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Sally, Part 36

Home On Grove Street—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

On Friday, December 10, it was late afternoon when our step-mother Megan parked her new-to-us Chrysler Town & Country station wagon in the garage of the co-op apartment on Grove Street. She had stopped at Mommy's house in Rye to load our suitcases and put our younger brother Gene in his safety car seat. Then she drove to Country Day School to pick up my younger brother Bobby and me.

Once we were parked, we unloaded our suitcases, Gene's folding stroller and the diaper bags. The huge pink one rode in a basket behind the stroller. I put my much smaller teal diaper bag over my shoulder so I could carry my suitcase to the elevator and up to the twelfth floor. Bobby carried his suitcase. Megan led the way pushing the stroller with one hand and carrying Gene's suitcase in the other. I made a mental note to ask Daddy to buy a luggage cart for the station wagon.

That first time I saw the co-op apartment after the remodeling, painting and with furniture, all I could say was "Wow!!" When it consisted of four bedrooms and a great room I was impressed. Since my first brief visit, what had been an open Great Room was friendlier. Half way along the east wall two offices separated by a massive storage closet had been built.

Visually the north wall of the office complex blocked a view of the south windows from the entry

door. What I saw walking into the apartment the first time was a twenty-nine inch color TV close to the office wall, with a short sofa and some bean-bag chairs.

Immediately inside the entry door, to the right, was a counter to place grocery bags until the stuff inside could be put away. The two-door refrigerator was just beyond the first counter. All the counters had cabinets below and also uppers, some with doors and some open shelves.

Hanging from the upper cabinet between the refrigerator and range was the first microwave I had ever seen! One of Daddy's clients, Raytheon (the microwave pioneer) had recently purchased the Ammana Company. Their "Radarange" was an advance model Megan and Daddy were testing.

The range was larger than anything I had seen in a home. On top it had a griddle above a broiler and six separate burners. Below it had a chef's oven and a home-size oven. Wow, I would not need a skillet to make French toast! Behind the range there was a swiveling water faucet. Megan said that was for filling large pots.

Beyond the range there was a long counter, with double stainless steel sinks. Below the counter next to the range was a dishwasher. Megan said the sink nearest the stove could be used to empty pots, not just wash them.

A few feet away from the line of counters and range was a fixed island with a countertop. Under it facing the range were cabinets. The other side of the counter overhung so we could sit to eat while facing the kitchen area. Above the island upper cabinets were suspended from the ceiling.

Closer to the entry side there was a work table on casters that was dining table height. That would be another surface to put packages, or do projects. It started out eight feet long, but could expand to sixteen feet for a large party.

Walking west to the door separating the great room from the bedroom hallway, a new wall had been built, leading to the existing guest lavatory. Inside the bedroom hallway that new space was open. It had both a front-loading washing machine and a dryer, with a folding table. The tops of the washer and dryer also had a folding counter. Above and behind all those things were upper cabinets to store washing supplies and folded sheets and

towels. Below the separate folding table was room for dirty clothes hampers.

Unlike any other place I had lived, except for the entry door that swung to the left as we entered up against the firewall separating us from the next apartment to the east, all the doors were sliding. Megan said this was safer and saved a lot of space, especially in the bedroom hallway. The laundry alcove did not have any doors. The master bedroom's dressing area had a folding door.

We had visited the co-op briefly before when it had been dark. In the afternoon light, I could see the bedroom windows faced west. On the twelfth floor we were high enough from those windows we could see clear across the Hudson River to New Jersey. That Friday the sunset was spectacular!

My bedroom was at the north end of that hall way, with my door south of the hall end. What previously had been a hall closet had been rebuilt so that all that space became my personal five and a half foot wide walk-in closet, with two clothes hanger rods and dual organizers! The outside end of the organizers had shoe storage racks. I absolutely loved my closet and Daddy and Megan for giving it to me.

All of the clothing I had left in the Waverly Place apartment had been moved and lovingly hung or folded in the Grove Street apartment. My beautiful peach bridesmaid gown had been dry cleaned—it was hanging in a clear garment bag.

The lowest outside deep organizer drawer held a stack of clean diapers, trainers and my plastic panties. Since the drawers were not labeled, a casual visitor would never see them.

Before I did anything else I closed and locked my door and then put away the additional clothing from my suitcase. Before school I had packed my high heel Mary Janes and a couple of older dresses for working around the apartment.

After I hung my school uniform, I took off my regulation cotton undies and pinned myself into a comfy gauze diaper.

