

# Wanda

## “The Strap for Wanda”

Fiction by Angela Bauer, Based on Actual Events

Wanda Bartlett had become a serious disciplinary problem once her school resumed shortly after she turned sixteen. For that reason just after the last class ended a meeting was held in the private office of the Headmaster.

Curt Hoynes, a handsome bearded widower of forty-four, was seated behind his desk. To his right Ms. Brenda Marshall, an attractive American divorcee of thirty-eight, was seated on a padded side chair against the wall.

Headmaster Hoynes leaned back and folded his hands, as if in prayer, on his desktop: “Ms. Marshall, is it possible the problem is that you are an American teacher and these are Australian teenagers?”

Brenda leaned forward. She looked at Curt through the top of her enormous and slightly tinted round eyeglasses: “With all respect, Headmaster, your government recruited me based upon my experience successfully teaching in several different countries. I got my start teaching mostly African American teenagers in impoverished urban schools.

“Compared to most of my experience nearly all of your Australian students are very interested in learning. The exception is a girl in my morning class. Over the past two weeks I needed to send her to detention twice. Her afternoon teacher did the same once. In addition she has committed many other serious offenses. This is why I requested today’s meeting.

“In his note to you Mr. Jackson regretted that he is coaching long distance running at this time. He reported the girl for talking back, for which he sent her to detention, as well as being caught in a storeroom with an older male student.

“She has already talked back to me three times this week alone. That is after I punished her with detention for the same thing the first week of term. Since then she cheated on a test in my class this morning. At the start of lunch today I caught her smoking in a loo. Two days ago she was absent without an excuse. Yesterday she was thirty minutes late.

“Clearly this girl is not learning a lesson serving detention. Mr. Jackson and I agree that what the naughty young lady needs is physical punishment from her Headmaster!”

“Ms. Marshall, what is the name of this disobedient young lady?” Curt asked.

Brenda answered: “Headmaster, her name is Wanda Bartlett. She is waiting in reception under the supervision of Mrs. Janice Smith.”

“I do not remember a girl named Wanda.” Curt pushed the button on his intercom: “Mrs. Smith, please pull the permanent record of Miss Wanda Bartlett. Then please continue supervising her. When the file is ready Ms. Marshall will bring it to me.”

A minute later Mrs. Smith used the intercom to announce she had Wanda’s permanent record ready. Brenda got up. In a few seconds she placed the file on Curt’s desk. She stood so that she could read the file over his right shoulder, innocently pressing against him. When she leaned forward to better read the file, her left breast caressed Curt’s right cheek as if seemingly by accident.

Apart from that, the remarkable thing about Wanda’s permanent record was that until that school year she was considered polite, well-behaved and a very good student.

Of course the top, most recent page showed the detentions and the unexcused absence. Curt felt that Wanda had fallen for bad influences. He pushed the intercom button: “Mrs. Smith, please pick up the land line.”

Seconds later his telephone rang: “Mrs. Smith, please discreetly phone Wanda’s mother Abigail Bartlett. She will need to pick up her daughter. Almost certainly I will be required to strap that girl today, but please do not say so to her mum. Tell her I need to talk to her urgently about Wanda. Thank you.

“Please give us another five minutes to study the file and then send Wanda in to my office. If she needs to use the loo, escort her to ensure she does not smoke or run away.”

As Brenda stood up she sensually ran her left hand along Curt’s back. Curt relished that attention. Once he recovered he placed Wanda’s permanent record in the top left side drawer of his desk so there was zero chance the girl would see it.

Back in her chair Brenda used the mirror of her compact to refresh her lipstick. Coincidentally the first thing she noticed when Wanda shyly entered the office was that during her wait she had replaced the subtle lipgloss she had worn during the morning class with a far more mature dark red lipstick.

Strangely, that inappropriate vivid lipstick made Wanda seem even younger than normal. She is slender and shortish. Her pretty face and hips are childish; her breasts not developed. Her red lipstick made her look like a child playing dress-up. However, Brenda noted the lipstick was expertly applied with confidence.

