

© 2010 Angela Bauer

Sally, Part 23

Fun to Bad to Much Worse—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Before we finished eating lunch on Monday, October 11, in the executive dining room at Disneyland, Megan, Bobby and I were gently interviewed separately. Marketing and research specialists really wanted to learn our impressions. To me that was very flattering. It was also a lot of fun.

Instead of going back to the hotel pool to swim, I begged Megan to drive us to the beach. Daddy had told us that he would be in his meetings with the top Disneyland executives until 5 P.M. Megan had told us she had her driver's license and had owned cars at home in Montreal. I saw no valid reason she could not drive us to the beach.

In her turn, even before we left the dining room, Megan told me that she did not think she had enough experience driving while also taking care of three children. When she made the rental car reservation, she told Hertz that only Daddy and professional parking valets would be driving it. When Daddy signed the rental agreement, Megan had not shown anyone her own license and she had not signed as an additional driver. In addition to those reasons, she did not know how to keep us safe on an ocean beach. At the Disneyland hotel pool there were several lifeguards.

During our trip I had hardly ever asked to do something special. Bobby had spent way more time

privately with Daddy than I had and Bobby got to select going to Marineland.

Certainly I felt let down to go from being the center of attention, in a good way, while being interviewed to frustrated about missing my last beach opportunity. Sure, I put on my two-piece swim suit, slathered on massive quantities of sun block and went to the pool with Bobby and Gene under Megan's supervision.

When Megan asked me to watch Gene so she could have a swim, I did not complain. Sure, I probably was petulant, sullen and feeling put upon all afternoon. Hour by hour, Bobby simply being Bobby increasingly annoyed me.

Daddy surprised us when he appeared at the hotel pool in his swim trunks. I must say he spent as much time swimming with me as with Bobby. I offered to watch Gene so Megan could swim with Daddy. She swam almost as well as Daddy.

Up in our suite after swimming, Daddy said that if we all got dressed quickly, he would drive us to the beach. "Sally, I know you wanted to swim in the ocean and I am so sorry that could not be arranged on this trip. Tell you what, we will park at the beach and I will take you wading. Okay?"

I gave Daddy a kiss, a hug and my most genuine smile. Turning to Megan, I wanted to make a rude face, but I did not dare.

The sand at the beach was still warm, so that was nice. Even just wading, the water was very cold. I had not considered the cold water. On one hand I knew I could never have swum in cold water, but on another hand I was mad at Megan for not giving me the chance.

On Huntington Beach the sunset was beautiful. Looking out to the whole Pacific Ocean, that sunset took ages. At home the sun sets over land and happens quickly.

Leaving the beach, Daddy said that one California experience we needed to have was eating dinner at a classic Google-style restaurant. He told us he knew just the place. It was on the way from Huntington Beach to the Disneyland Hotel.

This was the Bob's Big Boy in Garden Grove. There were a lot of beautiful cars already parked there, so the rental car fit right in. The hostess seated

us at a booth, with a highchair sticking into the aisle along the flat side of the table for Gene.

Of course that was hardly practical since whoever was feeding Gene needed to stand beside the highchair. Before a waitress brought the highchair, we sort of arranged ourselves at the table.

Bobby sat on the outside next to the aisle on the right end facing the table as we were seated. I sat to his left, as far away as possible. Megan sat to my left, with Gene standing on the cushion between us. Daddy was on the other aisle seat, to Megan's left, but not really close to her.

Megan had to ask Daddy to stand up so she could slide past carrying Gene. She had brought two of his Sippy cups. The waitress filled one with orange juice and the other with warmed milk. Megan began feeding those to Gene to calm him down.

The waitress brought our drinks and a selection of soft food for Gene. Bobby had milk and I had a 7-Up. Megan had to bend down to feed Gene in an awkward way. Since that was an exceptionally low highchair, I offered to take over feeding Gene since I would not need to bend over.

Megan thanked me. Bobby being Bobby, he did not move, so I had to slide out of the booth the long way. Megan slid back to her place and Daddy sat down again. Gene was hungry enough that he was no trouble to feed, at least since I could deal with him at his eye level.

When Gene finished eating, Megan decided that was a good time to change him. As she had done routinely during the trip, whenever Megan changed Gene, she also changed Bobby. At least Bobby did not object to being taken to the family restroom. That time he even cooperated with Megan by carrying her large pink diaper bag.

