

# Ellen is a Bully

Fiction by Angela Bauer

“Am I to go, too, Miss Stiles?” Nanny Agnes Palmer asked, her voice tentative with fear.

Joan Stiles paused for a beat, and then smiled at the 60 year-old woman seated across the table: “I certainly hope not, Miss Palmer. You have been Ellen’s nanny since she was an infant. When I was secretary to her late grandfather most mornings he would tell me about something nice you had done for Ellen and the family. I also remember how her mother Lily used to tell me how happy she was that you were looking after Ellen. And then when Lily died so suddenly you helped hold the household together.

“Your only drawback, as I understand the situation, is that you are too soft with Ellen.

“Just based on Ellen’s tantrums and outbursts this evening, those who call her a ‘brat’ and a ‘bully’ are not entirely wrong. That child needs to be guided with a firm hand. I am confident that you are the ideal person to provide Ellen with the necessary loving, yet firm, discipline she so desperately requires!”

“Those were her Aunt Grace’s instructions, Miss Stiles,” the nanny responded. “After Lily died, Mr. Barrett put his sister Grace in charge of the household. All of my orders came from Aunt Grace. Hardly ever since

then has Mr. Barrett talked to me. And then when his father died, Mr. Barrett had to spend all of his time at his office. I only could follow Miss Barrett's orders."

"Miss Palmer, I fully understand your position. Although I started working for the late Mr. Barrett Senior 13 years ago while I was still in college and became executive secretary to the younger Mr. Barrett when he joined the firm, tonight was the first time I met either Ellen or Aunt Grace. Funny, when she was alive Lily Barrett came by the office frequently. She sometimes took me to lunch.

"Look, I am not blaming any of Ellen's behavior problems on you. I am sure the reason Roger Barrett put me in charge of re-organizing the family operations is that he has lost faith in his sister's ability and judgment. He has asked me to assume total control and authority.

"My suggestion is that you start supervising Ellen with an iron hand. Forget any previous instructions from Grace Barrett. Please do not overlook any misbehavior by Ellen!"

It just so happened that the conversation between Joan Stiles and Agnes Palmer was taking place at the Barrett dining table. Roger Barrett, Junior, had been listening through the partially open doorway as Joan had fired the butler and cook, a married couple who had been embezzling for a long time, as well as the chauffeur who had driven Roger and Joan to the Barrett mansion that evening. He also had been stealing.

Had Ellen not spoken out, from her hiding place just outside the dining room door, Joan would not have known the 9 year-old girl had gotten out of bed, and walked down stairs, without permission.

The 'jig was up' when Ellen shouted, "I am not a bully!"

Calmly, Joan turned to Ellen, smiled and said, “An hour ago I told you to go to bed, Young Lady. Nanny Palmer, will you please put Ellen to bed again.”

“You are not in charge of me!” Ellen shouted back. “I will go to bed when I am good and ready!”

“No, Young Lady, I **am** in charge of you. You will go to bed when you are told by me, your father or your Nanny. Do I make myself very clear?” Joan said as calmly as possible.

“Once again, Nanny Palmer, put this naughty girl to bed as firmly as you feel necessary.”

As Agnes Palmer started to rise from her chair, Ellen stuck out her tongue and began yelling, “I will not go to bed! You can’t make me!”

When Nanny Palmer neared her, Ellen scampered away, just out of reach. Seeing that Agnes was not nimble enough to catch Ellen, the athletic Joan Stiles got up from her chair and closed in on the girl near the grand piano of the living room.

After some ducking under the piano and around its legs, Joan had almost reached Ellen, who then darted out of the living room and ran toward the main stairs. Her getaway would have been clean, except that the bathrobe over Ellen’s short summer nightie was long. On the stairs Ellen tripped.

The rest of the stairs Ellen climbed on all fours, looking back at Joan who was keeping pace without difficulty, herding Ellen to her bedroom. All the time Ellen was yelling: “Aunt Grace, save me! You stay away from me! I don’t want to go to bed!”

Besides her misbehavior, the big mistake Ellen made was that she tried to hide in her bedroom without locking her door. Of course Joan saw where the girl had gone and was inside that room within seconds. Joan had the presence of mind to lock the door behind her. She stood there with her hands on her hips while Ellen wasted time crawling from one side of her bed to the other.

