

For some reason the atmosphere was fired up. There were loud words and she didn't want to do something, or at least not the way the kindergarten teacher expected. I believe it was in connection with removing her coat and hanging it up, a very big deal in kindergarten, that the teacher must have threatened to lock her up in the cellar. Such threats had been uttered occasionally before and had never missed their desired effect. But somehow today was different. The kindergarten teacher seemed to be in bad mood. But still the anger was restrained, dimmed by her daily duties. Somehow, however, along the way, it happened. In the middle of her daily routine – I believe we were sitting at the little tables tinkering with something, this very kindergarten teacher (her name was Inge and she was always unsympathetic toward me, because she was somewhat older than the other assistants and often looked crabby and stern, also wearing a strict bun, and was always calling the shots) wanted to do something with us and somehow didn't get our attention, or because there might have been an unwanted disturbance.

Anyway, it started to happen. But I didn't notice it at first, because I had been absorbed in my activity. But then there was shouting and I saw that the girl from this morning was running away from the teacher who was very upset, holding a stick in her hand and yelling. For me, time stood still. Did she really dare to beat the girl with a **cane**? Did she have permission to batter children? Had she beaten children in the past – possibly in the dark basement? Maybe this was the deeper meaning of 'going down to the cellar'. I would not have allowed her to do it to me. I would have kicked, bitten her and defended myself. It would have taken all of her strength to overtake me.

In any event I was anxious to see what was going to happen. My whole body trembled, because I was used to being punished and knew all the feelings that went with it. My body

was already conditioned to it. What would happen now? The girl took refuge at the window sill and tried to seek sanctuary behind the arranged plants, but without any success. The

huntress had already grappled her firmly and squeezed the screaming and squirming child as though she wanted to break all the bones in her body.

The kindergarten teacher was beside herself with rage, had a red face, yelled and ... then it happened. It was so unbelievable, so horrible, so exciting and so beautiful that I almost couldn't believe.

She actually tore the ^{pants} off the poor girl's body and lifted her skirt up and exposed her ^{bum} so that everyone could see it.

What shame, what humiliation

And then she started to beat her, for all of us to see, let the thin yet so dangerous cane swish down on her ^{buttocks} with strong, powerful strokes. Forceful, hissing beatings, and each time the thin stick whistled through the air. All strokes were administered out of rage, without any pity, in order to cause pain,

to hurt, to bend the young little tree, to form character. They would leave a deep impression on the girl.

Then it was carried out of the room, screaming and wiggling, full of

anger, and most likely brought down to the basement, because we heard doors slamming and muffled shouts.

Would the
punishment be
continued?

My heart was
pounding and I was
deeply disturbed.

This was
unbelievable!

Not only have I seen a real girl's ^{behind}, but
even witnessed an actual punishment. And
she had received it with the cane – seen by all
our eyes – strokes on her naked ^{bottom}. One,
two, three strokes, more and more, until the
wrath was satisfied and the pain sufficient.
And I knew that this would hurt for days and
be food for new fury.

And the amount
of humiliation

was

huge.

She was
mortified.

Not that
being beaten

wasn't

shameful

enough

on its own,

but to get
it on the naked bum,
for
all
our eyes
to see,
for
everyone
to experience
without any
mercy,
without any
sense of shame.

What deep
humiliation,
what profound
satisfaction!