

#### Home Late Chapter 4: Recounting Being Spanked at a Picnic at Age 12

When I was younger I got spanked, bare bottomed, in public all the time. It wasn't until I was 9 or 10 that it became more rare. After that my parents usually tried to find someplace a little bit shielded from public eyes. But I remember one time when I was 12 that being in public didn't help me at all.

My Dad was hosting a company picnic. I had tried to go over towards the dessert table several times while it was being set-up, but my Dad was clear that I couldn't have any desserts until after all of the grownups had eaten. But the table had chocolate covered strawberries, and that is one of my all time favorites. And I just knew that if I waited, they would all be gone. So while the adults were lining up for food to come off the grill, I thought I could sneak over to the dessert table and get just one strawberry. Instead, I knocked the whole tray of the strawberries on to the ground.

I knew right away I was in huge trouble. I had embarrassed my parents. I had ruined one of the desserts. And I had directly disobeyed my Dad. Mom called me over to the picnic table and Dad was taking off his belt.

"I know many of you spank your own children, and some of you choose not to. I believe each parent should have the right to raise their children in the manner that they believe will best produce responsible and productive members of society. It shames me to do this publically, but the offense was public and the consequences should be public as well.

I am punishing her for directly disobeying what I told her. When I have finished, there are many of you who were affected by her rude and careless behavior. Each of you who feel like your choice of desserts or simply your enjoyment of this afternoon has been diminished by my daughter's actions are invited to participate in her punishment."

There were close to 50 people at the picnic, and almost all of them watched my punishment. Mom made me take off my panties and my skirt. She told me to kneel on the picnic bench and lay my body across the table. I didn't have any hair to speak of yet, and I wasn't even ready for a training bra. But I was still very aware of my body and didn't feel like a little kid anymore. Having all those people see my bare bottom, and maybe even some glimpses of my privates, was awful.

Soon my Dad started whipping me and I forgot all about any audience. He brought the belt down on my bottom and the backs of my thighs. He had a nice steady pace. He would swing, wait about 15 seconds, and then swing again. Usually he systematically goes from top to bottom and sometimes back to the top. But when he really wants it to hurt, he surprises us by choosing the next target at random. It could be several in a row in the exact same place, or the next one could fall anywhere. In about 5 minutes I had received 20 hard whacks with his belt.

With my bottom blazing red, my dad sent me to cut and prepare 3 switches. I had to walk the whole way across the park, and have even more people see me bottomless, to get suitable switches. And I knew from experience that I had to strip the bark off the switches where I cut them, although having a few strangers taking glances at me was probably better than 50 people that knew my family.

I walked back to the picnic table. My dad explained to the people gathered how the punishment would work. "I would encourage all of you who were affected to please participate in Sherri's punishment. I can't decide for you how much damage she has done to your day, or how much punishment is appropriate to that damage. But I can provide you with some guidelines. I would expect that the "average" amount of damage would be 1 stroke with the belt, 3 with the switch, or 5 with the bare hand. If you have a hairbrush or something else that you regularly use, I am sure you can determine a comparable amount. Now if everyone who plans to participate would please line up to my right."

I overheard one husband and wife talking. She tried to convince him that it was barbaric and uncalled for, while he responded that his boss and co-workers would consider him a weaker man if he didn't participate. That it could impact his career. "But I will use my hand, so that I don't hurt her anymore than she already

will be." Almost half the men decided to use their hands, and all of them groped me at least a little in the process.

Before the first person came to spank me, my dad positioned me at the picnic table. When I knelt back over the table I squeezed my legs together as tight as I could. My dad didn't do anything about that, thank God, but he did make me push my butt out closer to the people.

The first person was a man who used the switch. He went to great trouble to aim the switch at a sharp angle between my legs. He hit me 4 times with the switch on some very tender flesh. After each person finished my dad made me thank them and apologize to them, but that way I saw who each person was who spanked me.

A few ladies used their hairbrushes, one even used her shoe. Only 1 lady chose the belt, and she didn't even swing it hard enough to hurt. Most of the people gave me either 3 lashes with the switch or 5 slaps with their hands; although a few of the men added one or two.

I apologized to 42 people that day. I lost count of how many strokes I received, but it was over 100 with a bare hand and probably more than 50 with the switch. But those were all in addition to the 20 strokes with the belt my father gave me.