

SPANKER IN A STRANGE LAND

The spanking mentions, discussions, threats, and actions in the science fiction writings of Robert A. Heinlein, compiled by Kessily

I have just finished the process of re-reading every Heinlein book, and making note of every major reference to spanking or spanking scene that I came across. There are a few smaller mentions, which I am not going to bother to note since they were very short and there are so many. Heinlein was, for instance, very fond of the phrase “Mama spank.” and it was used frequently. Some of those are mentioned, but not all.

The quotes and scenes are, to my knowledge, exact (barring any typos). In most circumstance, when the reference was in the middle of a section or paragraph, I have done my best to include the whole paragraph. As much as possible has been included, but of course, it is always better to read the whole book and see it in context.

A lot of his stories have been reprinted in several different collections. I have usually noted that the story was also found in other books. This list does not include any Non-Fiction works by Heinlein, such as Tramp Royale. As far as I know there are no references in those works. If you know of any Sci-Fi or Fantasy novels by Robert A. Heinlein, which are not listed on this page, I would appreciate hearing about it! Kessily@aol.com

Please bear in mind that the page numbers may differ between editions, but all books listed here are paperbacks unless otherwise noted, so the differences should be negligible.

The books included are:

<i>6XH</i>	<i>Green Hills of Earth</i>	<i>The Rolling Stones</i>
<i>Assignment in Eternity</i>	<i>Have Spacesuit Will Travel</i>	<i>Sixth Column</i>
<i>The Best of Robert Heinlein</i>	<i>I will Fear no Evil</i>	<i>Space Cadet</i>
<i>Between Planets</i>	<i>JOB: A Comedy of Justice</i>	<i>Starbeast</i>
<i>Beyond This Horizon</i>	<i>The Man Who Sold the Moon</i>	<i>Starman Jones</i>
<i>The Cat Who Walks Through Walls</i>	<i>The Menace from Earth</i>	<i>Starship Troopers</i>
<i>Citizen of the Galaxy</i>	<i>Methuselah’s Children</i>	<i>Stranger in a Strange Land</i>
<i>The Day After Tomorrow</i>	<i>The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress</i>	<i>Three by Heinlein</i>
<i>Door Into Summer</i>	<i>The Notebooks of Lazarus Long</i>	<i>Time Enough for Love</i>
<i>Double Star</i>	<i>The Number of the Beast</i>	<i>Time for the Stars</i>
<i>Expanded Universe</i>	<i>Orphans of the Sky</i>	<i>Tomorrow the Stars</i>
<i>Farmer in the Sky</i>	<i>The Past Through Tomorrow</i>	<i>To Sail Beyond the Sunset</i>
<i>Farnham’s Freehold</i>	<i>Podkayne of Mars</i>	<i>Tunnel in the Sky</i>
<i>For Us, the Living</i>	<i>Puppet Masters</i>	<i>Waldo & Magic, Inc.</i>
<i>Friday</i>	<i>Red Planet</i>	<i>The Worlds of Robert Heinlein</i>
<i>Glory Road</i>	<i>Rocketship Galileo</i>	

Assignment in Eternity (1953 first printed 1987)

Short stories-

Gulf

Pg. 71

He turned to her. "Woman, you spoke of matrimony. If you ever do manage to marry me, I'll beat you."

Pg. 88

-Gail are you still shopping for a husband?

- I've found him.

-Marry me and I'll beat you every Saturday night.

- The man who can beat me hasn't been born.

- I'd like to try.

Elsewhen

No mentions

Lost Legacy

No mentions

Jerry Was a Man

No mentions

The Best of Robert Heinlein (A Collection of short stories all can be found in other collections)

Lifeline

The Roads Must Roll

And He Built a Crooked House

The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag

The Green Hills of Earth

The Long Watch

The Man Who Sold the Moon

All You Zombies

Between Planets (1951)

Pg. 147

"You're Don Harvey. My name's Phipps- Montgomery Phipps." He spoke as if that were sufficient explanation.

"You've grown some. Last time I saw you I walloped your britches for biting my thumb."

Don felt put off by the man's top-sergeant air. He supposed that it was some acquaintance of his parents whom he had met in the dim reaches of childhood, but he could not place him. "Did I have some reason to bite it?" he asked.

"Eh?" The man suddenly gave a barking laugh. I suppose that is a matter of opinion. But we were even: I spanked you properly." He turned to Sir Isaac. "Is Malath going to be here?"

Beyond This Horizon (1942)

Pg. 54

"I know!" He stabbed the air with a forefinger. "You are the woman Mordan picked for me!"

"That's right. Of course."

“Why, damn your impudence! What the devil do you mean by invading my privacy like this?”
“Tut!Tut!Tut! Mamma spank. Is that any way to speak to the future mother of your children?”
“Mother of my fiddlesticks! If I needed anything to convince me that I want to have nothing to with the scheme, you have given it to me. If I ever have children it won’t be by you!”

Pg 55

Heedless of her struggles he picked her up and carried her to a large chair where he seated himself with her on his lap. He pinned her legs between his knees, forced her arms behind her back until he managed to get both her wrists in one of his fists, She bit him in the process.

With her thus effectively immobilized, he settled back, holding her away from him, and looked at her face. “Now we can talk,” he said cheerily. He measured her face with his eye and slapped her once, not too hard but with plenty of sting in it. “That’s for biting. Don’t do it again.”

The Cat Who Walks Through Walls (1985)

Future Histories

Pg. 40

“Please don’t be macho, Richard. Not when we’re so busy.”
“‘Macho’ is a put down word, Gwen. Using it again calls for a spanking; use it a third time and I beat you with this here cane.

Pg. 133-134

I said, “That isn’t necessary, Gretchen. Once we’re inside this pressure and can turn out suits back to you, there’s no reason for you to wait.”

“Mr. Richard, are you yearning to have me spanked?”

“You? ‘Spanked’? Why, your father wouldn’t do that. To you?-a grown woman, almost.”

“You might tell Mama that. No, Papa wouldn’t; he hasn’t for years and years. But Mama says I’m eligible until the day I first marry.”

Pg. 136

“Oh. First we should go to Quiet Dreams tunnel and spread our bedrolls to hold our places so that we can all sleep together”- at which point I learned for the first time why Gretchen’s bedroll was so enormous: her mother’s foresight, again- “but before that we had better put your names down with Lilybet for the bus... and before that, let’s get those ice-cream cones if you’re as hungry as I am. Then, last thing before dinner, we should go see Charlie about p-suits.”

The ice-cream cones were close at hand in the same tunnel as the racks: Borodin’s Double-Dip Dandies, served by Kelly Borodin himself, who offered to sell me (in addition to lavish cones) used magazines from Earth, barely used magazines from Luna City and Tycho Under, candy, lottery tickets, horoscopes, Lumaya Pravda, the Luna City Lunatic, greeting cards (genuine Hallmark imitations), pills guaranteed to restore virility, and a sure cure for hangovers, compounded to an ancient Gypsy formula. Then he offered to roll me double or nothing for the cones. Gretchen caught my eye, and barely shook her head.

As we walked away, she said, “Kelly has two sets of dice, one for strangers, another for people he knows. But he doesn’t know that I know it. Sir, you paid for the cones...and now, if you don’t let me pay you back, I’ll get that spanking. Because Mama will ask me and I will have to tell her.”

