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## Sally, Part 6

New York City and Larchmont—1965

Fiction by Angela Bauer

I was nine when Mommy and Daddy got divorced in February 1964. She had gone to Reno along with Henry Francis and Baby Gene before Christmas 1963. By the time Mommy and Baby Gene returned to our home in Larchmont, Daddy had packed some of his belongings in cartons which he stored in the garage. Daddy took most of his clothing with him. He had rented an apartment in Greenwich Village.

Mommy had married Henry Francis by the time she came home. While she was away the master bed headboard was changed, as were some tables in her bedroom.

Every two weeks Bobby and I would be driven by Daddy to his apartment. He had bought us a bunk bed, which was in a small bedroom off the living room. I loved having the top bunk. It made me feel like a big girl.

Daddy's apartment was next to Washington Square, with the famous arch and fountain. We were there on weekends when artists displayed drawings and paintings on fences all over that part of Greenwich Village. On the east side of the square there was a park with cool grass where we could play, far away from Mommy.

In the Spring of 1965 I was almost eleven. One fine Saturday morning, Daddy picked Bobby and me up as usual. Carla was waiting with us because Mommy and Step-Dad Henry were having breakfast with friends of his. On the way to Greenwich Village Daddy took us to the Museum of Natural History so we could see the dinosaurs. That was so much fun.

Instead of taking us to a restaurant for dinner, Daddy ordered a pizza. While he was changing his clothes, there was a knock on the door. His neighbor from across the hall said she would be staying with us. Daddy told us he was sorry but an emergency business meeting had come up.

The neighbor's name was Phoebe. She was an emergency room registered nurse at St. Vincent's Hospital, which was a few blocks away. To entertain us Phoebe had brought her stethoscope and blood pressure cuff. That totally fascinated Bobby, but at his age a dust kitty could entertain him.

This was not the way I wanted to spend a lovely Saturday evening. Daddy only had a black and white TV with rabbit ears, so his reception was terrible compared to our cable and color TV in Larchmont.

What I did was naughty. While Phoebe was amusing Bobby, I locked myself in the bathroom. I decided this was the time to trim my long hair. Mommy's hairdresser had trimmed my hair several times. It could not be so difficult.

Well, even I could tell I was not trimming myself evenly. The more I trimmed the worse it looked. Eventually I confessed to Phoebe.

She was worried Daddy would be mad at her. She tried to trim a little so it would at least be even, but that did not work.

When Daddy got home, he sent us to bed. I could hear him yelling at Phoebe. He scolded me a little, saying Mommy would be madder at him than at me.

Sunday morning I know Daddy called Joan, who managed his office. Joan tried to find a hairdresser to fix my cut, but they all were closed.

Mommy focused all her anger at me. As soon as I removed my hat, she could see my shorter uneven

hair. Mommy hauled off and slapped me across my face! She slapped me full-strength. It hurt badly and sent me sprawling.

Step-Dad Henry caught me before I fell. He and Daddy yelled at Mommy. Bobby was behind the adults, so he was bold enough to smirk at me. I vowed to pay him back for that smirk when I had the opportunity.

Although she had been yelled at for slapping me, Mommy was not backing down. She said that I was grounded and would not be going to the sleep-over the next Saturday. I protested, but actually I had never wanted to go on any sleep-over. It was Daddy who told me good-bye and suggested I should go to my room.

Eventually Henry came up and invited me to have supper. I straightened up my dress and followed him downstairs to the dinner table.

Much to my surprise Mommy was calm. She apologized for slapping me in anger. She also said that after talking to Henry it was decided I would be allowed to attend the sleep-over after all. Oh what joy!

After dinner, as I was getting ready for bed, Mommy entered my bedroom without knocking. She had the hairbrush in the folds of her nightie.

"Sally Beth Draper! It was inconsiderate and very naughty of you to cut your lovely hair. I am sure you wanted to punish me. I was wrong to have slapped you in anger. What I should have done was give you a sound spanking instead.

"So, take off your panties and get over my lap. This spanking is appropriate punishment for cutting your own hair!"

Golly, Mommy spanked me even harder than usual. I sobbed my eyes out. When Mommy stood me on my feet, she said, "I suppose you are going to take your anger out on me by wetting your bed. So, to prevent that mess I am going to put a diaper on you like before!"

It was so mortifying to still be diapered by Mommy at my age. I considered myself to be a young lady!

Honestly I had not asked for a diaper for a year and the only times I had wet while in bed were when I could not remove a diaper. I used my best efforts to ignore the stack of diapers and plastic

panties Mommy kept in the bottom drawer of my closet cabinet. While Mommy was getting out the diaper I could see in my mirror that the hairbrush had badly bruised my bottom.

Monday morning Clara woke me up. She removed my soaked diaper. After my shower, Clara rubbed some lotion into my bottom to soothe my marks and bruises.