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Carole, Part 16

Two Luncheons on 17 June 2010:
Victoria and Sharron; Kirsten and Carole

Fiction by Angela Bauer

At 9:55 A.M. on Thursday, 17 June, tiny Carole Ann Turpin was snugly buckled into her safety seat attached to the back seat of a Cadillac Escalade. Her primary nanny Kirsten Bodding was driving them west along California Boulevard toward the heart of Pasadena, California.

Carole's surprise adventure was a visit to the fabulous Kidspace Children's Museum near the Rose Bowl in Brookside Park on Arroyo Boulevard. Kidspace is convenient to Pacific Oaks Graduate School of Early Childhood Development where Kirsten was working on her MA. She was a frequent volunteer at Kidspace. She delighted in bringing children under her care there as often as possible.

Certainly Carole was a very special situation. Although in her big baby fantasy Carole wanted to be almost five, in fact she was almost 18.

Her grandmother, Victoria Wagner, agreed to pay to reserve the "Celebration Center" party area of Kidspace from 12:30 P.M. to 2:30PM, with food and a cake provided by Wolfgang Puck Catering. All children must be accompanied by adults, but adults can attend parties without children.

As part of Carole's fantasy, the decorations welcomed her to her Fifth Birthday Party. Her cake was decorated with fairies and also said she was Five.

All these last minute arrangements were possible because during the month of June: Thursday's are slow at Kidspace; the staff there loves Kirsten; The Wagner Family is a major donor; Wolfgang Puck was already planning and catering Carole's larger birthday party at the mansion on Sunday.

Kirsten parked the Escalade in the designated free lot. She opened the rear door so she could reach inside to release Carole's safety harness buckles. Then as Carole climbed out, Kirsten slung the big pink diaper bag over her shoulder.

Two of Kirsten's good friends were on duty at the reception desk. They said that because the Celebration Center was not booked for an earlier party, it was already set up for Carole. A staff member took the large diaper bag and assured Kirsten it would be safely guarded in the Celebration Room until needed. Kirsten tucked her clutch under her arm as she held Carole's hand.

The few visitors were being shown outside exhibits. Thus Carole could have the experience of seeing the inside of Kidspace as if she were five, without confusing actual children.

Carole was having the time of her life, with Kirsten beside her. Shortly before noon Carole whispered she needed a potty. That seemed an apropos time to lead Carole out of the public rooms and into her party area.

Kidspace is designed for children of all ages, so all the restrooms not only have sturdy changing tables, they have working toilets not much larger than Carole's pink plastic potty. Once Kirsten lifted Carole's dress and unsnapped her Onesies to release her diaper, Carole toddled briskly to sit on one of the tiny toilets.

This was just as well because she did expel a lot of mostly runny feces. Carole was happy she had not soiled her diaper and Kirsten was thrilled Carole was so happy. After just a few days together, Carole and Kirsten were used to the routine of cleaning a messy bottom and being snugged into a fresh diaper.

After thorough hand washing for both Carole and Kirsten (who also re-applied lipgloss) they left the ladies room. Nobody would have guessed from their casual familiarity how often Kirsten had spanked Carole.

The Celebration Room was no longer empty. Kirsten's favorite professor, Dr. Susan Hubley, had recruited several of her graduate students, all friends of Kirsten, to attend the party. Many Kidspace staff and volunteers also came to the party. Certainly Carole was thrilled by the turnout. The whole event had come as a surprise.

If Marcia Baer is cooking for someone else, then having Wolfgang Puck catering your party is an excellent second choice! Everyone was happy with the food. Carole did not mind sitting on a booster seat. She also did not mind eating without help. Kidspace provided a souvenir bib which was only slightly too small. On the table she had a Sippy cup each of Evian water and fruit juice. Before the cake and ice cream, Carole did ask Kirsten to feed her a baby bottle of milk. If anyone else noticed they were polite enough to ignore it.

When she finished suckling her bottle, Carole gave Kirsten an affectionate kiss. In turn Kirsten cuddled Carole. While the other guests milled around finishing their lunch, Professor Hubley made her way over so she could be introduced to Carole.

Without batting an eye, Susan Hubley carried on a seemingly normal conversation with Kirsten and also with Carole. There was no baby talk or condescension. Carole was treated as if she was an exceptionally gifted five year-old able to conduct a mature conversation.

The serving of the exquisite Fairy cake with a selection of ice cream was the highlight of the party and also its conclusion. Dr. Hubley and her students had to return to their campus. The Kidspace staff members and volunteers had other duties. The official party coordinator discreetly told Kirsten that no visitors were in the outdoor exhibit.