I thought about it. “Gretchen, I have trouble believing that your mother would spank you for something I did.”

“Oh, but she would, sir!” She will say that I should have had my money out and ready. And I should have.”

“Does she spank really hard? Bare bottom?”

“Oh, my, yes! Brutal.”

“An intriguing thought. Your little bottom turning pink, while you cry.”

“I do not cry! Well, not much.”

“Richard.”

“You spoke, dear?”

“Stop it.”

“Mama *spank*.”

I accepted from Gretchen the price of the cones. I’m henpecked.

Pg. 140-141

Sometime later-an hour? Two hours? - I came awake because a warm body cuddled against me. I murmured, “Now, hon?” Then I came a bit wider awake. “Gwen?”

“It’s me, Mr. Richard. Would you *really* want to see my bottom turn all pink? And hear me cry?”

I whispered tensely, “Honey, get back over by the wall.”

“Please.”

“No, dear.”

Pg. 197

“I made Bill give it back. What he had left, I mean; he should have had three times as much. I’m afraid Bill is one of those weaklings who can’t carry money without spending it. I must figure out how to spank him for it till he learns better.”

Pg. 237

“Richard, I can’t.”

“I don’t like to beat you in public-”

“So don’t.”

“So I won’t.”

Pg. 271

“Richard-”

“Yes, dear? I wanted to ask Ezra-”

“Richard, I did something without consulting you.”

“So? Am I going to have to beat you again?”

“You may decide to.”

Pg. 279

“Gretchen went with that friend and returned the fez herself. She dropped it at lost-and-found in Old Dome just before she came to the Raffles to find us.”

“I see. But why?”

“She wants you to paddle her bottom, dear, and turn it all pink.”

“Oh, nonsense! I meant, ‘Why did her daddy let her hitchhike to L-City with this neighbor?’ She’s much too young.”

“He let her do so for the usual reason. Jinx is a big, strong, *macho* man who can’t resist the wheedling of his daughter. Forbidden to satisfy his suppressed incestuous yearnings he lets her have anything she wants if she teases him long enough.”

“That’s ridiculous. And inexcusable. A father’s duty toward his daughter requires that-”

“Richard. How many daughters do you have?”

“Eh? None. But-”

“So shut up about something you know nothing about. No matter what Jinx should have done, the fact is that Gretchen left Dry Bones about as we were having lunch. Counting time of flight, that put her at City Lock East around the time we left the Warden’s complex...and she arrived at the Raffles just seconds before we did-and a good thing, too, or you and I would be dead. I think.”

“Did she get into the fight?”

“No, but by carrying you she freed me to cover our retreat. And all because she wants you to paddle her bottom. God moves in mysterious ways, dear; for every masochist He creates a sadist; marriages are made in Heaven.”

“Wash your mouth out with soap. I am not a sadist.”

“Yes, dear. I may have some details wrong, but not the broad picture. Gretchen has proposed formally to me, asking your hand in marriage.”

Pg. 285

“No! Ingrid is not my boss...and neither are you. Grandma Hazel, when I left home I was a child and virgin and timid and I knew nothing of the world. But now I am no longer a child and I have not been a virgin for years and I am a combat veteran who cannot be frightened by anything.” She looked squarely into my eyes. “I will not use a baby to trap Richard into marriage.”

“But, Gretchen, you are not trapping me; I like babies. I want to marry you.”

“You do? Why?” She sounded sad.

Things were too solemn; we needed some skid. “Why do I want to marry you, dear? To paddle your bottom and watch it turn pink.”

Gretchen’s mouth dropped open, then she grinned and dimpled. “That’s ridiculous!”

“Is it, eh? Possible having a baby doesn’t call for a marriage in these parts, but spanking is another matter. If I spank some other man’s wife, he might get annoyed or she might or both. Chancy. Likely to get me talked about. Or worse. If I spank a single girl, she might use it to trap me when I don’t love her and don’t want to marry her but was simply spanking her *pour le sport*. Better to marry you; you’re used to it, you like it. And you have a solid bottom that can take it. A good thing, too- because I spank *hard*. Brutal.”

“Oh, pooh! Where did you get this silly notion that I like it?” (Why are your areolae so crinkled, dear?) “Hazel, does he really spank hard?”

“I don’t know, dear. I would break his arm and he knows it.”

“See what I’m up against, Gretchen? No innocent little pleasures; I’m underprivileged. Unless you marry me.”

“But I-” Gretchen suddenly stood up, almost swamping the float table, turning away and swarmed out of the pool, started running south, out of the garden court.

Pg. 286

“Me? Woman, you’re out of your mind. I just want to get her into a helpless situation so that I can paddle her bottom whenever I like and make it turn pink. Hard. Brutal.” I threw out my chest, tried to look *macho*- not too convincingly; I was going to have to do something about that paunch.

Pg. 287

“Later, Richard. After you’ve had time to polish it. Richard tells excellent bedtime stories.”

“When I’m not paddling, that is. Xia, does your bottom turn pink?”

Pg. 308

“Richard,” Hilda went on, “despite what you heard me say, I don’t think badly of Lazarus. I have borne one child by him...and I go that far only with men I respect. But Lazarus does have his little ways; it is necessary to spank him from time to time. Nevertheless I love him.”

Pg. 351

She accepted it, dabbed at her eyes. “Brute. Aunt Til, you should have spanked him oftener.”

“Wrong aunt, dear. That was Aunt Abigail, now gone to her reward.”

Aunt Abby was brutal,” I commented. “Used a peach switch on me. And enjoyed it.”

“She should have used a club.”

Pg. 358

So why did I stand up?" (Because Aunt Abby had stripped my calves for any failure whatever in politeness to my elders?)

Pg. 375

"I'll fetch soup and more of your picnic. Forty-five minutes until you nap; that's official. Til says so."

"Remind me to beat you."

"Yes, dear. But not today; you're exhausted."

Pg. 381

"So Abby was your mother in every way but biology."

"Uncle, Aunt Abby was the best mother a boy could want. Look, those peach switching were good for me. I know it.

Citizen of the Galaxy (1957)

Pg. 58

"Don't be giving me orders in my own bedroom. Overgrown and unspanked you are, if I knew that old scamp you lived with.

Pg. 110

As they stepped clear of the hoist a baby Losian came streaking up, circled and sniffed their legs. Captain Krausa let the little thing investigate him, then said mildly, "That's enough," and gently pushed it away. Its mother whistled it back, picked it up and spanked it.

The Day After Tomorrow (1941) (Originally published as Sixth Column)

No references.

Door Into Summer (1956 originally, 2003 Hardcover reprint)

No references

Double Star (1956)

Pg. 20

Then he would take off his belt and stimulate my brain. Father was a practical psychologist and believed that warming the glutei maximi with a strap drew excess blood away from a boy's brain.

Pg. 61

"I am honored to meet you mademoiselle."

"I wish I could say the same!"

"Stow it, Penny, or I'll spank your round fanny - at two gravities."

Expanded Universe (1980- A collection of short stories and essays from earlier days)

Life-Line No references

Successful Operation No references

Blowups Happen No references

Solution Unsatisfactory No references

The Last Days of the United States No references

How to be a Survivor No references

Pie from the Sky No references

They do it With Mirrors

Pg. 186

Hazel looked at her as she walked away. “I’d paddle that chippie’s pants,” she muttered, “if she wore any.”