“Young Lady, you have been told to go to bed!” Joan said without raising her voice.

“You can’t make me go to bed!” Ellen answered rudely. “Even if you do force me to bed I will not go to sleep!”

“Young Lady, that is not a problem,” Joan remarked. “I know the most effective way to help you fall asleep.”

“I will not take a stupid pill!” Ellen shouted defiantly.

“Young Lady, I have no intention of giving you a pill,” Joan said with a genuine smile.

Moving slightly to her left, but still blocking the door, Joan reached blindly behind her. From the top of Ellen’s childish vanity Joan grasped the wooden hairbrush she noticed immediately upon entering the room.

It is very possible Ellen had never been threatened by a hairbrush previously. However it is equally probable Ellen guessed the significance as Joan move the hairbrush to her front and patted her left palm with it, as she fixed her gaze on Ellen and proclaimed, “Young Lady, this will hurt you a lot more than it will hurt me!”

Wide-eyed with fright, Ellen shrank beside her bed, almost whispering, “What ya gonna do?”

What Joan Stiles did was take a firm hold of Ellen's right earlobe with her left hand. Easily Joan sat on the side of the bed. She pulled the protesting Ellen across her lap with the girl's head to Joan's left.

Temporarily leaving the hairbrush on the bed, Joan rucked the back of the bathrobe up, along with the nightie, until Ellen's delicate derrière was bare and vulnerable. Joan rested her left hand in the small of Ellen's back so firmly the child could go nowhere.

"The time has come for you to learn a good lesson, Young Lady," Joan said as she slowly picked up the hairbrush in her right hand.

In fact, Joan had never administered a spanking before. She had done little babysitting as a teenager and never had even asked for authority to spank. However, until she moved out of her parent's home to start her university studies, Joan's mother had spanked her often and hard with a similar hairbrush.

Joan scolded Ellen but wasted no energy on warm-up spanks. All were full force and spread from right to left lower bottom cheeks and back again, and again.

The bedroom was not sound-proof. Ellen shrieked and pleaded for help from Aunt Grace, who ran downstairs demanding that Roger stop the spanking.

He refused, saying, "I hope that does Ellen a lot of good. She has needed spanking for years!"

Only after Joan was sure Ellen's sobs were genuine, and that she had gone limp, did the spanking stop. Joan pushed Ellen off of her lap and onto the bed, which was still turned back from when the child got up earlier. Joan

left Ellen on her belly, but did bend over to give the back of her neck a gentle loving kiss.

As Joan exited Ellen's bedroom, Nanny Palmer gave her a warm smile. "Miss Palmer, the next time Ellen misbehaves, please spank her soundly."

Downstairs Grace was not in sight. Roger invited Joan into his den, where he thanked her for providing Ellen with some discipline. "Mr. Barrett, I just instructed Nanny Palmer to spank Ellen when the child is disobedient."

Of course the practical difficulty of firing the dishonest butler, cook and chauffeur was how to keep the Barrett household functioning the next morning. Joan Stiles offered to take a taxi to her apartment, pack a few clothes and return in time to cook breakfast. When the time came Roger could take a taxi to the office. Meanwhile Joan would use an employment agency to provide a replacement household staff.

That turned out to be a stroke of luck. Less than a mile from the Barrett mansion on the western edge of San Marino, an elderly multi-millionaire had recently died. His estate executors had given the staff notice, so they had all registered with the employment agency. By 10 A.M. Joan had hired an outstanding team of servants all, with impeccable references.

While Joan had been cooking Roger's breakfast she noticed Nanny Palmer carrying a load of bedding down to the basement laundry room. When the nanny passed by again after the washing machine had started, Joan asked what was going on.

"Miss Stiles, Ellen wet her bed," Agnes Palmer answered. "This has happened every morning since her mother died. We knew that Ellen's toilet training was delayed, but we were making good progress then."

“But the second Miss Barrett was in charge, she demanded that I take Ellen out of diapers, which was nonsense. The child still needs to be toilet trained.”

