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Sally, Part 15

More California Trip Planning—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Had Bobby's legs been slightly longer, or if he had told Miss Megan Calvert he needed to pee sooner, his pants would have been dry. Unfortunately even before Daddy opened the door the stain on Bobby's shorts was obvious. He started to cry.

Megan comforted Bobby while leading him to the bathroom. I could hear her say Bobby should undress after he finished on the toilet and then take a shower. Meanwhile she selected a pair of slacks and a different shirt from Bobby drawers in our bedroom. She also took two gauze diapers and a pair of plastic pants from their drawer and put them on Bobby's lower bunk.

The sound of the shower inspired my own bladder to dribble. Megan discreetly asked me if I needed to use a toilet. I whispered back, "Sorry, I just wet my trainers."

Once the shower stopped, Megan went into the bathroom and wrapped Bobby in a towel. I then finished peeing into the toilet, undressed and took my own shower. By the time I was dry, Bobby was dressed and watching TV in the living room.

Since I had not taken the time to bring my bathrobe to the bathroom, I had to wrap up in a towel to get to our bedroom. Megan had two more gauze diapers waiting, along with the dish of pins

and a bottle of baby lotion. "Is it true, Sally, that you can pin on your own diapers?"

"Yes, Miss Calvert. Carla taught me how to do that at the same time she taught me to change Gene. But I was hoping to just wear trainers to dinner."

"Sorry, Sally, I do not think that would be a good idea. There is a decided shortage of dry trainers for both Bobby and you. So your choice is do you want me to diaper you or will you do so yourself?" Although Megan was smiling and using a very friendly tone, she clearly was in charge.

The double diaper was already spread on the bed. All I needed to do was fold it to my size. I dabbed on a few drops of the baby lotion and rubbed it in before settling down on my diaper set. With Megan watching I pinned myself.

"Sally, Darling, that is amazing. Of all the diapered kids I have known, you are the only one I have ever seen diaper herself. Actually you are the first person I have ever seen diaper herself!" I was so proud in a bizarre way and very happy when Megan gave me a kiss.

The summer dress I put on disguised my diaper and plastic panties.

Daddy said he had showered while we were in the park. Megan used the bathroom to freshen up and put on fresh peach lipstick. Before we left for dinner, she hand-washed all the used plastic panties and left them to dry on wooden hangers on the shower rod. Megan gathered all the clothing and trainers that needed washing.

Down in the laundry room I started a load in the coin washing machine.

We ate dinner at Daddy's favorite Italian restaurant which was fairly close to his apartment. All of us had a really good time.

Back at the apartment building, while Daddy and Bobby went directly upstairs, Megan and I went down to the laundry room to transfer the clothes to a drier. She remarked that Carla had trained me to be very responsible and gave me another cuddle and kiss.

Upstairs Bobby and Daddy were watching TV. Megan asked Bobby if he had brushed his teeth. He said

he had, while behind him Daddy was shaking his head "No!"

What surprised me was Megan's reaction. Smiling and using her lovely teasing voice she said, "Bobby Draper, you know you did not actually brush your teeth, so you lied to me. That is totally not acceptable. This is your only warning! Lie to me again, about anything, and I will spank you. Do you understand me, Young Man?"

Without waiting for an answer Megan led Bobby to his bed. Apparently she undressed him and removed his diaper because she next led him to the bathroom. Clearly she brushed his teeth herself and let him use the toilet on his own. I think she wiped him again. Certainly she double diapered him for bed. I could hear her tell him goodnight.

Out in the living room I was sitting with Daddy. Megan came out of our bedroom and asked if there was any wine. Daddy said there was an open bottle of red Italian wine, asking her to pour him some.

Megan sat down close to me on the sofa. I snuggled with her. She put her left arm around me. "Okay, Sally, how do you think today went? Do you want me to keep looking for another nanny?"

I assured Megan I would be thrilled to go to California or anywhere else with her. "Not having Carla made me very sad. I dread whoever Mommy hires in Rye. I wish I could live with you, Miss Calvert."

"Sally, I am very fond of you, but I also love my advertising career. Miss Harris has given me a fantastic start. I learned so much as the receptionist. As your father's secretary I am learning so much more. It is going to be my pleasure to help-out on this trip."

Daddy also was smiling in approval. "Miss Calvert, were you kidding about spanking Bobby for lying? I couldn't spank my kids if my life depended on it."