Free Men No references

No Bands Playing, No Flags Flying No references

A Bathroom of Her Own No references

On the Slopes of Vesuvius No references

Nothing Ever Happens on the Moon No references

Pandora’s Box No references

Where To? No references

Cliff and the Calories No references

Ray Guns and Rocket Ships No references

The Third Millennium Opens No references

Who are the Heirs of Patrick Henry? No references

“Pravda” Means Truth No references

Inside Intourist No references

Searchlight No references

The Pragmatics of Patriotism No references

Paul Dirac, Antimatter and You No references

Larger Than Life No references

Spinoff No references

The Happy Days Ahead No references

Farmer in the Sky (1950)

Pg. 61

“Dad considered it and said, “Mmm...no, he’s a constitutional monarch. But he’s a monarch all right.”

“You mean we have to bow down to him and say ‘Your Majesty’?” Peggy wanted to know.

Molly said, “I don’t think that would be advisable, Peg.”

“Why not? I think it would be fun.”

Molly smiled, “Well, let me know how you make out. I suspect he will just turn you over his knee and paddle you.”

“Oh, he wouldn’t dare! I’d scream.”

I wasn’t so sure. I remembered those four hundred million miles of dirty dishes. I decided that if the Captain said ‘frog’ I’d hop.

Farnham’s Freehold (1964)

There are quite a few mentions of whips, or being whipped in this book which I haven’t included because they don’t fit the standard definition. The whip in question resembles a crop, but is electrified. The slaves are not ‘whipped’ they are touched at any random spot and then collapse in agony as the shock sets off their nerve endings. The whips come in two modes one with a stun setting and one with a kill setting apparently.

Pg. 66

“Don’t get fancy. You enjoy bullying mother and you enjoyed spanking me as a kid...until mother put her foot down and made you stop.”

Pg. 79

“Just a second. Folks, meet the Rationing Officer. Take a bow, Duke.” Hugh explained the austerity program. “Duke will work it out but that’s the idea. For example, I noticed a bent nail on the ground in the powder room. That calls for being spread-eagled and flogged.”

Pg. 119

“It doesn’t matter that she is my daughter. It would apply if it were Barbara, or you, or another woman. No more heavy work for Karen. That laundry she did today- you’ll do that; you’ve loafed long enough. You’ll pamper her. But most urgent, there will be no more scolding, no harsh words, no recriminations. You will be sweet and kind and gentle with her. Don’t fail in this, Grace. Or I will punish you.”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

“I hope I won’t be forced to.” Hugh faced his son. “Duke. Do I have your backing? Speak up.”

“What do you mean by ‘punishment,’ Dad?”

“Whatever we are forced to use. Words. Social sanctions. Physical punishment if we must. Even expulsion from our group if no other choice remained.”

For Us, The Living (first novel unpublished until 2004)

Pg. 109 (way down near the bottom)

When he had finished, she scrubbed away at his back, then stepped away and snapped him with her towel.

“Ouch!” He rubbed the spot ruefully. “Was that nice?”

She grinned impishly. “No, but it was fun.”

“You ought to be paddled for that.”

“You’ll have to catch me first.” She was off down the beach, hair flying, legs flashing. He took off after her and ran her down. He grabbed her from behind, she struggled, and they fell down together, a laughing disorderly heap. He tussled with her and tried to turn her over into a favorable position for smacking, but she was lithe as an otter and nearly as slippery. Their contortions brought their faces close to each other. He bent his head down and kissed her on the lips.

Friday (1982)

Pg.66

“Stop joking. Stop this instant! Or. So help me, when I get you home I’ll paddle you. Marjorie, I’ve never laid an ungentle hand on you- on any of my wives. But you are earning a spanking.”

Pg. 91

“Now...are you going to stay? Or am I going to have to hide your clothes and beat you?”

“I don’t want to be beaten.”

“Too bad, I was looking forward to it.”

Pg. 355

As a youngster she was no meaner than any of the others and the usual moderate ration of spankings was enough to straighten her out. I think she is quite a nice person, which pleases me as she is the only child of my body even though she is no relation to me.

Glory Road (1963)

Pg. 112(last paragraph)-113

“Hold your tongue, you bad-tempered brat! You have not earned the right to speak to me that way. Nor will any girl ever have the right. You will always-*always!*-address me politely and with respect. One more word of your nasty rudeness and I’ll spank you until the tears fly.”

“You wouldn’t *dare!*”

“Get your hand away from that sword or I’ll take it away from you, down your pants right here on the road, and spank you with it. Till your arse is red and you beg for mercy. Star, I do not fight with females- but I do punish naughty children. Ladies I treat as ladies. Spoiled brats I treat as spoiled brats. Star, you could be the Queen of England and the Galactic Overlord all rolled into one- but ONE MORE WORD out of line from you, and down come your tights and you won’t be able to sit for a week. Understand me?”

At last she said in a small voice, “I understand, milord.”

Pg. 140

“No, milord,” she said firmly, “if wife I am to be, I shall be a good wife and not permit you to skip meals.”

“Henpecking already. I think I’ll beat you

“As you will milord. But you must eat, you are going to need your strength-“

“I certainly will!”

“-for fighting.”

Pg. 149

“Are you honing for a kick in the belly?” she added, “American!”

“Wife...would you kick me in the belly?”

She was slow in answering and her voice was very low. “No, milord husband. Never.”

“I’m pleased to hear it. But if you did, what would happen?”

“You-you would spank me. With my own sword. But not with your sword. Please, never with *your* sword...my husband.”

“Not with your sword, either. With my hand. Hard. First I would spank you. And then-“

“And then what?”

I told her. “But don’t give me cause.”

Pg. 242

“Go fetch your sword, wench. That paddling is long overdue.”

Suddenly she grinned, all hoyden. “But darling, my sword is in Karth-Hokesh. Don’t you remember?”

“You can’t avoid it this time!” I grabbed her. Star is a handful and slippery, with amazing muscles. But I’m bigger and she didn’t fight as hard as she could have. Still I lost skin and picked up bruises before I got her legs pinned and one arm twisted behind her. I gave her a couple of hearty spanks, hard enough to print each finger in pink, then lost interest.

(Skip to bottom of page then carries over to 243)

“I’d rather be kept on bad behavior. But- while you’re feeling mellow- if you are- I had best tell you another thing- and take my spanking if I must.

“You’re too anxious. One a day is maximum, hear me?”

“As you will, sir. Yassuh, Boss man. I’ll have my sword fetched in the morning and you can spank me with it at your leisure. If you think you can catch me. But I must tell this and get it off my chest.”

Pg. 244

She sighed with relief. “I didn’t know and should not have slipped it into your coffee. Do I rate a spanking?”

“We’ll add it to the list you already rate and give them to you all at once. Probably cripple you. Star, how long is ‘Long-Life’?”

Pg. 250

“Yes, Oscar. Okay!”

“Better. Unless you’re honing for another spanking. And I’m too tired.

Pg. 259

A dancing girl (evidently a secretary) was fussing over papers and tapes. Rufo slapped her fanny out, gave me a comfortable chair, a drink, put cigarettes near me, sat down and said nothing.

Green Hills of Earth (1951) short story collection
All stories published in other editions.

Have Space Suit Will Travel (copyright 1958)

Pg. 65

The pairings in this scene are a boy who is about 17 and a girl who is about 11. The girl, Peewee, is a certified genius.