“Why not simply return Ellen to diapers for bed?” Joan asked. “Wouldn’t it be better for Ellen to wet a diaper so her bed would stay dry?”

“Oh, Miss Stiles, that is just what should have been done 6 years ago, but there is no reason against starting now,” Agnes answered. “The war is over, so effective PlayTex latex pants are available again. DyDee Service delivers clean diapers.”

“Nanny, you have authority to order all the supplies you need, diapers, latex pants, the works,” Joan said.

“You know, Miss Stiles, I suspect that Ellen will be much happier back in diapers,” Agnes said. “The thing is that at the same time Miss Barrett ordered me to stop diapering Ellen, she threw away the nursery changing table.”

“Okay then, Nanny, call a store and have a new one delivered as soon as possible,” Joan said. “Also, how would you feel about having an assistant? If you know about a young woman you can trust and who is willing to instill strict discipline in Edith, please have her come here so we can interview her.”

“A nanny who worked for the neighbor of my employer 20 years ago has a daughter named Betty Hogan. That girl has been babysitting since she was 13, just graduated from high school and is studying at Pasadena City College. I’ll phone her mom this morning,” Agnes Palmer promised with enthusiasm.

Since the new servants had settled in, and things were going smoothly, Joan had the new chauffeur drive her to the office. Roger Barrett was in a jovial mood. He and Joan accomplished a lot of work. They agreed that it would be best if Joan used a guest room at the mansion. On the way to the mansion they were driven to Joan's apartment so she could pack some more clothes and personal effects.

While Joan was packing, Roger could not stop watching her. As she closed a suitcase, he reached around her, drawing her into an embrace and kissed her. That was the first time Roger had felt romantic about any woman since Lily had died 6 years previously.

Joan was not the sort of woman who lusted after her boss, or at least not recently. When she started working for Roger's father, she did have a major crush on the older gentleman. They did nothing about the crush.

This time Joan was not going to make the same mistake. She returned the kiss with even more passion. A half hour later, after Roger had wiped off the lipstick traces, and Joan had reapplied her makeup, they returned to the limo.

At the mansion 19 year-old Betty Hogan was waiting to be interviewed. She was even taller than Joan and also athletic. If she had a drawback it was that she was built like a model and fully as beautiful. In the years Joan had worked for the Barrett's firm she had never known Roger to seek out younger women. She did not think Betty would be a problem. Fortunately there were many empty servant rooms at the mansion.

Nanny Palmer introduced Ellen to Betty. It was taken as a good sign that Betty could be such a strict disciplinarian that Ellen did not warm to her. While Betty supervised Ellen, Nanny Palmer explained to Roger and Joan that she had spanked Ellen that afternoon.

DyDee had delivered the first bundle of gauze diapers. A store had delivered several PlayTex panties. Following the afternoon spanking Ellen was diapered for her nap without any resistance. Then instead of demanding to be taken out of her diaper, she asked for another.

The report from Nanny Palmer was that Ellen was calmer and seemed happy to be back in diapers. It was agreed that if Ellen wanted to wear diapers all day, that was okay.

Grace Barrett did not appear for dinner that Tuesday evening. Despite her afternoon spanking Ellen was still in disgrace, so she had to eat her dinner in the kitchen, supervised by Nanny Palmer. After that Assistant Nanny Hogan was instructed to give Ellen her evening bath, a sound reminder spanking and then diaper her for bed.

As Joan and Roger enjoyed post dinner brandies in the den, he formally proposed to her. She accepted. Their plan was to fly to Reno at noon on Wednesday; back in 1948 Reno was far more sophisticated than Las Vegas.

Having decided to marry, they also agreed to expand the household staff. More of the main floor entertainment rooms would be used, so 2 utility maids would be needed. Joan felt Roger should have a valet and he felt she deserved a ladies maid. The new butler would hire the maids and set up interviews for candidate valets and ladies maids.

Wednesday morning Joan and Roger were driven to the office together for the first time. In time to catch their plane they were driven to the Burbank airport. The trip to Reno was calm, there were no problems with the service and they were back in Burbank headed for the mansion in time for dinner.

By then Ellen had already been served her dinner in the kitchen because she needed a spanking during the day. Except for that, and her bath, she wanted to be diapered all day.