"Why, Mr. Draper! I thought the only reason you asked me to be the nanny was so if the kids misbehave I will be the one doing the spanking." Both Megan and Daddy were smiling, almost laughing, so I assumed they were joking. "Sally mentioned that you have never spanked her which works out because her mother spanks her when necessary."

"Sally, the last thing in the world I want to do is have to spank you. Doing so will disappoint me a lot. But Sally, I will never hesitate to spank you should your life depend on that! It will be great if we can be friends, but remember always that my first duty is as your guardian '*in locus parentis*'.

"You are a very bright and charming girl, but to be absolutely sure you understand the situation I am going to tell you *in locus parentis* is a Latin term used by attorneys to mean "in the place of parents"

Immediately I assured Megan I wanted her to be our nanny on the California trip. Where I made my mistake was smirking as I added, "I'll take my chances about the spanking."

One minute Daddy was saying he could not spank us if his life depended on it. His answer to me was, "Miss Calvert, are you going to let her get away with that?"

"Mr. Draper, we do have a logistical problem anyway. When I put Bobby to sleep I forgot that Sally has the upper bunk. I cannot help her get ready for bed up there, so we will be using your bedroom as Sally's temporary dressing room.

"Could you go downstairs and bring up the laundry which is in the drier? Surely it is finished by now." Megan was smiling at Daddy. Then turning to me she took my hand, saying "Young Lady, you need a lesson in deportment, a sample of the future as it does not have to be!"

Once Daddy walked out the door, Megan escorted me to the bathroom with instructions to brush my teeth carefully. Then I was to undress and remove my diaper so I could completely use the toilet. After that I was to tell her when I was ready.

It was possible Megan would only give me a token joke spanking, but it was equally probable she would not be fooling around. I felt my best course of action was to act contrite and be super obedient. Still, I took my sweet time in the bathroom.

When I was led by the hand to Daddy's bedroom, a double diaper, pins, baby lotion and dry plastic panties were waiting on the bed. The diapers were even folded the same way I had done earlier. My pajamas were also on the bed, neatly folded.

Unfortunately a wooden hairbrush similar to the nasty one Mommy uses on me was also on the bed.

"Young Lady, you brought this spanking on yourself! I warned you and I was nice to you. How did you react? You were sassy and rude. Knock off the 'scared little girl' act. That never worked for me. It never worked for any child I have taken care of. It will not get you anywhere."

She sat on the side of the bed away from the diapers. Without being told I stretched out prone across her lap. Megan began with increasingly firm smacks with her hand, concentrating where my lower buttocks meet my upper thighs. Once that area was warm and stinging, and I was starting to weep, Megan picked up her hairbrush. She spanked me with it every bit as hard as Mommy did. Megan did not bother scolding me. The spanks made hardly any noise. The bedroom doors were both open. She said that was so she could hear Bobby if he was in distress.

I sobbed and blubbered like a baby before that spanking concluded. While I was still sniffing Megan led me to the other side of the bed. That was where she diapered me snugly. Clearly Megan was an expert pinning diapers as administering spankings. As my sniffles ended I knew I both respected and adored Miss Megan Calvert. After my plastic panties were in place, before she put me into my pajamas, I gave her a big kiss on her lips. Mommy made me kiss her after she spanked me, but this time I meant it with affection and love.

I was in my bed, on my tummy, when Daddy came back to the apartment carrying the dry clothing. Together with Megan, Daddy gave Bobby and me a goodnight kiss. They closed the door and might have talked some more in the living room. I fell asleep soundly.

During that night I did wake up once to pee, so when I took it off in the morning my diaper was dry.

Of course Bobby woke up in a very wet diaper that had leaked some. Both our sheets would be washed on Monday by Daddy's cleaning lady, who was used to also washing diapers and trainers. Bobby and I wore trainers with a folded diaper and plastic panties inside the same clothes we were wearing when we left the Larchmont house on Saturday.

Daddy told us the plan for Sunday was that we would meet Megan at a Chock Full O'Nuts coffee shop close to the Time-Life building. Then all of us would drive up to Larchmont.

He said that Mommy insisted on meeting the nanny. Mommy also wanted to see the nanny change and feed Gene.

Never ever did Daddy asked about the spanking Megan gave me. Breakfast went exceptionally well, since Daddy and Megan were sitting between Bobby and me.