“*What?* Then you thought you had bamboozled their lock hours and hours ago- and you didn’t tell *me?*”

“That is correct.”

“Why, I ought to spank you!”

“I don’t advise it,” she said frostily. “I bite.”

I believed her. And scratch. And other things. None of them pleasant. I changed the subject.

Pg. 210

In this scene (continued on page 211) the boy, Kip, and the girl, Peewee are talking to a man from ancient Rome.

“What is that barbarian grunting?” the Roman said pleasantly. “Talk language, boy. Or will you have ten with the flat of the sword?”

Pg. 211

Peewee clouded up. “I understood that!” she said fiercely. “Come out here and fight!”

“Try it in Latin,” I advised her. “If he understands you, he’ll probably spank you.”

She looked uneasy. “You wouldn’t let him?”

“You know I wouldn’t.”

I Will Fear No Evil (1970)

Pg. 52

Figleaf so that his mind can lie to itself- “No, no, mustn’t touch; Mama spank’-then I paint you like sex crime looking for spot marked ‘X.’”

Pg. 241

He stepped to the wall and squeezed down the intercom to zero, then said gently, “Get dressed, dear.”

“I won’t! If we leave now, you’ll have to stuff me into the car bare naked.”

He sighed and picked her up; she stopped crying and looked suddenly happy.

The expression did not last. He turned her in his arms as he sat down on a straight chair, got a firm grip on her, and walloped her right buttock. She yelped. And struggled.

He got her more firmly, placing his right leg over both of hers, and applied his hand smartly to her left cheek. Then he alternated sides, stopping with ten. He set her on her feet and said, “Get dressed, dear. Quickly.”

She stopped rubbing the punished area. “Yes, Jake.”

Neither said another word until he had handed her into the car, climbed in after her, and they had been locked in.

Then she said timidly, “Jake? Will you hold me?”

“Certainly, darling.”

“May I take my robe off, please? Will you take it off me?”

With the robe out of the way she sighed and snuggled in. After a bit she whispered, “Jake darling? Why did you spank me?”

It was his turn to sigh. “You were being difficult... and it is the only thing I know of which will do a woman good when a man can’t do for her what she needs. And right then- I couldn’t.”

“I see. I think I do.”

She remained quiet for a while, enjoying his arms around her and breathing against his chest. Then she said, “Dear? Did you ever spank Eunice?”

“Once.”

“For the same reason?”

“Not quite. Well, somewhat. She teased me into it.” (I tickled him, dear. And got the surprise of my life.)

“Then I’m glad you spanked me, too. But I’ll try not to tease you- though I’ll never be the angel she was.” (Fallen angel, Boss. And enjoyed it all, clear down to the Pit.)

“Jake?”

“Yes, Eunice?”

“I didn’t really mind being spanked by you. Even when I was crying. But- Well, I’m padded now- Built to take a spanking. And when you are spanking me, you aren’t ignoring me- and any attention is better than none. And besides-” She hesitated.

“Besides what, Eunice?”

“Well, I don’t know- but I think it happened.”

“What happened?”

“Female orgasm. Well, maybe. I don’t know what one is supposed to feel like. But while I was crying and hurting; you have a heavy hand, sir- suddenly I felt very warm inside and something seemed to grow and explode- that’s the best I can describe it. And I was ecstatically happy and didn’t mind the last few wallops, hardly noticed them. Was that a female orgasm?”

“How would *I* know, dearest? Perhaps you’ll be able to tell *me*. Later.”

“Later tonight?”

“Uh, I think not, Eunice. It’s late and we have had nothing to eat and I’m tired even if you aren’t-”

“I am, rather. But happy.”

“So tonight we’ll rest. When it does happen-and I’m no longer fighting it- let’s make the first time absolutely private and quiet. No phones and no servants and no distractions. After that-well, it might be target-of-opportunity. But I’m not a kid. You know what I mean, darling; you’ve been old, too.”

“Yes, dearest, much older than you are. Eunice can wait. Jake? What was this teasing Eunice did that was so bad it got her spanked?”

He suddenly grinned. “The little imp tickled me until I nearly went out of my mind. So I spanked her. But we were alone and that ended satisfactorily. Quite.”

“How?”

“How do you think? I excelled my usual mediocre performance, and Eunice- there aren’t words for it, but she excelled her utter perfection, impossible as that sounds.” (He darn near split me like a melon, twin- and I *wanted* him to!”

“So? Someday I will tickle you- and get spanked for it. So take your vitamins, dear. Jake, you enjoyed spanking me. Didn’t you?”

He was silent several moments. “I enjoyed it so much that I spanked you neither as hard nor as long as I wanted to. And I started feeling ‘young’ as you put it- but knew that, if I didn’t get you out of the house right then, you probably wouldn’t leave at all. And I don’t care to advertise to the servants.”

“You had better marry me. So we can ignore the servants.”

“You had better shut up. You’re still learning to be a girl, and I’m still learning how to handle you. You’re Eunice- but you aren’t Eunice. And we must clear legal matters before we talk about such things.”

“Old mean. Girl beater. Sadist. Hold me *tight*.”

Pg. 262

(Not the Whim-Wham-Thankee-Ma'am you managed with him. And all it got me was a spanking. I do hope he comes home tonight.)

Pg. 266

(Are you telling me I must not think? If I could reach you, I'd spank you.)

Pg. 381

Fred kissed her quickly, nervously. Dabrowski did not kiss her; instead he held his mouth to hers and said almost soundlessly, "Eunice, you be good to him. Or damn, I'll spank you."

"Yes, Anton. Let me go."

Pg 432

"I accept! But –well, it's hardly worthwhile opening those packages. They'll be disappointments."

"Would you like a spanking?"

"Yes."

"I'm too tired. Let's open the packages."

Pg. 436

"I love you, sir. But I will not marry you."

"I ought to spank you."

I don't think it would do me any damage darling. But I don't think you could bring yourself to strike a pregnant woman." (Now kick him in the other shin, Boss. You little hellcat.) (Eunice stay out of this row. I'm not only a woman scorned; I'm also old Johann Smith who never could be pushed too far. Jake can have us anytime, sure. But I'm damned if I'll let him be 'noble' about it when I'm knocked up.) (Boss, aren't we *ever* gonna marry him? This is a mistake, dear; he needs us.) (And we need him, Eunice. Sure, we'll marry him- after we've whelped. *After.*) (Boss, you're making a big mistake.) (If so, I'm making it. I never make little mistakes- just big ones.)

"I didn't say I was going to spank you, Eunice- I said I 'ought' to. What happened? I distinctly remember you telling me that you had taken care of contraception."

Pg. 464

"Beloved, the day I'm jealous of a little girl I want you to beat me. Not spank me. Beat some sense into me, woodshed style."

Job: A Comedy of Justice (1984)

Pg. 134

"Wash out your mouth for talking about divorce. Ask my pardon for daring to think that I would ever divorce you under any circumstances whatever. If you are ever naughty enough, I may beat you. But I would never put you away."

Pg. 245

"Food we do have, dear man. I have an Oh Henry in my tote."

I stopped abruptly. "Woman if you are joking, I'm going to beat you."

"I'm not joking."

"In Texas it is legal to correct a wife with a stick not thicker than one's thumb." I held up my thumb. "Do you see one about this size?"