Thursday morning Ellen refused to eat her breakfast in protest because she was not consulted about the marriage. That was a situation Joan felt needed her personal involvement and touch.

A larger breakfast meal was set out for Ellen in the main dining room next to Joan's place. Nanny Palmer brought Ellen into the room. Joan invited the girl to take her seat, which she did. However Ellen rudely refused to eat any of the food.

Joan asked the butler to put all of Ellen's food on a tray and take it to her room. Then she told Ellen to go to her room and eat all her breakfast before she did anything else. Being as much stupid as defiant, Ellen refused to go to her room.

Calmly Joan stood up and took Ellen gently by her hand: "Young Lady, do you remember the spanking I gave you Monday evening?"

Ellen glumly nodded, saying: "I have not forgotten. I have resolved to refuse to eat anything as long as you are in this house! I'm also not going to talk to you again!"

"Young Lady, your silence suits me just fine. Your voice irritates me, so you will be doing me a favor," Joan smiled sweetly.

"Ellen, your New Deal has begun. That spanking I gave you on Monday was just a 'friendly little paddy-whacking'. This one will be a true 'first-class wallop'! Are you ready?"

Before Ellen could answer she was frog-marched by her elbow from the dining room to her bedroom. Agnes and Betty trailed behind.

Joan did not bother closing the bedroom door. She picked up the hairbrush and placed that on the bed near where she intended to sit. Then she led Ellen over to the changing table where Joan removed the PlayTex panties and gauze diaper. Joan also picked up a few dry diapers.

Bare-bottom, Ellen was marched back to the bed by her left earlobe. Joan took her seat and protected her lap with the pile of diapers. Then Ellen was pulled into position.

This time warm-up spanks were applied until Ellen was showing a few tears. That was when Joan let fly with very hard spanks delivered rapidly.

Ellen dissolved in sobs long before the fifty hard spanks constituting a first-class walloping had all been applied. The little girl whimpered like a toddler and clung to Joan. She seemed to have learned her lesson.

Joan did give Ellen a tiny kiss on the back of her neck. Then she asked Nanny Hogan to diaper Ellen for a nap. Betty did so at once and expertly. Ellen was short enough that she easily fit on the changing table. Even Nanny Palmer had no trouble lifting Ellen onto the changing table as if she were an actual toddler.

An hour into her nap Joan woke Ellen and invited her to eat breakfast. The girl shook her head, so Joan said: “Are you ready for another walloping so soon?”

Realizing she was defeated, Ellen asked to sit at her table to eat her food while Joan watched. When Ellen was nearly finished eating, Joan asked

her: “Which do you prefer, eating like a nice person or getting a walloping on your bare derrière?”

“Look Joan, I still do not want my Daddy to be married, even to you. But all things considered, I want to avoid getting spanked that hard! So I will obey and eat the food I am served,” Ellen promised grudgingly.

“Sweetie, I think that was a pragmatic decision by you,” Joan answered. “However, you do not have permission to address me by my first name. Frankly only rude children ever address an adult that way.

“Since that was the first time you did such a rude thing to my face, I will let you off easy with just a paddy-whacking. The next time you do that in addition to a first-class hairbrush bare derrière walloping, your naughty mouth will be thoroughly washed out with soap. Do I make myself crystal clear, Young Lady?”

By way of response, Ellen just hung her head in shame. Without being told, she walked slowly to the changing table. Her wet diaper and PlayTex panties were removed.

Once again Joan used a few diapers to protect her lap. That paddy-whacking consisted of 25 stinging hairbrush spans which left Ellen limp and sobbing. This time Joan diapered Ellen, with Nanny Hogan standing by to either assist or coach.

Joan, Agnes and Betty frequently told Ellen she was under no pressure to improve control of her bladder. She could wear diapers as often as she wanted and they would be provided until she decided she was ready for conventional underpants or training panties. Ellen was encouraged to ask to have her diaper removed so she could use a toilet. It would be her

option to be taught how to pin on her own diapers, or to wear cotton training pants inside her PlayTex panties during the day.

Joan had phoned the office that she was not likely to come in that day.

