

Dishonesty & Stealing 1898 - Bessie Young, Randolph Jr. and Miss Mary

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Miss Mary, the house maid was tending to her normal morning routine. Blessed and thankful for the opportunity, always diligent in her work, assisting the Lives of the Young Family, Ma-Ma Bessie, Pa-Pa Randolph and the puckish Randolph Jr. (Junior) . This very morning; she silently went about. Occasionally humming the hymns.

Per chance by fate, or a blessing from the Lord. Miss Mary perceived the young charge Randolph acting quite suspiciously, rummaging through “Ma-Ma’s” town satchel, before leaving for school. Very abnormal from routine.

Later; When Mrs. Bessie Young was preparing to leave for town; “Ma-Ma” questioned her staff if she had misplaced a few coins. Financially stable, but not mistaken. While her husband was out to sea, “We must be diligent with every piece.”

Miss Mary, loyal to her benefactress, confessed what she had bore witness too. Igniting a fierce gaze in Bessie. One Mary had not seen in months. “It’s not about the missing currency, it’s about the misdeed that has taken place. A LESSON needs to be learned.” Ma-Ma stated matter of factly. Through pursed lips.

“Yes Mrs. Bessie.” the solemn Maid replied. Knowing from previous encounters, what a LESSON from Ma-Ma Bessie meant, having assisted with correcting misdeeds far less severe than theft.

When Randolph Junior arrived home from school, a belly full of ill gotten sweets. Spending the coins frivolously. Oblivious to the full potential reach, of his incautious thievery. (It was just a few coins anyway).

Upon entering the foyer, he was greeted by his mother. Standing dutifully. “Randolph!” She stated. “It’s good to see you this fine day my lad.”

“Hello Ma-Ma!” the boy embraced his mother. Slowly he took a step back, the embrace was not returned. Mrs. Bessie Young stood planted, with her hands placed lightly on her hips, radiating her maternal energy. Their eyes locking.

“Junior, do you know anything about missing coins?”

“What?” the lad questioned, taken aback by the abrupt directness in her tone.

“Do you know about coins? Missing from my town bag.”

The boy felt sick to his stomach. “Coins?..Coins?” He was stumbling verbally.

“Did you take coins out of my purse boy?!” Ma-Ma Bessie asked coldly, deeming through maternal instinct that her charlady maid perceptions were accurate.

“No! No Ma-Ma!” The terrified boy quivered.

“Then who took them?!!”

“No! Ma-Ma, it was not me. Did you ask Mary!?! It was Mary!!” shaking, the boy retorted, trying to escape the verbal altercation.

Mrs. Bessie Young let out a soft-gasp. “Junior, are you saying you DID NOT take the coins out of my bag?!” practically praying that the lad would admit the obvious truth.

“No, no Ma-Ma, never!!”

The benefactress of the house, soften her face. And let out a long audible sigh.

“Miss Mary, please come into the parlor!” the Matorn Ma-Ma exclaimed.

The witnessed Maid, entered the parlor and closed the door behind her, sealing the proximity.

Randolph Junior began to quake with fear when he saw what Miss Mary was holding. A white towelette strip.



“No, Ma-Ma nooo” the red headed charge pleaded.

Ma-Ma Bessie Young scolded her son in a fiercely soft maternal tone.

“Thievery, is one thing. My young boy, but to lie to you own mothers face so blatantly is downright sinful. It seems you have forgotten how serious it is to lie to me.” Bessie stated matter-of-factly. “and to try and suggest sweet Miss Mary did the deed?! Aye, you might as well be begging me show you what happens again, when you lie and fib in this house.” she declared.

“No , please Ma-Ma. I’m sorry. No! No!” Randolph Jr. pleaded.
Miss Mary crossed her arms, holding the towel knowingly.

“Where are the coins, Junior?” The Matriarch questioned him.

“Ma-ma, no please...no”

“WHERE are the coins?!” Bessie interrogated.

“Ma-Ma, they’re gone. I’m sorry. No please.” The boy looked at Miss Mary and then back to his mother, the desperation growing.

“This will be a LESSON, you will NEVER forget.” Mrs. Bessie Young announced coldly. Nodding at Miss Mary to proceed as trained.

Miss Mary walked briskly towards Junior and both women led the shaken lad towards the couch.

“No Lesson, Ma-Ma please.”

Taking a seat with her plump rump, Mrs. Bessie Young undid the fastens to her young sons overalls. Pulling the clothing and undergarments completely off the terrified seed.