"I'll find one."

Pg. 273

“Hi Daddy. Kiss kiss.”

“In a pig’s eye. When was the last time I spanked you?”

“My ninth birthday. When I set fire to Aunt Minnie. What did I do now?”

Pg. 275

Katie Farnsworth said conversationally, “Gerald keeps trying to dominate his daughter. Hopelessly of course. He should take her to bed and discharge his incestuous yearnings. But they are both too prissy for that.”

”Woman remind me to beat you.”

“Yes dearest. You wouldn’t have to force her.”

The Man Who Sold the Moon (1951)

Collection of short stories includes:

Let There Be Light

The Roads Must Roll

The Man Who Sold the Moon

Requiem

Life-Line

Blowups Happen

No references in any of them

The Menace From Earth (1959)

Short stories- No references in any of them

[The Year of the Jackpot](#)

[By his Bootstraps](#)

[Columbus Was a Dope](#)

[The Menace From Earth](#)

[Sky Lift](#)

[Goldfish Bowl](#)

[Project Nightmare](#)

[Water is for Washing](#)

Methuselah’s Children

(Howard Family) 1958

None

The Moon is a Harsh Mistress (1966)

There were a few of Heinlein’s favorite phrase “Mama spank” in here but I haven’t listed them separately as they are not really spanking related.

Pg. 261 (bottom of the page)

This we noted and asked them how many multimillion-dollar ships they cared to use up trying it? What was it worth to try to spank us for something we had not done?

The Notebooks of Lazarus Long (a collection of Quotes from Time Enough For Love)

No references

The Number of the Beast (1980)

Pg. 49

“I’ll try,” Zebbie agreed. “But Sharpie, don’t chatter and keep your comments to the point. Or I’ll ask Pop to give you a fat lip.”

“He wouldn’t dast!”

“So? I’m going to give him a horsewhip for a wedding present-besides the Weird Tales, Jake: you get those too. But you need a whip. Attention, Sharpie.”

“Yes, Zebbie. And the same to you doubled.”

“Do you know what ‘precess’ means?”

“Certainly. Precession of the equinoxes. Means that Vega will be the North Star when I’m a great-grandmother. Thirty thousand years or some such.”

“Correct in essence. But you’re not even a mother yet.”

“You don’t know what happened last night. I’m an expectant mother. Jacob doesn’t dare use a whip on me.”

Pg. 58

“At any orgy, my wife will pick the guests and send the invitations.”

“Thank you, sir. I’ll wait until you seem bored, then look over the crop and pick out a choice selection for you. Assorted flavors and colors.”

“My Princess, I will not spank a pregnant woman. But I can think about it.”

Pg. 125

But the victims really are sick and somewhat out of their heads. So I held her mouth closed and whispered into her ear. “Chew it, Aunty darling, and swallow it, or I’m going to spank you with a club.”

Shortly I could feel her chewing. After several minutes she relaxed. I asked her, “Is it safe for me to ungag you?”

She nodded. I took my hand away. She smiled wanly and patted my hand. “Thanks Deety.” She added, “You wouldn’t really bear Aunt Sharpie.”

“I sure would, darling. I’d cry and cry and wallop you and wallop you. I’m glad I don’t have to.”

Pg. 299

“Quite right, Bertie. You now have the opportunity to persuade me to support you in your crisis. Your King-Emperor is not our prince; we place no faith in princes. We have no reason to love Russians but we spanked the only one who gave us trouble. IN what way is the British colony superior to the Russian one?”

Pg. 419

[Zeb thinking about Hilda] (If it were not for upsetting Jake, I would paddle that pert little arse.)

Pg. 422

[Lazarus about his twin sisters/daughters/wives] Laz and Lor were outwitting their elders by the time they were six, a process I encouraged by walloping them whenever I caught them. They learned.

Pg. 424

“Thank you, Zebbie. I’m safe. I was safe when he was armed but he was being insolent so I spanked him.”

Pg. 465

“None that I know of, Woodrow. Not me, certainly. You were a little hellion; I should have spanked you *much* oftener than I did.”

Orphans of the Sky (1963)

No references

The Past Through Tomorrow (1967)

Compilation of the future histories stories

Life-Line	No References
The Roads Must Roll	No References
Blowups Happen	No References
The Man Who Sold the Moon	No References
Delilah and the Space Rigger	No References
Space Jockey	No References
Requiem	No References
The Long Watch	No References
Gentlemen, Be Seated	No References
The Black Pits of Luna	No References
“It’s Great to Be Back”	No References
“-We Also Walk Dogs”	No References
Searchlight	No References
Ordeal in Space	No References
The Green Hills of Earth	No References
Logic of Empire	
The Menace from Earth	No References
“If This Goes On-”	

Pg. 547 (of whole book) Pg. 97 (of story)

“Pooh!” said Miriam. “I dove last time I was here.”

“You weren’t with me, that’s sure. No diving-or I’ll warm your pants where they are tightest.”

“All right, Colonel Crosspatch. Come on, Mag.”

Coventry	No References
Misfit	No References
Methuselah’s Children (listed separately as a novel)	No References

Podkayne of Mars (1993 trade-paperback version with both endings. Heinlein’s original and the one originally published.)

Pg. 7-8

Daddy would have walloped him properly. Daddy, although a historian, is devoted to the latest progressive theories of child psychology and applies them by canalizing the cortex through pain association whenever he really wants to ensure that a lesson will not be forgotten. As he puts it so neatly: “Spare the rod and spoil the child.”

I canalize most readily and learned very early indeed how to predict and avoid incidents which would result in Daddy’s applying his theories and his hand. But in Clark’s case it is almost necessary to use a club simply to gain his divided attention.

Pg. 89

I should have known. The Captain hesitated a split second as he started down the hatch and snapped, “Come along, Miss Fries.” I came. He *always* calls me “Poddy”- and his voice had spank in it.

Pg. 138

There have been times in the past when Clark has lent me money against my allowance- and charged me exactly 100 percent interest come allowance day. Till daddy caught on and spanked us both.

Pg.154

Uncle was just sitting, looking like Prometheus enduring the eagles. I put my hand in his and said, “Uncle Tom? I wish you would spank me.”

“Eh?” He shook his head and seemed to see me. “Flicka! Why?”

“Because it’s my fault.”

Pg. 204

“Nothing to it. Just point it at ‘em and press the button. Better use both hands. And don’t shoot unless you really need to.”

“All right.”

I smacked her behind. “Now get going. See you later.”

The Puppet Masters (1979)

Pg. 50

“Nurse,” he said, “get this man a pair of shorts. I’m restoring him to duty.”

Doris faced up to him like a banty hen. “You may be the big boss, but you can’t give orders here. The doctor will..”

“Stow it!” he said. “And get those drawers.”

“but...”

He picked her up, swung her around, paddled her behind, and said, “Get!”

Pg. 135

He went into the operator’s compartment, closed the panel, and got busy at the communicator. I turned to Mary. She snuggled up and said, “Howdy Bud.”

I grabbed her. “Don’t give me that ‘Bud’ stuff or somebody’s going to get a paddling.”

Red Planet (1949)

Pg. 53

“You’ll what?” He paused. “Your precious pet won’t be hurt. Now get back in that bed before I thrash you.” He turned again and left without stopping to see whether or not his order had been carried out.

