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Sally, Part 12

My Secret Garden Adventure—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Summer camp only lasted until the Friday after my "Manhattan Adventure" ended. Normally I did not have a session with Dr. Wendy Keighley on Fridays, but she told me to be sure to come for an appointment that day. As soon as we ate our camp lunch and said our goodbyes, I walked the few blocks to see Dr. Wendy.

She told me that for the rest of summer vacation I would have my sessions in the mornings Monday through Thursday. Mommy and Dr. Wendy agreed I could ride my bike to and from our house. That was more than a few blocks, but they felt the exercise would be good for me. That would make up for no longer doing camp activities. That was so silly, since at camp we could do such strenuous things as sit inside reading or making crafts. Some kids did participate in lame sports, but that was hardly required.

It was while riding my bike to see Dr. Wendy that I noticed Glenn Bishop was again living in our neighborhood. He had been living with his father for a couple of years after his mother, Helen, remarried and promptly had a baby. Helen and her new husband had sold the house near us when they got married to buy a larger home several blocks away.

Glenn, his mother and newborn brother had moved in three doors down the block from us toward the end of my kindergarten. Briefly Helen Bishop was friends with Mommy and Francine. At least once

Mommy babysat Glenn and his baby brother. During the early summer of 1960 several times Glenn and his brother spent afternoons either at Francine's house or at our home. I always really liked Glenn, although he was three years older than me.

Glenn could be mature one minute and the next be less mature than me. Still, to me Glenn was the nicest boy close to my age in our elementary school and our neighborhood.

Mommy never told me why all of a sudden we never spent time with Glenn or his mother. A couple of days before my sixth birthday party Francine had told Mommy that Helen Bishop not only was divorced, she worked as a shop clerk.

After Mommy and Daddy separated for the last time, and they finally admitted they would be divorced, I remembered what Francine had said years before. I did not understand why Helen Bishop being divorced should bother Francine or Mommy.

When I was going to see Dr. Wendy, Glenn was on the other side of the street. I was late, so I did not dare stop to talk. Instead I slowed down and waved to him.

On the way home I made sure to ride my bike past where I had seen Glenn. He might have been waiting for me. Anyway that time I was on the correct side of the road. He was sitting on a picnic cooler. When I stopped he asked if I would like a cold bottle of Coke.

August in Larchmont is not as humid or hot as other places, but that day when I stopped near Glenn, I was ready for a drink. Mommy did not let me drink Coke, Pepsi or anything with a significant amount of sugar or caffeine. I was allowed a single glass of iced tea with lemon and a little sugar at lunch but not in the afternoon. So to me Glenn was offering me a rare and forbidden treat.

Not wanting my bike to be hit by a passing car, I walked it across the curb and some grass, so I could stand it against a hedge. I helped Glenn carry the cooler into the shade beyond my bike. After he took out a Coke for each of us, and opened them using a large pocket knife, he led me farther away from the street, around a corner of the hedge.

There was a secluded area, hidden from view. Glenn told me this could be our own Secret Garden. There were a couple of large rocks we used as chairs. We talked awhile, until I remembered I was supposed to be home as soon as I left Dr. Wendy's office.

As I ran to my bike I handed Glenn my empty Coke bottle, thanked him for the drink and said I would try my best to meet him in our secret place every day before lunch.

That Monday Mommy was out when I got home. Clara had made me a sandwich for lunch, which was in the refrigerator. She did not even ask why I was late.

Tuesday morning Clara told me she would be driving me to Dr. Wendy's office since Mommy would pick me up after my appointment. In my pocket I had the piece of paper on which I had written Glenn's telephone number.

After Clara dropped me off, while waiting for Dr. Wendy to finish with the kid ahead of me, I used the hallway pay phone to let Glenn know I had to go somewhere with Mommy. He told me he understood.

Mommy wanted to buy me some more clothes for school and then have my hair trimmed and set by Ms Marcia Baer at her shop. Mommy was so much more into hair style than me.

Wednesday, with my silly styled hair, I rode my bike, making sure Glenn saw me. I had deliberately left a few minutes early so I could tell Glenn I would see him on my way home.

This gave me things to discuss with Dr. Wendy, which seemed to please her. She was significantly less pleased when I told her that Glenn was 14, and about to start his first year of high school. Of course Dr. Wendy knew I had just turned 11 and would be going into fifth grade in a few weeks.

Usually Dr. Wendy and I simply chatted. This time she did most of the talking, warning me that Glenn was no longer a young child. She wanted me to be cautious with Glenn. I was to remember to not be naughty or misbehave with him.

In our secret garden we called "Eden" Glenn and I just talked as we drank our Cokes. He told me that after they moved away his mother Helen had re-married; so had Glenn's father.

Glenn said he liked his step-father because his mother was much happier. His step-mom was alright, better looking than his real mother, but uptight. "Sally, you know, sort of like your mother or Francine Hanson."

Of course I knew exactly what Glenn was saying. He also said there were advantages having both his parents re-married. "Neither of my parents pays much attention to me. To make up they give me stuff. My step-mom is going to have a baby in a few months, so I will not be going there as often. My Mom and step-dad were talking about new baby furniture. That could be weird!"

So I told Glenn that now that Gene was two (and not ready for toilet training) Carla had taught me to change his diapers. Of course I did not admit to Glenn that I had also learned to change my own diapers!