Once Carole's diaper had been changed following the cake, she was good to go enjoying herself outside with Kirsten. In the Celebration Center the detritus of Carole's party was removed and the decorations changed for the birthday party of an actual six year-old boy at 2:30 P.M.

Seconds after being buckled into her safety seat, Carole fell sound asleep. Since it was only 1:55 P.M. Kirsten used her cell phone to double check that the coast was clear to drive Carole back to the mansion. It was a good thing she phoned home, because the luncheon of Victoria and Sharron

showed no sign of ending. Carmen, who had answered the kitchen phone, promised to get back to Kirsten when it was copacetic for her to return.

By then what had been a shaded parking spot was in direct sunlight. Kirsten drove to Just-for-Tots where she knew she could find: shade for the car; people to look after Carole for a few minutes; a cup of decent coffee; and a ladies room for herself.

It was a good thing Kirsten did stop at Just-for-Tots, because Kaaren had placed an order for a changing mat for Carole's room. With that it no longer would be necessary to use the mat from the diaper bag.

Carmen called with the "All-Clear" as Kirsten was finishing her coffee while watching Carole napping in her safety seat like an exhausted post-party baby girl.

Meanwhile at the eastern Pasadena home of Jim and Sharron Wagner, their daughters were having lunch prepared by and under the care of Nanny Kaaren Schmidt. Lindsay had obeyed when Kaaren reprimanded her for calling her by her first name. Since then Lindsay had addressed her as 'Nanny Schmidt'.

Kaaren had seen that Lindsay was irresponsible about using a potty or changing her own Pull-Ups. When she noticed Lindsay's sagging Pull-Up, Kaaren made it clear to Lindsay that diapers were not just for babies; yet it was fine if Lindsay wanted to sometimes still be a baby.

Therefore Kaaren had put her in a Cruiser Size 5 before lunch. Clearly much less of a brat with Kaaren than her mother, Lindsay did not protest wearing a diaper and having it changed for her.

When it was safe to do so, while she could watch them, Kaaren lifted Ashley and Courtney from their playpen. They played with toys on the floor.

The only parenting thing Sharron had done which meet Kaaren's approval was the quality of the baby-proofing in the family room. There were gates on both doors, so the twins would not wander.

The twins had MAM pacifiers on leashes clipped to their Onesies, but they seldom used those. An hour

after Kaaren arrived, Lindsay stopped playing and asked if she could have her pacifier. She said her mother allowed her to use it.

Frankly Lindsay's record for telling Kaaren the truth was non-existent. Yet giving her the benefit of the doubt, Kaaren let her leave the room to bring back her own pacifier. Lindsay hesitated at the gate, waiting for Kaaren to open it.

"Mommy spanks me if I open gates by myself, because I forget to lock them behind me. Ashley followed me last week and fell down. Mommy got so mad!" Lindsay lisped.

"I am here to open and lock the gate. Just scoot along to find your paci" Kaaren said gently.

When Sharron had shown Kaaren around she saw the identical highchairs for Ashley and Courtney at the kitchen counter. An ordinary chair next to those had a booster seat for Lindsay.

After another round of diaper changing, Kaaren brought all three girls to the kitchen counter so she could watch them while fixing them lunch.

It was hectic at first, because it was over a year since Kaaren had been in charge of more than two children at a time. In that family the baby was six months-old and the older boy was five years old. As the lunch progressed Kaaren and the children seemed to connect. There was no whining or throwing of food. At one point when Kaaren ran out of hands she asked Lindsay to help Courtney with a Sippy cup. There being no baby bottles around, Kaaren assumed all the girls were weaned from bottles.

After lunch and another mass diaper change, Kaaren put the twins down for naps in their individual cribs in the nursery. Lindsay continued to play for a few minutes before she started to droop.

Her bedroom had its crib converted to a small youth bed. Instead of movable side rails it had mesh all around. Lindsay had to lift Lindsay and put her in her bed. She tucked her in and removed the paci. Although sleeping, Lindsay instantly replaced her pacifier with her left thumb. All she was wearing for her nap was her Cruiser Size 5 and a T-shirt.

All three of the Wagner girls were still napping at 3 P.M. when Sharron returned home, red-eyed and

sniffing. Kaaren pretended to be surprised and offered to comfort Sharron.

With pats on her back and stroking of her hair from Kaaren at last Sharron calmed down. She was happy all her girls were quiet and resting. Sharron was amazed that Lindsay was sleeping during her nap and was doing so in a real diaper.

Her kitchen was neater than when she left, so Sharron believed in Kaaren as a miracle worker, a combination of Suppernanny Jo Frost and Mary Poppins.

Sharron knew she could easily afford to hire a non-live-in nanny and since Lindsay was born her husband Jim had urged her to have a nanny. Sharron was reluctant for fear the nanny would judge her. Somehow she felt Kaaren would be her pal, and would never judge her parenting skills.

