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# Sally, Part 1

Fiction by Angela Bauer

My name is Sally, born on May 3, 1954. Don and Betty are my parents. I have two younger brothers, Robert (who I call "Bobby") born June 10, 1958 and Eugene (who I call "Gene") born June 23, 1963. It was so convenient that Mommy could use the same decorations for all our birthday parties. Speaking of which, nearly all my birthday parties have been held on Kentucky Derby Day. At least it is easy to remember the first Saturday in May!

My first step-father is named Henry.

Early in 1963 my grandfather Eugene moved in with us, because he could no longer take care of himself. Mommy was pregnant with Gene then. Daddy was still living with us. He and Grandpa never got along, which was sad because I loved them so much. Weeks before my ninth birthday Grandpa died at a store while he was supposed to pick me up from school.

Granny had died in late 1959, while I was in kindergarten.

After baby Gene was born our parents started arguing even more than usual. A couple of years before Daddy lived in a hotel for a few weeks. It had been fun when Bobby and I visited Daddy at the hotel.

One time when Bobby was still a baby, I remember Mommy talking to our neighbor, Francine. That was when I found out Mommy had been a model in Italy and New York City after she graduated from college. That was how she met Daddy. Not long after that I remember Granny lecturing Mommy about

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getting side-tracked by "that modeling nonsense" and wasting her education to marry beneath her.

Not long after that, I could hear Mommy telling Francine how mean Granny had been. As they talked about Granny being so strict, it started to sound familiar. Mommy yelled at me several times a day. I never knew what would set Mommy off. If I was anywhere close when Mommy started to yell, she would try to smack me. Sometimes she did manage to smack my bottom or legs casually. But nearly every week I could count on Mommy putting me over her lap and spanking me hard.

There was no point in seeking sympathy from my friends. That was the late 1950's in Larchmont, New York. Every kid I knew got smacked casually and spanked more formally. Mommy would spank me even if Francine or her other lady friends were visiting. If Mommy dragged me along while she was visiting her friends I sometimes saw kids getting spanked.

In those days if we were naughty we also got spanked in school. Our teacher would usually just bend us over a desk and smack our bottom with her hand. If we were extra naughty we had to go to the Principal's office. I remember getting scolded and spanked over the Principal's lap on my panties. She spanked me with her hand, but not as hard as Mommy would spank me.

When there was no visitor at home and Mommy was frustrated, so would take down my panties before spanking me. That really hurt and was embarrassing. Frequently later I could hear Mommy telling Francine, who had a son slightly older than Bobby and was pregnant, all about spanking my bare bottom.

Daddy has told me that they were living in an apartment in Manhattan when I was born. My first memories are in our Larchmont house.

Mommy has told me she considered it a big chore to go to a coin laundry to wash all my diapers. Consequently she had me toilet trained before I was 22 months old.

For Mommy life was better in our Larchmont home which had a washing machine and a dryer. I do not remember sleeping in a crib, but I know my bed always had a rubber sheet to protect the mattress.

I freely admit the fact is even before Mommy got pregnant with Bobby I sometimes wet my bed. That

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would make Mommy mad with frustration. Once Daddy had left to catch the train to his office in Manhattan, Mommy would strip the wet bedding off my bed and put it in the washer. While the washer was working, Mommy would give me a spanking, and then dress me for nursery school.

It was so unfair! I could not help wetting, it just happened. For the next couple of nights after I had accidentally wet, Mommy would diaper me for bed as if I were a baby. The thing is even if I woke up knowing I needed to use a toilet, I still had to wake up Mommy to remove my diaper and plastic panties. Often before she did that I had wet my diaper. So sometimes I would be back in diapers for bed for a week before I managed to stay dry long enough to satisfy Mommy.

When Mommy was very pregnant with Bobby, she had Daddy set up a nursery in the bedroom between mine and the master bedroom. Both the crib and changing table were brand new. Besides the somewhat worn cloth diapers Mommy used on me, there were new ones waiting for the baby, with tiny plastic panties. Mommy caught me borrowing one of those tiny panties for my doll. She got mad and spanked me over her lap on my bare bottom.

A week or so after the nursery was set up, Mommy started to feel unwell. She hired a maid named Carla to help around the house. Carla was a Negro, older than Mommy and very kind to me. Since Mommy spent most of her time in bed, it was Carla who got me ready for nursery school. If she found I woke up wet, she just cleaned me up. My bedding was changed while I was away. Carla did not even scold me, saying that she knew I was not being lazy or naughty. However, Carla did diaper me for bed. She let me use the toilet before diapering me, and got me up the second she arrived in the morning. If I had wet my diaper, just a little, Carla did not say anything. Usually she would put me to bed that night in panties.

Carla had been working for us a few weeks when Granny visited. Mommy managed to get out of bed long enough to show her mother the nursery. Granny approved. Then when Mommy went back to bed, Granny walked into my room. She saw a few folded diapers and some of my plastic panties on the top of my dresser. So Granny ran her hand over my bed and felt the rubber sheet, which was covered by a cotton bottom sheet.

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Smiling, Granny told me that Mommy frequently wet her bed until her early teens. Granny said she was certain bedwetting was a sure sign of naughtiness and rebellion. She told me she had always spanked Mommy for wetting and hoped Mommy spanked me. I confessed Mommy did indeed spank me for wetting or just being naughty. Granny said she was glad of that.

That very night, although I had not wet my bed recently, Carla pinned me into a diaper for bed. She said that was on Granny's instructions. Granny, who was sleeping in the guest room, actually got up before dawn to check my diaper. That was so embarrassing.

When Mommy came back from the hospital with Baby Bobby, nursery school had just gotten out. Granny had returned to take charge. While I was standing there Granny told Carla that to prevent extra work I was to be returned to diapers for bed indefinitely. That did not seem fair.

Maybe it was the excitement, I do not know. I remember that first night waking up knowing I needed a toilet, but just went ahead and wet my diaper. Granny did not come in to check me during the night. Carla had a lot of things to do before she came to get me up. She just smiled at my soaked diaper and told me everything would be okay.

At least while Mommy was recovering she did not have the energy to punish me. Later in the summer Mommy was back to full strength. She did spank me harder than usual about my wetting. A couple of weeks before school restarted Carla began to re-do my toilet training. I had managed to avoid wetting accidents during the day.

During my second toilet training Carla dressed me in thick cotton trainers inside plastic panties for bed. I could pull those down to use a toilet, and then pull them back all by myself. I still have no idea why Mommy had not done this before.

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