

**Male-on-Male
Spanking**

Charles Hamilton II

Tales from the Study 2.

Six of the best school stories

The characters depicted in these stories are over
the age of 18 years old.

These stories are intended for adults over the age
of 18 years.

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Six of the best school stories

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1 First sixth-former to be caned

NO SIXTH-FORMER had ever been caned at my school, so I made history that day.

Actually, hardly anyone had been caned in living memory – it was a “progressive” school and I had thought corporal punishment had been abolished a long time ago.

But, as I was to find out it had only fallen into disuse and that day it was making a comeback.

And, I welcomed its return, thank you very much, Sir.

I was eighteen years old and for as long as I could remember I had had a thing about corporal punishment. I used to fantasize about what it would be like to go over someone’s knee for the slipper or be sent to the headmaster’s study for six-of-the-best with the cane.

And, now my fantasy was to come true: or so I hoped.

It was all rather unexpected. I was in no way a bad lad, a rebellious teen, or a troublemaker. In fact, I was such a goody-goody I was a prefect at the school and tipped to go on to university.

I had fallen foul of one of the school’s most fearsome battle-axes: Miss Lowenstein. She really was an old crone. One of the ugliest women you’d

ever be likely to meet, with buck teeth and a gammy leg, courtesy of a childhood bout of polio.

She was, of course, a spinster and we boys all thought she was sex starved (as if we weren't). And, she was a tough disciplinarian. She called herself a "martinet" and woe betides anyone who did not call her "ma'am". No way were we allowed to call her "miss", like we did all the other women teachers.

She had a mean streak and that's how it was that I was about to break the record and take a caning.

We had a school magazine, it wasn't a posh one, professionally published, but just something we cobbled together on an old Roneo printer. It was mostly short stories and poems (well, doggerel verse really). It was my prowess as a poet that got me in trouble. I'd penned a verse that did not name her, but everyone knew who I meant. Somewhere in there it called her a "crow" and that she did not like.

So, before I knew it she was onto Mr. Buckingham, the head of Upper School, whining on that something must be done. And, the only "something" that would satisfy the bat was me bent over getting a sore arse.

When I realised I was for it I was not the least worried. I had dreamt about this for so long. I was fascinated by school canings and read lots of stories

and comics that involved schoolboys getting their backsides tanned.

My favourite stories took place in public schools which were a world away from the inner city comprehensive I attended. In England “public” schools are expensive private schools, often where pupils boarded. What they all had in common was the thwack of the cane across the seat of the trousers that rewarded boys who misbehaved.

At home I used to pretend I was one of the boys sent for “six on the bags” as the school stories had it. Often I would dress up in my school uniform and pose in front of the full-length mirror in the passageway of our council flat. I would bend over touching my toes admiring the reflection of my bum in the mirror.

I never did anything about my spanking fantasy. I was young and we were all very naïve in those days. We didn’t have Internet then, so I wasn’t to know that there were plenty of people out there who shared my interest. Let’s face it there would have been plenty of people ready to cane an eighteen-year-old schoolboy’s backside raw (and much else besides) if they knew he was ready and willing.

I had one friend who looking back I think might have shared my interest. We were too young to express to each other our true feelings and the

closest we got to doing anything was one day, while playing in his house, we found some sticks and had a go at sword-fighting. I can't remember how it happened, but we moved on from medieval knights or whatever to naughty boys.

To this day, I remember he was willing to get a whacking from me. He bent over the back of the couch. He was eighteen, but couldn't quite stretch all the way over. But, I do remember his chubby buttocks stretching against his corduroy trousers. He made a perfect target and if I hadn't been so shy, I would have (no, should have) swished the stick into his arse.

But I chickened out. Why? I don't know. But even now nearly fifty years after the event I still have pangs of regret.

So, I wasn't about to give up the chance of a proper headmaster's caning from Mr. Buckingham.

I went to a pretty ordinary school and we had no airs and graces: my school uniform was a very standard black blazer with grey trousers.

My uniform was ordinary and if truth be told I was pretty ordinary too: about five-foot-seven, a little over eight-stone in weight, and properly proportioned, not like the obese teenagers you see today.

At the appointed time I went to the concrete-and-glass Admin Block and knocked on the door of

Mr. Buckingham's office. My heart was thumping as if I had run a mile in a minute to be there. Something exciting was happening here and I couldn't easily describe it, but I hoped that after this afternoon I wouldn't quite be the same again.

I entered on Mr. Buckingham's command. I was surprised to find Miss Lowenstein waiting there: not only was she determined to make sure I got my beating; she was going to personally witness it.

Mr. Buckingham had a modern office and it was very small. With all the filing cabinets you couldn't swing a cat (or hardly a cane) in it. He looked like a typical comprehensive schoolteacher: he wore a scruffy shirt and plain tie. His beige trousers had seen better days since he bought them at a cheap chain store many years previously.

There wasn't much room with all three of us present. I stood as best I could in front of Mr. B's Formica-covered desk. It was a mess, piled high with files and school notebooks. Miss Lowenstein moved out of my eyesight, probably all the better to get a view of what was to happen next.

Mr. Buckingham didn't quite know what to say. He called me "Walton," which isn't quite my name. He mumbled something about how awful I had been. He actually said my behaviour was "ugly"

and I suppressed a laugh at that, knowing that word perfectly described Miss Lowenstein.

I said something nondescript in return and then he told me matter-of-factly that he was going to cane me.

He moved to a filing cabinet. I hadn't noticed before, but on top of it lay a short stick. This was no crook-handled ashplant cane beloved of public school masters; this was a piece of bamboo, a little over two feet long and so rigid it would be impossible to bend it, or get much of a swish out of it.

Then he said the wonderful words I had dreamt of hearing for so long, "Bend over, Walton."

There wasn't anything to bend over, a desk or a chair, so heart thumping madly I just bent down. He hadn't given the time-honoured command "touch your toes," so I leaned forward a bit and keeping my legs straight I put my hands on my knees. That was enough. I was stooped there showing sufficient backside to serve the purpose.

I waited staring down at the worn carpet for the



It was a piece of bamboo, a little over two feet long and rigid

first stroke to land, remembering all those times I had bent touching my toes in front of the mirror. It didn't matter how much it hurt I would shut my teeth and stick it, just like the boys in the stories I loved so much.

There was no swish as the cane landed on my bum, just a dull thud. I felt it, but there was no searing pain. The second and third stroke landed. What a disappointment. I hardly felt a thing. Mr. Buckingham's heart was not in this. I felt terribly let down.

I got six strokes, but there's no way anyone could have mistaken them for "six-of-the best." I remained bent over after the last one landed. I knew the etiquette was you stayed in position until you were given permission to stand up. In the stories if a boy stood up before being allowed he got extra strokes. I wouldn't have minded some more, but I doubt Mr. Buckingham would have obliged.

Eventually, rather absent-mindedly, Mr. Buckingham said I should get up. I did as I was told. Did my face show my disappointment? I can't be sure, but I could see Miss Lowenstein had a face like thunder. She was not impressed. Had she wanted to see me jumping about from foot to foot clutching my bum in agony and choking in fits of sobs?

Maybe she did. I'm sure that's what I wanted too.

Mr. Buckingham was still holding the cane, not sure what to do with it, or how to dismiss me from his office. I don't suppose he had much experience caning schoolboys since corporal punishment had all but been abolished at the school.

Eventually, he summoned up enough wit to send me on my way.

I was in no real pain. In the stories I would have been rubbing my backside furiously as I rushed back to my study. I did have a surreptitious feel of the seat of my trousers, just a quick rub with my thumb, but there was no sensation there.

I knew I couldn't go to the lavs to inspect the damage (if there was any) because they would be full of smokers and there'd be no privacy.

Instead, I went straight home. Thirty minutes later I was lying on my bed, my trousers and pants on the floor beside me. I was sorely disappointed. I couldn't find a trace of the cane's marks. It was as if it hadn't happened. There were no welts or bruises that would last for days and no chance that I would have difficulty in sitting down at tea time or have to sleep on my stomach that night.

