

# To Tell The Whole Truth?

## Part 04: Twelfth Grade Incident

Fiction by Angela Bauer

As told to her

Flash forward to the last few weeks of the school year 2013 at the largest high school in the suburb of Dallas. Unknown to the Douglas family Nina and her parents had moved back to town. Their new home was on the far side of town, just barely in the district for the large high school.

For several years Allison Fuller had been a young and attractive advertising copy writer. Her only slightly older husband was progressing as a theoretical mathematician. Until the spring of 2012 Allison had always managed to find a job at an advertising agency or TV station where they moved, chasing jobs in mathematics.

When no such job was offered in the Dallas area, Allison accepted a position teaching AP American History at the same high school Paula attended. For her that was First Period home room.

Paula found Mrs. Fuller to be well educated and a gifted teacher. They seemed to have bonded. Normally Allison was the least 'Law and Order' teacher at that strict high school.

Unfortunately for Paula, Mrs. Fuller was walking a few paces behind her in an outdoor pathway between Second and Third Periods. For such a

strict high school this one had a disconnect on the subject of smoking. Officially that campus, like all in the school district, was a Tobacco Free Zone. Even the faculty was not supposed to carry smoking products on campus.

Normally none of those rules were enforced. At most times of day it was common to see staff and students walking and smoking together.

Allison's father died of lung cancer, so she was totally anti-smoking. Being new and not entirely trusted by the rest of the faculty Allison did not know all of the unwritten smoking rules.

She saw Paula Douglas smoking as she walked; before entering a building Paula dropped her cigarette and stepped on it. In her defense there were no containers for the disposal of smoking products.

Dropping that cigarette in such a way offended Allison on many levels. She was already having a bad day. Instead of looking the other way, as would most of the faculty, Allison reached into her carry-all, whipped out a pad of referral forms and wrote Paula up for having tobacco on campus, smoking and for improper disposal of said cigarette. She caught up with Paula, handed her the student's copy and told her to report to the school discipline office instead of going to lunch.

Paula knew she should be more discreet about smoking at school. Both of her parents disapproved of smoking, but since Paula was eighteen she could legally buy and smoke cigarettes. Still Paula knew doing so on campus was technically a tiny 'No-No'.

She did not consider the consequences would be much. Everyone else smoked on campus.

It came as a shock to Paula when she reported to the office with her referral form that the incident would not simply go away. It was explained to Paula that she could accept a one-day in-school suspension. Doing so would mean she could not take any tests scheduled for her suspension day and she would be given an F for any missed test. Accepting that option was not viable for Paula, because she would drop out of top scholar position. Besides her parents would be notified of her suspension which would earn her a real old-fashioned first-class walloping on her bare derrière with the hairbrush.

Option Number Two was to take a six-swat paddling from the Girl's Vice Principal, the very popular Dr. Joyce Williamson who seemed a totally unlikely disciplinarian. It was no secret that during and even after university as a math major Joyce worked as a runway model in Dallas department stores. At least since her parents had signed the corporal punishment consent, as had Paula when she turned eighteen, no notice would go to her parents.

After hearing her options at the counter of the office, Paula selected to be paddled. It turned out there was a wait list. The next available appointment to be paddled was the following afternoon at the end of the school day. Paula hoped she could keep the secret until then.

As Paula turned away from the discipline counter she almost collided with Nina Thompson who was nearly in tears and holding a referral form. Since students were not supposed to talk in the discipline office, Paula quickly wrote her cell number on a piece of paper and handed it to Nina.

Once Paula left the Discipline Office she loitered about until Nina emerged, still fighting back tears. She did hand Paula a scrap of paper with

her phone number. Then she kept on walking until Paula lost her in the crowd.

After the last bell Nina called Paula. They decided to meet to talk at a coffee shop a mile from campus.

“Look, Nina, I was an idiot. This morning I was smoking while walking between classes. One of my teachers saw me dropping my cigarette and wrote me up. That Bitch! I thought she was one of the cool teachers. Turns out she has a real stick up her butt against smoking,” Paula lamented.

“Golly, they report you for the tiniest thing here. It was not like that in Wichita. I don’t, but many did, smoke all over the high school.

“Until today I liked my AP American History teacher. They say this is her first year here. She caught me passing a note. She wasn’t lecturing, so what’s the big deal?” Nina whined.

“Oh My God!” Paula shouted, “I’m in Mrs. Fuller’s First Period class. Today she went from being a real person to a total bitch!”