Curt politely stood up to greet Wanda, but did not offer her a chair: “Miss Bartlett, you are here because of disturbing deterioration of your conduct as reported to me by several trusted people.

“What is so unfortunate is that we need to meet under these circumstances. Until the start of this term your record for deportment and studies is excellent. I deeply regret we did not meet until now.

“You have attended required orientation sessions at least twice while here at my school. Therefore you know to call me either ‘Sir’ or ‘Headmaster’.

“Ms. Marshall is your morning teacher. You know to call her either ‘Ma’am’ or ‘Ms. Marshall’.

“You are to stand where you are, facing me, with your hands clasped behind your back until instructed differently. I will discuss the serious misbehavior you are accused of committing. Once I have finished, you will have a chance to read a summary of those charges. At that time you will have the opportunity to defend your conduct. Please think carefully because the mandatory punishment for that misbehavior is not pleasant.

“Young Lady, you are charged with talking back to at least two different teachers. Is that correct Ms. Marshall?”

“Yes, Headmaster Hoynes. She talked back to Mr. Jackson at least once and to me three times this week alone,” Brenda said with indignation.

Curt continued: “Young Lady, this week one day you were absent entirely and the next day you were tardy a half hour. That is not acceptable.

“You were caught cheating on a test. You must do all of your own work.

“You were found alone with an older male student in a deserted storeroom. That is indecent behavior. It violates a rule and could lead to serious problems to your health and reputation.

“You were caught today smoking in a loo. This is a smoke-free school. You contaminated the air shared with others, damaging their health as well as your own.

“Take your time. Read the summary carefully.”

Less than a minute later Wanda returned the summary to the desk top in front of her. She stood straight and as tall as possible: “Headmaster and Ms. Marshall, all of the charges are true. I do not deny my misbehavior. I am a naughty girl and deserve to be punished!”

Wanda was shaking in her place and her lower lip trembled childishly. If she had not been taken to the loo a few minutes before, Wanda was sure she would have wet her knickers.

Looking straight into Wanda’s eyes, Headmaster Hoynes said: “Young Lady, I am so disappointed that you have misbehaved. At least you did not compound your situation with lies.

“You have attended schools in the Strubury District all of your life. Therefore you well know that physical punishment is allowed in all of our schools.

“The Strubury School District provides a Standard 500mm Commonwealth Punishment Strap for me to use on naughty people of your age and gender. Until now you have not been in serious trouble at school. This will be your first strapping, so let us hope you clean up your act so this will be your last strapping.”

So saying Curt stood up and stepped back just far enough that he could open the center top drawer of his desk enough to withdraw the dreaded black strap which was 5mm thick, 50mm wide and 500mm long. Before closing that drawer he also removed an official twenty-five page pamphlet.

He carried both the strap and the pamphlet with him as he walked around his desk toward Brenda and beyond her until he was behind Wanda and to her left: “Young Lady, place both of your hands on the far side of my desk. Then bend over while keeping your legs straight and as close together as possible while allowing you to retain your balance.”

Without relinquishing the punishment strap, Headmaster Hoynes opened the pamphlet and placed it between Wanda’s hands: “Young Lady, please start reading aloud and clearly at the top of the right-hand page.”

In a faltering and shy voice Wanda began quoting from The Strubury Senior School Student Handbook: “To ensure a safe and effective learning environment in our school, it is the responsibility of each student to obey the rules at all times.

“Disobedience will result in punishment to improve conduct at the discretion of the Headmaster or Headmistress.

“Such punishment may include strokes with a Standard 600mm Commonwealth Punishment Strap for male students or a Standard 500mm Commonwealth Punishment Strap for female students administered by the Headmaster or Headmistress only within a private office in the presence of a witness of the same gender as the offender.”

At this point Wanda was interrupted by the strap brushing her left forearm. Curt asked, “Am I your Headmaster?”

She answered, “Yes, Sir!”

“Is this a Standard 500mm Commonwealth Punishment Strap?”

