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Sally, Part 3

Summer At The Beach – 1959, Finish

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Rich and Eve were dressed in their usual childish outfits over their diapers. Mommy shocked me by producing from a cardboard box a Onesies and sun dress in my size but otherwise identical to Eve's.

Downstairs we all were fed breakfast. Bobby seemed contented in the highchair. Rich, Eve and I had our faces washed by our mothers. The housemaid packed extra diapers into both bags. Half an hour later than usual Nanny Violet led us off on our daily walk.

It was beyond embarrassing when Nanny Violet changed my soaked diaper during the lunch stop at the first house we had visited. The maid there remembered the last time I used the toilet by myself. She smirked when it was clear this time I was diapered like the others. I resented that and made a face.

Unfortunately Nanny Violet saw that. After Eve and Rich had been changed, the maid was called back to watch me being spanked. My bottom was still sore from the morning spanking. Nanny made quite a show of punishing me, but really she was not smacking me very hard. I believe that was to remain credible with the uniformed maid.

We were brought home an hour earlier than usual. Grandpa had invited some of their beach friends

over for an outdoor supper. Besides the adults there was a boy bigger than Rich and a girl about my size. They detected our diapers and teased us unmercifully without any rebuke by an adult.

Finally Rich could not take the teasing a second longer. He chased the other boy and managed to knock him down.

Grandpa separated the boys, calling out to Uncle William. He arrived carrying a paddle from the ping pong set. Rich's Onesies was un-snapped and his diaper was removed. Uncle William sat on a bench close to where the fight had happened. He spanked Rich so hard with the paddle he left welts and bruises.

Mommy and Daddy had not come down to the party earlier. While Mommy seemed fascinated seeing her brother spank his son, Daddy walked back into the house. I am sure Daddy was upset. After a minute or so a limp Rich was helped up. He was then led upstairs for a fresh diaper. Actually that was the last we saw of him during the party.

The Children's Table was inside away from the adults, who all were drinking and smoking more than eating. We were fed something really lame, like grilled cheese sandwiches and cups of milk. Personally I hoped to never again see the strange kids.

Of course I was double diapered for bed, just like Eve. Nanny had put us in the tub together and did not let us wash ourselves. Any status I once had was lost. I was treated like a brat with enuresis. Once Nanny Violet left the porch, I cried myself to sleep, for the first time in months.

That night I made no attempt to get up when I needed the toilet. When I did wake up not only was my diaper soaked, I had soiled it enough I could smell the mess. Or, I might have smelled other pooped diapers. Something we had been fed on Saturday did not agree with us.

Nanny Violet did not seem angry. It was as if she was expecting the soiled diapers. Aunt Judy did not seem surprised or shocked, as if this had happened before with Rich and Eve.

Of course Mommy was livid with me. She scolded me about how I had embarrassed her, with absolutely no concern about my emotions.

Surprisingly the Sunday morning spankings were not as hard as on Saturday, despite the messing. All of us were diapered and dressed in our Church outfits. For me it was a ruffled dress over my diaper, panties and Onesies. The skirt portion puffed out with some crinoline petticoats, which did not effectively disguise my diaper. Eve also had a childish shot ruffled dress. Each of us wore a small hat. Rich wore a white shirt and tie over his Onesies. His shorts were dark gray, with the snap crotch obvious.

Daddy drove us in Mommy's station wagon. Since he did not know the way Daddy followed Uncle Frank in their car. He was following Grandpa and Granny.

On our freshly spanked bottoms and in our diapers, we all wriggled in Sunday school. There was some teasing about our diapers, which was to be expected. At various times each of us was put in a corner in disgrace. Once the adult service concluded, the teacher informed the parents of all the children who had been naughty, well over half the class.

On the way back to the beach house Daddy told us he had to rush to his office as soon as possible. Mommy seemed very pleased to ride with him to Philadelphia and drive her station wagon back to the beach house later.

Sunday, being Nanny Violet's half day off, I was left to the not so tender mercy of Granny, while Aunt Judy spanked Eve and Uncle Frank spanked Rich, again using the ping pong paddle. After those spankings we were diapered and dressed for bed, without any lunch.