Rocket Ship Galileo (1947)

None

The Rolling Stones (1952)

Future Histories

Pg. 28

“What’s wrong with my age? I used to paddle you twice a week and I can still do it.”

Pg. 232-233

“Of course not. Pipe down, Lowell! I’ll have us home in three-quarters of an hour and Lowell can have his nap or his spanking on time, as the case may be.”

Pg. 237

“That’s better,” approved Hazel. “Want to play a game of chess?”

“No.”

“Sissy. You’re afraid I’ll beat you. I’ll beat you three spanks and a knuckle rub.”

Lowell considered this. “I get the white men?”

“Take ‘em. I’ll beat you anyhow.”

Pg. 248-249

“Enough.” He reached for his waist; the twins noticed that he was wearing an old-fashioned piece of apparel- a leather belt. He took it off. “This belonged to your grandfather- who in turn left it to me. I don’t know how far back it goes- but you might say that the Stone family was founded on it.” He doubled it and tried it on the palm of his hand. “All of us, all the way back, have very tender memories of it. Very tender. Except you two.” He again whacked his palm with it.

Caster said, “You mean you’re going to beat us with that?”

“Have you any reason to offer why I shouldn’t?”

Castor looked at Pollux, sighed and moved forward. “I’ll go first, I’m the older.”

Roger moved to a drawer, put the belt inside. “I should have used it ten years ago.” He closed the drawer. “It’s too late, now.”

“Aren’t you going to do it?”

“I never said I was going to. No.”

The twins swapped glances. Castor went on, “Dad - Captain. We’d rather you did.”

Pollux added quickly, “Much rather.”

“I know you would. That way you’d be through with it. But instead you’re going to have to live with it. That’s the way adults have to do it.”

“But Dad -”

“Go to your quarters, sir.”

Sixth Column (1941) (see The Day After Tomorrow)

No references

6XH (Short story collection)

The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag

The Man Who Traveled In Elephants

All You Zombies

They

Our Fair City

And He Built A Crooked House

No References

Space Cadet (1948)

Pg. 111

“It’s like trying to keep order in a nursery with a loaded gun instead of a switch.”

The Star Beast (1954)

Pg. 250

He sighed deeply. “You have me there. All I can say is that there are situations which I am forced to accept, knowing them to be wrong, and others that I need not accept. If you were my own daughter I would paddle you. No.”

She grinned at him. “I’ll bet I outweigh you.”

Starman Jones (1953)

Pg.17

Montgomery’s face became coldly malignant. “Now you’ve gone too far. I’m afraid you’ve earned a taste of the

strap.” His fingers started unbuckling his heavy belt.

Max took a step backward. Montgomery got the belt loose and took a step forward. Nellie squealed, “Monty! Please!”

“Keep out of this Nellie.” To Max he said, “We might as well get it settled once and for all who is boss around here. Apologize!”

Max did not answer. Montgomery repeated, “Apologize and we’ll say no more about it.” He twitched the belt like a cat lashing its tail. Max took another step back; Montgomery took another step forward and grabbed at him.

Starship Troopers (1959)

Pg. 52

“Did your school have a course in History and Moral Philosophy?”

“What? Sure-yes, sir.”

“Then you’ve heard the answer. But I’ll give you my own-unofficial-views on it. If you wanted to teach a baby a lesson, would you cut its head off?”

“Why...no, sir!”

“Of course not. You’d paddle it. There can be circumstances when it’s just as foolish to hit an enemy city with and H-bomb as it would be to spank a baby with an ax.”

Pg. 62

“The court sentences you,” he went on, while I felt sick, “to ten lashes and a Bad Conduct Discharge.”

Pg. 63

I had never seen a flogging. Back home, while they do it in public of course, they do it in back of the Federal Building- and father had given me strict orders to stay away from there. I tried disobeying him on it once...but it was postponed and I never tried to see one again.

Once is too many.

The guards lifted his arms and hooked the manacles over a big hook high up on the post. Then they took his shirt off and it turned out it was fixed so that it could come off and he didn’t have an undershirt. The adjutant said crisply, “Carry out the sentence of the court.”

A corporal-instructor from some other battalion stepped forward with the whip. The sergeant of the Guard made the count.

It’s a slow count, five seconds between each one and it seems like much longer. Ted didn’t let out a peep until the third, then he sobbed.

Pg. 64

I had been marked “Duty,” and I had that letter from my mother preying on my mind, and every time I closed my eyes I would hear that **crack!** And see Ted slump against the whipping post.

Pg. 86

Major Mallow said, “Then we’ll try administrative punishment,” turned to me and said: “five lashes.”

Pg. 86 (farther down)

The order read: “-in simulated combat, gross negligence which would in action have caused the death of a teammate.” Then they peeled off my shirt and strung me up.

Now here is a very odd thing: a flogging isn’t as hard to take as it is to watch. I don’t mean it’s a picnic. It hurts worse than anything else I’ve ever had happen to me, and the waits between strokes are worse than the strokes themselves. But the mouthpiece did help and the only yelp I let out never got past it.

Here’s the second off thing: Nobody even mentioned it to me, not even the other boots. So far as I could see, Zim and the instructors treated me exactly the same afterwards as they had before. From the instant the doctor painted the marks and told me to go back to duty it was all done with, completely.

Pg. 87

There were other floggings but darn few. Hendrick was the only man in our regiment to be flogged by sentence of court-martial; the others were administrative punishment like mine, and for lashes it was necessary to go all the way up to the Regimental Commander-which a subordinate commander finds distasteful, to put it faintly. Even then, Major Malloy was much more likely to kick the man out, "Undesirable Discharge," than to have the whipping post erected. In a way, administrative flogging is the mildest sort of compliment; it means that your superiors think that there is a faint possibility that you just might have the character eventually to make a soldier and a citizen, unlikely as it seems at the moment.

I was the only one to get the maximum administrative punishment; none of the others got more than three lashes. Nobody else came as close as I did to putting on civilian clothes but still squeaked by. This is a social distinction of sorts. I don't recommend it.

Pg. 92

"These children were often caught; police arrested batches each day. Were they scolded? Yes, often scathingly. Were their noses rubbed in it? Rarely. News organs and officials usually kept their names secret-in many places the law so required for criminals under eighteen. Were they spanked? Indeed not! Many had never been spanked even as small children; there was a widespread belief that spanking, or any other punishment involving pain, did a child permanent psychic damage."

(I had reflected that my father must never have heard of that theory)

"Corporal punishment in schools was forbidden by law," he had gone on. "Flogging was lawful as sentence of court only in one small province, Delaware, and there only for a few crimes and was rarely invoked; it was regarded as 'cruel and unusual punishment.'" Dubois had mused aloud, "I do not understand objections to 'cruel and unusual' punishment. While a judge should be benevolent in purpose, his awards should cause the criminal to suffer, else there is no punishment- and pain is the basic mechanism built into us by millions of years of evolution which safeguards our survival. Why should society refuse to use such a highly perfected survival mechanism? However, that period was loaded with pre-scientific pseudo-psychological nonsense.

"As for 'unusual,' punishment must be unusual or it serves no purpose." He then pointed his stump at another boy. "What would happen if a puppy were spanked every hour?"

"Uh...it would probably drive him crazy!"

"Probably. It certainly will not teach him anything. How long has it been since the principal of the school last had to switch a pupil?"