Although Sharron did not tell Kaaren why she was upset, after seeing the miracle of her children happy while napping, Sharron vowed to do whatever was necessary to steal Kaaren away from Victoria. Pouting once Kaaren had left, Sharron still could not believe what had happened following lunch!

At 10:57 A.M., just as happy as a clam, Sharron parked on the public driveway at Victoria's mansion. It occurred to her that Victoria had not given her codes to open the private parking gate. Well, soon enough the Wagner Mansion would be hers. Then she bloody well would control who got the codes!

Getting past that snit, Sharron was looking forward to eating an exquisite luncheon prepared by Marcia Baer and having quality time one-on-one with her formidable mother-in-law Victoria. Sharron was also honored to be consulted about the birthday party for Carole on Sunday.

She knew it was not her place to judge, but to Sharron allowing Carole to pretend to be a diapered baby was plain weird. Sharron put that down to her sister-in-law Beverly Turpin, Carole's mother and Victoria's only daughter.

In Sharron's mind Beverly and Victoria had conspired to frustrate her ambitions ever since Beverly and her family had moved back to Pasadena.

Suddenly Sharron was no longer the princess doted upon by Victoria.

Ingrid answered the door bell. She asked if Sharron wanted to put her purse away. At least Ingrid did not ask to store her hat and overcoat.

Victoria was outside in the lanai, with a tall Tom Collins in her hand. She greeted Sharron with an actual kiss, not one of those Beverly Hills air-kisses.

Victoria also offered Sharron a drink, although it was only 11 A.M. "Sharron, Darling, it's well after 5 P.M. somewhere."

Without actually walking across the huge backyard lawn in their stiletto heels, Victoria asked Sharron's opinions about the arrangement of tents, tables and carnival attractions. It was so bizarre that Carole's eighteenth birthday, which should be such a milestone for a woman, was to have a theme better suited for a girl of five. Sharron concluded at this point nothing would be gained debating this with Victoria.

Mercifully Marcia and Carmen (who was new to Sharron) served the lunch in the air conditioned formal dining room. Sharron accepted a second strong Tom Collins as she sat down at the table, to Victoria's right.

Victoria was not stuffy about drinking. Besides she, herself, was on at least her second Tom Collins. Until she met Victoria, Sharron had never even tasted a Tom Collins.

While they were enjoying a superb lobster bisque, the moment Carmen left the room, Victoria pointed to a peach tree far across the lawn.

"Sharron, for some reason I have been thinking about a particular peach tree across the yard from my family's home in Georgia. Maybe it is getting ready for Carole's eighteenth birthday party, I am not sure.

"I was still seventeen when I graduated from high school. That was in town, nearly ten miles from our land, which was a half mile from any other house on our side of the road and extended as far as the eye could see.

"Our house had a back porch. When I was born we had many servants. My nanny Hazel had worked for

my family all her life, as had her parents. Perhaps before the *War of Northern Aggression* my family owned her ancestors.

"For sure my Mommy and Hazel agreed that Southern girls were to be seen and not heard. They agreed that sparing a rod spoiled the child. During good weather that rod was one or more switches from that blasted peach tree. When it was too cold for switches, they used a hairbrush to spank me. I don't remember being too small or too young to be soundly spanked.

"When I was in first grade my teacher spanked me during recess and phoned Mommy. As soon as I got off the bus Hazel took my ear and marched me around the house to meet Mommy at the peach tree. I was told to watch and learn as Mommy cut some switches from the tree and used the knife to remove most of the twigs. I was warned the next time I misbehaved I would be made to cut my own switches.

"Hazel dragged me up to the porch and made me bend over the rail. Mommy pinned my skirt up my back and pulled my panties to my ankles. Then she tore into me with one switch after another as they broke. My legs and thighs felt like I was stung by bees.

"During high school I was really good, so I only got switched once a year. I assumed I was exempt when I graduated because I was accepted by Wellesley. My prom date was the son of family friends who lived in the next county. We hardly knew each other. He brought me home before my curfew.

"The next night I drove into town to be with my friends. That being Georgia in 1955, all the boys and most of the girls were drinking and smoking. I only had a few sips, but on the way home I hit a sign. A cop who knew my father saw me and brought me home in his cruiser. It was only about 11 P.M.

"Mommy was outraged. She turned on the yard lights and made me cut twenty switches. Thankfully nobody could see, except the servants from their windows. I had worn high heels, which sank in the ground and were ruined. I was wearing a girdle, of course, and seamed Nylon stockings. Mommy made me remove my stockings while she cleaned some switches, and then turned the knife and the rest of the switches over to Hazel.