Hours later Aunt Judy came up to the porch. Immediately she changed Baby Bobby's diaper. Then she checked my diaper, and found it wet since I had not dared try to use the toilet. She led me to the changing table and helped me up on it. When she asked me, I lifted up so she could remove my panties and diaper. She cleaned me carefully, dried me with a diaper and rubbed some Desitin where my skin was feeling irritated. Again I lifted up so she could slide a dry double diaper under my bottom. Before Aunt Judy pinned my diaper, she sprinkled me with baby powder, cooing, "Sweetie, you don't want prickly heat, do you?"

After I was back on my bed, Aunt Judy changed both of her kids. She was just as loving with them as with Bobby and me. Once all of us were changed,

Aunt Judy picked up Bobby and led us downstairs for supper.

Following supper, Bobby was put back in his crib. Rich, Eve and I were allowed to play quietly in the sleeping porch. Eventually I was bold enough to walk downstairs to ask Aunt Judy to unpin my diaper because I really needed to poop. She got up from the dining table and followed me upstairs. Having taken off my diaper, she waited in the hall until I had finished on the toilet and cleaned myself. She helped me up on the changing table and pinned me into a fresh diaper, but she did re-use the plastic panties from before.

Very late Mommy came into the porch and kissed me good night.

Monday morning all of us were wet. Honestly there was nothing I could do, since I was not allowed to remove my own pinned diaper. If Mommy had let me wear my trainers, I could have stayed dry.

Of course all of us got spankings. Nanny Violet spanked Eve. Aunt Judy spanked Rich, using the ping pong paddle. Mommy started by scolding me again about how I had misbehaved in Sunday school which embarrassed not only her but also Grandpa and Granny. By the time Mommy stopped scolding, Aunt Judy finished spanking Rich.

Mommy asked if she could borrow the paddle. That spanking was horrible and I had painful welts and bruises. I cried my eyes out. I suspected Mommy resented me, but I never before felt she could be so mean. Possibly she realized she had gone too far, because she told Nanny Violet I had permission to wear trainers with plastic panties that day. Mommy did add that diapers and extra plastic panties should be packed for use if I did wet.

The most memorable event on the Monday walk was that when we stopped for lunch and I told Nanny Violet that my panties and trainers were all sweaty, she let me put on clean trainers, without any plastic panties. That night I was allowed to sleep in trainers. It was not as humid or hot as usual. Mommy did not think sweat would be an issue, so I was told to wear my plastic panties to bed.

Tuesday morning, because I had used the toilet twice during the night, my trainers were dry.

Therefore I did not get a spanking, which was only fair.

The rest of the week, because I was able to hold my pee during the walk until I could use a toilet, I did not have to wear plastic panties at all. Oh, yes, Nanny Violet showed me where my trainers and plastic panties were kept. Each night she would bring me a spare pair of trainers.

During the day Friday I was happy because Daddy would be arriving after supper, along with Uncle William. Shortly after Nanny Violet brought us home from the day's walk, Daddy phoned to say he had missed the train. He also said that he had already told Uncle William to just drive directly to the beach.

Mommy looked like she was going to start weeping and ran up to her bedroom. By the way, that had been her bedroom when she still lived with her folks. To me at age 5 it looked like a little girl's room, not something a normal teenage girl would want.

During supper Rich said something mean to me, so I responded by calling him a "Baby Brat" It was really stupid of me to have done so when all the adults could hear.

My trainers were lowered, my skirt folded up so that Mommy could spank me bare-bottom. Granny brought the ping pong paddle, saying she was going to buy extras. Mommy spanked me hard, but not as hard as the first time she used the paddle.

Baby Bobby was already upstairs being changed for bed. Mommy led me up the stairs. She told Nanny Violet she was debating how I should be dressed for bed, finally saying it was up to Nanny's judgment.

Once Mommy went downstairs, Nanny Violet began running a bath for me. I was allowed to wash and dry myself, while Nanny fed Bobby another bottle. When I walked back to my bed, Nanny Violet had laid out my nightgown and trainers.