I leaned over and took an ancient storybook and a handful of tissues from the bedside table. They

certainly knew how to deal with misbehaving seniors at St Tom's School.

Dr. Tulke rose from his writing-table. To Wooton's surprise, he picked up a cane. Wooton could not see what the cane was wanted for. He was, however, soon to discover. "Senior boys," said the Head, "are not usually caned at St, Tom's, but there are exceptional cases that can be dealt with in no other way. Bend over that desk, Wooton!"

"Eh?"

"Bend over that desk!"

Wooton - bewildered and dismayed - bent over the desk.

Swipe! Swipe, Swipe, Swipe, Swipe, Swipe!

It was not merely "six." It was as thorough a licking as Dr. Tulke had ever administered; such a licking as Wooton had seldom or never experienced before.

It seemed like a horrid dream to Wooton of the Sixth. But it was no dream; it was painful reality. Very painful! The Head was a venerable gentleman, but he seemed to have a lot of beef in his right arm.

He put it all into that whacking. Wooton fairly squirmed.

“Now,” said the Head, breathing hard, “you may go, Wooton! Not another word, or I shall cane you again! Go!”

Wooton almost tottered from the study. He left with pale face and compressed lips. His eyes were burning like hot coals.

2 Pyjama bottoms down. Bend over

I WAS SITTING in my oak-panelled study waiting for Tomkins of the Sixth to report to me. He didn't know it yet, but I was going to give him twelve on the bare. He needed to learn a lesson and I was the one to teach it.

I luxuriated in my armchair reading the evening newspaper, enjoying my pipe. I was in no hurry. I had made him wait all day and only now, just before lights out, I sent word for him to see me immediately.

There was a light tap on the study door. Tomkins was here. I paused before answering. "Come!"

Tomkins knew he was due a beating. The door handle turned slowly and very reluctantly he pushed the door open and stepped cautiously into my study.

"Come in boy! Don't dawdle! Close the door!" I snapped.

He closed the door as instructed and stood only a couple of paces inside the room, not sure what to do next.

"You wanted to see me, Sir."

I peered at him over the top of my reading glasses. Tomkins, an eighteen-year-old senior boy, a prefect no less, was dressed in blue-and-white-

striped pyjamas. He was hopping from one foot to another in confusion.

“I’m not yet ready for you! Face the wall and wait for me.”

He looked around the study unsure where he was meant to go. It was a large room; one side was dominated by an as-yet unlit open fireplace. Mahogany bookshelves behind glass doors ran the length of the room alongside it.

The other main wall had closed cupboards, for teaching materials and so-forth. One cupboard that was taller and narrower than the others contained implements of an especial educational nature.

“There boy,” I pointed with my pipe to the corner nearest the door.

He turned around to face away from me.

“Closer boy! I want to see your nose touch the wall.” He shuffled into position.

“Hands on head!” He did as he was told.

I returned to my newspaper. Let him sweat a bit, I thought.

After a few minutes I had finished the newspaper and contemplated the task in hand. Tomkins was a repeat offender and had been caught smoking again. As his housemaster, I’d already beaten him once this term for smoking and he had



Tomkins, aged eighteen and, a prefect

been warned about his future conduct.

Smoking was bad enough, I thought as I puffed on my pipe, but to do it again after a previous punishment and thereby to disregard my instruction was rank disobedience and I would have none of it. His beating had to be exemplary.

“Turn around Tomkins,” I ordered. He did so, still clasping his hands to the top of his head.

“Come forward and stand in front of me.” He did. He must have been two or three inches taller than me, and I noticed for the first time that he was really incredibly thin.

Maybe it was because he was in his pyjamas. Last time I thrashed him he had been in full school uniform, including a pullover and blazer. That clothing must have bulked him out a bit.

“Take your hands off your head and stand up straight.”

He did so. Tomkins wasn't a particularly pretty boy, I noticed. His thin face was pock marked and his teeth were pretty bad and if he carried on smoking the way he did they'd soon be as yellow as his hair.

But, it wasn't his front side that I was interested in this day. I lectured him a little. It wasn't really necessary: he knew why he was here. And, then I pronounced sentence.

“So, you deserve a sound thrashing and that is what you will receive. I’m giving you twelve cuts on the bare.”

I’m not sure he was expecting that. It was twice the number of strokes I had ever given him previously and canings on the bare at this school were rare indeed.

The colour drained from his already pasty-coloured face, but he remained standing, silent, waiting for my further instructions, and ready to comply with them.

I’d thought hard about whether it should be on the bare, after all his pyjama bottoms wouldn’t be much protection for the twelve stingers I intended to administer. But, he was a prefect and a serial offender and I was convinced he was cocking a snook at the school rules and my authority in particular, so I wanted to make him suffer.

I was also aware of a newspaper report I read a year or two previously. A school housemaster was in court charged with “indecent assault” after he beat a boy on his bare bottom. How it got to court I don’t know. The magistrate dismissed the case and said if this was to be considered indecent assault half the housemasters in English public schools would be in court. Sensible fellow.

Not everybody believes in caning naughty schoolboys, of course. I have a housemaster

colleague at the school here who never canes. He says the embarrassment of the punishment is as effective as the pain it might cause. Therefore, he takes his boys across his knee for a spanking.

I looked at Tomkins. Think about it, telling an eighteen-year-old boy to bend over your knee and then smacking him on his bottom. Can you imagine such a thing?

I went to the tall, narrow cupboard and took out the cane I had already decided to use. It wasn't a big thick stick. People with no experience of these matters always assume the bigger and thicker the cane is, the more it will hurt. Not so.

The cane I chose was dark yellow in colour, quite thin, but made of very dense rattan. It would leave its marks on Tomkins' behind for many days to come.

I took it from the cupboard and swished it through the air, to show the boy what it could do. He looked apprehensive, as well he might.

“Stand by the desk,” I pointed with the cane. He moved in the right direction, but stopped short by two or three feet.

“Right up to the desk, boy.”

He moved forward a little more.

“Get those pyjamas down boy.” After some hesitation, Tomkins looked down at his waist,

pulled at the drawstring holding his bottoms up and allowed them to fall to his ankles.

I stood within his eye line, swished my cane through the air two or three more times. Then I tapped it against the desk.

“Bend over.”

Without question, he leaned forward, resting his stomach on the desk top with his arms stretched to his front and overhanging the end of the desk. His pyjama jacket was covering his bottom. I pushed it further up his back.

“Underpants Tomkins. You don’t wear underpants with pyjamas. Stand up.”

I suppose he wanted the extra layer of protection the Y-fronts would give him. He might have got away with it if he was to be whacked on his pyjama bottoms.

“Get them down.” Sorrowfully, Tomkins took hold of the waistband of his underwear and pulled them down to his ankles, where they rested on top of his pyjamas.

“Bend over boy.”

Tomkins repeated the manoeuvre. I pushed his pyjama jacket up, this time revealing a pair of surprisingly smooth and hairless buttocks.

“You are about to learn a very painful lesson young man.” I stood to his side a full cane length from him and after bending my knees a little I

tapped the tip of the cane against the edge of his left cheek.

The tapping allowed me to take aim and then drawing my arm back several feet I crashed the cane across both buttocks. He whelped and a thick red line immediately appeared where the cane had bitten into flesh.

I repeated the procedure. He gasped and jerked his head.

“Feeling that aren’t you boy?”

“Yes, sir,” he replied, even though I had intended it as a rhetorical question.

Two thick welts were rising, running across both his buttocks.

I managed to land the third and fourth cuts on top of the previous two. Tomkins was jerking his body from side to side. This was a reflex action against the pain, but mostly he was managing to keep quiet.

