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# Sally, Part 10

## My Adventure, Continued—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

It was still early Thursday afternoon when I got out of the cab, holding both my paper bag with my camp uniform and my box from the lingerie store. Faye "Doctor" Miller paid the cab driver.

On the east side of Seventh Avenue, at the south side of West Tenth Street, there was a store called Carmela's Bambinos. It sold infant and juvenile clothing as well as nursery furniture. Who knows, that might be where Daddy had bought the bunk beds Bobby and I shared?

Although Faye knew about the shop, she clearly was not comfortable inside it. In Larchmont, I had gotten past being embarrassed when Mommy made a real drama buying me diapers, trainers and plastic panties. In this Greenwich Village store I decided to take charge.

Walking up to the elderly man who appeared to be in charge, I introduced myself. He replied that his name was Giovanni Moltisanti. Their store was named for his wife, Carmela.

I told him that unfortunately I still wet my bed. Because I would need to spend the night, I needed some cotton trainers and a couple of pairs of vinyl panties. That man seemed surprised I was so brazen. Mr. Moltisanti called over a lady about his own age. She was his charming wife Carmela.

To Mrs. Moltisanti I repeated what I needed, and I was thrilled to see Faye shrinking into a corner, blushing delightfully.

Since Mrs. Moltisanti was not sure of my size, she took me into a small dressing room. I noticed her tape measure was in metric. Out in the store I pointed to cotton trainers and plastic panties. Carmela found the correct sizes on a shelf.

Having recovered her composure, Faye suggested perhaps I should try them on while we were in the store. That did not embarrass me at all.

Back in the dressing room with Carmela, I sat to remove my sneakers, then my cotton panties. Sure enough the size trainers the woman had selected fit was well as my own. Same was true of the plastic panties.

Before I had a chance to change back to my ordinary cotton panties, Faye stuck her head through the dressing room curtain. "Sally, dear, I think you should continue wearing those training and plastic panties." To the nice woman Faye asked, "Do you have three pair of each?"

As Faye was about to pay for the trainers, she asked if they had a dozen Curity flat gauze diapers in stock. To me that was a silly question because I could see several of the distinctive Curity boxes on a shelf near the trainers. Obviously Faye had not bought any diapers previously.

Mr. Moltisanti put a card of diaper pins in the paper bag, along with my own panties, the box of diapers, the trainers and plastic panties. Faye finally paid the bill. Without saying much we walked south on Seventh Avenue a block to Christopher Street. Then we walked northeast on Christopher Street until it ran into Waverly Place, Daddy's street.

Faye had a set of keys. Inside the tiny lobby we took the elevator up to the third floor. Inside Daddy's apartment, Faye asked if I wanted any peanut butter.

It was all I could do to suppress my desire to make a smart aleck remark. Faye was so clueless. I mean, I had just had lunch! What I needed to do was wash my new trainers, cotton panties and the diapers. The pair of new trainers I had worn from

the store were stiff and irritating me. Clearly Faye knew nothing about such things.

As politely as possible, I explained we needed to use the washing machine in the basement of the building. I assured her Carla had taught me to do laundry, especially diapers and trainers. We would wash the thin cotton panties and the vinyl panties by hand in the bathroom.

Although not thrilled about going all the way down to the basement with me, Faye was a decent sport. I changed back to my own cotton panties and my camp uniform. When Daddy first moved into his apartment I had helped him buy a plastic laundry hamper as well as a carton of Dreft diaper detergent. I took a couple of quarters from the laundry change bowl. Faye followed me down to the coin laundry room.

A half hour later we made a second trip down to the basement to move the washed garments to the dryer. Between those trips I washed all the other new things and left them to dry on wooden hangers in Daddy's bathroom.

All those trips up and down in the elevator, as well as shopping for lingerie and later diapers must have worn Faye down. She had started to read a novel she found on a shelf in the apartment, but was sound asleep very soon. I neatly folded the diapers and trainers, placing them in the drawer. Once the plastic panties were dry I put them in the same drawer. I left one pair of the new thin panties along with the baby doll on my upper bunk. The other new panties I stored along with my trainers.

