

Attitude Adjustment

(By: Don A. Landhill and Sampast)

Attitude Adjustment: A Spanking Vignette
By Don A. Landhill and Sampast
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She is sitting at her desk. I am sitting at mine. I watch her from across the room as she works. I notice she starts playing with her pencil. She looks off into space. I remind her that she can finish her work in a timely fashion, or face the consequences of it being undone; the choice is hers.

She laughs, and says, "You are so funny. I was going to say you were so fucking funny, but then you might wash my mouth out with soap."

"Indeed, that is what happens to young ladies who can't remember not to curse. Perhaps a brief reminder is in order, I tell her.

She looks at me as though I cannot be serious. I stand up and head toward the bathroom. I point my finger and she follows me. She takes her position on the closed toilet lid. I fetch a bar of hotel soap from the cabinet, and wet it down at the tap.

"Now open up," I tell her. I swipe the soap over her tongue two or three times briefly. "Now let that be a lesson to you, Missy, or next time it will be a *real* mouth soaping."

"Hmmpmph!" she snorts at me.

"Watch that attitude, young lady!"

"I'm watching, I'm watching. Geeez!"

"You still sound a bit sassy to me, young lady. Now go back to your desk, sit yourself right down, and write 'I promise to always be polite to others' ten times. Carefully and neatly. And there will be no more backtalk from you, or you will be in real trouble, young lady."

She mumbles under her breath, "stupid lines" but I can hear her. She takes out several crayons from her desk and writes her assigned sentence ten times but purposely does it in a sloppy fashion, as a little kid would do it. Then she flings it on my desk.

"Here! Sir!" she says facetiously. "Hmmpmph! Lines!" she snorts under her breath again. I can see that she has a bad case of attitude today, and that I have been too easy on her.

She cries out and tries to reach back to rub, but I push her hand out of the way. Eventually I am done. I stand her up, and tuck her skirt into her waist so her bare spanked bottom is on display. I point her at the corner of her room.

"You stand right there, nose right in the corner for at least half an hour, Missy, hands on head, no rubbing, and no talking. Then we'll see if you are ready to behave yourself."

She stomps over to the corner and goes "Hmmmph" a half-dozen times, and stares at the wall.

"I HATE THIS!" she shouts to no one in particular. And she kicks the wall! "This sucks!" she calls out. Then she reaches her hand back to rub her bottom.

"How dare you!" I shout. "Young lady, get yourself over here, right now!"

She comes out of the corner and stands in front of me.

"I told you to stand still, be quiet, and keep your hands on your head. You saw fit to yell, curse, kick, and rub. That is direct disobedience and defiance. Clearly a hand-spanking is not enough to get through to you."

I pull up a chair with a ladder-back. "Bend over that chair, with your hands on the seat, and *your* seat up in the air," I tell her. I pick up the 18-inch wooden ruler, and start to paddle her bare bottom with it. Each whack is fairly hard, although I am not spanking at full force.

{Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!}
{Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!}

She cries hysterically from the first whack on.

{Whack!} "You will not {Whack!} disobey me, {Whack!} young lady! {Whack!} {Whack!}
When I send you to the corner, {Whack!} you will behave! {Whack!}
{Whack!} You will not {Whack!} talk, {Whack!} yell, {Whack!} or curse! {Whack!} You
will not {Whack!} kick the walls. {Whack!} You will not {Whack!} rub your bottom!
{Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} You will stand {Whack!} quietly, {Whack!} hands on your
head, {Whack!} until you are given permission {Whack!} to move. {Whack!} {Whack!} Is
that clear, {Whack!} Missy?" {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!} {Whack!}

"Yes, sir, crystal clear," she manages to say through her tears.

I stop the paddling. "Now what do you have to say for yourself?" I ask her sharply.

"Owww, owwwwieeee, that hurts, Owww, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll be good, I

promise. I won't be disrespectful anymore." She sobs and sniffles and begs for forgiveness.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. Now, I think you have a proper mouth washing coming, and then it's back to the corner. If you can stand still and quiet and behave for 45 minutes, you will be out of trouble. But first you are due for a proper mouth wash, since you have resorted to bad language a second time today, and after I warned you once."

"Yes, sir," she responds meekly. I lead her to the bathroom. She follows me slowly. I point and she sits down on the toilet lid and waits for instructions.

I lather up a washcloth and tell her to open up. I scrub down her mouth, particularly her tongue and the roof of her mouth. Then I get the wet bar of soap, and tell her to bite down on it and hold it in her mouth.

I wait several minutes before I tell her that she may take out the soap and rinse. I limit her to a single rinse, and wait to hear what she has to say, if anything, before ordering her back to the corner to start her corner time over, with an extra 15 minutes added to her sentence, for a total of three-quarters of an hour.

After she rinses, she looks up at me. She says, "I'm very sorry, sir. I won't be so disrespectful again. I guess having a bad day is no excuse, huh?"

"Not for the way you have been acting, young lady. You know much better. I do try to cut you a little slack when you need it, but there are limits, as you know perfectly well. Now back to the corner, and if you can behave yourself there, perhaps we can be done with this incident. You have an extra quarter-hour since this is your second try."

She walks over to the corner and stands there quietly, waiting for me to say something. I watch her carefully to see if she will stand quietly and properly. She does. I let her serve the full time I have sentenced her to -- though her acceptance tempts me to let her off a bit early.

After the 45 minutes are over I say, "Very well, you took that much better. Are you ready to come out of the corner and behave yourself properly from now on? Have you fully learned your lesson, and got rid of your sassy attitude?"

She thinks a minute, obviously she is being careful in what she says: "I think so, sir."

"I'm glad to hear it. Now I hope you'll behave yourself. But be warned, if there is any more sassiness or bad behavior today, I will get out the paddle. But first... come right here to get what you have coming."

She runs over to me with her arms open wide. I hug her tight and hold her close and

let her know that all is forgiven. After the hug, I am quite sure that I have carried out a successful attitude adjustment - at least for today.

The End.