Miss Mary had been trained by Randolph Sr., The bear-sized Sea Captain, on how to tie the restraining knot, when assisting his wife Bessie with “LESSONS”. Securing Randolph Jr.’s wrists and mentally preparing for the next proceedings.

Swapping places with Bessie, Mary took a seat near the arm of the couch. The two women pulled and tugged, the mischievous thief, up and over the arm of the couch.

Miss Mary took hold of his hands with her left hand, while securing Junior’s immobile position, placing her hand on his neck.

Her charge was dangling obtusely Jack-knifed over the arm of the couch.

Mrs. Bessie removed the stiff switch, used on these occasions, from its place next to the parlor Bakers Rack.

Junior did not dare resist, he knew the severe consequences of resisting. Junior was also trained it to submit to his maternal discipline. Knowing full well, the consequences of resistance, equal to that of lying.

Taking position behind Randolph Jr, the splitting image of her own husband. Her eyes fixated on her target as she raised the switch high above her head.

“Best remember this LESSON next time you think to tell me a fib.”



Bessie swung the switch down hard across Juniors bare fanny. The boy sucked in a gasp of air as the second stroke landed squarely across both buttocks. Eliciting a loud howl from the youth.

Miss Mary, gripped the boy's hand and pushed his head down slightly, lifting his rear target, as she was trained by her benefactors. When a misdeed has been committed, it must be corrected firmly. As her charge bellowed from another firm stroke, Miss Mary bowed her head.

'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack

Mrs. Bessie Young continued to discipline her young miscreant. If only Junior had told the truth, IF only Junior hadn't taken the coins, IF ONLY Junior hadn't tried to blame poor Miss Mary. The robust woman in the teal and pearls, furrowed her brow and gritted her teeth. Steering her heart clear from weakness. Administering another row of firm strokes, causing a howl from her sobbing seed.

'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack

Junior was learning this LESSON. The tears were streaming down his face, BOO-HOO'ing over the guilt and pain.

'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack

Bessie paused a moment, grasping the switch in both hands. Tapping the tip lightly on her palm, as she waited for Junior to calm a bit.

“Now...Randolph , this - is for lying and...”

“Ohh no , Ma- Maaaa , please!” the boy bellowed interrupting.

“ANNND...Miss Mary will be administering the final strokes.”

“Ooohh hooooo! Nooo!” - the thieving liar begged, stomach rumbling from the stress and the sweets. Junior raised his head, trying to meet the eyes of his house maid.

Miss Mary, stone faced, averted her eyes. She pushed down on Juniors face gently again, Raising his rear. Causing more sobs from the lad.

Bessie , held her arm high and brought the switch down hard, a firm pace, onto Juniors fanny. ‘thwip’-smack-‘thwip’-smack-‘thwip’-smack-‘thwip’-smack

Bessie pressed her weight onto Juniors lower back, as she handed the switch to Miss Mary.



Trading places with the maid, Ma-Ma Bessie rested her plump rump on the couch again and grasped Junior, firmly, in the same fashion. One hand on his head and neck, the other holding

his tied wrists.

Miss Mary, who had assisted secondarily in many of Junior's LESSONS. Never an active participant before today. Held the switch mid height. Feeling it's weight in her hands, she started looking to aim.

Miss Mary the Maid locked eyes with Mrs. Bessie Young. Her loving benefactress, who nodded once, encouragingly.

Miss Mary brought the switch down with great speed. Cracking onto his rump. Eliciting a howl from Junior.

thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack

Junior kicked wildly , making noises and grunts of pain, sobbing as one sorry young boy.

Ma-Ma Bessie held him tight as he bucked wildly.

thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack- "WAAHHHHAAAAA!! "thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack-'thwip'-smack.

Junior was sobbing uncontrollably and heaving breaths, bent on the couch.

Miss Mary looked at Ma-Ma Bessie and also nodded. Knowingly & thankful to be trusted.

Bessie Young united her lovely Sea Captains "favorite" knot, and brought Junior to his feet. Handing the towel to Miss Mary, who was collecting Junior's overalls from the ground, per her assisted training.

After returning the switch to it's home next to the bakers rack. Ma-Ma stomped back to Junior who was standing and sobbing in shame.



“Now, Junior... “ Bessie raised her finger and wagged it softly at her child. “Did you learn LESSON today??”

Junior sobbed.

“ I THOUGHT I made it very clear!?!” The mother questioned menacingly.