I liked the boys I thrashed to be stoic. I despised the boys who couldn’t take their canings and yelled and bawled their eyes out. I had enough experience beating schoolboys (and of being on the receiving end myself) to know that my canings hurt like hell. The boys might try to make it look that they were unconcerned by the pain, but I knew otherwise.

I lashed down strokes five and six. Tomkins' head rose from the desk and he brought his arms back so he could bury his face in them.

I swiped a couple of strokes high and a couple low and was rewarded with a four almost inaudible "Arrrggghhhs" from Tomkins.

The boy seemed to bite into his own arm after I delivered the next cut.

I whipped the final stroke diagonally across both of Tomkins' buttocks, making sure the cane hit as many of the previously delivered cuts as possible. This time he desperately tried to muffle a loud yell, but he couldn't quite keep it in.

I looked over at his face. It was almost as red as his backside. I could see his eyes were watering and he was trying not to cry.

I tapped the cane across his bottom. He braced himself, expecting another slash. But, there were to be no more. I had promised him twelve strokes and I had delivered twelve. I was a man of my word.

I tapped the cane on his left buttock one more time.

"Don't let me catch you smoking again."

"No, Sir."

He was still lying across the desk. I walked behind him to admire my handiwork. His smooth, hairless, previously white, bottom was a mass of red welts. Some were turning blue and would change to

purple before too long. Blood was forming at some of the intersections where my final diagonal cut had crossed the others.

“Stand up Tomkins. Get dressed.”

He shot up at such a speed he startled me. In one swift movement he bent down to grab his underpants, but it was with great difficulty that he pulled them up to his waist. He winced in agony as he pulled the Y-fronts over his buttocks and they connected with his wounds.

He bent down to his ankles again to retrieve his pyjama bottoms, flinching as he stretched the flesh of his buttocks against his pants.

He stood up and I was able to look him in the face. I could see he wanted to bawl his eyes out, but pride I suppose stopped him from doing this.

I gave him time to tie the cord of his pyjamas waistband.

“Back to your dormitory. No more trouble.”

He was through the door in a heartbeat.

3 High School reunion

WHEN I FIRST heard about the tenth anniversary reunion at my old High School I wasn't interested, until I remembered Mr. Sorensen and his goddam paddle.

Things went well for me after I graduated. I went to college and qualified as a plumber and worked at that for a couple of years until I got bored. Then I went in to the Military: that was good, I travelled to places I'd never have seen and made some good buddies.

I found it hard after the Army and I've drifted from job to job since. I don't seem to be able to settle down much. I had a good relationship, but that broke up because I was told I was no good at "commitment."

I was drinking in a bar when I saw a story about the reunion in the local newspaper. It didn't make much impression on me; I just assumed I wouldn't go. What was the point? I'd drifted away from most of my High School graduation classmates; people do, don't they. I kept in touch until I went to the Army and after that I hadn't bothered.

I had a few more beers and went back to my rented room. I found it hard to get to sleep and it wasn't only because of the beer. In my mind I kept going over my schooldays, and particularly I

couldn't get a certain Mr. Sorensen, the English Lit teacher, out of my head.

My High School was a tough place to be. We were blue-collar kids, from mostly poor families. Nobody at home was much interested in education, and certainly not English Lit, and everyone - students and their parents - were just itching for the day they could leave school and get a job.

We were a restless bunch, especially as we got older and reckoned school had nothing to offer.

Mr. Sorensen was one of a kind. You stepped out of line with him and you got your butt blistered with the paddle: period. I guess he must have paddled four or five of us every day. If you didn't do your assignments, it would be over the desk for three swats. Inattention in class; two swats: late for class; two swats. There seemed to be swats for everything. He was particularly hard on kids he thought were "punks." To him a punk was the loud-mouthed, disobedient student who wouldn't be told anything.

He was always willing to help out the women teachers; they had the worst time with the punks. But, the punks calmed down once they realised that the ladies would send them to Mr. Sorensen to kiss the top of his desk.

He would often paddle a boy in front of the class. It was more humiliating for the student to

have his classmates looking on during the punishment and it also encouraged the others in good behaviour: you knew if you stepped out of line and it would be your turn next.

A typical class would start with collection of or handing back of assignments. That was a dangerous time; kids who didn't hand in or who had done badly were asked to stand. There would always be at least one boy, and usually more than one, on his feet. If you hadn't handed in and didn't have a legitimate excuse you were done for. If you had scored less than a C+ your butt belonged to Mr. Sorensen.

The guys were lined up against the wall, facing the class. Then Mr. Sorensen would get the "Attitude Adjuster" board from his desk. It was a typical paddle, just like all the others used in schools, I guess. It was maybe twelve or fourteen inches long, by three wide; shaped in an oblong. It had smoothed down sides and a handle to grip it by.

Each boy in turn was ordered to stand forward to be told, "Assume the position." To a lot of kids from other schools, "Assume the position" meant bend down and grab your ankles, but in Mr. Sorensen's class it meant go to the teacher's desk and lay across it, so that your chest and stomach connected with the desk top.

We called it “kissing the desk” but no one literally did that. Once they bent over, kids were never sure where to put their arms. The solution depended on how tall you were, I think. Shorter kids folded their arms and buried their faces in them. The taller ones could reach out and hold on to the legs of the desk.

If we were wearing a jacket, Mr. Sorensen would take the tail end and fold it up our back, then he’d grab the waistband of our pants and tug it hard so there was nothing much between the pants and our asses for protection. If we had no jacket, he would go straight to the pants yanking. Then, without a word, pop, pop, pop, he’d whack the paddle into the seat of your pants.

“Stand up,” he would command. “Next boy.”

Then, as the first boy rose from the desk, desperately wanting to rub the agony out of his butt cheeks, but not daring to admit to the teacher or his classmates he was hurting, the next boy in line would assume the position.

This went on until all the boys had blistered butts and then the lesson would begin.

Mr. Sorensen swung the paddle a mighty lot, but I don’t remember anyone getting swats who didn’t deserve it. We knew the rules; if we kept to them our butts were safe. But if we broke the rules, then what did we expect?

I got swats so many times, I can't remember them all. But, I have to admit, without the threat of an ass whipping, I would never have done any work. The fact I graduated at all was down to the Attitude Adjuster.

The worst paddling I got from Mr. Sorensen had nothing to do with the quality of my schoolwork. By the time I was eighteen, I was getting out of control. My mom and dad couldn't handle me and I was spending a lot of time on the streets with friends. Sometimes I wouldn't get home until the early hours and oftentimes, I'd be drunk.

One day the strangest thing happened. I was staggering home drunk early one Sunday morning and I was so far gone I stepped into the road in front of an oncoming car. Thank the Lord the driver wasn't as drunk as I was and he swerved to avoid hitting me. There was no traffic, so no damage was done, at least not to the car, but the driver's nerves were shattered.

I swore at the driver, as if it was the poor man's fault. As I staggered on I heard the distinct voice of Mr. Sorensen. Blearily, I turned round, to see his head poking through the open driver's window. Boy, was he mad.

He drove me safely home. On Monday after school I found myself facing him in the classroom.

I'd expected him to be mad, to tell me I was a punk and then to paddle my ass raw. In fact, only one of these things happened.

I knew this was not going to go as expected when he invited me to sit down. This wasn't going to be a lecture; this was going to be a conversation. He asked me about my life, what I did in my spare time and who my friends were. Nobody had ever asked me these questions before. Mom and dad always complained about my friends and what I got up to, but they never asked me "why" I did things.

Looking back, I think I was just waiting for someone to ask: I told him everything. To be honest, my life wasn't very different to those of my classmates; but some of them were coping a lot better than I was.

We talked a lot and Mr. Sorensen said I needed help to identify my "priorities" and to set myself "objectives." At first, it sounded like bullshit, but as he detailed the kinds of things I should think about; such as what job I wanted to do when I left school; what I needed to do to qualify for it and so on, he began to make a lot of sense.