Our food was arriving when they got back. Bobby went back to his aisle seat. Daddy stood up. Megan put Gene on the seat standing up. He toddled over to give me a hug. Meanwhile Megan sat in her place and Daddy also sat down. We started eating.

Bobby was having a chicken dinner. I had a Big Boy hamburger, California style. When the waitress came back, Daddy asked if Bobby and I wanted anything else. He asked for a chocolate shake. I wanted a strawberry malt with two straws.

Eating was made more difficult for me because Gene was hugging me alternated by bumping into me. I said nothing waiting for Megan to distract Gene. In my opinion Gene should have been left in his highchair, but I did not get a vote. Anyway, as my frustration boiled, Megan did put her right arm around Gene to keep him away from me. To have more space, I slid to my right, closer to Bobby.

He had paused finishing his chicken so he could babble endlessly about whales, or something. Frankly I was not listening to Bobby. Perhaps Daddy also was bored with Bobby because that was when Daddy left the booth for the men's room.

While I continued politely and innocently eating my Big Boy, Bobby's babble began to include wild arm gestures. Perhaps he was imitating a whale swimming. I saw Daddy approaching the table, as I reached to take a drink of my strawberry malt. Since I had my Big Boy in both my hands (it was that large and my hands were petite) I had to lean forward to use my straw to suck some of my malt.

As I let go of my straw and began to lean back to normal seated posture, Bobby's gesture smacked my hamburger into my face. I lost control of my Big Boy, which landed on the table slightly to my right. Startled, I reached to brace myself with my left hand. Unfortunately doing that caused my strawberry shake to spill,

Bobby being Bobby burst out laughing. Daddy was just starting to sit down. He looked angry, frustrated and embarrassed all at once.

Megan simply smiled warmly and reached for a handful of paper napkins. "Relax, take deep breaths and calm down! It is only a malted. Just soak it up with the napkins because this is my last clean dress."

Daddy almost shouted "We need some help here!" Only then did he open both side of the napkin dispenser. Those were enough to staunch the flow of strawberry malt toward Megan's dress. She was sliding out of the booth to her left, somehow tugging Gene with her. Daddy bumped the table in his haste to get out of Megan's way.

It was naughty of me to do so, but with all the adult attention distracted by Megan leaving the table, I took the opportunity to give Bobby as hard a punch to his left shoulder as I could muster in the restricted space. At least that

caused Bobby to get up. I did not want any spilt malt on my dress.

Unfortunately Bobby ratted me out: "Sally did not have to hit me. It wasn't my fault!"

Megan managed to get past the highchair, carrying an animated Gene. She stood between Bobby and me, hugging him with her free left hand.

Calmly Megan said: "Relax everyone. Things spill, so what? It does not matter who is at fault. None of us got really dirty. The table will be cleaned. We will sit back down, finish our meal and go back to the hotel."

Standing there I realized that during the excitement I had wet my diaper and I still needed to pee. I walked briskly to where the stroller was parked to retrieve my own diaper bag. Then I went to the ladies room to use the toilet and decide if I needed a dry diaper. Not wanting to rush back, I deliberately changed my diaper, which was hardly wet.

When I did return, the waitress had completely cleaned the table. My cold Big Boy was replaced with a hot one and my strawberry malt had also been replaced. Everyone was seated. Bobby politely stood up so I could slide to my place the short way.

Daddy had never gotten angry about any of that. Had a shake or malt been spilled around Mommy and Daddy, he would have yelled and she would have certainly spanked me. Neither Daddy nor Mommy would have used napkins to soak up the spill.

Probably Daddy was right when he called Megan the best combination of Mary Poppins and Maria von Trap. My love for her was fully restored and my resentment about the beach non-swimming forgotten.

We finished our meal. Daddy even let us have dessert. Bobby had more ice cream. I was full, so I declined.

It would be Daddy's style to leave a very generous tip when he paid the check. We loaded the stroller back into the car and drove to the hotel in virtual silence. Even Bobby knocked off his babble.

Up in the room, Daddy remained fairly calm. Megan was her usual perky self: "Bobby and Sally, I

think you should go to your rooms and start getting ready to take your baths. I need to put Gene down in his crib. Then I will come to help you undress and bathe, Bobby.