Because Megan had told me about them I noticed my diapers were from Cotton Tails Tidee Didee Service. So were the trainers. I assumed Megan had stored the diapers and trainers purchased from Carmela's Bambinos children's store for future

use. Once I had pulled on a pair of my plastic panties, I dressed in one of the old house dresses. Instead of regulation flat Mary Janes with knee socks, I wore my Milory blue stilettos with three inch heels. They felt so good after weeks of only wearing Mary Janes or sneakers.

Under my window and wrapping around my south wall was a counter that could be both a desk and vanity. A section at the south half of my window was lowered to typewriter height.

The section nearest my door had a lighted mirror. Against the wall at the left end of my vanity there was a new makeup case, with my Slicker, lip gloss and my beloved Lancôme Peach lipstick. Hanging just to the right of my mirror was a new blow dryer, with several round styling brushes in a holder below it.

Under the vanity counter there was a castered, adjustable-height, round stool-padded with peach fabric which matched my bridesmaid gown. Of course I took the time to apply my Peach Slicker. I wanted to save the Lancôme lipstick for extra special occasions.

Yes, to the west of my bed there was a cabinet, with a top drawer. Sure enough, when I opened it greeting me was my special Hair Doc 876S brush which Megan and I had bought. Under it was a note signed by Daddy and Megan: "Sally, be good or be spanked."

The second drawer, which was deeper, held a saucer of diaper pins, a bottle each of baby powder, oil and lotion, and a tube of Desitin. I always made sure visitors did not snoop in those drawers.

If there was a downside to the apartment it was that I had to share a bathroom with Bobby and the nursery. I could dry and style my hair in the privacy of my room. If I took my morning shower early, I could always use the guest lavatory should I need a toilet or to wash my hands before school.

The shared bathroom separated my room from Bobby's room. The nursery was on the other side of Bobby's room. Those rooms only had wardrobes and bureaus, no closets.

The master bedroom had the southwest corner, with picture windows. Through those windows you could see the sunsets, New Jersey and south toward Wall

Street. The master bathroom was the same size as ours, but its tub/shower had steam. Since there was a sliding door at the hall end, the width of the hall added to the size of the closet/dressing area.

In addition to the picture windows, the master bedroom had a huge California King-size bed. There were cabinets on both sides of the bed. That headboard was upholstered with brightly striped material. To me that looked nicer than the faded green headboard when Daddy was still married to Mommy. Probably he did not want to be reminded of that.

Near their window corner Megan and Daddy had a round table which was easy to move and two overstuffed chairs that swiveled. I could imagine sitting in those watching the rising sun reflecting off the tall building of South Manhattan and Wall Street.

By the time I had finished exploring the bedrooms, Bobby and Gene were watching the color TV in the less formal part of the Great Room, where Megan could keep an eye on them as she cooked us dinner. I rushed to thank her for everything and gave her a big kiss. She cuddled me in return, and complimented me on how nice I looked.

I asked Megan what I could do to help her fix dinner. Mommy would have rejected such an offer. That is before we moved to Rye and hired a cook, Mrs. Croft. At that point Mommy stopped going to the kitchen. Before we moved to Rye, patient and sweet Carla had taught me lots about cooking.

Although I doubt Nanny Walsh or Mrs. Danvers (our housekeeper) approved, Mrs. Croft never told me to stay out of the kitchen. She was a far more formally trained professional cook than was Carla, so in the few weeks I had known Mrs. Croft I learned a lot.

Megan had enough faith in me she handed me a professional vegetable slicing knife and let me prepare ingredients for the salad. Never once did she insult me with a warning to be careful. I managed to prepare those vegetables without slicing myself in the process.

Once we all came up to the apartment, Megan must have changed into her own work dress and comfortable hush puppies.

Since Gene was wearing a different outfit, I assumed Megan had changed him from his traveling diapers into trainers covered by shorts. His own potty chair was in our shared bathroom. *Later Megan told me that she had purchased a duplicate of the potty chair Nanny Walsh had told her Gene used in Rye.*

Bobby was no longer wearing his school uniform. I was not sure if he had changed his regulation undies for trainers or not.

While the boys were engrossed in the TV and Megan and I were cooking, Daddy arrived. He started with Gene and worked his way up according to age cuddling us. Gene did not resist being kissed by Daddy, but not wanting to press his luck, Daddy just gave Bobby a manly pat on his back.

Daddy did embrace me and he kissed my forehead, while complimenting me on how responsible I was and how mature I looked.