"Uh, I'm not sure. About two years. The kid that swiped--"

"Never mind. Long enough. It means that such punishment is so unusual as to be significant, to deter, to instruct. Back to these young criminals- They probably were not spanked as babies; they certainly were not flogged for their crimes. The usual sequence was: for first time offense, a warning-a scolding, often without trial. After several offenses a sentence of confinement but with sentence suspended and the youngster placed on probation. A boy might be arrested many times and convicted several times before he was punished- and then it would be merely confinement, with others like him from whom he learned still more criminal habits. If he kept out of major trouble while confined, he could usually evade most of even that mild punishment, be given probation- 'paroled' in the jargon of the time.

"This incredible sequence could go on for years while his crimes increased in frequency and viciousness, with no punishment whatever save for rare dull-but-comfortable confinements. Then suddenly, usually by law on his eighteenth birthday, this so-called 'juvenile delinquent' becomes an adult criminal-and sometimes wound up in only weeks or months in a death cell awaiting execution for murder. You--"

He had singled me out again. "Suppose you merely scolded your puppy, never punished him, let him go on making messes in the house...and occasionally locked him up in an outbuilding but soon let him back into the house with a warning not to do it again. Then one day you notice that he is now a grown dog and still not housebroken-whereupon you whip out a gun and shoot him dead. Comment, please?"

"Why...that's the craziest way to raise a dog I ever heard of!"

"I agree, or a child. Whose fault would it be?"

“Uh...why, mine, I guess.

“Again I agreed. But I’m not guessing.”

“Mr. Dubois,” a girl blurted out, “but why? Why didn’t they spank little kids when they needed it and use a dose of the strap on any older ones who deserved it-the sort of lesson they wouldn’t forget! I mean ones who did things really bad. Why not?”

“I don’t know,” he had answered grimly, “except that the time-tested method of instilling social virtue and respect for law in the minds of the young did not appeal to a pre-scientific pseudo-professional class who called themselves ‘social workers’ or sometimes ‘child psychologists.’ It was too simple for them, apparently, since anybody could do it, using only the patience and firmness needed in training a puppy. I have sometimes wondered if they cherished a vested interest in disorder-but that is unlikely; adults almost always act from the conscious ‘highest motives’ no matter what their behavior.”

“But-good heavens!” the girl answered. “I didn’t like being spanked any more than any kid does, but when I needed it, my mama delivered. The only time I ever got a switching in school I got another one when I got home- and that was years and years ago. I don’t ever expect to be hauled up in front of a judge and sentenced to a flogging; you behave yourself and such things don’t happen. I don’t see anything wrong with our system; it’s a lot better than not being able to walk outdoors for fear of your life-why, that’s horrible!”

Stranger In A Strange Land (Original uncut version printed in 1991- Trade Paperback)

Pg. 54

The notion that she, Jill Boardman, who had never experienced anything worse than a spanking as a child and an occasional harsh word as an adult, could be in physical danger was almost impossible for her to believe.

Pg. 195

She added, “I think I’ll have hysterics now.”

Harshaw grinned. “You do and I’ll spank you. All right, put Dorcas down for a bonus for ‘extra hazardous duty.’

Pg. 248

Miriam said out of the corner of her mouth: “Boss-did you sprain your back doing hand stands before last?”
“Quiet, girl, or I’ll paddle you.”

Pg. 257

“... and the first rule we passes- unanimously, I should add- was that henceforth we would always call our mothers, ‘Crosspatch.’ Silly, of course...but we were very young. Mr. Kung, can you deduce the outcome of that ‘rule’?”

“I won’t guess, Dr. Harshaw.”

“I tried to implement our “Crosspatch’ decision just once. Once was enough and it saved my chum from making the same mistake. All it got *me* was my young bottom warmed with a peach switch. And that was the end of the ‘Crosspatch’ decision.”

Pg 258

“I underestimated my Mother’s power to punish a small boy’s impudence. That lesson was cheap, a bargain. But this planet cannot afford such a lesson on a planetary scaled. Before we attempt to parcel out lands which do not belong to us, it behooves us to be very sure what peach switches are hanging in the Martian kitchen.

Pg. 461

“Jubal, sometimes I wish you were small enough to spank. May I finish what I was saying?”

Pg. 495

“Jill told me, that if you argued, I was to cry. Shall I get my tears all over your chest? And share water with you

that way?"

"I'm going to spank Jill!"

"Yes, Jubal. I'm starting to cry."

Pg. 498

"There are ways. Want to make a small bet?"

"You go on heckling me and you'll find you're not too big to spank. How've you been girl?"

Three by Heinlein (1951 includes *Puppet Masters*, *Waldo*, *Magic Inc.*)

References noted under those books.

Time Enough for Love (1973)

Future Histories

Pg. 59

But no matter how carefully a plebe tried to meet impossible standards, about once a week some first classman would decide that he needed punishment- arbitrary punishment without trial. This could run from mild, such as exercises repeated to physical collapse- which David disliked as they reminded him of "honest work" -up to paddling on the buttocks. This may strike you as nothing much, Ira, but I'm not speaking of paddling children sometimes receive. These beatings were delivered with the flat of a sword or with a worn-out broom that amounted to a long, heavy club. Three blows delivered by a grown man in perfect health would leave the victim's bottom a mass of purple bruises and blood blisters, accompanied by excruciating pain.

Pg. 92

[Lazarus to Dora his Sentient Spaceship]"You can stay awake and bore yourself silly any way you choose. But if you whomp up some fake emergency to get my attention, I'll spank you."

"But, Boss, you know I *never* do that."

"I know you *do* do that, little imp. But if you bother me for anything less than somebody trying to break into you or you catching on fire, you'll regret it. If I can figure out that you've set yourself on fire, you'll catch it twice as hard.

Pg. 134

Lazarus answered, "Granddaughter, if I weren't so old and tired, I would spank you."

Pg. 210

I agreed and added that apparently they had gone out of their silly minds while I wasn't watching. "I have here a bunch of silly nonsense from a lawyer, along with a ridiculous draft. If I could reach you, dear, I would paddle you. Better let me talk to Joe."

Pg. 222-223

[Lazarus to another sentient computer]"Humph! Meaning that human concepts of moral responsibility are not machine concepts. Dear, I wish you were a human girl with a spankable bottom long enough for me to spank it- I would!"

Pg. 316

"They'll behave." I was sure they would. Dora and I had the same ideas about raising kids. Praise them, never scream at them, punish as necessary and right now- never a moment's delay- then it's over with and forget it. Be as lavish with affection after a spanking as any other time- or a bit extra. Spanking they had to have (Dora usually used a switch) because, without exception over the centuries, my kids have been hell-raisers who would take advantage of the sweetness-and-light routine.

Pg. 329

I finally removed that one and several plates that followed it, those showing normal delivery, and posted them, to save wear and tear on my books- then announced that they could look at those pictures all they wanted to, but to touch one was a spanking offense- then was forced to spank Iseult to keep justice even, which hurt her old father more than it did her baby bottom even though she saved my face by applauding my gentle paddling with loud screams and tears.

Pg. 360

[Lazarus to yet another sentient computer] “Teena, if I could reach through that string of wires, I’d spank you,” Lazarus added.