"Mr. Draper, your assignment is to put on a fresh shirt and trousers. Then go down to the main bar and have yourself a stiff drink, Dewar's, Jack Daniels, Canadian Club or Martini, it is your choice. Just call me before you come back up, okay?"

Daddy hurried to change his clothes and left the room. In my wildest imagination Mommy would never so calmly urge Daddy to have a drink or two. Score One for Megan!

Before I completely closed my door to undress, I saw that Megan had changed into her slightly soiled housedress as she walked past to remove Bobby's diaper. Not thinking about any special meaning of her housedress, I removed my own diaper to soak in a warm bubble bath, with both my main and bathroom doors closed.

In my bath I started thinking about the entire day, especially after we came home from lunch. I realized that I had not been fair to Megan. I also realized that Bobby's gestures might have been caused by me provoking him. I was naughty to have punched him, even if he deserved that punch.

My conclusion was that before I diapered myself for bed, I needed to find Megan and sincerely apologize to her. If I felt she was still mad at me, I would go so far as to ask her to spank me. In view of how hard she spanked me Saturday night, I considered asking to be spanked a last ditch resort. Still, to appear contrite, I felt it prudent to only put on my pajama top under my robe.

Megan was not in her room, or in the living room. She should have finished putting Bobby to bed, but maybe she was taking her time. Walking toward Bobby door, I saw it was ajar. I could hear him bawling.

If Megan was spanking Bobby, good for her! That brat had deserved a spanking the entire trip. Of course it would be foolish and self-destructive for me to be caught gloating or eavesdropping. I skulked back to my room, leaving my door ajar so I could see Megan as she walked back to her room.

A door closed firmly. Since that might have been Bobby's door, I walked to my own bedroom door, hoping to rush to Megan begging forgiveness.

Knowing what is the right thing to do and actually doing the right thing (when it would be painful or inconvenient) are two separate concepts.

My "Better Angel" knew the right thing I should do was plead with Megan for a spanking.

My inner self-serving pragmatist believed that because Megan had spanked me very hard Saturday, she either would not spank me Monday evening or would only give me a token spanking.

Physically Megan had taken a few steps toward me from Bobby's closed door. She gave me a smile. Doing my very best to look contrite, I ran to put my arms around her: "Oh, Nanny Calvert, I know I was a wicked, rude, inconsiderate naughty girl today. I deserve to be punished. Would you please give me a spanking?"

As I started to pull out of the embrace, I could see her smile had faded: "Sally Beth Draper! You forgot to confess to being a sneaky, manipulative brat.

"I just don't get it with you. One minute you can be so responsible taking care of Gene, then the next you do everything possible to provoke Bobby, who is also your kid brother.

"At this moment you do not have the choice of asking me to spank you. You sassed me after I explained the many reasons why it was not safe for me to take you ocean swimming. For hours you gave me negative attitude.

"Then, just as I hoped you were genuinely being the sweet Sally I have seen from you, you stoop to acting less mature than Bobby.

"My eyes are everywhere, and never forget that! When I saw you glance around to find out who was watching, as you always do before being naughty, I did pay very close attention to you.

"Young Lady, I saw the way you punched Bobby. He has already been punished for spilling the malt and for being a brat. Your parents and I expect better from you. You should expect better behavior from yourself.

"By your own misconduct you already asked to be spanked. Now you will get your spanking. That is one reason I sent your father to the bar. He knows both of you were brats today. He wants to **not** know how the two of you were punished. Now stand up and take off your robe!"

Megan left me alone for a moment as she walked out of my room, leaving the door open. She promptly returned carrying her "nanny" purse. That she placed on my bed, along with a stack of diapers she was carrying in her other hand.

"Sally Beth Draper, a few minutes ago you wanted me to spank you. Go ahead, reach in my purse and hand me my hairbrush."

As I did give it to Megan tears formed in my eyes.

"Young Lady, save your emotions until I give you something to bawl about!"

Megan had seated herself on the side of my bed with the foot to her right far enough from the foot my feet were not off the mattress. On the other side of her lap my head was safely away from the hotel headboard. I reached forward to clutch a pillow.

Just like Saturday evening, Megan began with a series of increasingly firm and stinging spansks from her right palm to the lower part of each buttocks cheek and each upper thigh as much as a hand-width below the *Gluteo-Femoral Fold* where my buttocks meets my upper thighs. Within several seconds Megan was smacking me full-force. The spanked area got hot and was really stinging.