Megan got the full romantic embrace and many long kisses from Daddy. She asked how his late afternoon meeting had gone. Daddy said it was better than expected. Daddy asked her how her own after lunch pitch had gone and she said she had dictated a full report.

Finally Daddy asked how the station wagon had handled on the round trip to Rye. Megan said it had performed like new. She was so pleased about that. Megan also said that Mommy and Nanny Walsh had been friendly. Nanny Walsh had briefed Megan about Gene's toilet training routine.

Megan had assured Mommy and Nanny Walsh that she had a second of the correct potty chair in the back of the station wagon just in case. However, Nanny Walsh had said that would not be necessary because she still always diapered Gene for car trips longer than a few minutes.

Mommy had told Megan she needed to talk with Daddy about the Christmas and New Year's holiday schedules. Under the normal visitation rotation, Christmas Day we would normally be with Daddy. *I had no idea what Mommy might do, but I dreaded she would find a way to spoil everything.* Daddy made a sour face.

"Don, look on the bright side. This was the nicest Betty has ever treated me in private." Megan gave her most genuine toothy smile, and never missed

stirring a sauce pan. "Betty did not say anything about going out with Harry. So, how about having a drink, put on your famous charm and give her a call?" *Megan is far more mature and polite than me. I would have suggested Daddy 'give that d**n bi**h a call.'* By then even when Mommy was *seemingly being nice to me, I only thought of her as a d**n bi**h who I could not trust.*

Between the kitchen island and the west wall of the kitchen area, there was a counter top with glass doors in the upper cabinets. Inside those cabinets there were liquor bottles on the left end and nice plates as well as crystal glasses.

Hanging under the upper cabinets was a wide assortment of stemmed wine and cocktail glasses. On a couple of shallow glass shelves at the back of the countertop were highball glasses without stems. Under the bottom of the uppers and inside the upper cabinets there were small lights so the plates and glasses sparkled, as if in a real bar.

Centered between the two base cabinets supporting the polished countertop was a small refrigerator. Since Daddy reached in while opening the door with ice tongs, I knew that had an ice maker. Later I saw the wire shelves in that refrigerator were for cooling wine.

While pouring some Canadian Club over a few ice cubes for his own drink, Daddy asked Megan if she wanted a drink. She asked for a small glass of chilled *Pinot Blanc*. Daddy lovingly removed a bottle from the refrigerator and poured some of that white wine into a glass with a tall stem he took from where it was hanging. He walked over to Megan, who was still at the range, kissed her and handed her the wine glass. *Mommy and Daddy used to drink a whole lot even when they were getting along. I never saw them this romantic about a glass of wine. In fact generally Mommy drank liquor.*

Daddy walked toward the north office closest to the kitchen area. "Megan, I am calling Betty right away."

He slid his office door shut behind him. Although it was fairly quiet in the apartment, except the murmur of the TV, I could not hear any of Daddy's conversation with Mommy.

Taking advantage of the privacy, I leaned toward Megan. "Megan, it has been a long time since I got

spanked. I have tried to be good, but sometimes I screw up. Like a few minutes ago while you were saying only kind things about my mother, I wanted to call her a d**n bi**h! That was naughty of me, I know. When you get a chance tonight could you give me a really hard spanking?"

"Sally, I agree your thoughts were naughty. I do not want you to disrespect your mother. So after we clear the table, I am going to send you to bed early. Undress, use the toilet, take off your Slicker and just wear a pajama top. I'll come to spank you as soon after that as I can get away. I might need to put Gene to sleep first. Your father is going to get Bobby ready for bed tonight. Is that okay?" I quietly told her that was "A-Okay!" and gave her a hug.

A couple of minutes later Daddy bounded out of his office, clearly elated. "Megan, Sally, you will never guess. Betty would like us to have the kids for the entire New Year's Weekend. She only wants to let the kids have Christmas Eve and early Christmas morning in Rye.

"Henry's mother (*my beloved Granny Pauline Francis*) is having a Christmas Eve feast at her house.

"We can pick up the kids after nine A.M. Christmas Day. They can spend the week until the afternoon of Sunday January 2 with us here in Manhattan."

I rushed to smother Daddy with kisses. At that moment I would have genuinely embraced and kissed Mommy. *Perhaps I had been judging Mommy harshly? Or, Mommy might be planning some sort of nasty surprise. With Mommy, I believed that was a safe bet. She had a way of living down to low expectations.*

With many thoughts running in my head, when asked I set the dining table and brought chairs to it. Although Gene was using his potty, he still needed a high chair. That was stored along the east wall near the TV set. I was a very happy young woman when Megan finally sent me to my room. My own room!