never released my hand as she sat in the chair and reached for an underpad. Single handed Mom spread the pad over her lap.

Satisfied the pad was in place, Mom pulled me over her lap. It took three tries until Granny approved the way I assumed the position with my delicate *derrière* jutting upward. Looking back I could see that Penny was moved so that she had an unobstructed view of my bottom.

Granny said calmly, “Alice Sweetie, certainly you remember how I spanked you and your sisters.”

Without warning Mom smacked my bottom nearly as hard as Mrs. Archer had done. I yelled and wriggled. Mom was alternating between bottom cheeks. The sting was terrible.

Granny said, “Alice, there is no need to rush. Let the naughty child feel each spank. The idea is the final few spanks should be the hardest.”

I was sobbing. My spanking seemed to go on forever. Eventually my bottom seemed to go numb and I felt limp.

Granny then said, “Okay, Alice Sweetie, you’ve spanked Angela enough this time. Help her up now.”

Crying my eyes out I was led to the nursery where Mom used the changing table to diaper me. Then I was led back to the master bedroom.

Mom turned me over to Granny. I was told to stand where Penny had been. Mom was marching her to the ‘Spanking Chair’.

In a bizarre way it was fascinating to see Mom confidently spreading an underpad while holding Penny’s hand. It only took two tries until Granny approved Penny’s position. I could hear my big sister whimpering.

Mom administered several hand spansks to warm Penny. Those were enough to turn the fanny pink.

The hairbrush strokes were short, a snap of the wrist. It was horrible hearing Penny’s distress and seeing how her *derrière* was turning bright red in two distinct spots where her lower buttocks met her upper thighs.

Granny told Mom to stop spanking only after Penny no longer was wriggling. My brave big sister was crying out her eyes.

Mom led Penny away. When they returned a few minutes later Penny was diapered.

Granny said, "Alice, you gave these two naughty young ladies decent spanking for first attempts. With practice you will learn to spank more efficiently."

We were led to our room. We were put into Onesies. Pacifiers were placed between our lips. We were tucked into our beds with orders to not try talking.

I had already wet before I fell asleep. Being on my tummy from my bed I could not see Penny.

The drapes were drawn but the hall door was left open.

Mom let us sleep until supper time. Although doing so on my tummy and wearing a diaper, I was amazed how well I slept after my spanking.

Previously when I told Penny about the conversation between Mom and Mrs. Archer, Penny claimed she had long-known about Daddy spanking Mommy. Once she left our room Penny and I agreed to tell Daddy that we realized we deserved to be spanked. Besides, most of our friends got spanked.

During supper Daddy told all of us that while helping Mr. Archer build a changing table for Corliss, they had made all the parts for a second over-size table. He would assemble that after he finished eating. The new changing table would be set up in our bedroom.

Clearly Mom intended to keep us diapered for quite some time. When Penny and I talked she did not believe she would be sent to school in diapers. Because she had skipped Second Grade she would be starting Fifth Grade on 4 September. Of course she worried she could be made to wear training panties to school. I would be starting pre-school, so I might have to wear Gerber panties over trainers.

The first chance Penny had she boldly told Daddy that she had been such a naughty girl she left Mom no choice except to give us spankings. I admitted I also deserved spankings. Daddy gave Mom a significant look. Then he only replied that he was disappointed we had been naughty.

By bedtime our changing table was ready for use. It was better to save the trip to the nursery. We helped our parents stock the shelves with diapers and supplies. There was room under the changing table for the

large family diaper bag. Penny and I noticed that in a protruding pocket intended for a baby bottle Mom had stored the new family hairbrush. Clearly spankings would become routine.

Tuesday 6 August 1968 was already a gorgeous day when we woke up in soaked diapers. The fact we both wet while sleeping proved we needed diapers. Penny had never complained about being diapered. In private I admitted to her that I preferred being diapered to worry about the consequences of wetting or messing big girl panties.

After Mom finished diapering us following breakfast Penny confessed that she had deliberately wet so that Mom would diaper her: "The thing is, Angela, that now I cannot avoid wetting my diaper. I am scared that if I did return to panties I would wet those. I am worried about school."