He also said I needed "encouragement" to meet these objectives. I needed praise when I achieved something, but also punishment when I failed. The way he put it, it seemed so clear cut. He told me to go away and make a list of priorities and objectives

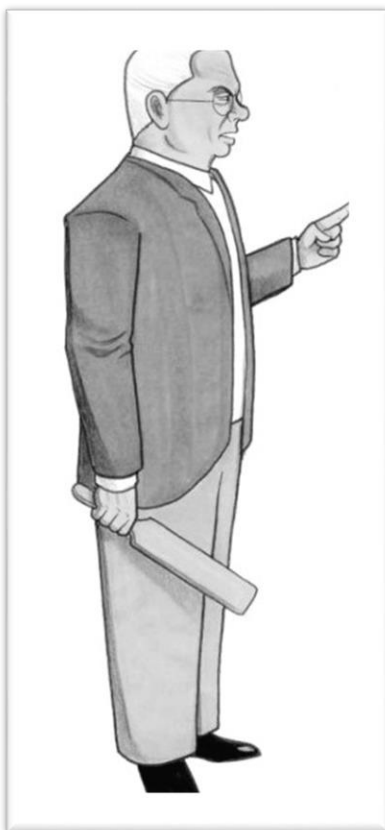
and take them to him and he would guide me in the appropriate way.

I readily agreed.

But, before our meeting was over, we still had to deal with my drunken misbehaviour. I had expected this and was ready to take my paddling. I had screwed up, I could have been killed, and heck, if there had been more traffic on the road, I might have killed Mr. Sorensen too.

I assumed the position submissively: Mr. Sorensen was entitled to do whatever he felt fit with my ass.

I hadn't expected the ferocity of the attack; Mr. Sorensen was like a demon possessed. This wasn't just a pop, pop, pop, paddling; this was a full scale attack on my butt. The agony was so great I lost control of my senses: how many swats did I survive? I think it was ten, it might have been more.



Mr. Sorensen said I needed to identify my “priorities”

I howled, like I had never screamed before. I was glad my classmates were not there to see me, but my yells were so loud, anyone still anywhere in the school building would have heard my pitiful shrieks.

At the finish I was breathless, and so was Mr. Sorensen. His commitment to spanking me with that paddle was total. Still face down across the desk, I buried my head in my arms and sobbed and sobbed. After a few minutes, I was calming down a little, but my ass was burning, the pain was searing, I had never felt such agony in my life. Had he attacked me with a paddle or a hot iron?

I remember he stroked my hair, before giving me permission to stand up. I got to my feet and stumbled, but Mr. Sorensen caught me before I fell.

Once I had composed myself I was allowed to leave. Later at home I pulled my pants down and looked in the mirror at my ass. Each bun was scarlet with a spot of purple in the middle. He really had blistered me. There were lines where the edge of the paddle had hit and I could tell I had had my ass properly paddled. It was the next day before I could sit down easily. My whole rump turned a lovely shade of black and blue and it was more than a week before the bruises slowly faded.

Thinking about Mr. Sorensen and those days made me want to go to the reunion after all. There

was quite a good attendance, and I had been mingling with some of my former classmates for some time, but there was no sign of Mr. Sorensen.

I was hugely disappointed. I had simply assumed he would be there. I didn't actually know if he still taught at the school; or had moved someplace else, or, please I hoped not, he had passed on. I wanted to see him again and tell him what I thought about him and his treatment of me all those years ago.

I knew Mr. Sorensen was not popular among my classmates so I didn't want to let people know I was anxious to meet him again. Even these days I wanted to be one of the guys.

Eventually, I could stand it no more and asked my friend Tommy. "Yes, he's here," he said with a wry smile, "He's doing one-on-ones in his classroom."

One-on-ones? Meeting people one at a time for private conversations.

I made my way to the classroom, passing a guy in the corridor. It was Ricky; he had been the class genius, always acing tests. My mom told me he went to university out West somewhere. He didn't look too happy; I couldn't be certain, but there appeared to be tears behind his eyes.

I reached the classroom. From the outside it looked the same as I remember it, except for tonight

at least the glass windows in the door had been covered up, so you couldn't see inside. I guess it was to give him privacy with his one-on-ones.

I raised my fist to knock on the door and hesitated. For the first time since I hatched this plan, I had my doubts. This was stupid. It was all a long time ago, I'm an adult now. We should forget the past and the paddlings and all that pain.

I knocked anyway and a confident voice responded. Apprehensively, I entered. Mr. Sorensen had changed, but not much. His hair was a little thinner and grayer and his waist a little thicker, but he was the same Mr. Sorensen.

He called me by my name; I was ridiculously delighted he had remembered me. "Hello, Sir," I responded.

He smiled at me. It was a genuinely welcoming smile. "Come in, how are you? Tell me everything."

Tell me everything. He had asked me, so I did. I told him about the mess my life had become in the past three or four years; how I had no structure to my life, no priorities and no objectives.

He listened passively, apparently taking in every word that I said.

"I have this list," I said, pulling paper from my pocket. He took it from me and read it carefully.

“And, I still have this,” he reached over, opened the drawer in his desk and pulled out the Attitude Adjuster.

Our eyes met, we understood each other very well. There was no need for either of us to speak, except for him to say, “Assume the position.”

4 Smokers

RODNEY AND GRICEFORTH shuffled down the passageway neither were anxious to arrive at their intended destination.

Rodney, dark haired and slim and the smaller of the two eighteen year olds, glanced furtively around him; hoping that nobody would see him. So far, so good; his mission had not yet been detected.

Griceforth, taller and thicker set, was less concerned. It had not even occurred to him that there was any shame in this walk. He was apprehensive, that was for certain, but not fearful of being seen.

The cause of his apprehension was the possible fate that awaited them when they arrived at the housemaster's study.

Mr. Brightchurch was still a bit of an unknown quantity. Sure, he had been a master at the school for as long as anyone could remember, but only recently had he been elevated to the position of housemaster.

Old Mr. Fennings had retired after more than forty years at the school and not before time many of his colleagues secretly felt.

“He's a dodderly old fool,” Brightchurch had remarked one evening after a little too much sherry

had been drunk. Nobody disagreed, but even so it was not the kind of thing a chap said out loud.

The house had gone to ruin under Fennings' stewardship. Boys did as they pleased, safe in the knowledge that there was nothing to fear from the ultimate sanction, "Go report to your housemaster!"

But that was then and this was now. Brightchurch was a younger man, in his forties, the boys guessed, and he had the energy and the desire to clean up the house. He let it be known to masters and pupils alike from the day they screwed his nameplate on the heavy oak door that he meant business.

Eventually, Rodney and Griceforth reached their destination. With the colour draining from their faces the two sixth formers paused as each waited for the other to go first. After a few moments the fear of keeping the housemaster waiting overcame all his other fears and Griceforth took the lead and politely tapped on the door.

"Come!" the voice was gruff. Griceforth gulped slightly and with nervous fingers turned the handle and slowly opened the door.

"Griceforth!" The sandy-haired sixth-former stood in front of the large walnut desk, slightly to the left, following the direction of the housemaster's sweeping hand.

“Rodney!” a smaller wave indicated that the dark-haired teenager should stand alongside his accomplice.

The housemaster was sitting at his desk, which was, like everything else in the room, a model of tidy, well-organised efficiency. His tightly-knotted military necktie stood out against his gleaming white shirt, which contrasted with the dark material of his neatly-pressed suit. His mortar-board cap rested to the edge of the large desk and an academic gown hung on a hat stand in the corner of the room to his left.

The boys saw little of this. They stood hands clasped behind their backs, with eyes cast down at the rather worn rug beneath their feet.

“I presume the pair of you are both familiar with the school rules on smoking,” Mr. Brightchurch’s red face glared at the two sixth-formers.

The housemaster was genuinely angry. Sometimes schoolmasters were apt to put on the style a little; to pretend anger to frighten already quivering little boys into submission. But this time Mr. Brightchurch did not need to feign fury: sixth-formers smoking on school premises. Who the Hell did they think they were? It was a total disregard for well-established and well-known school rules.