Shyly I admitted being so disappointed that Daddy had not arrived. I also said my bottom really hurt. Nanny helped me up on the changing table so she could rub some sting away with Bobby's baby lotion. Then she turned me over so I could get down.

In my youngest voice I asked if it would be all right to wear a diaper to bed. I said that might comfort me. Nanny Violet did not say anything. She just took two clean diapers from the stack, and folded them together to fit me. Apparently she noticed the start of prickly heat on the insides of my upper thighs. Nanny rubbed some Desitin on those spots, sprinkled me with a little bit of baby powder and pinned on my diaper snugly. She whispered that she would try to wake me during the night and certainly would get me up before the others Saturday morning. "I know you have no choice about wetting when you are diapered. If you wet it will be our secret, Sally."

She was reading to Bobby and me when Rich and Eve were led up for their bath and bed. After they settled down in bed, Mommy, Aunt Judy and Uncle William all came up to kiss us good night.

Not long after the lights were turned out I knew I was going to pee. I then fell asleep. Nanny changed me during the night. Sure enough she did discreetly wake me, wipe me clean and back into dry trainers before the others woke up. Mommy told me I was a responsible girl for staying dry.

During the Saturday walk, while Rich and Eve were distracted, I coyly asked Nanny if she could diaper me again that night. She assured me she would, but she would have to remove my diaper very early because this Sunday her church service was much earlier than normal. Aunt Judy would be changing her kids.

Getting bolder, I also asked Nanny Violet if there was a way she could get me my own pacifier that was different from the kind Bobby was using. She promised to stop at a store on the way back from church, mentioning it was an advantage being in New Jersey where stores opened on Sunday, unlike Pennsylvania.

Both Rich and Eve misbehaved during supper Saturday night. Daddy had said he was not making the trip down, so some friends of Aunt Judy came over for supper. The kids were taken upstairs for their spankings, but all of us could hear everything. After they were put to bed early, Aunt Judy, all her friends, Uncle William and Mommy went someplace to dance and hear a band.

While I was taking my bath Saturday night, Nanny Violet brought diapers and a pair of plastic panties to me, so she could discreetly change me without Eve and Rich seeing anything. She also

said that because she would be changing me very early she was not going to change me during the night. Taking the hint I made good use of the toilet before being diapered.

Sunday morning everything went well. I was wearing my dry trainers when Mommy came to get me up. My impression was Mommy would have preferred I wear a diaper to church. However, since Nanny Violet had already left the house, Mommy reluctantly let me wear trainers. By way of compromise, she did fold a diaper small enough it fit inside my trainers and I had to wear plastic panties over my trainers. That was not so terrible.

This time I was very well-behaved in Sunday school. Bobby even crawled around for a few minutes. The teacher changed him once and also fed Bobby a bottle. She did remark that Bobby seemed too old to still be suckling baby bottles.

Rich and Eve never seemed to use good sense. Each got into shoving matches with other kids. It was so intensely naughty that one of the older kids was sent to bring all the parents of the fighting kids back to the Sunday school room.

Aunt Judy and Uncle William were told Rich and Eve were suspended from Sunday school until their deportment improved and they apologized. The same was true for the other naughty kids. Aunt Judy promised the teacher her kids would be soundly spanked the second they got home. They would apologize before the next Sunday school. Uncle William then drove his family to the beach house. I am sure at least one ping pong paddle was used for the spankings.

Naughty Rich and Eve were confined to their beds in the sleeping porch for the rest of Sunday.

The bonus for me was that I only shared the Kid's Table with Bobby in his highchair. Nanny Violet's friend dropped her off just as the second maid was starting to feed Bobby some warmed baby food. That younger woman looked relieved when Nanny took over, since Bobby spit out a lot of baby food.

When Nanny Violet came to the bathroom with my diapers and plastic panties, she handed me a new pacifier. She said her friend had stopped at her home so Nanny could boil the pacifier making it safe for me to use. That was so sweet.

The strange thing is I found I was getting used to sleeping while diapered, even when I wet. I often did not wake up. Strangest of all, I enjoyed wearing diapers to bed.