“Yeah, because she referred me, tomorrow I have to stay after school just so they can paddle me! For one lousy note? At least that harpy Miss Miller is not here. I have wished painful diseases for her since she paddled us in Seventh grade,” Nina remarked.

“Say, we will be back together in the office tomorrow,” Paula started. “I tried to get my swats today. Now they have appointments to be spanked? Supposedly they will not tell my folks. But if mom asks I dare not lie.

“The summer you moved my crazy Granny Winnie started living with us. She must have made my Dad’s life hell when he was a kid.

“Winnie brought a big bag full of small bars of soap, you know, like in motels? Well, somebody made those for discipline. When Matt or I said a naughty word we had to hold a bar of that soap in our mouth. If we got caught lying not only did we have to bite down on the soap, before she put it in our mouth she would soak it in hot water and rub it until it was covered with lather. Whatever they put in the soap it tastes worse than anything. She must know where to buy it still because at least once a year she sends another bag to mother. If I go a month without being soaped I consider myself lucky.

“Someday I’ll tell you about other insane punishments Granny used. I should have introduce her to Miss Miller, who would have sold her at least one paddle!”

Nothing unusual happened at home for either Paula or Nina. They did homework, ate dinner with their families and went to bed unusually early.

At 1:30 A.M. Paula had to get up to change her diaper. She had been sleeping through the night for months without needing to change and she would still wake up with some reserve capacity in her diaper. Oh well, that is why DyDee Service is a success, you can wet as many diapers as you like.

Paula waited until Matt Junior left the breakfast table to tell Helen that she had to stay late at school that day.

“What is the reason? Did you get detention?” Helen wanted to know.

“Maybe detention would be better. No Mommy, I have to report to the Discipline Office immediately after the dismissal bell for a paddling,” Paula said shyly. “Yes, I had a flash-back to Miss Miller and Seventh Grade.

“It will be the Girl’s VP Dr. Joyce Williamson punishing me. I’ve at least met her casually. She was a model while in University and taught advanced mathematics. People say she does not swat very hard.

“I’m telling you so that you can plan to spank me tonight. I assume that is still your policy, *‘a spanking at school gets two spankings at home’*. I’ll try to be brave.”

“You were honest to tell me. I will have to talk to your Daddy about this school punishment. Perhaps he will want to spank you. Either way, you will be spanked!” Helen said. “Now I need to get to campus. There is a department meeting this morning. I might even be home before you this afternoon.”

Nina also told her folks over breakfast. They said they were disappointed that she passed a note and hoped she never would do so again.

The Girls met outside the school library which had its own building. Nina was getting scared. In fact, she was so concerned that she was wearing an Attends Breathable and had three more in her backpack. Paula also decided to wear a Breathable for the occasion. Both girls also had brought clean full-cut white cotton uniform panties.

For them time ran slowly all day. They did see each other during lunch, but just for a few minutes because Paula had the early lunch seating period and Nina the late lunch seating. The over-lap was only five minutes. They talked and did what they could to keep up their courage.

They decided to go to the nurse’s office just before Last Period started to change from their Attends into their cotton uniform panties.

Once the dismissal bell sounded, from their respective classrooms in opposite parts of the campus, Nina and Paula walked as rapidly as practical, while carrying their books and backpacks, to the Discipline Office. The last thing either of them wanted was to be late for their paddling appointments.

The Girls arrived simultaneously. Like a bakery, that afternoon a ticket dispenser appeared, as if by magic, on the counter. A sign on it instructed those with appointments to take a number ticket and to hold on to it. Then they were to sit on benches and wait until their number was called.

They had consecutive numbers; Nina had the lower number. What neither of them had noticed previously was that behind the counter on the opposite wall beside the clock there was a number display, again like in a bakery. Normally it was dark, but that afternoon the numbers were glowing LED red, showing '0000'.

That was the way the display remained for the moment. A clerk started calling numbers without changing the display.

Nina was called first. The clerk asked her to read a few forms and sign where indicated. After signing she was told to resume her seat until she was called again. That was when she would receive her actual referral packet with her appointment number. It was explained that would not necessarily have been assigned in the order of her arrival at the office. That Appointment Number was the one which would be displayed and it would not be called out, so she would need to watch the display.

Seconds later Paula was called to the counter, read and signed the forms and was told the same thing by a bored clerk.