If they thought they were too important to obey the rules they had another think coming. Only yesterday he had beaten two third-formers for the same offence. If smoking was a caning offence for thirteen-year-olds, why should sixth-formers be treated any differently? It would not be fair on the younger boys to allow these eighteen-year-olds to escape a similar punishment. And, Mr. Brightchurch was nothing if not a fair man; but the wretched teenagers would be very happy for him to be unfair on this occasion.

“Sir.” Griceforth nodded. Yes, he knew the school rules.

“Yes, Sir.” Rodney spoke quietly to himself.

“So, you have no excuses then?”

“No, Sir.” Rodney shook his head nervously.

“No, Sir.” Griceforth had not taken his eyes off the rug since the moment he took up position in front of the desk.

“Think yourselves very lucky we are not having this conversation with the headmaster!” Mr. Brightchurch seemed incapable of speaking at a normal volume, “Because be in no doubt the pair of you would already be clearing your desks!”

The following silence suggested the two boys should respond, but Griceforth was fixated on a worn spot on the once-red, now faded, rug, while Rodney bit his lip anxiously.

“However, I shall deal with this matter!” A sigh seemed to escape from the innermost depths of his soul; such was his burden of guiding the young people of today.

“Therefore I am able to offer you a choice between the headmaster’s suspension or six strokes of the cane. You may have a few moments to consider.”

He pretended to find some papers needed his urgent attention, but really he was watching their every move. Griceforth looked at Rodney, whose eyes were now studying the ceiling. Griceforth was an untidy boy, growing so rapidly that his magenta school blazer was now too small for him. His mid-grey trousers were a little too tight around the waist and buttocks and fell an inch or two short of his ankles, displaying too much grey sock. He was typical of many of the sixth-formers; they were to leave school shortly and their mothers did not think it financially worthwhile to purchase a new uniform with only a few months of the final term to see out.

Rodney was altogether different. His blazer was recently dry-cleaned and his trousers fitted him well. They too might have been recently cleaned or be new; the creases down the legs were so sharp, the boy might have cut his hand on them if he were not careful.

Mr. Brightchurch looked at Griceforth with some distain; the boy clearly needed his shaggy sandy hair cut. He blamed the pop stars of the day; they wore their hair so long they were indistinguishable from the girls.

Rodney, meanwhile, had a very conventional short-back-and-sides schoolboy's haircut, kept in place by copious amounts of Brylcreem.

When he was ready Mr. Brightchurch rustled his papers and opened and closed a drawer. He was ready for a response.

"Well? What is it to be?" he stared menacingly at Griceforth; he knew from past experience that he was the dominant member of the guilty duo. Griceforth, though, turned his face towards his shorter dark haired friend, trying to read his mind.

"I'll take the cane, Sir." It was a clear no nonsense response.

Rodney blinked in amazement at his companion. His heart pounded as he knew he had to make his own decision.

"Rodney?" The housemaster was impatient. "Come along, boy!"

"I'll... I'll t-t-t..." Rodney stammered, he wanted to flee the room and run home to his mother. A suspension from school would not be such a bad thing, his parents would be furious of course, but he could handle that. But, Griceforth had chosen to be

caned. The die had been cast. If Rodney refused a beating, he would forever be called a chicken by his fellow school friends.

He still could not quite form the words. "I'll have the cane, Sir," he breathed, staring once more at the ceiling as he contemplated the ordeal he had selected.

"Best to get it over with, don't you think?" Mr. Brightchurch rose from his padded chair and strode a few paces across the study towards a slender but tall cupboard in a far corner. He delved into his trouser pocket and extracted a bunch of keys. In no time he found the one he was searching for and unlocked the cupboard.

The two boys were still facing the desk and with their backs to Mr. Brightchurch they were unable to see the large collection of canes hanging from a rail. Carefully, as if he had never seen them before, the housemaster selected one and then another and then a third to flex between his hands to test the suppleness of the rod. He swished cane number two and cane number three through the empty air as if taking their measure.

Satisfied with the rod he had chosen to thrash the two sixth-form-rule-breakers, he carefully locked the cupboard door, put the key in his pocket and returned to his desk.

Standing in front of the housemaster's desk, both with their hands behind their backs, the two boys stared down at the walnut surface. Only now did they notice the surface was strangely clear of any paperwork or other material. Even the telephone had been removed. Only the housemaster's mortar-board disturbed an otherwise entirely empty desk top.

Mr. Brightchurch saw the two boys looking wide-eyed at the cane in his hand. It was a rattan rod, a little over three feet in length and as thick as a pencil. At one end it had a traditional curved handle. When he had ordered his selection of canes from the supplier they had advised him to get the ones with crook handles.

"It is surprising how the sight of the crook handle sends shivers through a boy," Mr. Henderson of the cane suppliers had said. It certainly seemed to have an effect on Griceforth and Rodney, Mr. Brightchurch observed with quiet satisfaction. He allowed them some moments to tremble and mull over in their minds the terror the cane represented.

Only when Griceforth finally averted his eyes from the cane in his housemaster's hand and met his stare with his own nervously darting eyes, did he feel the time was right.

Mr. Brightcurch tapped the tip of the cane on the surface of the desk towards the right hand side. “I shall ask you in turn to bend over this end of the desk. Six strokes each, if you remember.”

Both boys stood rigid to the spot, their eyes scared and faces grim.

“Griceforth, don’t think I don’t know that you are the ring-leader in this. Perhaps you would like to go first.

Griceforth’s eyes flashed. His heart pounded against his ribs before, with a nervous twitch of his head, he moved slowly round to face the end of the desk. With just the briefest of glances at the waiting housemaster, he began to lean across the polished surface.

As his hands reached down to touch the hard wooden desktop, the cloth of his grey school trousers tightened even more snugly across his buttocks.

Finally, with his chest pressing into the desk and his arms folded below his face, Griceforth closed his eyes and waited, willing himself to endure the ignominy and pain of being eighteen years old, a senior boy, and given six of the hardest strokes with the cane.

Mr. Brightcurch swished the cane in mid-air, but he was not quite ready. He leaned forward and took the tail of the boy’s blazer and folded it an inch

or two up his back, away from the intended target area. Griceforth slowly moved his buttocks from side to side, as if to encourage his punisher in his task.

Not for the first time the housemaster noticed the tightness of the lad's trousers. They fitted across his cheeks so snugly that the outline his underwear was clearly visible. Stupid boy, he was wearing mini-briefs; so scant that they hardly covered his buttocks. It would be easy for the housemaster to slash his cane across the underside of the globes and bypass the underwear altogether.

And that is precisely what he did. Griceforth felt the tip of the cane touching him gently across the seat of his tight school trousers and then stroke by stroke, slice by slice, the new housemaster made his mark on the boy's rear end.

Just a brief but awesome whoosh of air preceded the wooden crack that appeared to echo around the room as the jerked his head up in response to the cutting pain that spread quickly across his bottom like wildfire. He breathed out noisily, drew air in and breathed it noisily out again.

"Ouch!" he gasped, sucking air into his lungs so sharply he felt his flesh tight against his cheek bones.

There was a short delay; then another swish and another whipping cut into Griceforth's chunky

buttocks. The sandy-haired teenaged boy gasped in pain and looked up to see his friend Rodney looking down at his bottom, his face a picture of terror.

Three strokes rained down in parallel with each other, working their way up to the top of his buttocks which ultimately shook, twisted, swayed and clenched in a frantic attempt to swamp the unbelievable legacy of pain left by the cane. His chest heaved as he gasped in great gulps of breath. His thighs rubbed together as he wrestled with the demons which were chewing up his bottom.

