

The Way It Really Is

(By: Mija)

Entry Eight: 23 September 1985. Rating: Totally Mega Unfair.

Now today. Everything had been going really well until today and I'd been pretty good about not getting any spankings for a while.

But today totally sucked rocks. I'm writing lying on my bed because I can't even sit at all even on a pillow. Why? Because my parents are total idiots. Okay, so they drag me to this new school which I totally hate. Nobody hangs out with me. Finally Ceci asks me to stay the night on Friday and I say yes. AND THEN I ASK MY MOM WHO SAYS "OKAY, THAT'S NICE DEAR."

Don't forget that, it comes up later and is way important.

So Friday I went home with Ceci and had a total blast 'coz she had all her sister's Duran Duran tapes. We painted each other's toenails too. And after breakfast her dad takes me home. And I find out that my mom totally forgot I was going somewhere and has been freaking all over the place all night. And that my dad's called the police and they're out combing the whole stupid neighborhood.

My mom hugs me really tight and says O THANK GOD and all that stuff which is such total crap because the next minute she has the wooden spoon and is whaling on me through my jeans. Now I'm used to being spanked and really am not wimpy but I was wailing to beat a band. My sister doesn't like people yelling and she ran to her room.

I tried to tell mom to knock it off, that I'd told her I was going to Ceci's and I was sorry if she forgot but stop spanking me. I thought she'd calm down. Instead she slapped me and told me not to talk back to her, that they'd been worried sick and my poor dad hadn't slept all night. I was sorry they were worried, but like this was somehow my fault? Which I tried to tell her.

Slapping is terrible. You should get to hit people who slap you even if they're your mom. Except I don't think I could hit her. :(

After she slapped me I tried to get away, but she sat down and pulled me over her lap. Now if you've forgot about spoons, let me tell you this thing hurts even through my jeans. Plus this was totally unfair so I started crying. Which just made her mad and she started whacking me harder saying she'd give me something to cry about. I got mad and tried to kick away but that just made her whack my legs.

My dad walked in then, so my mom stopped whacking me long enough to tell him that I'd been at a friend's all night. I tried to explain that I'd asked, that Mom had forgotten.

She brought the spoon down hard five times fast until I was crying again. I bet she didn't even want me to be able to defend myself since this was all her fault anyway. Not that anyone but me is ever going to know that.

My dad meantime is yelling about how inconsiderate I am and how I'm **TOO BIG FOR MY BOOTS** (like whatever!). When I started crying again he told me to get up and go upstairs and put on my pajamas, that he'd come up to **GIVE ME SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT**.

I got off my mom's lap and ran upstairs and slammed the door of my room. I didn't even care about getting in trouble when I heard him yell from downstairs and slammed it again and again. Harder and harder too. What's the point in being good after all if I'm going to get spanked anyway? I was all like, happy before and now it isn't my fault and everyone is mad with me.

I didn't change into my pajamas but just sat there on the floor with my back to the door. I could feel my butt throbbing hot in my jeans and wished I had a pillow from the bed. But my dad was coming up the stairs and so I just braced my feet. I didn't want him in my room and knew he had to have the paddle. And I decided there was no way he was going to paddle me and I told him so too.

He tried to open the door but I stopped him. He was soooo mad I felt really scared and just kept saying, "no you can't come in". He said, "Anne, if you don't let me open this door **RIGHT NOW** I'm going to spank you **EVERY DAY** this week."

But I didn't let him in. But he came in anyway. Which was totally what cracked the door jamb, though he told everyone it was me slamming the door. :(

I was right, he had the paddle and when he saw I hadn't changed and said that my slamming the door had cracked the stupid plaster next to it, he told me to take off my jeans right now. **ALL THE WAY OFF**. I wouldn't, so he started pulling them down. I tried to kick him away but he's a lot stronger than me. He finally got them off. Which left me in my tee shirt underpants and socks coz my shoes came off with my jeans. And then he took my underpants off too.