The sound of Daddy opening the door must have woken Faye. She was rubbing her eyes. I got up from the chair where I had been watching TV, running to greet Daddy.

"Sally, you had me very worried. Probably I should punish you for spoiling the afternoon for Dr. Miller. I really needed her with me at the client lunch. Your mother would give you a hard spanking for being such a naughty, inconsiderate girl.

"Almost certainly your mother will spank you tomorrow, so just this one time I am going to give you a pass. Just promise you will never do anything like this again." Looking very contrite I did promise to be a good girl.

Daddy thanked Faye, apologizing for taking her away from work. "Normally I would have asked Miss Blankenship to take Sally here, but that was not possible. Joan Harris had her hands full. We were short-staffed and I hardly know the new receptionist. I hope Sally was no trouble."

Getting up from the sofa where she had been sleeping, curled up like a little girl, Faye approached Daddy.

"First of all, Don Draper, I know Megan has been the receptionist since shortly after you started the new agency. Don't try to tell me you never noticed her. Don, I am not a fool!

"No, Sally is a well-behaved young lady. You did not tell me she is so experienced using the washing machine!

"She told me over lunch that she had not brought a change of clothing for sleeping tonight. So after lunch we bought her some necessary things not far from your office.

"What I had not expected was that we would also need to stop at a different store. I am surprised that Sally so freely told me about her bedwetting. That was a new one for me with a girl Sally's age. We bought her some training and waterproof panties, as well as diapers, at Bambinos on Seventh Avenue.

"Yes, Don, this was quite an adventure. You owe me big time! Now I am sure you want quality time together. I need to go home, take a hot soothing bath, and get ready for my date this evening. It will come as a surprise to you that I have my own social life outside the advertising business!"

On her way out the door, while Daddy and I were speechless, Faye threw the key ring at Daddy, who caught it.

Daddy was not in the mood for having a pizza delivered. Instead we walked a couple of blocks to a Greek restaurant (called Papas II) where Daddy treated me to a piece of swordfish. That was delicious. Because Daddy bought me a dessert, I knew he was not very mad at me. Certainly he did not mention spanking the rest of the evening.

For bed I decided to wear trainers and plastic panties. It was July in Greenwich Village without air conditioning in the apartment. Over my plastic

panties all I needed was the new baby doll top. I fell asleep as soon as I climbed into my bunk.

Friday morning I woke up before it was really bright outside. In the other clothes hamper I found one of Daddy's T-shirts that was nearly clean. I put that on over my trainers and plastic panties.

Daddy's kitchen was tiny, with a small sink, a little stove and a refrigerator. He did have a skillet, some not-yet-stale bread and some other things. He even had a bottle of Mrs. Butterworth's maple syrup. After I started a pot of coffee, as I often made for Mommy on Sundays when Carla was at church. I heated the skillet and made Daddy a batch of French toast. When he came out of his bedroom I poured on some of the Mrs. Butterworth's syrup.

At first Daddy said I should not have used the stove. I told him Carla had taught me to cook long ago, since Mommy seldom got up very early. She stopped making breakfast when she came back from Reno with Henry.

Daddy seemed to enjoy his coffee and the French toast, until he took a second bite. Then he asked what I had put on it. I responded I had used some of the Mrs. Butterworth's syrup.

"Did you actually read the label? Bring it over to me. Let me show you something." I had not actually looked at the label. In the brighter window light that bottle did not look exactly like the Mrs. Butterworth's at home.

"Sally, this is rum, not maple syrup. Read the label. Actually it tastes great!"

After Daddy ate all the rest of the French toast, with some additional rum as toping, Daddy phoned his office and told them he was taking the morning off to spend with me. Then he asked what I wanted to do that would be finished by lunch.

Neither the Central Park Zoo nor the American Museum of Natural History is all that far north of Daddy's office. He told me I had to pick just one of those. I picked the zoo. I put on my camp uniform, with a clean pair of trainers. Daddy told me to pack everything else in his smallest overnight suitcase.