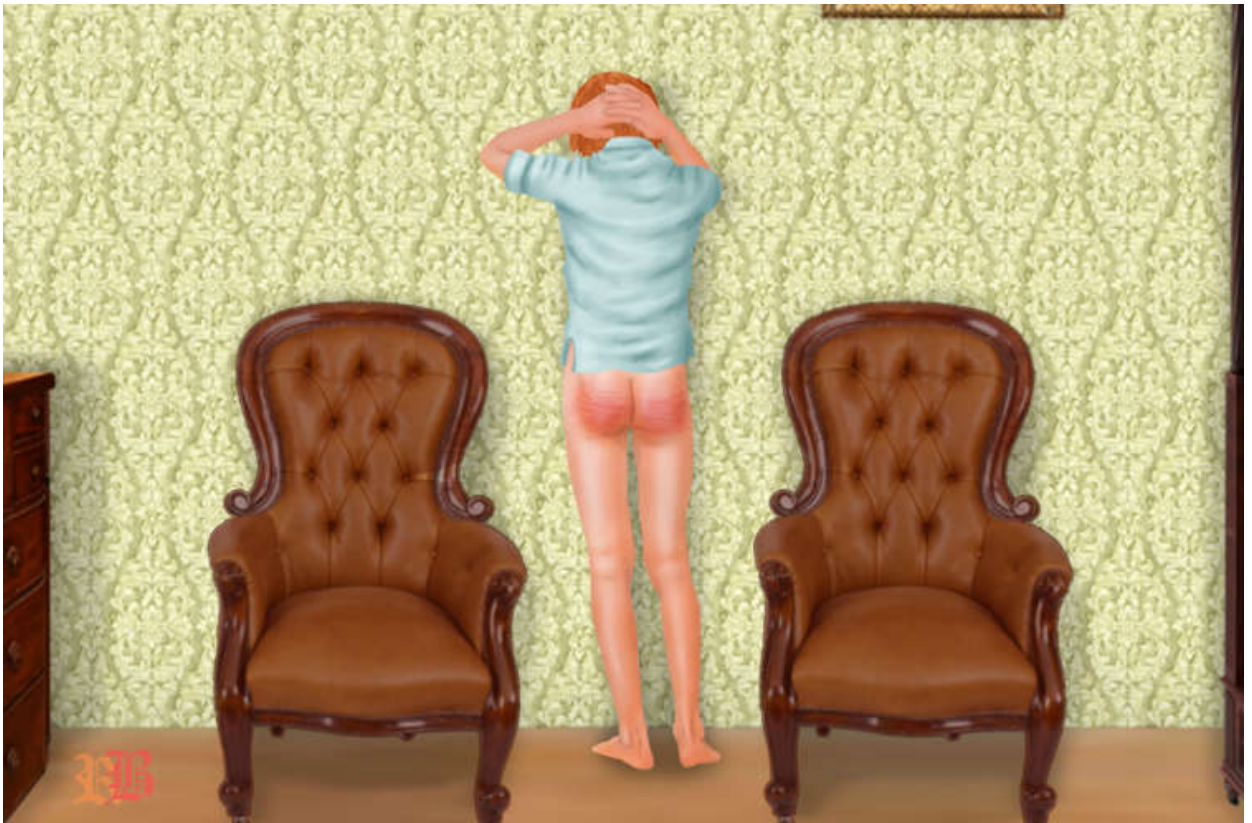
“-sob- lying and stealing -sob-“

“That’s right, and the next time I find out you’ve been telling fibs... Aye, you won’t sit down FOR A MONTH!!” The robust woman declared, practically radiating her maternal instincts.

Miss Mary smiled lightly at the sight. Her naughty charge, rubbing his marked rear after receiving a through and just chastisement.

“As usual, NOSE to the wall, hands up. MARCH!!” - taking her wagging finger and pointing to the spot, between the two chairs.

Mrs. Bessie Young, could not stand liars. Such a sinful deed. Young or old, they all deserve what they get. Her boy would not take that path.



Junior placed his nose on the wall and his hands above his head. Remembering from his past, the further consequences of leaving this placement.

“Miss Mary will bring you the overalls in 15 minutes. Go to your room after and review your days school notes. I’ll visit with you and review them before bed.”

“Yes Ma-Ma! I’m sorry!! -sob-“

“Yes Dearie, it’s okay now. I’ll visit before bed..”

Bessie moved across the room and whispered to her stoic Maid. “15 minutes and then you can have the night off of duties. Thank you for your help and I’m sorry for the fuss Miss Mary.”

“Yes Miss Bessie, bless you. Looking forward to preparing for Pa-Pa Randolfs return.” smiling acknowledging to her benefactress.

Junior cried quietly to himself, reflecting over his LESSON. The raised stripes on his rear, throbbed in pain. A constant reminder of his dishonesty for the next several days.