Pg. 365

“- and immaterial in any case, as we three, Lazarus, Lorelei and I, are identical triplets and therefore enjoy the same rights under any rational jurisdiction... which unfortunately this is not. So he beats us. Illegally and brutally.”

“Captain, remind me to get a bigger club.”

“Aye aye, sir. But we’re fond of Buddy Boy anyhow, despite his masochosadistic behavior. Because he’s really us. You see?”

Pg. 395

Ishtar looked troubled. “Grandfather, I don’t understand.”

“She calls me that when I’ve been naughty,” the Senior confided in me. “It’s her way of spanking me.”

Pg. 401

“Lazarus has firm ideas on raising children. Athene keeps eye and ear on them- but can’t pick them up. Lazarus says a frightened child needs to be picked up and cuddled *now*, not later. He believes in spanking right now, too; it evens out, our children are neither spoiled nor timid.

Pg. 417

“What it amounts to, Justin, is three fathers- four, with you- three mothers, but four when Minerva asks to have her adolescent protection canceled- an ever-changing number of kids to be taught and spanked and loved- plus always the possibility of the number of parents being either enhanced or diminished.

Pg. 485

Her father said, “Don’t bother, Maureen. I’ll take him up and blister his bottom- *then* I’ll button him.”

“You and what six others?” the child demanded.

“Me, myself, and a baseball bat.”

Pg. 487

She had been a good mother. She had never screamed at him (or at any of them) and, when necessary, had used a switch at once and the matter was over with- never that Wait-till-your-father-gets-home-routine. Lazarus could still feel that peach switch on his calves; it had caused him to levitate, better than Thurston the Great, at a very early age.

Pg. 514

“Woodie, you do exactly what your mother tells you to and no back talk- or I’ll bend a poker over your bottom. That’s standing orders until your father gets home from the war.”

Pg. 554

“True as taxes, beloved. And It may have saved his life. I’ve never been closer to infanticide than I was when we found him in the back seat.”

She giggled. “Darling, I felt the same way. But I won’t let anger show in my voice even if I’m about to switch a child.”

Pg. 566

Mr. Johnson shook his head and looked pleased. “That boy will go far- if they don’t hang him first. Maureen you should have spanked him and fetched him home. Then you and Ted should have gone on your ride.”

“Of, fuss, Father, I did have my ride and a very nice one; I made Woodrow sit in the back seat and keep quite. Then I had a gay time at the park, a bonus I would not have had if Woodrow had not invited himself along.”

“Woodie had some justice on his side.” Lazarus admitted. “I *did* promise him an outing at Electric Park, then never kept my promise.”

“Should have whacked him.”

“It’s too late for that, Father. And we did have fun.”

Time for the Stars (1956)

Pg. 74

“So you should have smacked him. The only thing wrong with that boy is that his parents should have walloped him instead of telling him how bright he was.”

Tomorrow the Stars (1951)

Edited by Heinlein only

To Sail Beyond the Sunset (1987)

Future Histories

Pg. 5

“And then I’ll come down to your office and find you, Mister monster Munster, and pull you out of your chair and sit down in it myself and turn you over my knee and take your pants down and- Did I mention I’m from Hercules Gamma? Two and a half gravities surface acceleration; we eat your sort for lunch. So stay where you are; don’t make me hunt for you.”

“Madam, I regret that I must tell you that you cannot sit in my chair.”

“Want to bet?”

“I do not have a chair; I am securely bolted to the floor.”

Pg. 17-18

“Analyze the Ten Commandments,” he ordered. “Tell me how they should read. In the meantime, if I hear just once more that you have lost your temper, then when your mother sends you to discuss the matter with me, you had better have your McGuffey’s Reader tucked inside your bloomers.”

“Father, you wouldn’t”

“Just try me, carrot top, just try me. I will enjoy spanking you.”

An empty threat-He never spanked me once I was old enough to understand why I was being scolded. But even before then he had never spanked me hard enough to hurt my bottom. Just my feelings.

Mother’s punishments were another matter. The high justice was Father’s bailiwick; Mother handled the low and middle-with a peach switch. Ouch!”

Pg. 30

“Oh, Father, you are so good to me!”

“Stop the sarcasm or I’ll paddle your pants. Bring me a preliminary report in a month or six weeks.”

Pg. 115-116

When Brian got home, I told him about it. I had considered keeping it myself. But we had reached a friendly agreement three years earlier concerning how and when we each could adulterate our marriage without offending or damaging the other. So I decided to make a clean breast of it and accept a spanking if he thought I rated it. I thought I did rate a spanking...and if it was a truly hard spanking, that would be an excuse to cry and that would probably wind up wonderfully.

Pg. 143

Then sated but still coupled, we would argue over whether or not I had put on a five-dollar performance. Which could result in tickling, biting, wrestling, spanking, laughing, and another go at it, with much bawdy joking throughout.

Pg. 160

We had established earlier in our marriage that some occasions were for the entire family...and some were for Mama and Papa alone- children would stay home and not whine about it, lest the middle justice be invoked. (Mother had used a peach switch; I found that one from an apricot tree worked just as well.)

Pg. 168-169

“Oh, Papa, don’t be mean to me. I need to be cuddled. I need to be hugged.”

“I know what you need but you are not going to get it from me. Now get out.”

“What if I won’t? I’m too big to spank.”

He sighed. “So you are. Daughter, you are an enticing and amoral bitch, we both know it and have always known it. Since I can’t spank you, I must warn you. Get out this instant... or I will telephone your husband right now, tonight, and tell him he must come home at once as I am unable to carry out my responsibilities to him and to his family. Understand me?”

“Yes, sir.”

Pg. 183

Woodrow was unbearable; I had to refrain from switching him too often.

Pg. 280

Unavoidable. Susan, I wish you were unmarried just long enough for me to spank you.

Pg. 338

“That’s your problem. Donald, you two have outworn both my patience and my resourcefulness. You ignore my advice and disobey necessary orders and you are each too big to spank. I have nothing else to offer.”

Pg. 388

Galahad said, “Mama Maureen, these vows will not be broken. We simply promise each other to share in taking care of our children- support them and spank them and love them and teach them, whatever it takes.

Tunnel in the Sky (1955)

Pg. 116

Rod said urgently, “Jack, remember what I said about petty jealousies? So help me, you make trouble and I’ll paddle you.”

“You aren’t big enough!

“I’ll get help.”

Pg. 207

Hope turned up a beaming face. “Ood babe!” she asserted.

"I *saw* you." Caroline upended her, gave her a spat that would not squash a fly, then picked up Grant Throxton.

Waldo & Magic, Inc. (1940, Two stories)

Waldo

No references

Magic, Inc.

Pg. 129

"So?" she answered, put out a hand and grabbed him by the nape of the neck and swung him across her lap, face down. She snatched off a shoe and whacked him soundly with it. He let out one yelp, then kept silent, but jerked every time she struck him.

When she was through she stood up, spilling him to the ground. He picked himself up and hurriedly scrambled back into his own circle, where he stood, rubbing himself. Mrs. Jennings's eyes snapped and her voice crackled; there was nothing feeble about her now. "You gnomes are getting above yourselves," she scolded. "I never heard of such a thing! One more slip on your part and I'll fetch your people to see you spanked!"

The Worlds of Robert Heinlein (1966)

Includes short stories: "Free Men," "Blowups Happen," "Searchlight," "Lifeline," "Solution Unsatisfactory"

No references

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