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Sally, Part 25

Manhattan Extra Special Day—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

It was early evening on Sunday October 24 when first Mommy and then Henry returned to our house in Rye. Once we saw their cars pull into the driveway, Daddy drove us there to meet them.

Mommy seemed quite surprised that Megan was with us. As soon as Mommy and Henry Francis were seated, Daddy and Megan told them that they were engaged. Obviously Mommy had not foreseen that happening, in view of the way Megan and I had pretended to dislike each other.

When Daddy and Megan had told us about their engagement, they expected to take Gene, Bobby and me to Montreal to meet her parents and extended family on November 6 and 7. That was supposed to be Daddy's next scheduled visitation.

However, Mommy and Henry wanted to do something with us that same weekend. Instead Mommy offered to let us leave on Veterans' Day, Thursday November 11, miss school on Friday November 12 and return on Sunday November 14. Except for the potential delay of their wedding, this seemed very fair.

As a bonus, Mommy said that Daddy was welcome to take us to Manhattan the next Saturday (October 30) so long as we were home by 1 P.M. on Halloween, Sunday October 31. Mommy and Henry had an out-of-town political event to attend.

Daddy gladly accepted these arrangements.

Clearly Mommy still believed that I disliked Megan. All during the announcement Megan and I were as far apart as possible. We did not make eye contact, at least when Henry or Mommy could see. That must have been why Mommy got up to embrace Megan.

Knowing Mommy, she probably also wanted to study and appraise Megan's engagement ring. Mommy did smirk when she calculated her engagement ring from Henry was far more expensive. Personally I believe the antique ring Daddy gave Megan had more class and elegance.

For me it would be a real treat to spend two Saturday's in a row in Manhattan. That would give me positive things to anticipate all week in Rye, what with school and Mommy.

Of course I had no chance to talk to Megan after the announcement. Nanny Walsh took charge of Gene while the new housekeeper (Mrs. Danvers) escorted Bobby and me to our rooms.

It was only during the drive that day back to Rye that I seriously thought about some things. Even before Daddy met Megan several times he made it clear he did not believe in corporal punishment.

I know years before when Bobby played with the Hi-Fi and broke it, despite Mommy's insistence, Daddy refused to spank Bobby. Had they asked me, I would have gladly spanked Bobby! A few months after that I saw Mommy really spanking Bobby.

The Saturday after Daddy refused to spank Bobby, Daddy told me that when he was growing up his father beat him and his mother severely and often. Then after Daddy's father was killed by a horse, Daddy's step-father was kind and did not strap Daddy or his younger half brother.

When Daddy was married to Mommy, he was away so often that he could not prevent Mommy from spanking us. Oh sure, when we came home from the beach summer vacation in 1959 (when I was 5) and Mommy brought home a ping pong paddle to spank me, Daddy sawed it to pieces. Still, a few months later Daddy did not stop Mommy taking me with her to buy the wooden hairbrush she still uses to spank me.

Daddy, Megan and Mommy all told me that it had been agreed that while on the California trip Megan was required to spank Bobby and me when we were naughty. Daddy was not around when Megan did spank us.

For years up to their divorce I felt that Mommy and Daddy were keeping important secrets from each other. It seemed to me that for Daddy and Megan to sneak around, even to shield the other's feelings, could kill their marriage.

Based on what they each had told me, they both had received corporal punishment while growing up. Daddy had said his father died when Daddy was ten and that ended the beatings.

Megan said her mother continued to lash her with the martinet until she finished high school.

Daddy said he absolutely hated his father because of the beatings.

Megan said that she disliked being punished. She felt many of her lashings when she was older were unfair. Yet she understood that her mother had been lashed by her own mother with a similar martinet, sometimes unfairly, until marriage. Thus Megan believed that punishment sometimes was needed to discipline youngsters.

To Megan, so long as there was as much love in the family as she has for her mother, the exact form of the punishment is not so important. People do not like being punished. If the martinet does not cause injury; if the hairbrush does not cause deep bruises; and if the youngster is not terrified, then spanking is a useful and effective option.

I agreed with Megan that getting spanked or lashed was less nasty than prolonged resentment at home. Even when Mommy was out of control spanking me, she usually calmed down and acted sorry later.

Like Dr. Wendy said, "Sometimes you just need to accept your punishment in good grace. If you ask your mother to spank you, at least you clear the air sooner."

Megan had arranged to distract or get Daddy out of the hotel suite both times she spanked me in California. She had done the same thing at the apartment.

Even at eleven I felt it would be harmful for Megan to sneak around when Bobby or I needed spanking. Even worse would be those times I needed to ask Megan for a spanking.

My plan was to convince Megan that together we needed to be upfront with Daddy. There should no longer be spankings on the sly. If Daddy decided to leave the room or the apartment during spankings, that would be his choice. Bottom line was that he had to be given the choice as to how much he knew about punishments.