Mr. Brightchurch played the cane over the entire surface of Griceforth's buttocks before raising it one last time and slicing a devastatingly accurate, forceful stroke just above his thighs. A startled yelp flew out of the boy's mouth and bounced off the wall. His legs buckled as he fought against the savage line of pain which was charging into him. His hands dug into the wooden desk top



"I shall ask you in turn to bend over the end of the desk."

and his eyes watered as another cry burst from his throat.

Pain shot from his thrashed buttocks up and down his legs as he prised himself away from the surface of the desk and stood unsteadily and struggled to regain his balance with his hands hovering around, but not daring to touch, his inflamed buttocks. He staggered away from the desk and stood unsure what he was expected to do next.

Mr. Brighthouse brushed his hand thereby instructing the now distraught boy to stand by the bookcase and away from the housemaster's firing line.

Cane in hand, the housemaster waited with an air of resigned impatience as Rodney gingerly made his way towards the desk, with legs that felt as if they had been turned to lead and timidly bent over into the required position. The cane tapped impatiently against the housemaster's neatly pressed trousers, as though to confirm its imminent use.

Rodney heard the swish...crack! And then felt the most searing pain he had ever known. It was a line of white fire that took his breath away and he struggled to hold on and not move. He wanted to let out a screech and jump up clutching his bottom, but he sucked in a breath and gripped the desk fiercely.

He felt another tap and seconds later another searing stroke cracked against his bottom. The third was just as bad. Tears welled in his eyes, but he held still.

The cane chewed up his buttocks, turning them into a morass of raw, red, raging ridges which burned and glowed and reignited with every additional stroke. It hurt so badly. Rodney was holding on, but the searing agony of each whack with that whippy cane across his rear was too much. How could the housemaster expect him to hold still and take punishment like this? Each stroke was a red hot line of fire. His face was scarlet, he gritted his teeth, but the tears were coming anyway. Please don't let me bawl like a baby, he prayed silently.

With six swipes expertly delivered, Mr. Brightchurch, tucked the cane under his armpit, walked across the room, unlocked the cupboard and returned it to its home. Rodney still lay face down across the desk gasping like a goldfish out of water. The searing pain in his arse was so great he could not be sure that he would be able to stand.

“Come boy!” Mr. Brightchurch was still booming, “It's over. You may stand up!”

In intense agony Rodney levered himself off the desk top and at first unsteady on his feet, he bent double as if this might ease the considerable agony in his buttocks. His eyes were shining but what tears

there had been had now stopped. He hopped from foot to foot in the way that generations of caned schoolboys had always done.

“Both of you stand there!” The housemaster pointed to a spot in front of his desk. As they waddled into position, Mr. Brighthouse leant forward and opened the desk drawer and extracted a hard-covered exercise book. He flicked through the pages. Several pages had been completed in the past two weeks alone. He found the page he wanted, and taking a fountainpen from the inside pocket of his jacket, he unscrewed the top and wrote down the names of each boy, the date and the words, “Six, cane, seat”. He then pushed the punishment book across the desk.

“Please sign your names!”

Griceforth looked forlornly at Rodney, who blankly stared back.

“Pah!” Mr. Brightchurch was ready to explode. “You don’t even have a single pen between you.” He opened the desk drawer, rummaged around inside and found a ballpoint pen, with a rather chewed top.

“Here!” he thundered, thrusting the pen at Griceforth. Sorrowfully, the boy took it and scrawled his signature in the book.

Rodney took the pen from his friend with a shaking hand. The pain coursing through his body

was so great even his hands were affected. He gripped the pen between two fingers, stooped forward slightly and squiggled something against his name, before letting the pen slip from his fingers onto the desk top.

Satisfied that the punishment ritual was almost complete, Mr. Brightchurch returned the book to the drawer.

“You are dismissed. And no more smoking!” he roared, offering his hand to each astonished schoolboy to shake before they limped from the study.

5 The headmaster's guests

THE HEADMASTER AND his two guests sat drinking tea in his study. The meeting looked to be a success. They had toured the school and they both seemed very impressed. Perhaps a deal was imminent.

There was a tap on the door. Blast, the headmaster silently cursed. He had forgotten all about Thompson.

“Excuse me, gentlemen,” he nodded towards the door of his study. “Something I must attend to.” Then more loudly he called, “Come!”

The door inched open slowly and stopped.

“Well come in boy! Don't keep me waiting!”

Then a face popped around the door. It was a shiny face, a face that liked to smile a lot. But, not that afternoon. There was nothing to smile about – not when the face's owner had been summoned to the headmaster's study.

“Come in boy,” the headmaster had now all but forgotten his important visitors.

A miserable sixth-form boy shuffled into the study and then stopped still: puzzled. He had been in this room many times before and he knew entirely what his fate this afternoon would be. But never before did he have an audience.

“Well, Thompson,” the headmaster intoned, affecting a grave expression. Like all headmasters he could be a bit of a ham actor when the occasion demanded it. “You know why you have been sent for.” It was a statement as much as a question.

“Yes, Sir,” the eighteen-year-old prefect eyed the visitors apprehensively, still unsure what part they were to play in the little drama that was about to unfold.

“Good. Then don’t let us waste any more time. Go through into Mrs. Tomkinson’s office, she has left for the day. I’ll deal with you in a moment.”

The teenager blinked, almost in gratitude. So it wasn’t going to be a public thrashing after all.

The two visitors look on in awe as the headmaster strolled to a cupboard, opened it and extracted a thick crook-handled cane. Without a further word he exited into the secretary’s office, accidentally leaving the door open a little.

Both men remained silent, at first not daring to look each other in the eye. Joshua Durnford fidgeted in his seat and crossed his legs. His companion Winker Wilson watched Durnford’s eyes shine as almost inaudible voices drifted in from the adjacent room. Then there was the sound of a cane being swished through the air a few times before it landed with a resounding crack. Four times the room was filled with the sound of the swish and

crack of the cane. Twack number four was met with a loud yowl!

Sweat moistened Durnford's brow when he heard the authoritative voice of the headmaster say, "Bend over. If you stand up again you will receive extra strokes, do you understand?" There followed a moment of silence and then two more cracks.

Still the two men stayed quiet, unwilling to acknowledge to one another what was taking place next door. Sweat trickled down Durnford's neck and his hand shook a little as he raised the teacup to his lips.

The door opened and Dr. Burnham returned, replaced the cane in the cupboard and sat down, and as if nothing had happened, said. "Apologies gentlemen, now where were we?"

An hour or so later all three men sat in the VIP lounge of the rugby club sipping their third whiskies. Durnford seemed only to have one thing on his mind.

"Headmaster, this is 1968 I didn't think they still used corporal punishment."

The headmaster had not expected this to be their topic of conversation, but answered nonetheless. "It has indeed fallen into disuse in some schools, particularly, I believe, the state schools, but in high-class private schools such as ours, it is an important feature. We find the parents

appreciate their sons are in a disciplined environment. It is why they send them to us and why they are willing to pay high fees.”

The headmaster was keen to impress Durnford. He was trying to sell him Draffield Independent Grammar School, of which he owned ninety percent of the shares. He knew Durnford from the rugby club as a very successful and wealthy entrepreneur. When Durnford heard the school was for sale, he had said he might buy it. A traditional (almost old-fashioned) school fitted in with his interests, he had said.

The headmaster knew the school was a robust business for now, but the socialist government had many cabinet ministers who did not support private education, so the future was less certain. If he could sell now, he could retire very comfortably indeed.

“Do you use corporal punishment much, headmaster?” Dr. Burnham was nothing if not perceptive and he noticed that Durnford appeared to have an unusual interest in the subject.

“No more than is necessary. I find once the boys understand the consequences of breaking the rules, they do not do so.”

Durnford leaned forward in his chair, spilling whisky from his glass. “But, headmaster, do you believe caning actually works?”

Dr. Burnham noticed Durnford had referred to him as “headmaster” several times, even though they had been on first name terms for years. It was then the headmaster had the germ of an idea.