As I sobbed, Megan picked up the hairbrush and spanked me with it first a few on one side and then the other, a generous hairbrush width above and below the *G-F Fold*. Some of the spansks were not so hard, but every few she would make a spank on either side exceptionally hard. I am certain her hairbrush was under excellent control. If Megan wanted to hit me very hard, it was not an accident. She was really punishing me. Through my continuous sobbing I know she was scolding me, but I could not understand what she was saying.

Signaling Megan was finished with the hairbrush, she moved me off her lap and onto my feet. She led me to my usual corner. I dreaded what was about to happen and I was powerless to prevent more punishment.

Megan arranged the stack of diapers at the foot of my bed. From her purse she brought out her black martinet and a bottle of baby oil. Using my wash basin, she soaked the same wipe rag I use to clean myself during changes.

Megan led me back to the stack of diapers. By pushing my shoulders she directed me to bend over the diapers. Megan wet me from the top tenderest part of my buttocks down to my ankles along the back of my legs and calves.

She lectured me as she twirled that darn martinet so fast it felt like a solid disk of sting. Megan moved the impact back and forth between sides and up and down from midway up my lower buttocks to below the *G-F Fold*.

As my upper spank zone went numb, Megan moved the disk of pain to punish the backs of my legs from just above my knees to my upper ankles. When the area on both legs started to be numb, she went back to the upper area. It took me longer to explain than Megan devoted to using the martinet on me.

When she stopped lashing me with her martinet, Megan left me bending over briefly. Then she hugged me; she told me I was forgiven; and she kissed my forehead and damp hair. I was helped to stand up, while she still hugged me gently for my support.

"Sally, we both know you are going to wet tonight. I am sure that is not from spite. I am giving you the choice, diaper yourself or I will diaper you."

My vision was blurred. I hoped if she diapered me in some way she would forgive me faster.

"Nanny Calvert, I am feeling so weak I beg you to diaper me and dress me for bed."

Before Megan started folding together two gauze diapers, she gently and lovingly soothed my sore stinging buttocks, thighs and legs by massaging those areas with baby lotion.

Megan eased me onto the folded diaper set. She pulled the front up through my crotch and pinned the back over the front on both side, making my diaper comfortably snug and symmetrical. I was nicely asked to step into my plastic panties, as was her method when I had not just been spanked.

Finally, Megan replaced my short pajama top with a long sleep shirt. I was handed my pacifier and left on my belly to cry myself to sleep if I wanted. I cried, but not in resentment.

I was sure Megan loved me as if I were her own daughter. I remembered when she had said: "Sally, I **will** spank you to save your life!" Sassing her and punching Bobby might not actually have killed me, but I knew that if I continued doing that sort of thing my misconduct would only get worse.

I dreamed of Glenn Bishop, thinking how he would react when he received the presents a Disneyland executive air-mailed to him. It contained the premium pair of Mickey Mouse ears, embroidered with his name, a magic wand and an 8x10 framed color photo of me (taken by a Disney staff publicity photographer during our tour on Wednesday morning) standing alone with the castle in the background. When they had shown me the photo, I refreshed my Slicker so I could leave Glenn a visible kiss.

During the night I used the toilet once. Still I am sure Megan changed me after that because on my best day I could not have diapered myself so perfectly.

I was awake; undressed and removed my sweaty diaper; and taken a quick hot bath before dawn on Tuesday, October 12, Columbus Day. We had an early flight to JFK.

Megan was also up and dressed well enough to supervise packing and getting Gene and Bobby ready for the trip. She knocked on my door carrying a glass of orange juice and a strawberry Danish. Seconds later she was back with the now clean, ironed and neatly folded "Courtesy of Knott's Berry Farm" Curity gauze diaper.

"Sally, Sweetheart, would you prefer this go to your father's apartment?"

I totally agreed that this was a detail Mommy need not know. Megan and I giggled. I followed her into her own room, where Gene was standing in his playpen. Before she put the remaining clean diapers in a neat stack, I loaded my diaper bag. Megan told me she had already re-stocked the main big pink bag for the trip.

On the airplane bringing us to California I had agreed to wear the same dress and ensemble going home.