Although following the announcement I did not have the chance to talk to Megan, since Henry and Mommy decided to move to Rye, I was allowed private phone conversations with Daddy at his office as well as at his apartment. I had to speak to Megan to reach Daddy at his office, which worked out because often I really wanted to talk to her.

Monday as soon as the school bus brought me home, I put in a call to Daddy's office. Megan had time to really talk to me. I shared my concerns about sneaking behind Daddy's back on the spanking issue.

Frankly I told Megan that I realized I am the sort of person who still required a lot of close supervision and sometimes spankings. I promised to never refuse to accept her punishment. I said that I would be more comfortable when Daddy knew.

To my relief, Megan said she agreed. During our visit she would arrange for me to tell Daddy my feelings in her presence. Before that she would persuade Daddy to see why Megan and I feel as we do about being spanked while respecting his feelings.

Stage managing this serious discussion among the three of us was simple, low tech and effective. Megan is very persuasive.

On Saturday October 30 Daddy drove up with Megan to pick us up before 7 A.M. She sat in back with Gene and Bobby. Mommy's ladies maid (Miss Nancy Oliver) had made sure I was awake. Before putting on my skirt and blouse, I had pinned on a set of gauze diapers covered by plastic panties. Nanny Walsh bathed and diapered Gene for the trip. I assumed she had put Bobby in trainers covered with plastic panties.

Once we were on the highway, Daddy quietly asked me if I admitted I need to be punished. I assured him that was true.

We parked Daddy's Cadillac at the Time-Life Building and took a cab to his apartment. While we put away the few things we brought with us, Megan turned on the TV. The second she allowed him to do so, Bobby glued himself to that TV.

We met in Daddy's bedroom. Gene was in his playpen near Bobby and both only were paying attention to the TV show.

Daddy listened carefully as Megan and I explained our experiences and feelings on the spanking issue.

Smiling and saying he still did not entirely understand, Daddy told us he respected our feelings on the issue. "Sally, while it would make me sad, like Megan says, 'I **will** spank you to save your life!' Let us hope I **never** have to spank you or Bobby." Having said all that, Daddy left his bedroom. He sat with Bobby on the sofa to watch a little TV.

Alone with Megan, I said for the past few days I increasingly felt the need to request she spank me, so hard it would be real punishment.

Megan responded that although she had arranged the agreement with Daddy, she had not expected I would want a spanking that day. "Precious Sally, I do not usually carry my oval hairbrush." Grinning broadly she added, "Darn it! My martinet is being cleaned and serviced this weekend!"

Boldly I asked her if we could go shopping for a similar oval wooden hairbrush that could be kept in my cubby at the apartment. Megan knew Mommy makes me keep a nasty hairbrush on my bedside table.

Megan changed Gene's diaper. Then she said with authority: "Don, if Gene gets hungry go ahead and feed him. Bobby is wearing trainers and plastic pants, which he can change himself. I am taking Sally on an important shopping trip. We'll be back when we get back! Love you all!!"

As we rode down the elevator I started to tell Megan about the time Mommy took me to a Larchmont beauty supply store, where she was well-known, just to buy the kind of hairbrush recommended by

my kindergarten teacher. While I stood there blushing Mommy told the saleslady I was to be spanked with that hairbrush.

Megan said she was not yet totally familiar with all the shops in Greenwich Village. So instead of wasting time and energy walking she hailed a cab on Sixth Avenue. Then she asked the driver to take us to a large beauty supply store. He said the nearest big beauty store was not far away.

During the drive, I told Megan I would love it if she led me forcefully by the arm into the store, and told the sales person I was a brat needing spanking before she bought the hairbrush. Megan said that was okay with her and just as well neither of us would be known at the store.

The beauty supply store was on Seventh Avenue just north of Fourteenth Street. Our cab had continued to Fifteenth Street because it is one-way westbound and Seventh Avenue is one-way southbound. The name of the store was Public & Wholesale Beauty Supply. Megan told the driver we would walk home as she paid him.

Once the cab pulled away, Megan whispered, "It is now or never, Sally!" Carrying my own diaper bag I pretended to pull away from her firm grasp on my right arm. Thus Megan dragged me into the store.

Megan called out that she needed an oval wooden hairbrush. Given there was a complete display of Hair Doc brushes, many of which are oval and made of wood, it was not necessary to ask. Instantly a thin man not much taller than me hurried over to us. He asked what specifically Megan needed.

She pointed at the Hair Doc display. "My daughter here has become such a brat. A friend told me to buy something like those to properly spank my naughty little girl." The clerk suggested Megan study the Hair Doc display.

Megan had previously told me, that while working as a nanny in 1959, she purchased her own Hair Doc Model 849 from an Upper Eastside store popular with parents and nannies.

I often had studied that nasty Hair Doc Mommy purchase in 1960, so I knew it was a Model 899.

Megan pointed to the 849 and 899. "Those looked like they might work. Do you have any recommendation?"

The clerk said, "Indeed, Madam, in their day both of those hairbrushes were very popular with mothers. They sold very well. Lately the newer Model 876S has taken over as our best seller to conscientious mothers with naughty children.