Wanda replied, “Never before have I seen a Standard 500mm Commonwealth Punishment Strap. However, you told me that is what you are holding. Therefore my answer is ‘Yes, that is a Standard 500mm Commonwealth Punishment Strap’.”

“Young Lady, is there an adult female witness present?”

“Yes, Sir; Ms. Marshall must be an adult because she is one of my teachers. Of course she is a woman.”

“Young Lady, are there any other witnesses in this room?”

“No, Sir; Ms. Marshall is the only witness present.”

“Young Lady, can any of your fellow students see you bending over my desk?”

“No, Headmaster; unless they have X-Ray Vision nobody else can see me bending over your desk,” Wanda answered impudently.

“Read on, Young Lady.”

Wanda resumed quoting from The Strubury Senior School Student Handbook: “The maximum number of strap strokes allowed during a punishment session is twelve. For extraordinarily serious misbehavior more than one punishment session may be scheduled, with at least one full day of recovery between punishment sessions.

“Strap strokes may only be administered to the buttocks area, which must be covered by one layer of clothing.”

Again Wanda felt the strap rubbing her left arm. She took that as a signal to stop reading. Besides she had come to the end of the page.

“Young Lady, how many layers of clothing are you wearing over your buttocks area?”

“Sir, I am wearing two layers: the skirt of my uniform jumper dress and my regulation white uniform cotton knickers.”

“Very good, Young Lady; neatly fold your skirt up so your buttocks are only covered by your knickers.”

Obediently Wanda did as she had been instructed without comment or hesitation. As soon as her skirt was out of the way she buried her face in her hands on the desk.

“Not so fast, Young Lady; now please turn to page fifteen. Read the entire section on Student Behavior,” Headmaster Hoynes instructed.

After finding page fifteen, Wanda resumed quoting: “It is the personal responsibility of every student to conform to the regulations and rules of The Strubury School District. Students are also responsible for following every instruction from faculty members, administrators and school staff.

“Failure to obey or follow instructions will result in punishment intended to improve conduct and deportment at the discretion of the Headmaster or Headmistress.

“Physical punishment may only be administered as a last resort, yet is mandatory for flagrant violations of rules. Such flagrant violations include but are not limited to:

Stealing;

Fighting, Assault or Battery;

Cheating;

Disruption of good order;

Indecent Behavior or Public Display of Affection;

Missing classes or being tardy without excuse;

Talking back to or showing disrespect for any staff member, administrator or instructor (including student teachers).”

“Young Lady, have you flagrantly violated any of these rules?”

“Yes, Headmaster, I am guilty of many flagrant violations!” Wanda admitted as bravely as possible while burying her face in her hands and starting to cry softly.

During the questions and answers, Ms. Brenda Marshall was taking shorthand notes.

Curt reached around Wanda to retrieve The Strubury Senior School Student Handbook, which he handed to Brenda, giving her a broad smile which the girl could not see.

“Miss Wanda Bartlett, because of your flagrant violation of school rules, you will receive twelve strokes of the strap.

“Brace yourself! Here come the strokes!”

“I’m ready to be punished severely, Headmaster” Wanda stammered through her tears.

By then Curt had moved to the ideal place behind and to the left of the waiting and quivering young firm buttocks covered only by white cotton knickers.

The severe strap was placed gently upon the center of the knickers before being pulled back so a full-force stroke could be administered.

Wanda had never felt such a strap before. Her late father Jed had never punished her physically. Occasionally her mum Abigail had given Wanda a bare smack-bottom and a very few times a more formal spanking with a hairbrush, the most recent when she was eleven.

As the pain of the first stroke sank into her lower buttocks Wanda wailed like a Banshee! Instantly her soft crying became loud sobs with copious tears.

Curt was in no hurry. He waited until all the pain of the first stroke had registered before administering the second stroke. To Wanda those forty-five seconds were an agonizing wait.

The second stroke did not result in quite such a loud wail, but it took all of Wanda’s self-control to remain obediently in position.

After the sixth stroke Curt increased the delay before the next one to a full minute.