We had been sent downstairs to play near the babies in their playpen when Mom came to say Granny was going to stay with them while Mom took us to lunch with Mrs. Archer and Corliss.

Mom did not cover our Onesies for the short walk down the block to the Archer home. We were given our pacifiers. I felt silly with that in my mouth, but clearly Penny enjoyed that.

What had been added to the changing bag pockets were two baby bottles. The hairbrush was still in its dedicated pocket. Penny carried that bag in her right hand while Mom held her left hand. I felt Mom was grasping my right hand much harder than necessary.

A fairly modern highchair was set up on a plastic mat to the right of the end of the dining table closest to the kitchen. Like us Corliss was wearing Onesies over an obvious Curity diaper and Gerber panties. Clipped to her collar was a pacifier on a leash.

When we could talk privately, Corliss admitted she had previously found the highchair in the storeroom. She recognized it from her baby photos. Blushing she confessed to being fed Monday supper and Tuesday breakfast while safety-belted into that highchair. We gave her our sympathy.

Penny admitted she deliberately wet so that Mom would diaper her, and had done so often after being toilet trained. Corliss said she was not sure if she had any control because sometimes she did not want to wet but did so anyway. What I said was that for me staying dry was nerve wracking.

If I wet my panties that was embarrassing and Mom would find a way to scold me. When I wet a diaper because holding it in was painful Mom was sympathetic and just changed me. Sure I claimed to not feel when I wet.

While we were playing in the back yard our mothers were sitting in the shade on the patio talking very quietly. Try as I might I could not overhear anything.

Eventually the mothers went inside to the kitchen. Soon after that we were called in for lunch. We were told only after we finished lunch would our diapers be changed. I was nearly dry so I would be all right.

In the dining room the two chairs beside the highchair had booster seats. Three baby bottles filled with milk were lined up on that side of the table. The highchair tray was also on the table.

Mom had a baby bib in each hand. Mrs. Archer tied a bib around Corliss' neck. Mom did that to me. The bib she tied on Penny was larger. Our bibs were brand new. The one Corliss was wearing might have been saved since she was a baby.

Mom turned to Penny after tying her bib: "Young Lady, you were very naughty playing me for a fool. I know you often deliberately wet. The thing is had you asked to be diapered I would have gladly done so.

"Now my approach will be that if you want to play like a baby then I will make sure you have a realistic baby experience. For example, do you remember sitting in a highchair being fed?

"Penny, today is your lucky day! It is your turn to use the highchair. Enjoy."

Immediately Penny was led to the highchair. She whined as Mom pushed her into the seat. The safety belt was threaded around her. Behind the chair Mrs. Archer buckled the belt. Simultaneously Mom slid the tray onto its rails until the latch clicked indicating it was locked.

From the pocket of her apron Mrs. Archer produced two short belts with buckles. Mom used those to restrain Penny's wrists to the arms of the highchair. There was no way Penny could avoid her fate.

Corliss and I were told to sit like perfect little ladies on the boosters. I was between Corliss and Penny.

Mrs. Archer offered a baby bottle to Corliss who did not hesitate to begin suckling it: “What a difference since yesterday! I had to spank her thighs with the hairbrush until she accepted her baby bottle.

Penny did not need to be coerced; she appeared to really desire a baby bottle. She had enthusiastically suckled her pacifier.

Mom had to stop holding Penny’s bottle to do that for me. I was curious since I had no memory of drinking from a baby bottle. The milk was warm. It tasted sweeter than usual, which could be because it was warm.

After being fed our milk, each bottle was half full.

From the kitchen Mrs. Archer brought out a large serving tray with spoons and three plates piled with mounds of mushy food. Also on the tray were open jars of several kinds of Gerber baby food.

Corliss opened her mouth without instruction: “The first time that silly girl needed a spanking before she cooperated!” her mother explained.

Clearly fearing a spanking Penny opened her mouth as Mom lifted the first spoonful of baby food. After the spoon was withdrawn and Penny closed her mouth to swallow, my poor sister nearly gagged.