In the car Megan told me to sit beside Daddy. She sat in back with Bobby. We were early when we reached Larchmont. Instead of turning off, Daddy kept going until we reached Rye. He drove past Henry's house. Megan was impressed. Possibly Daddy had seen it already. Then we drove past Country Day School. There was still time before we were to go home, so Daddy took us to Playland for an hour. Megan and Bobby liked that as much as I did.

What a relief that Mommy was cordial to Megan—as close to being genuine as Mommy can act. For her part Megan was reverting to the way she probably comported herself back in the days when she was a professional nanny. For example, Sunday Miss Calvert was wearing a simple dress with a high collar and a hem well below her knees. She was wearing the same sensible walking shoes and heavy white cotton stockings. Saturday Megan had worn nude sheer seamed nylon stockings.

Gene was relaxed as Megan changed his diaper and then put him in his highchair for feeding. Daddy was in the room with us, as far from Mommy as possible.

Eventually Megan said she wanted to talk to Mommy alone. Daddy and Henry headed outside. Bobby and I followed them. As I was leaving the room I saw Megan place Gene in his playpen on the floor.

About twenty minutes later Mommy called Bobby and me back inside the house. She wanted to talk to us with Megan. We followed her back to the family room.

Megan had previously asked Mommy which diaper service she used in Larchmont. Mommy was going to continue using DyDee Service once in Rye, for as long as necessary.

Megan arranged for the Anaheim, California branch of DyDee Service to provide the diapers needed during the trip. Megan asked if they also provided trainers, but the answer was no. At least the Anaheim branch would wash any wet diapers we brought with us and would provide us with clean diapers for the trip home.

"Children, the natural consequence of your wetting will be that during the trip you will need to wear diapers more than trainers." I swear Mommy really enjoyed telling us this. "Miss Calvert was not able to arrange with the Disneyland Hotel to get enough of your training pants washed. Daddy has several meetings near there. Both of you will mostly wear diapers on your trip. That is the way it has to be.

"Miss Calvert and I have also spoken about raising children. We agree about the need for discipline. A nice trip is not a vacation from good manners and proper behavior. I want both of you to know that Miss Calvert has my full permission to punish you as she finds necessary. It is simple: Be Good, or Be Spanked!"

I told Mommy I wanted to show Megan my bedroom, so both Bobby and I were sent upstairs to do that. A few minutes later Megan walked into my room and closed the door.

"Sally, you know why I had to spank you last evening, don't you?"

I blushed and told her I know I was rude and naughty. I promised to be good the entire trip. She told me she expected nothing less from me.

While showing her my things, Megan noticed the nasty hairbrush on my bedside table. I showed her where I keep my trainers, plastic panties and diapers out of sight but easy to find in the dark. The diaper pail in my closet was obvious.

With no way of knowing how much Megan knew, I figured I might as well admit to still needing my pacifier and even sometimes craving a baby bottle. She asked to see my pacifier and I brought it out from its hiding place.

"Sally, I'll tell you what. Before we leave I will buy you a set of your pacifiers, in case you cannot pack your own. Your mother told me that Gene has been off bottles well over a year. That must make it hard for you to have a bottle. I'll

buy you a couple of new bottles and nipples for the trip.

"Your mother will pack a diaper bag for the flight with enough diapers for all three of you. I will have a pacifier for you in my purse in case you need it on the airplane. Your baby bottles will be in my suitcase. Your mother will be sure you and Bobby have rubber sheets in your suitcases. Of course I already asked the hotel to put their own waterproof sheets on your beds and to provide a crib for Gene who will stay in my room so I can quietly change him during the night. When I was traveling as a nanny with families the youngsters always slept in my room."

Long before it was dark, Daddy drove Megan back to the city. She was sitting beside him in front.

Now all I needed to do was behave myself for the next five weeks. Why should I worry? All I had to do was adjust to a new and strict school that required me to wear a uniform and that would spank me if I misbehaved. Besides packing for the trip I also had to sort all of my things, deciding which would move to Rye and which would be left in Larchmont.

Worst of all, once I started going to Country Day School I would only be seeing Dr. Wendy Keighley once a week, on Tuesday afternoons. It had been arranged the bus would leave me at her office. Later the new housekeeper would drive me home. Of course Mommy still had not hired that new housekeeper. Oh, Joy!