As I was getting ready to leave, Glenn brought a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. He asked if I wanted one. I told him no thanks.

Having so much fun with Glenn, I lost track of time. The bike ride home should have been 20 minutes or less. I got home two hours after I left Dr. Wendy.

Carla warned me that a half hour before Mommy had phoned, wanting to speak to me. "Honey Child, you were not here. I did not know where you were. I will not lie for you.

"Your mother told me I was to send you to your room and tell you to change into your pajamas. You are to wait in your room until she gets home."

Well, I had not misbehaved for a couple of weeks. Even if Mommy spanked me it would be worth it for my time alone with Glenn.

Sure enough, the second Mommy arrived home she stormed into my room. She told me to take off my pajama bottoms and panties and then stand in a corner.

A few minutes later Mommy returned, this time without her hat. She was wearing an old housedress. Telling me to turn and face her, Mommy sat on the side of my bed. "Young Lady, bring me your special hairbrush this instant. I am going to put a stop to your wandering off who knows where!"

Mommy spanked me very hard. She had not shut my door and when she scolded me she did so exceptionally loudly. I am sure she wanted Bobby to hear me being punished. I managed to answer her questions as quietly as possible. I did not yell, but like always I cried softly. The spanking hurt, but hardly enough to keep me away from Glenn Bishop!

After Mommy finished spanking me she told me to stand beside my bed and to pull down the covers. Of course just under my bottom sheet was the rubber sheet Mommy insisted I use.

Mommy brought two gauze diapers and a pair of my plastic panties, plus pins. She was not at all gentle as she diapered me. "You are to stay in your bed the rest of today. If you need to do so, use your diaper. I have not decided if you will have any supper. I will change you again later!"

She was so angry with me. Strangely I was annoyed with myself. I was an idiot to have been so late getting home. Maybe I would have felt less foolish had I been given the chance to go to Mommy, admitting I had been naughty and asked for a spanking.

There was no way to turn back that clock. Outside it was a beautiful Indian Summer afternoon. From my bed I could see the colors change as the sun got lower and lower. I knew Mommy had spanked me two hours before and my diaper was dry. Long before dark I stopped trying to avoid wetting.

Just enough sun was left that I could still see outside when Carla came up with a glass of milk and a veggie sandwich. She noticed my diaper was soaked, almost to the point my plastic panties would leak.

She told me to stand up. Then she unfastened my diaper. "Honey Child, wipe yourself and put on a clean diaper. I will go ask your momma about a bath for you."

Before Carla walked out of my room I was nearly finished pinning on a clean diaper. Then I slowly ate my sandwich and drank my milk.

At what would be my normal bedtime (9:30 P.M.) Mommy came up to my room. She was no longer angry with me. "Sally, you were naughty to say out so long today. I had no choice but to spank you. Now

your punishment is over. You may take your bath, brush your teeth and wear what you decide to bed.

"I will be disappointed if you wet your bed tonight!"

Obviously the safe choice was to wear trainers with plastic panties. That second diaper was not even damp when I put it in the pail. I took my bath, dried off and pulled on a pair of trainers with plastic panties. In my pajamas I fell asleep. Twice during the night I woke up and used the toilet. Thursday morning my trainers and bed were dry.

Glenn was not near our secret garden when I rode by. So I was early getting to Dr. Wendy's office. When it was my turn to see her I told her that I had talked so long with Glenn Wednesday that I was two hours late getting home. She asked if I had confessed.

"While I was with Glenn Mommy had phoned the house. So she told Carla to send me to my room. Mommy spanked me, diapered me and put me to bed in the afternoon. I know, I had been naughty so I deserved to be punished."

The rest of the session Dr. Wendy did her best to help me find ways of avoiding future trouble.

As I rode my bike to our secret garden, I thought that it was not fair that I had to hide spending some innocent time with Glenn. From my bike I saw other kids my age talking and playing. Mommy had spanked me for no reason, so at that moment it made sense that I do something naughty to get even.

Wednesday Glenn had offered me a cigarette. How wrong would it be if I smoked one? Daddy, Mommy and all the adults I knew smoked. Even Carla sometimes smoked while driving us around.

Sure, when I was younger (the summer I was nine) Mommy rode horses every day. She left cigarettes out all over the house. So I got curious.

Carla was upstairs cleaning. Bobby was playing with Francine's son. I took a cigarette and a lighter from the kitchen counter. In the downstairs bathroom I lighted the cigarette. That was fun. In the mirror I thought I looked like a big girl. Sure, the cigarette tasted nasty, but so

what? I hardly inhaled that time. I just let it burn.

Unfortunately before I put it out and flushed the cigarette down the toilet, Mommy burst into the bathroom.

"Young Lady! What do you think you are doing? You could burn down the house!

"When I put down the groceries I noticed my lighter was missing. Then I smelled your smoke.

"Sally Beth Draper, you know what must happen!"

Mommy took my right wrist in her left hand and dragged me up the stairs to my room. She spanked me with the hairbrush and put me to bed.

Mommy's punishments do not change.

By my calculations smoking one cigarette deserved one spanking. Since Mommy had already spanked me unfairly, now I was entitled to smoke a real cigarette. Glenn would be happy.