A few minutes later I experienced a mouthful of Gerber baby food. To me it was so horrible I am amazed anyone survived that aspect of childhood.

But as I was fed each subsequent spoonful of the baby food it became less horrid. I agreed that this was part of a baby experience. If that was the price of being diapered, I was willing to pay it.

After all the baby food had been fed to us we were given the remainder of our baby bottles. Once those were empty Penny was released from the highchair. I was told to take her place and I cooperated.

The safety belt was buckled. The tray was locked and my wrists were restrained.

Mrs. Archer took away the empty baby bottles and returned from the kitchen with three other bottles each half full. Mine was much warmer than the first bottle so the milk seemed even sweeter.

For the second round of baby bottles, although Mrs. Archer fed Corliss and Mom fed me, Penny was allowed to hold her own baby bottle.

After those bottles were emptied and Mrs. Archer took them to the kitchen, she returned to the dining room with a plastic bowl containing warm water. Our mothers untied our bibs, moisten them with the warm water and then used the bibs to clean our faces.

Soon there was a strange and unpleasant odor permeating the dining room. I had passed very soft poop without realizing I had done so. But I could not have caused all that odor.

Penny was blushing with embarrassment. I told Mom I had pooped. She asked Penny who only then admitted the truth. At long last Corliss confessed. We were taken to the nursery to have our diapers removed and our derrière wiped.

The Archer's master bedroom has a fancy bathroom with an enormous tub. It is so big all three of us girl could be bathed at the same time. I do not remember being bathed with anyone previously, but Mom has said she often had to share a tub with her next younger sister.

While we were being dried off, Mom told us that it had been decided that Penny and me would be eating from highchairs when at home. Granny found a store with two nearly new highchairs identical to the one the Archers owned: "Kids, while we are here for the afternoon, those highchairs are being delivered and set up around the table with the ones used by the babies! Also, that store has an over-size playpen which will be set up in the backyard. Deal with it!"

While still starkers from being dried off, the three of us were marched to the master bedroom. A straight-back armless wooden chair was set with its back to the side of the bed. On the bed within easy reach was a stack of underpads and the hairbrush used on Corliss.

Mom sat down and called me to her. She scolded me for general naughty behavior. I was pulled across her lap. She gave me a very hard spanking with her hand causing me to wriggle and sob.

Suddenly Mom stopped spanking: "Young Lady, you are the same age as Corliss who gets hairbrushed. I hope this teaches you a good lesson!"

That hairbrush hurt a lot more than her hand. I blubbered and cried out my eyes. I also soaked the underpad.

Mrs. Archer took over the spanking chair while Mom took me to the nursery for a fresh diaper. Corliss was still getting hairbrushed when I was led back to the master bedroom.

Mom had saved Penny's derrière for last: "Young Lady, do you remember being very naughty last Wednesday?"

Taken by surprise Penny was confused: "Mommy, you scolded me about several things last week."

"Let me refresh your short memory: I discovered you wearing bright red lipstick. You denied taking that from my vanity, yet when I looked my brand-new and expensive Summer Red lipstick was missing. I should have spanked you then and there, for the theft and again for the lie.

"Young Lady, now I am going to give you a really sound spanking with my hand. Then I will give you a hairbrush walloping you will feel for days and never forget!"

That is exactly what Penny received. The hand spanking did not seem harder than mine. Penny wriggled and wept. Mom aimed the hairbrush at a small area where each thigh joined Penny's lower buttocks.

I counted silently. Mom hairbrushed each of those spots twenty-five times. Penny was limp when Mom finished. Penny was crying like her heart was broken.

Corliss had been diapered during the hand spanking. She was impressed by the hairbrush walloping.

We were taken back to the nursery for Penny's diapering. Then all of us were put into Onesies for a good nap. Mom wanted to put Penny in the crib but she was too big. That is why I was put in the crib. Penny and Corliss shared the bed.

All of us slept soundly on our tummies after being punished.

The walk home was an adventure. Sure enough the new highchairs had arrived and were ready near the ones used by Ed and Ruth. We were put in the new large playpen along with the babies.

To Be Continued