Daddy told the cab driver to take Sixth Avenue north. He asked the cab to wait so we could leave the suitcase with the concierge in the main Time-Life Building lobby, with instructions to have it sent upstairs to Daddy's office.

We had so much fun at the zoo that Daddy used a pay phone to tell his office we would be having lunch together before he returned. Actually we nearly ran all the way across Central Park to the museum. We had lunch in the museum café.

It was after 3 P.M. when we did get to the office. A woman I did not know was on the reception desk. She did say the suitcase had arrived. Daddy thanked her.

Miss Calvert, now wearing a more conservative jade green dress with short sleeves, was at the secretary's desk outside Daddy's door. She greeted us both and gave me a big smile.

Again I had to wait inside Daddy's office. He did have some business to deal with. During the day, starting with breakfast, I had tried to convince Daddy to let me live with him. I promised to be very good and to earn my keep by looking after my kid brothers. Daddy had not said "No!" but he also had hardly said "Yes" All day we had ignored the issue with Mommy. Neither Daddy nor I anticipated the confrontation with Mommy would be a happy reunion!

Eventually I sat on Daddy's office couch to read a magazine Miss Calvert had given me. Daddy came in as the receptionist said over the intercom that Mommy would be at the building shortly after 5 P.M. Just before then Miss Calvert stuck her head in the door to say that Mrs. Harris needed her to cover the reception desk. She would answer Daddy's phone from there. She would also wait for Mommy's arrival.

Once Miss Calvert had left, Daddy got very serious with me. He absolutely told me I would be going home with Mommy and that I had to accept the punishment he was sure Mommy would inflict on me.

I pleaded to stay with him. Daddy would have none of that. I told Daddy how much I hated it living with Mommy in Larchmont. Daddy ordered me to behave when Mommy came. Just then Miss Calvert told us over the intercom that Mommy was at the reception desk.

Daddy looked very angry, which caused me to freak out. Breaking away from Daddy, I started yelling and running down the hallway. The surface was waxed and polished.

My yelling had attracted the attention of the few people still in the office. Both Mrs. Harris and Miss Olson came to their office doors as I ran by.

Despite wearing my sneakers, before I reached the reception lobby I felt my sneakers slip from under me. I made a true "face plant" on the hall floor.

A split second after I landed, before I could be embarrassed, Miss Calvert was next to me. She embraced me in a warm and tight hug. In my ear she whispered that she still fell down a lot.

Considering that Miss Calvert was built like a fashion model and moved so well in heels higher than Mommy normally wore, I was not sure if the falling thing was entirely true. Not that it mattered, because at that moment I knew I had bonded with Miss Megan Calvert.

Once Miss Calvert helped me up, the other people started to move closer to me. They parted the ways so Daddy could reach the lobby. Mommy never moved toward me and looked as furious as she ever looked. She told me her car was with the valet downstairs. Mommy told Daddy that when she calmed down, in a few days, the two of them would have a very long discussion. Then Mommy told me to pick up my suitcase and walk with her to the car.

We had to change elevators in the lobby. Using that as an excuse, instead of immediately taking the parking elevator, Mommy marched me to the ladies room off the public lobby. Although there were some women using the mirror, Mommy made me lean on the counter. From her large purse she brought out the special hairbrush.

Mommy lowered my camp uniform shorts and my trainers so my bottom was bare. Then she gave me several especially hard hairbrush spanks. Replacing the hairbrush, she removed a pair of my plastic panties from her purse.

"Sally Beth Draper, you are very naughty. All these nice ladies need to know yesterday my daughter took the train from Larchmont here by herself and completely without permission, so I have just started her spanking, which will conclude at home.

"All these same nice women need to know that despite being eleven, my daughter still wets her pants. Sally at least had the foresight to wear training panties today. To protect the seat of my car, for the long drive back to Larchmont Sally will be wearing plastic panties like a real baby!"

Possibly the strangest thing was that spanking, which was painful, did not embarrass me. Neither did having Mommy pull those plastic panties over my trainers. Chances are I would never again see any of those women. I knew Mommy would spank me, big time. That was the price of my Manhattan adventure with Daddy! To me it was worth it.