"Madam will observe the Model 876S is the same length and weight as the older models. But because it is narrower, it lands with more impact.

"Perhaps Madam would care to try these for herself?"

This was better than I had dared hope! It was just as well I had put on a fresh diaper at the apartment because I wet some from excitement.

"Thank you, My Good Man. Madam very much would like to give this new brush a try. Where do you suggest performing this test?" Megan gave my hand a squeeze and winked at me when the clerk took a sample Model 876S off the display, along with a Model 899.

"Those older brushes are equally effective, so testing one is testing both, Madam. As for the test, many other mothers have been happy using the office behind that curtain." I swear that dirty little old man was enjoying this skit as much as Megan and I.

All of us went into that secluded office. Megan pretended to drag me while I protested. 'Overpowering' me, she lifted my skirt, uncovering my right leg enough she could spank that upper thigh.

I deliberately blushed when the clerk saw my plastic panties and damp diaper. "Madam is most sensible to protect the world from your daughter's lack of control. I commend you sincerely!"

Megan bent me over a desk to present the back of my right upper thigh. She first spanked me twice with the Model 899—I hardy flinched.

Next Megan spanked me twice on a different part of my thigh, every bit as hard, using the Model 876S. I exaggerated my reaction, yelping in my 'little girl' voice: "Pretty please, Mommy! Not that last one. It is so nasty."

Megan gave the clerk a long look: "My Good Man, the choice is obvious! The less my naughty daughter likes the fine new hairbrush, the better

I will like it. Now, to be sure, please sell me two of those."

Megan decided that since this was a wholesale store with bargain prices, while we were there she should buy three more cans of Aqua Net. She winked at me a few times as she paid the man and had to wait for her change.

Since I was carrying my discreet California teal diaper bag containing my purse, Megan took custody of the Public & Wholesale Beauty Supply white paper shopping bag. Somehow we both managed to stifle our giggles until we were at Thirteenth Street and on the east side of Seventh Avenue.

At the next place we came to that sold ice cream, Megan stopped and bought us each a dish. I asked for strawberry. "Please, Megan, don't make me drink a malt!" We laughed again.

Perhaps you have noticed that without a formal agreement, neither Daddy nor Megan objected when I called her "Megan" in private. Bobby still called her "Nanny Calvert" which was okay temporarily.

When we approached Tenth Street we mutually decided to pay a visit to Carmela's Bambinos store. Mrs. Carmela Moltisanti gave me a big hug, pinched my cheek and kissed my forehead.

We assured her that thanks to them our California trip was perfect. Megan went on, "I brought home those Dundee sheets you shipped to the hotel. Here at home they will be spares. Sally's father and I are getting married very soon. We are buying a co-op on Grove Street at Bedford Street, so when we move in we will be your neighbors. I am sure we will need some new furniture for the youngsters. With growing children we always need supplies."

True to her word, Megan bought six more pair of trainers in both Bobby's and my size. She signed the bill to our account.

Together Megan and I skipped most of the way home.

The day was so warm it was difficult to believe Halloween was the next day. Having eaten the ice cream, Megan and I were not super hungry. Daddy had made Gene some Pablum. He claimed most of it went into Gene's mouth.

Daddy suggested that we should go to Washington Park. Megan responded that she would make us sandwiches at the apartment.

"Don, unfortunately before she is allowed to play, I need to spank Sally. This is a chance for Bobby to learn a lesson from Sally's tears. Please wait the few minutes it will take me to teach Sally her lesson." As far as I could tell, Bobby did not hear. He was that engrossed with the TV.

I actually preferred to get the spanking I had requested behind me as soon as possible. There was the necessary and enjoyable delay to buy the hairbrush. Still I was running out of nerve.

Megan took me into Daddy's bedroom along with one of the new Model 876S hairbrushes and my diaper bag. She left the door widely ajar.

First she used two of my spare diaper pins to hold the back of my skirt out of the way. She asked me to remove my sneakers, diaper and plastic panties.

Without being told I placed myself across Megan's lap. She gave me a series of warm-up spanks with her right palm, concentrating on the area just above and below my *Gluteo-Femoral Fold* separating my lower buttocks from my upper thighs.

Once Megan felt she had warmed me enough, and before she hurt her hand, she picked up the new hairbrush.

That dirty old clerk was correct. The narrower Model 876S, which hardly felt different in the test, actually caused an even more unpleasant sensation than Mommy's hairbrush.

Megan was not spanking me super-hard, but she did not know how much more effectively the Model 876S was punishing me. She had been scolding me louder than necessary the entire spanking. As the sting increased I did not try to suppress my sobbing.

When Megan eased me to my feet, she hugged and kissed me. I kissed her back and quietly thanked her for everything, especially the spanking.

To save a few seconds I asked Megan to diaper me. Once my diapering was finished, my skirt was put back in position and my sneakers tied, Megan and I refreshed our lips. We walked out arm in arm to go to the park with Daddy, Gene and Bobby.

