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Sally, Part 5

Spring in Larchmont—1960

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Miss McLain did put me over her lap for a spanking shortly after we returned from the Christmas break. Of course Mommy then spanked me over her lap bare bottom as soon as we were home. I was put to bed early. At least Carla changed me into a diaper before I fell asleep.

A few times I had to wait in the school library at the end of the day because Miss McLain and Mommy were having a conference. Nearly always after those conferences once we were home Mommy would spank me bare bottom and put me to bed early.

About the middle of March Miss McLain would remind me that I was going to be six in a few weeks. "Sally Draper! You must start behaving like a big girl, not like a whining baby!"

That was so not fair, because I never whined.

Although ever since Granny died it seemed that Mommy was always angry at me, I could tell she was planning a birthday party for me. Francine and Carla were helping. The party would be in the afternoon of the first Saturday in May. This way the adults could watch the Kentucky Derby on TV and drink mint juleps. The Thursday before the

party a couple of large cartons arrived. I was ordered to stay away from those cartons.

Early on that Saturday Daddy started opening the cartons and spreading out the contents on the back lawn. He kept going into the garage for tools and would bring a can of beer back outside along with the new tool. Eventually Francine's husband Mr. Hanson came over to help Daddy.

They were assembling a playhouse.

Once the party got started, Daddy told me he was going to take a shower, put on clean clothes and run an important errand. Unfortunately he took so long doing that errand that I was in bed when he returned.

Sunday at breakfast, Mommy told Bobby and me that Daddy had to go on a business trip. She did not say when he would be back. I did play in my toy house, but I was sad Daddy was away. Much to my surprise when it was my bedtime Mommy very nicely asked if I wanted a diaper. I told her Yes. She was gentle with me.

Monday Mommy drove me to school. Nothing unusual happened at school. I noticed that little Bobby was not in the car when Mommy picked me up that day.

She said we needed to go shopping at a store on the way home. As we pulled into the parking lot I recognized that this shop sold beauty products.

As we walked into the store a woman I recognized as usually serving Mommy greeted us. "Mrs. Draper, I got the message from Miss McLain. What I am told you need is waiting behind my counter."

We walked past cosmetics and perfume displays. At the rear of the store a display presented hair care products. "Young Sally has such lovely long hair. I am sure one of these brushes will be ideal for her."

"Thank you, Mrs. Locke. The styling brush you sold us a couple of years ago still works fine for Sally. I assumed Miss McLain explained the special purpose of this additional hairbrush," Mommy calmly told her.

Mrs. Locke put three different hairbrushes on the counter. All were oval in shape and made of wood. One was slightly larger than the others. It was

made from a yellow wood, polished until it was shiny. That was the one Mommy reached for. "I am sure this will do very nicely!"

As Mrs. Locke wrote up the sales slip, she remarked, "I suppose the less Sally likes that brush the more effective it will be." I did not like the way the conversation was headed.

"Oh, look, Sally is blushing!" Mommy remarked. "This hairbrush will make her naughty bottom a deeper pink!"

That evening Bobby and I were given our supper very early. He was put to bed. Then I was led by the hand to the master bedroom. The new hairbrush was waiting on the bed, in easy reach of a wooden chair. Mommy undressed me completely.

Mommy sat in that chair, pulled me over her lap and then started spanking my bottom with that darn hairbrush. Unlike the ping pong paddle, the hairbrush was not covered in rubber. It was heavy and the pain was concentrated. I was blubbing by the third spank. Only when I was limp, sobbing my eyes out and throbbing did Mommy stand me up.

She led me back to my own room without even a robe covering me. "I suppose you want a diaper. Probably you will wet anyway." Mommy was not the least gentle as she pinned me into a double gauze diaper and pulled on my plastic panties. It was a warm May evening so all Mommy gave me was a long shirt. I was left to cry myself to sleep.

Tuesday morning Carla woke me up for school. She removed my wet diaper, making some sympathetic sounds. I took a quick shower and got dressed for school.