By this time I wasn't mad anymore, just crying because I knew I was like in sooooo much trouble it would be better to be dead. He told me I should be crying, that I'd worried him and my mom. That the police had been looking for me and that I'd **MADE THINGS WORSE** by trying to lie and then having a tantrum like a spoiled 2-year-old. (Like he wouldn't have done anything otherwise? **NOT!!**)

I told him I hadn't, I was just scared because they were so mad at me but he just didn't listen and kept right on lecturing me. I really was sorry about slamming the door too.

He said for staying out without permission he was going to paddle me until I couldn't sit. Then we'd talk about the other stuff. Then he pulled me over his lap and started using

the paddle really hard, even though the spoon already had me sore. I can't even remember how long it was - maybe an hour or more. Okay, not really an hour but way too long for sure. Forever that's how it felt and I kept saying I was sorry and that I'd told her and that I'd be a good girl. He didn't even care what I said, he just spanked me.

After a really long time he stopped spanking me and held me like that over his knees. I bet my bottom looked red as Christmas lights. I stopped crying and he started talking - about how worried they were and how he wasn't going to tolerate me acting out and how I was going to learn to behave like a member of the family even if he had to wear my bottom out to teach me.

I started again to explain because I didn't do anything on purpose and he took the paddle and gave me about 10 more whacks with it and told me to HUSH that he didn't want to hear A WORD out of me, that I was going to LEARN NOT TO TALK BACK.

He must have wanted some sort of idiot for a daughter I guess. But I was quiet. He finally let me up and told me to put on my pjs. I did and he told me to get into bed and not to get up until he said.

I changed and asked to use the bathroom and wash my face and he said no - that I could just wait until he and my mom decided I could get up.

Now I'm writing this and holding myself because I really do have to go. But I'm afraid to get out of bed.

[23 September 1985 . . . later on.]

I fell asleep because my mom came up and woke me up and told me my dad wanted to talk to me. It was already starting to get dark. I told her I needed to go to the bathroom and she said my dad was waiting.

But I ran past her to the bathroom anyway and barely made it.

No one said anything when I got to the living room. It was just my dad and mom and me. I stood there for a while and finally he said he'd expect me to say I was sorry and was disappointed that apparently even after all that I was still being defiant.

That made me start crying because I'm not defiant at all and hate for them to be mad at me. I felt so alone and wondered where my sister was. Hiding I bet. I wish I was with her.

He told me I should be crying, that my attitude was one they weren't going to have in their house. I wish they would send me away. He said from now on, when I talked back to him or my mom, I was going to get a spanking right there and then and that he really meant it this time. Plus he was going to wash my mouth out with soap to remind me. And give me a spanking before bed every night.

Now I really was crying because I couldn't explain what had happened and now I was going to get in trouble some more.

Then my mom spoke up. Not to help me (duh!) but to say that I deserved ANOTHER spanking tonight and that if he wasn't going to give it SHE would go get her hairbrush. That made my dad mad like she was saying it was HIS fault I'd been bad (when it was all hers and she knew it I'm like so sure) and said he could handle the discipline for this family. I wished I could go back to my room, but my dad told me to take off my pj bottoms and bend over the couch.

I'd never been spanked in the living room before and started to say something but stopped because I could tell my mom would have slapped me. I took them off and bent over. He took off his belt and that was very scary. Other kids had told me about their dad using his belt but my dad never did, just the paddle. But now he used his belt on my bottom 20 times until my mom had to hold my hands to keep me from getting up. I hate them both! To death.

That hurt so much I didn't even really notice we were in the bathroom and that he'd put a soapy wash cloth in my mouth until I tasted the gross soap. It made me cry and he let me spit it out but I couldn't rinse or brush my teeth. I kept wiping my mouth on my sleeve

And then he took me back to bed and said he'd talk to me in the morning. I didn't even have my pj bottoms or anything on.

I cried some more because I was afraid of more spankings. I also said sorry sorry sorry. He sat with me until I pretended to be asleep. Then after he left I rubbed my tongue on the sheet to try and get the taste away. Like tooo grodie!

When I looked in the mirror next to my closet, my bottom was still all red and I can see belt marks too. Seeing them makes me cry again because it's just soooo wrong and not fair.

I swear to God if I don't get any more spankings I'll be good the rest of my life.

This is a really long entry which just shows how much all this sucked.