“It depends how you do it. If you do not cane a boy properly then you will have failed, he will learn nothing from it. However, if you cane him hard he will learn everything that you wish to teach him. The intense agony of the caning is short lived. I believe it to be a simple choice, a temporary sore, very bruised and painful bottom, or a lifetime of failure.”

The headmaster lapsed into silence and studied his companion who appeared to be debating with himself what to say next. So, the headmaster gave him the lead. “What do you think Thomas?”

Durnford blushed, a little, but this time it was not the effect of the whisky. “I was never caned at my school. I never went to a posh school like yours,” he trailed off regretfully, “just an ordinary Board school.”

Wilson’s ears pricked up. He had been Durnford’s business partner for many years but he never knew that. Wilson had assumed Durnford was a public school man like himself. What an oik, he hadn’t been to public school at all, just some simple council school.

He wanted to know more. “So tell me Thomas, were you thrashed at school?”

Durnford blushed and took a gulp of whisky as if distressed by the question, “No, we didn’t have the cane, nor the slipper. Nothing like that really,” he sounded disappointed and fell into an embarrassed silence.

“More drinks gentlemen” Durnford was relieved that the waiter had appeared from nowhere and they ordered another round of doubles.

“Of course,” Wilson said, enjoying his social superiority, “I was head boy at my public school, St Tom’s, and as such was allowed to cane the younger boys. This was long time ago of course. In the thirties.”

Durnford felt a surge of excitement and the whisky loosened his tongue and the words just poured out. “How did you cane them? How many strokes did you give? Was it on the trousers? I hear in some schools it was done on the bare?”

Dr. Burnham’s eyebrows knotted and he smiled to himself. Now, he had the measure of this man.

Durnford, embarrassed by his outburst, swigged on his whisky; the men had not eaten and he realised he was more than a little drunk.

Winker Wilson had himself been thrashed many times at his school. All the boys had been; often by the senior boys who were prefects. Then,

as they progressed up to the sixth-form and became prefects themselves, they had in turn beaten the younger boys. Such were the traditions of England's finest – and not so finest – public schools.

Winker had loved the power that came with being head boy and he told his tale to his two drunken companions with some relish.

“At school there were several places where the chaps would go for a smoke after classes and on this day the prefects launched a co-ordinated attack. We raided all the smoking holes. We must have caught seven or eight boys.

“The worst of it was that one of the illicit smokers was a chap from the upper sixth. Charter, I think his name was. He wasn't a prefect and so was subject to the same rules as everyone else.”

Durnford's eyes shone in anticipation at the next part of the story and he shifted in his chair, crossing and uncrossing his legs in the vain hope that his companions would not notice his excitement.

Wilson relished increasing his embarrassment.

“So, I sent him to wait outside my study. Poor chap, he was so embarrassed. He must have been eighteen years old, nineteen maybe, and he knew what was coming and there was nothing he could do about it,” Wilson almost giggled at the memory.

“I arrived and instructed him to enter. ‘Face the wall Charter’. I ordered as if he were one of the junior boys. He had no option but to comply. I had complete authority over him.”

He swigged more whisky, studying Durnford’s posture as he continued his story. “I began my preparations. The area in front of my desk was already clear of any obstruction so I placed a small chair about three feet away and sideways on to the front edge of my desk. I fetched a suitable cane from my small collection of five such implements in the corner cupboard and placed it on my desk.

“Charter had of course been caned previously – we all had – but it still came as a great shock when I ordered him to lower his trousers down to his ankles for six strokes across the underpants.”



“I ordered him to lower his trousers for six strokes across the underpants.”

Durnford was in great discomfort and would have been wise to adjourn to the Gentlemen's lavatory to deal with his current predicament, but he was anxious to hear the rest of the story.

Wilson continued, "It is best to get it over and done with as quickly as possible, don't you think so headmaster?"

Dr. Burnham was determined not to be drawn into this discussion and remained silent.

Wilson had the floor to himself. "I tapped the chair with my thick cane. 'Bend right over the back of the chair, and put your forehead firmly down on the seat,' I commanded. Of course, he had no choice and immediately complied. Boys did in those days. They took their canings without fuss. Is it much the same today, headmaster?"

The headmaster grunted, his response could have been Yes, or it could have been No, as far as Wilson could tell.

Wilson was warming to this theme, "I waited only a few seconds between strokes, delivering six in a speeded up rhythm, which allowed very little time for the sixth-former to fully absorb the impact of the previous stroke before the next one landed. He did not take it very well, if I remember correctly. He was jumping up and down before the third cut hit home. I don't suppose his underpants were much use to him.

“But it was over in a matter of seconds. When he stood he gave me such a look of contempt I was tempted to have him take his underpants down and give him another six on the bare. I restrained myself admirably, but did make a note to find an excuse to thrash him once again the very next opportunity that presented itself.

“He might have had contempt for me, but I had won. He was rubbing his stinging bottom like mad when he left my study that day.”

There was silence as all three swigged from their glasses. “Shall we go eat gentlemen?” Dr. Burnham was keen to steer the conversation back to the sale of the school.

They tucked into steak and kidney pudding and potatoes, but the stodgy food did nothing to soak up the alcohol. Now, came the headmaster’s opportunity.

Speaking directly at Durnford he said in his experience many adult men missed the certainty of their school days. They knew what the rules were and what the penalty would be if they broke them: a beating.

“It was penitence,” he said. “The crime as it were had been committed, the bad deed had been discovered and six-of-the-best was the punishment. In that way they atoned for their crime and they

moved on with a clean slate. Until the next time, of course.”

Dr. Burnham was ready to take an enormous gamble. On it could rest the future of his school, and certainly the size of his pension.

“Some former boys of the school still see me as their headmaster, an authority figure if you will. They find it a comfort to know that when they need to atone for some misbehaviour in their everyday life, their work for example, I can be at hand to help them with their penance.”

“Yes,” Durnford slurred, “I think I know exactly what you mean.” He stopped, his eyes glazed, it was as if he had lost his trail of thought. “You see, I have this thing, this problem,” he stopped in embarrassment.

“Thomas,” the headmaster leaned forward. “You have my number; telephone me if you need my assistance.” He did not need to wink, even in his drunken state Durnford knew what he meant. “I am usually in my study between four and five o’clock each evening. Please telephone me if you wish to.”

Durnford’s eyes glistened and the headmaster was certain he would soon receive the call.

The headmaster was a man of the world and he knew what Durnford wanted. Dr. Burnham did not really cane adults, he was not a fetishist, but he was convinced Durnford was one. He had deliberately

lied to Durnford but if delivering six-of-the-best would convince him to buy the school then so be it.

Next day, the call came and they made an appointment for five o'clock that afternoon, by which time the secretary would have left for home.

Durnford was so excited at the prospect at his visit to the headmaster's study he succeeded in arriving too early for his appointment. Mrs Tomkinson was still in her office, but hurriedly clearing up for the day, seemingly anxious to be away.

"Oh, Mr. Durnford," she greeted him formally. "The headmaster has somebody with him, but please wait he won't be a moment." And with that she darted from the room.

Somebody with him: did that mean what he thought it did? He stood close to the door that separated him from the study, hoping that it did mean just that. He was not disappointed. Through the door he heard the tell-tale sounds of cane swishing through the air, then a series of cracks, followed by gasps and ouches.

He retreated from the study door just as it opened and out came a young man he recognised. It was Johnstone, a young rugby player from the club where he and the headmaster were members. He knew Johnstone because he had been sent off

during a match the previous Saturday for punching an opponent.

Was Johnstone a pupil at the school, he wondered? He rather thought he was a bit too old for that and did not expect to see him here. It was all the more surprising because the burly lad had tears streaming down his face and was rubbing his rugby-shorts-clad buttocks in obvious agony as he peered over his shoulder to try and inspect the damage. He had not seen Durnford in the room and drew up the hem of his shorts, revealing a tightly-packed cluster of livid weals along the under-side of his bottom. He had clearly been beaten very severely.