The waiting area of the Discipline Office handled both boys and girls. It had over 40 chairs. On one side of the area the chairs were blue. On the other they were yellow. Boys waited in the blue chairs and girls in the yellow ones. There were 20 of each. Silently both Nina and Paula counted the chairs.

They were allowed to sit next to each other since it was not known by the school that they were friends from way back. However many signs stated that **'Talking Is Prohibited in the Waiting Area'**.

A surprising thing was that before the number display changed from **0000** all of the chairs were occupied. As many girls as boys were waiting to be paddled. The boys appeared to mostly be from Tenth Grade, with very few Eleventh and Twelfth graders. On the other hand, there were hardly any girls obviously from the Tenth or Eleventh grades.

At least sixteen of the waiting girls were from the Twelfth Grade. Paula recognized many of them. Nina being new to the school only recognized one of the girls besides Paula. That girl was in her AP American History class taught by Mrs. Allison Fuller!

When the number display became active, a boy would respond and walk toward the Boys' VP door. Then a different number would be shown and a girl would start toward the Girl's VP door. A few minutes later, after the clearly punished boy and girl started walking out of the offices, the display system repeated.

Paula was keeping track. The actual paddling sessions took varying lengths of time, from 4 to 5 minutes, with some lasting 6 minutes. So after the first appointments it was not always boy then girl. Certainly the girls were being called faster than the boys. By Paula's calculations the girls were in the office only 3 minutes, with just one lasting 4 minutes.



Nina got so concerned waiting to be paddled that she felt she might wet her panties. She actually got up and went to the counter.

Her request to use a toilet was denied: “Young Lady, if you can’t hold it that is just too bad. Should you wet, you will not be the first. If you wet, the nurse will deal with you.”

Nina leaned across the counter and whispered: “Normally I wear a diaper to school. I only changed into my uniform panties for my appointment. I have a dry diaper in my backpack.”

The clerk simply said: “Young Lady, just go sit down and be quiet. As I said, if you wet, you wet. Good for you that you have your own diaper in your backpack!”

At last it was Paula’s turn to face the paddle and Dr. Joyce Williamson. The second her number went up on the display Paula nearly sprinted to the door, leaving Nina to wait alone.

Joyce Williamson looked as lovely as the few times Paula had seen her on happy occasions. She called Paula by name and appeared to be familiar with her school record and the reason for the referral. Seated silently on a tall stool similar to the one in Miss Miller’s office there was a woman.

Dr. Williamson explained the woman was a teacher serving as the witness who would keep a record of the punishment.

Paula was told why she was to be paddled and asked if she admitted the misbehavior. Paula did admit everything. She was told to walk over to the special low bench at a right angle to the desk to Dr. Williamson’s left side. Paula was told to bend over, hold the far side of the bench and face forward.

Joyce Williamson took a few steps around her desk so that she could fold Paula's uniform skirt up her back, clear of her panties. Her skirt was held in place with two clothes pins.

Dr. Williamson remarked that she was surprised to see that Paula was wearing normal uniform panties and not a disposable diaper.

After that Paula was asked if she was ready to be punished. The words 'YES, Ma'am' had just left Paula's mouth when she received the first swat of a paddle. It was not as hard as the average smack of Helen's hairbrush.

Before Paula could react to the first swat she got the second. All six swats were administered in less than 20 seconds.

Dr. Williamson moved toward Paula, removed both clothes pins, helped restore the skirt to its proper position and reminded Paula to be a good girl. She shook her hand and patted her shoulder by way of dismissal.

Paula gathered her backpack and scurried out the door holding the form saying that she had received her punishment. As Paula rushed through the waiting area to reach a ladies' room before she wet, she noticed Nina on her feet and walking toward Dr. Williamson's door.

The good news was that Paula managed to hold her pee until she was in a ladies' room stall with a dry Attends Breathable in her hand. Yes, her cotton panties did not stay entirely dry but her skirt front was not stained. She managed to sit on the toilet to void most of her pee. For Paula putting on the Attends was routine after years of practice.

She smoothed her skirt and washed her hands. She was waiting outside the ladies' room door when Nina rushed up to her. Paula offered to assist her changing to her Attends.

Nina's panties were damp, but otherwise she did not seem upset about being punished. While helping with the Attends Paula could not see any paddle marks on Nina's firm delicate derrière.

They whispered they would meet at the usual coffee shop. Then separately they left the school building, their discipline forms tucked into their backpacks.