Wanda did not wail as she felt the final six strokes because she was sobbing so much.

After Brenda noted the twelfth stroke, Curt stepped out of the way to Wanda’s right side. Brenda got up and walked to the child who was crying her eyes out. Brenda helped her straighten up and provided a comforting embrace.

Wanda eventually stood up before the skirt of her uniform dress was back in place. Curt was looking away.

What Brenda could see was that despite using a loo toilet before her punishment, Wanda had managed to leave a wet stain on the crotch and front of her cotton knickers.

Brenda said: “Wanda, the nurse has exactly what you need. I’ll take you there right now, by way of the Headmaster’s private entrance.”

By that route Wanda would not see her mum waiting with Mrs. Janice Smith. Before leaving the room Brenda did use the desk phone to alert

Nurse Donna Gilbert that “Wanda Bartlett will need a nappy because she wet her knickers while being strapped!”

As they walked to the Nurse’s Office Brenda nearly laughed when she saw Wanda had bitten off almost all of her vivid red lipstick. Perhaps that was just as well.

Donna washed Wanda’s tears away before removing her wet knickers. Those were replaced with an Adult Small disposable nappy. Wanda was given a paper bag containing more nappies, as well as the wet knickers in a separate plastic baggie.

While Wanda was with the Nurse, Abigail Bartlett was learning all about her naughty daughter’s recent misbehavior from Headmaster Hoynes: “Mrs. Bartlett, I am sure of your cooperation helping Wanda to behave better in the future.

“Indeed so, Headmaster!” Abigail responded. “Tonight before bed, if her derrière has recovered enough, I’ll give her a proper spanking over my lap on her bare backside with my hairbrush. If not, I’ll spank her before school tomorrow morning.

“My own mum used that same hairbrush on me until I married. Obviously I was not strict enough with Wanda as I thought she was maturing.

“Her dad died on duty in a plane crash a year ago. Wanda seemed to be recovering. I excused her misbehavior as being grief.

“Promise me that the next time Wanda misbehaves you will give her a proper dose of the strap. Thank you in advance.”

Previously while Abigail was waiting with Janice Smith, she had been handed Wanda’s purse. Mrs. Smith said that Wanda was being strapped for several flagrant rules violations including smoking. Also she mentioned how Wanda had applied red lipstick while waiting to be punished.

Abigail was very upset to discover a pack of her own cigarettes in Wanda’s purse, along with a new tube of expensive red lipstick stolen from her vanity. Immediately Abigail confiscated the stolen cigarettes, a lighter, the expensive lipstick and Wanda’s own lipgloss: “She will not be wearing any cosmetics for weeks!” Abigail vowed.

Headmaster Hoynes and Abigail had just concluded their conversation about Wanda’s misbehavior when the girl wearing a dry nappy was escorted by Brenda back to the main school office.

Wanda did blurt out to her mum that the nurse put her in a baby nappy! Brenda immediately introduced herself and explained that during the strapping Wanda dampened her knickers.

Abigail started to laugh: “The last time I spanked Wanda with a hairbrush she was bare bottom. That time when she wet she stained the front of my dress. That must have been five years ago. I wanted to put her into a nappy then, but disposables were not readily available and her original cotton nappies had worn out as rags!”

Brenda added: “Nurse Gilbert put a few of the right size disposable nappies in a bag along with Wanda’s wet knickers. You can buy more of those nappies at the store.”

“Thank you, Ms. Marshall. You can be sure I intend to march Wanda into the store to buy her a month’s supply of nappies,” Abigail promised. “You could also do me a huge favor by spanking Wanda when she misbehaves even slightly.”

“Unfortunately only the Headmaster is authorized to administer physical punishment,” Brenda answered, “But it will be my pleasure to phone you should she misbehave.”

“Ms. Marshall, that works for me. Thank God I still have the family hairbrush. By the time you see Wanda tomorrow I will have spanked her bare bottom soundly with that hairbrush.