"Like always I bent over the railing. Mommy only stopped when the last switch broke. I was sore for days and ashamed to be seen with switch marks on my legs like a little kid. Other gals my age were usually paddled, so the marks only showed when you were naked.

"As you can see, Sharron, that switching stopped my drinking—for a couple of days!

"I'm so sorry, Sharron, I don't know why I am boring you like that."

Before Sharron could respond, Marcia and Carmen served a Cobb salad. That was followed by salmon.

After they finished eating, Sharron said she was curious to see where Carole was living.

Victoria replied innocently "Oh, you mean you want to see the 'new nursery' which used to be her mother's room? That's just up the stairs.

"Say, Sharron, I have added some equipment to the 'old nursery' that will interest you. This will make it so much better when your girls and Jennifer's kids are here."

Together they climbed the stairs, with Sharron suspecting nothing. Entering Carole's bedroom, the safety rails on the bed were raised and obvious.

"Victoria, I thought they made us stop using those rails?" Sharron sounded like she was complaining.

"I bought them at Just-for-Tots. There must be some kind of loophole. They also import the big changing table" Victoria explained.

"What the heck is that under the lamp?" Sharron asked.

"Just what it looks like, Darling; it is a wooden hairbrush. Not some antique as was used on me, but one in current production.

"Probably the makers have no idea why Carole bought it. Yes, it's true: when she asked me to help with her big baby fantasy, she handed me that hairbrush and begged me to spank her with it. I just hope those spankings do her as much good as my Mommy's switchings did me" Victoria said casually.

What Sharron noticed immediately in the nursery was the new changing table with all the diaper stackers. The she saw the circle of six highchairs.

"Sharron, even when children visit they still need diaper changes. I don't want to run out, so we have every size and brand you and Jennifer use. Those highchairs were not expensive. I know Lindsay is too mature for a highchair, so I also bought some booster seats. Who knows, we might still need six highchairs?" Victoria asked, and then continued:

"Darling, may I change the subject? Last Sunday you did spank Lindsay, right?"

Sharron responded "Yes, Victoria, she was out of control. I'm not sure she learned a lesson from that spanking."

"So, Darling, how did you feel about spanking when you were growing up? Did they help you learn? I blurted out my secret" Victoria went on.

"Gosh, I don't know, Victoria. Probably spankings helped me behave better. The difference is I was not spanked in high school. By the time I got to college my sorority was no longer paddling. My Mommy says I missed the experiences being paddled that bonded her to her sorority sisters."

"Okay, let me ask again, Sharron. When was the last time you got a real spanking? Not some sort of play spanking" Victoria asked casually.

"Why when I was a little girl. I would remember getting spanked when I was older. Probably it was when I was in first or second grade. Does that matter?" Sharron sounded confused.

While listening, Victoria moved to the changing table, opened the top drawer and hid the leather paddle in the folds of her dress. Walking to Sharron, Victoria took her by the hand and led her to the over-stuffed chair.

"Sharron, I have decided you have forgotten the good spankings did you. Or, your mother did not spank you any more effectively than you spanked Lindsay.

"Now I am going to show you all about spanking! Over you go and up comes your skirt and down go

your panties. Hold onto the chair's arms. Here comes the paddle!"

With the nursery door closed, nobody could hear Sharron yelling her head off, Ingrid, Marcia and Carmen were waiting outside the nursery, all rooting for Victoria to spank some common sense into Sharron.

It took ten of the leather paddle swats per buttocks before Sharron stopped protesting and started to cry softly. After fifty swats per side she was sobbing and bawling her eyes out, just like Carole.

Sharron's makeup became a mess. She continued crying for five minutes. Finally an exasperated Victoria told her, "Go into the bathroom, wash your face and fix your makeup.

"I wanted you to learn a lesson which hurt you more than it hurt me. There are experts who can teach you to be a better parent. I am here to help you. Trust me, I did not enjoy spanking you, but if necessary, I will spank you again.

"Jim is my older son and I love him. He can be so silly. If you need to hire someone to help with the kids, and if Jim objects, I can talk to him.

"Sharron, I am sorry to take such extreme measures to get your attention. Just tell me what I can do to help you" Victoria said sincerely.

Sharron stammered, "I'll think about it and get back to you, Victoria. Now all I want to do is go home, okay?"

As she sat in the driver's seat, with the windows up and the air conditioning going full-blast, Sharron yelled out loud, "That Fu**ing Bitch! She spanked me. Victoria actually spanked me! Why did I let her do that?" This was a pivotal moment.

Looking out her window as Sharron drove off in a huff Victoria hoped a good lesson had been learned. Besides, she thoroughly enjoyed spanking Sharron far more than she enjoyed spanking precious little Carole.