When I was awake I wanted ordinary panties most of all, but I did not mind wearing trainers even with plastic panties. Still, during the day I wanted to be treated like a big girl, not a baby like Rich and Eve.

While we were out walking Nanny Violet and I talked about my diaper feelings. She told me she needed to be sure I had not lost my night control as a result of wearing diapers. Apparently a recent issue of a parenting magazine advocated not returning kids to diapers after the first stages of toilet training. To be sure, Nanny Violet said I must go to sleep in trainers Monday and Thursday evenings unless Mommy felt I needed diapers. If I continued to wake up in dry trainers, then she would feel no harm was being done diapering me the other nights. I promised I would not complain either way and would be responsible using the toilet.

That Thursday Daddy phoned Mommy to say work was so intense that he could not come down that weekend and that he did not expect to come down the following weekend. I was pragmatic enough to not act like a disappointed brat, but my heart was breaking without seeing Daddy.

When I got the chance I watched Bobby using his pacifier. Fortunately the head end of my bed was in deep shadows, so it was easy for me to use my pacifier without anyone seeing. I would hide it under my mattress during the night, and hand it to Nanny Violet the first time she saw her in the early morning. Having my own pacifier made sharing the porch with my cousins so much easier. I relaxed and slept better. To remain discreet about my pacifier I would take it out of my mouth when I felt sleepy and store it under my mattress where I could find it during the night.

The rest of the summer only Nanny Violet knew that I still wore and wet diapers in bed. She felt sure I still had bladder control when I could use the toilet while wearing trainers or panties. She also knew I could hold my pee for a couple of hours while walking.

Since Mommy was not spanking me over wetting, she seemed to delight in deciding I had been naughty about any little thing. Once Daddy missed the

weekend and no longer came down to the shore, Mommy was constantly frustrated and irritable. It was almost worse that being in Larchmont where she could talk to Francine and other friends. My suspicion was Mommy did not like her brother or her mother and she was indifferent to Aunt Judy.

More than once Grandpa told me he was so proud because Mommy had graduated from Bryn Mawr with a degree in anthropology and even was a model. I realized Granny disagreed because she did not consider modeling "dignified" or "proper for a Mainline Bryn Mawr graduate"

Sometimes I would hear my grandparents talking about their disappointment because Uncle William was not using his potential in Grandpa's business. They said Aunt Judy had dropped out of college to marry Uncle William. She had worked in a day care while in college, a career neither of my grandparents considered "worthy"

Personally I really liked Aunt Judy and did not resent it when she spanked me. First of all, I deserved those spankings. Second she was not as mean about it as Mommy or Granny. Honestly I consider Uncle William a total pill. Granny was very stuck-up without anything interesting to say.

At the beach house Mommy hardly ever gave me an informal smack. If she was annoyed she put me over her lap. Usually she spanked me while she was sitting on my bed and with me bare bottom. As the summer continued Mommy used the ping pong paddle Granny gave her increasingly often.

If Rich was getting spanked with a paddle at the same time I knew I would get the same. Eve was really naughtier and sneakier compared to Rich. Eve was far more robust than she appeared. She put on a very good "helpless little girl" act; pouting like she had a permanent case of "The Terrible Twos" If ever there was a girl who deserved paddle spanking, it was Eve. I never saw Uncle William spank Eve. That summer, as far as I know, Aunt Judy only spanked Eve with the paddle one time.

A couple of days before we drove home to Larchmont, Nanny Violet said she had discussed my situation with Carla over the phone. To the extent possible while Bobby was still wetting, Carla would discreetly diaper me.

For the actual drive home Mommy insisted I wear a folded diaper inside my trainers and plastic

panties. When we finally stopped for lunch, Mommy gave Bobby a bottle and changed him. After I used the toilet, I started to put my folded diaper in the bag with Bobby's. I had perspired enough the diaper was uncomfortable.

Mommy was convinced I had wet that folded diaper. So after we finished lunch, Mommy changed Bobby again. She then insisted I let her diaper me for the rest of the drive. When I resisted, Mommy spanked me there in the ladies room, using the paddle. A random woman clearly did not approve because I was sobbing. She gave me a sympathetic smile.