“Is there someplace where I can purchase a Standard Punishment Strap?” Abigail asked sweetly while Wanda only wanted to crawl into a hole.

Janice Smith heard the question. She wrote an address and phone number on a blank memo.

Wanda was roughly buckled into the passenger seat of Abigail’s auto. First stop was the discipline implement store. In addition to a Standard 500mm Commonwealth Punishment Strap Abigail purchased several each rattan punishment canes of 5mm and 6mm diameter 650mm long with crook handles. The store owner offered to teach Abigail how to administer canings.

In the bag from Nurse Gilbert there was an address for a pharmacy stocking those Adult Small disposable nappies. The store owner wanted to be discreet to spare Wanda’s feelings. Abigail wanted to embarrass Wanda so she explained louder than necessary about the child wetting while being strapped.

While at the pharmacy Abigail bought three waterproof sheets for Wanda’s bed, as well as baby lotion and nappy powder.

Once home, Wanda pleaded to have her nappy removed so she could pee in the toilet: “Little Girl that would waste a perfectly fine nappy. Go ahead and use it as your toilet. Should you soak it I remember how to change baby nappies. Of course I will change you for bed.”

The sky was still bright when Abigail ordered Wanda to bed. Without a nappy clearly the strap marks had not faded enough Abigail wanted to use the hairbrush: “No worries, Little Girl, I’ll just spank you before I diaper you for school in the morning. If you wet during the day Nurse Gilbert will change your nappy.”

Wanda’s attitude was that since she was being punished by being made to wear a nappy, she might as well go ahead and wet her nappies. During the school day Wanda managed to avoid pooping her nappy. She deliberately waited until she was buckled into the passenger seat of her mum’s auto.

Oh how she smirked thinking about Abigail having to clean up the messy poop!

During the month following her school strapping Wanda never used a toilet, causing a lot of extra work for Abigail. Wanda also received eight hard hairbrush spankings, none of which she believed she deserved.

By the end of the month Abigail was so fed-up buying and changing nappies, she allowed Wanda to wear big girl uniform knickers. At the same time Wanda’s lipgloss and the red lipstick were returned. Although Wanda was not allowed to carry cigarettes to school, she was allowed to smoke most other places. In restaurants Abigail would give Wanda cigarettes.

Following Wanda’s strapping Headmaster Hoynes and Brenda Marshall started a romantic relationship. Twice or even three times a day Brenda would find ways of confessing to Curt that she had been a very naughty girl.

At lunch that Friday Curt told Brenda to report to his office at 0900 Saturday morning. He did his best to give Brenda the same experience as he had done for little Wanda, with the exception there was no witness. Friday afternoon Nurse Gilbert left a bag with one each of several sizes of adult nappies in the Headmaster’s office.

Brenda received a scolding. She had to read from the student handbook. Curt applied all twelve strokes as hard to Brenda’s cotton knickers as Wanda received. She had worn a brand-spanking-new regulation uniform, purchased for this occasion.

Like Wanda, Brenda wet while being strapped. What surprised her was that she did not need to deliberately wet. Also it turned out Curt was very good at changing adult nappies.

After her strapping and being napped, he followed her to the discipline implement store where they bought one each of the Standard 500mm Strap for Senior School Girls and the Standard 600mm Strap for Senior School Boys. In addition they bought a selection of rattan canes.

Their next stop was at the pharmacy where they bought a case of nappies to fit Brenda as well as waterproof sheets for the bed at her apartment and at his house.

Curt and Brenda became engaged in a couple of months. However they delayed their wedding until the school year ended. It had been arranged that she would transfer to a senior school in the nearby Brisbane School District. This eliminated any conflict of interest.

According to Wanda Bartlett as of the last time she had lunch with Curt and Brenda in September 2014, they were still happily married. Their son and daughter are well-disciplined responsible adults.

Abigail never remarried.

Wanda had a brief first marriage to a weak man who never punished her. Fortunately the love of her life is her second husband who spans, canes and straps Wanda frequently. They have been happily married since 1994, with a well-behaved daughter and two sons.