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Sally, Part 4

Back Home in Larchmont—Fall, 1959

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Carla was waiting for us. She did not seem surprised to see me wearing a wet diaper. While we were away the folded diapers on my dresser had simply been washed so they were not dusty. At least I would not need to hide my diapers.

In fact, Mommy told Carla to put the new diaper pail from the beach house in my room, since Bobby already had his own. To the top of my dresser a dish with several diaper pins, a container of baby powder and a jar of Desitin were added. All of those were in plain sight. When Mommy removed it from the diaper bag, she placed the new ping pong paddle on my dresser top, where I could not avoid seeing it.

The good news was that when Daddy got home that evening, he noticed the paddle and took it away with him. After I was in bed I could hear Daddy arguing with Mommy. He was saying it made him sick when Uncle William has paddled Rich. Daddy was not going to stand still and let Mommy spank me with a paddle. He said he would saw the paddle to pieces, and I could hear him doing so as I was falling to sleep.

Back in those days every adult I knew smoked and most drank. Mommy smoked while she was pregnant

with Bobby, but no way as much as Daddy. During the summer Nanny Violet never smoked. Aunt Judy only smoked after supper. All the other adults smoked a lot. Mommy came home smoking far more than before. Even Daddy said something about that.

Actually that first night back home I was hoping Mommy would order me to be diapered. Maybe she was worried that I might not have enough control to go to school. In any event Carla was told I could wear trainers to bed. Fortunately Mommy had not said I could not wear diapers while sleeping. After my bath and using the toilet, Carla did pin me into diapers.

With Bobby growing and yet showing no sign of wanting to try a toilet, Mommy decided to hire Carla full-time. She still would live at her own place. Mornings Carla took a bus a few miles. It was a short walk from the bus stop to our house. At night Carla took the bus back home. She arrived in time to get me up and she stayed late enough to get me ready for bed.

Sure enough, Carla woke me up and removed my wet diapers early enough Mommy did not know. It was so nice to have a room, my own room, all to myself.

As I finished breakfast, Mommy told me the two of us would be going shopping for my kindergarten clothes. I was told to be sure to wear cotton panties, not trainers. Once Mommy was ready she drove us to the same store where she bought me most of my clothing.

Mommy was not in a good mood. I knew it was only a matter of time before she got mad at me.

School clothes did not interest me. Endless changing and fitting is so boring. Eventually I told Mommy I needed to use the toilet. She was nice enough as she walked me to the ladies room.

Wanting to get the shopping over with, I rushed, but did remember to wash my hands. I was led back to the fitting room.

As soon as the dress I was trying on when I went to the toilet was removed, Mommy gasped. She called me a silly baby, pointing to my panties. Apparently in my haste I had not carefully cleaned myself after I stopped peeing. All I had done was leave a tiny stain on my panties. To Mommy that was major misbehavior. The funny thing is had she

let me wear my trainers, the stain would not have shown.

Outraged, Mommy dragged me to a chair, pulled down my panties, sat down and spanked me very hard. I sobbed. Mommy was a good customer in that store. The sales lady said nothing and did not even blink.

After spanking me, Mommy said that a girl entering kindergarten should be able to keep her panties dry. She had not brought a diaper bag or any spare panties for me. So she asked the sales lady to sell her a couple of pair of cotton trainers. When they were brought to the fitting room Mommy told me to put on a pair. She put the other trainers and my stained panties in her purse.

From then until kindergarten started nothing interesting happened. Carla no longer diapered me at bedtime. I wore plastic panties over my trainers and got up a couple of times a night to pee.

Mommy no longer would give me informal smacks. Instead once or twice a week I was taken over her lap for a spanking, usually bare bottom.

Miss McLain was my kindergarten teacher. She seemed nice. Gathering us around her she told the class that we were now big kids and were expected to be still, be quiet and behave. Things would be fun when we cooperated. Anyone who disrupted the class would be punished.

It was surprising when Miss McLain asked who wanted to participate in a demonstration. I thought that would be fun, but before she saw my raised hand, she had selected the tallest boy in our class. He was led to the front of the classroom, to the front of her desk.

Miss McLain asked us to pretend that boy had been noisy. She made him bend over the desk. Then she stood behind him and smacked the seat of his pants several times, very quickly, until he cried.

"A spanking like that is what you can expect when you are naughty!" Miss McLain informed us. Despite his tears the boy did not seem overly embarrassed.

Much to my surprise Miss McLain did not spank me in front of the class until the day before Thanksgiving break. As I was leaving to wait until Mommy came to pick me up, Miss McLain handed me an

envelope with instructions to give it to Mommy as soon as possible. "Oh, Sally, I have already spoken to your mother about your spanking. There is no reason to try hiding my note. You will bring it back the first morning after the holiday!"

At home Mommy not only gave me an exceptionally hard spanking, she told Carla to diaper me immediately and then put me to bed. I was fed a cold supper in my room. Carla changed my diapers.

The next morning was Wednesday. Carla did remove my diapers so I could take a bath. While I was drying Mommy came to talk to me. She said she was mortified to get the call from Miss McLain. I could expect a spanking at home if I get any punishment at school. Further, Mommy assured me she had given Miss McLain permission to put me over her lap in the classroom to spank me properly.

For the rest of the Thanksgiving Holiday I wore trainers. During the meal Carla placed a folded diaper inside my trainers, over which I pulled on plastic panties.

Christmas Holiday – 1959

Just before the Christmas holiday, things got upset in our family. Granny Ruth suddenly became very ill. Mommy told me that to explain why she had to leave us in charge of Carla. Francine drove Mommy to the train station for the trip to Philadelphia.

It was a mixed blessing with Mommy away from us during Christmas. For me I knew I was safe from undeserved spankings. Also Carla would diaper me when I wanted. She washed my pacifier each morning and left it on a saucer on my bedside table.

The morning of New Years Eve Daddy phoned us from his office to say Mommy had told him Granny Ruth had just died. He asked Carla to pack for him, including his new charcoal gray suit for the funeral. In another suitcase Carla packed Mommy a black funeral dress and a hat with a black veil.