Ellen was allowed to play or nap in her room without supervision until lunchtime. Then Nanny Hogan got her up, washed her face and changed Ellen into a clean diaper for lunch downstairs.

There was no resistance, 'hunger strike' or any shenanigans from Ellen. After lunch her diaper was changed once again and she was dressed to go shopping. Joan helped select a dress which was full in the skirt and long enough Ellen's diaper was disguised if not completely hidden.

"Will people tease me?" she asked.

"Sweetie, I hope not, but that is a chance you must take. I suggest smiling pleasantly and do not appear embarrassed. Frankly I doubt anyone seeing you will assume you need a diaper," Joan replied.

The chauffeur and the limo were at the office with Roger. By then Joan's car had been brought to the Barrett mansion, so she drove. Nanny Hogan sat in back beside Ellen. The most up-scale department store in Pasadena in 1948 was the branch of Bullock's on South Lake Avenue, but they did not have an extensive girls clothing department.

Further west at the corner of Colorado Boulevard and Arroyo Avenue was a more general merchandise department store, Nash's, which had both an extensive girls department and an infant/baby department. Besides some new dresses for Ellen, Joan decided to purchase a substantial diaper bag, additional diaper pins and another dozen pair of PlayTex panties.

Betty packed enough diapers and PlayTex panties for two changes into separate paper grocery bags. She could always dash out to the car if necessary.

The plan was to select the dresses first, so one could be altered while they shopped in the baby department. That sales associate at Nash's was hardly young. She did not bat an eye when Joan explained why Ellen needed the new dresses.

Several sizes were pulled from racks and taken to a dressing room. After Ellen's own dress and shoes were removed by Nanny Hogan the fitting started with the largest dress and progressed to smaller ones until the fit would only require a minimum of alteration. A second sales associate returned the dresses which did not fit well and brought more of the better size. All of those were tried on and the alterations pinned.

During the fitting Ellen wet her diaper, but not so much it needed an immediate change. The lead saleswoman promised that one dress could be altered in a half an hour.

Surprisingly enough, in the baby department, Ellen seemed happy and not the least embarrassed. There was not a huge selection of diaper bags and Ellen did not indicate a preference. Joan selected the most expensive one which had the most space. Diaper pins were in stock in large quantities. Unfortunately only 10 of Ellen's size PlayTex panties were available, not a full dozen. The sales woman made a note to phone Nanny Palmer when a new PlayTex shipment arrived.

While Ellen looked at toys, Betty took the new diaper bag out to the car and loaded it with supplies so she could change Ellen before they left Nash's. While looking at the toys, Ellen asked if she could have a rattle. Joan smiled and said of course.

“Thanks, Mommy,” was Ellen’s reply as she hugged Joan’s waist. Clearly there was no lingering resentment about the walloping and paddy-whacking that morning.

Ellen continued playing with her rattle while Betty changed her diaper using a changing table in the baby department’s ladies’ room. That was the same size and brand as the new one at the mansion.

As they left the ladies’ room the assistant from the girls department brought the altered dress. It was somewhat more discreet disguising the diaper, not that Ellen appeared to care.

Perhaps it was being allowed to wear diaper, or maybe it was to avoid being spanked, but Ellen was behaving so much better that Friday morning Joan rode in the limo with Roger to the office.

Honestly Ellen did not suddenly become the poster child for ideal department. However, she did sometimes go two days without needing a paddy-whacking.

Still, that first post-wedding Thursday when Joan’s parents came to the mansion for dinner, her mother brought the remains of a bag of discipline soap. These were the size of soap bars used in hotels and especially formulated to taste horrid but be as safe as possible. The bars missing from that bag had been used to punish Joan’s potty mouth as a child and teenager. That fact was not disclosed during the dinner, when Ellen was on her best behavior.

At the time of the marriage Ellen had only been tutored at home. For the 1948-49 school term Ellen was enrolled in an elite Pasadena all-girls school which did use corporal punishment to correct misbehavior.

Apparently the mix of tutors and governesses had been effective because during the pre-enrolment interviews the Headmistress approved Ellen for fourth grade.

A month before the school term was to start Ellen said she was ready to give up her day diapers. During the next summer Ellen gained nighttime bladder control.