Suddenly, he realised the presence of another man in the room. “Ohhh, Christ!” he wailed, and with his face now as red as his buttocks, he fled from the office.

Durnford paced the secretary’s room, staring at the clock on the wall, waiting and waiting for the minute hand to crawl to twelve. On the dot of five o’clock he tapped on the study door.

The study was lined with books; on the mantelpiece stood two large silver trophies and above it a framed portrait of the Queen. In the centre of the study was a large mahogany desk which had been cleared but for three canes of varying lengths and thicknesses and the headmaster’s mortar-board

cap. Two armchairs of well-worn leather were to the left of the desk and to the right french windows looked out onto the playing fields. Framed in the windows was the tall figure of the headmaster standing erect with an air of imperious authority.

He was tall and solid, as befitted a former county rugby player. He wore a dark grey suit with a tattered, academic gown over his shoulders.

“Stand there boy,” the headmaster pointed to a spot in front of his desk. “Tell me why you are here?”

As arranged previously Durnford listed the many misdeeds that had brought him before the headmaster. Dr. Burnham listened patiently, but was anxious to get this over with.

“What punishment do you think you deserve?”

“Twelve strokes, trousers down, thank you headmaster,” Durnford replied too eagerly.

The headmaster should have expected such a reply, but did not. A proper twelve strokes on the pants would be unendurable by even the most hardened receiver of the cane.

“No, this is your first offence and I intend to be lenient with you,” he said.

The look of sheer disappointment on Durnford’s face unnerved the headmaster.

“But,” he hurried to regain the situation, “If you are sent to me again, it most certainly will be twelve cuts with your trousers at your ankles.”

“Thank you headmaster.”

“Take off your jacket, boy, and put it over the back of that chair!”

Durnford was surprised at his own calmness. With no difficulty he undid the buttons of his suit jacket, slipped it from his shoulders and folded it neatly on the seat of a straight-backed chair.

“Good, now pull that chair over here,” the headmaster ordered pointing to a medium-sized leather armchair.

Durnford submissively obeyed his master and moved one of the ancient worn chairs until the head was happy with its position.

“Good. I am now going to beat you and it will be six of the very best,” and so saying he walked to his desk and inspected his canes. He selected one and looked at it carefully and seemed to realise something about it. He replaced it on the desk and exchanged it for another one. The new one was slightly longer, a bit thicker and completely smooth with the traditional crooked handle of the school cane.

While he did this Durnford waited, the tension of excitement mixed with anxiety swelling inside of him.

Satisfied with his selection, Dr. Burnham took a deep breath, as if gearing himself up to perform an unpleasant task.

“Stand there boy. Face me.” He pointed to a spot a foot or two from the back of the armchair.

Durnford stood; his head bowed a little, hands clasped behind his back.

“You are about to receive six strokes of the cane, and I promise you, young man, that I am really going to cane you as hard as you deserve to be caned.”

Then he spoke the words Durnford had dreamed off all his life, “Now, bend over that chair.”

His heart raced and the blood rushed at speed through his arteries so quickly that he feared it would flood out of his body through his ears. Breaths came in short gasps and suddenly his back was drenched in sweat.

The time had come; he had been dreaming of this moment, it seemed, for the whole of his life. He mustn't spoil the event by collapsing in a heap on the carpet.

He gulped in two lungs-full of air to steady his nerves, then by rubbing his hands together he composed himself. In a continuous movement he leaned over the chair thrusting his bottom firmly

upwards for what would be for him the thrashing of a lifetime.

“Further!” There was no reason for the middle-aged man to move; instinctively he had presented his buttocks perfectly to receive the cane, but the headmaster acknowledged Durnford wanted to experience the full drama of a headmaster’s caning.

By the time the good doctor was satisfied his companion’s firm bottom was sticking out ideally, presenting the maximum surface for the application of the cane. The chair had accommodated so many boys in a similar posture over the years and Durnford fitted perfectly into the folds of the chair back.

The first thing Durnford realised was that he could not see himself draped over the chair awaiting his first-ever punishment. Nor could he see the headmaster swishing his cane and cracking it into his own upturned buttocks. That was how he pictured this event in his fantasies. Instead, all he could see was the seat cushion that his face was pressed into.

He did however know that his bottom was taut and in the air. He felt the headmaster grab the tail of his shirt and remove it from the waistband of his trousers and push it up an inch or two so that his lower back was bare. He was truly helpless, just like a vulnerable sixth-form schoolboy in position

submissively waiting for a caning. He was trapped and he suddenly became very conscious of the tightness of his trousers around his buttocks.

He clutched the seat cushion awaiting his punishment. He could not help it: his vulnerable buttocks quivered in anticipation.

Dr. Burnham was an experienced and very expert caner. He knew how to inflict the right severity of punishment to fit an individual boy's personality and the crime he had committed, but he was unsure about Durnford. He was a mature adult and could probably endure much more pain than the average schoolboy, but he was also a novice and even a mild caning would for him be "the thrashing of a lifetime."

He was still unsure how hard to lay it on as he flexed the cane between his hands and contemplated the pair of buttocks presented to him. Durnford might be a middle-aged gentleman but he was still very fit. That was when he decided: Oh damn it! I'll give it to him in the same way I gave it to Johnstone.

The headmaster took up his position and for the first time in his life Durnford felt a cane tapping his buttock cheeks. He tensed as the doctor raised the cane then struck it hard across the waiting target. Durnford heard the sickening swish then the fire

exploded across his bum. He groaned as the stinging pain took control of him.

The head took aim a second time and swung the cane to land crisply on the crown of the buttocks opening up a fresh line of stinging pain, which made Durnford's fists uncurl and grasp at the coarse fabric of the chair's seat cushion.

Each stroke was laid on with the same dreadful force. By the third Durnford was unaware of anything except the screaming agony in his bottom. He yelped as the cane made contact but stayed in position, as slowly but methodically the headmaster lashed the senior cane a further three times across the tender buttocks, low down in a tight band just where he would have to sit down. All six strokes were a very tight band across the very base of his bottom.

Durnford did not take it well. The caning came with alarming accuracy and devastating pain. His buttocks clenched and unclenched, his legs shook, his feet beat a tattoo on the floor and a strangulated cry echoed around the room. Patiently, after each stroke Dr. Burnham waited for him to subside once more, measured the cane across the lower part of the cheeks and struck again with penetrating force.

It was over in a matter of seconds. In the distance Durnford heard the headmaster telling him to stand up and place his hands on his head. Almost

unbelieving, Durnford staggered into an upright position, he wanted to clasp his throbbing buttocks, but with tears in his eyes, and hopping about from foot to foot, he obeyed the headmaster's instructions, placed his hands on his head and moved to stand facing the wall.

The headmaster stared at the back of the 'boy,' unsure how this was supposed to end. Durnford had calmed a little, but he still fidgeted in some discomfort. The headmaster avoided looking for a tell-tale bulge.

In time, he decided to dismiss Durnford in the time-honoured fashion of headmaster and punished schoolboy.

"Turn around." Durnford did so. "Keep your hands on your head. Look at me when I am speaking to you." The headmaster wobbled the flexible cane he had used for the thrashing close to Durnford's face. "Remember next time it will be double the strokes and trousers down. Is that clear, boy?"

"Yes, Sir, headmaster Sir. Thank you headmaster," the endorphins had kicked in and Durnford was on a high.

"If that is understood then please leave my study."

Durnford did not need telling twice. The second he was through the door, his hands clasped his buttocks and he rubbed away furiously.

The headmaster replaced the chair to its rightful position and then gathered up the canes and put them in the cupboard. Then he sat down in the same chair that moments before had held Durnford's prostrate body, wishing a bottle of whisky was close at hand.

He stared through the french windows into the playing fields beyond where senior boys were engaged in rugby practice. How many more times would he have to do this before Durnford agreed to buy, he pondered silently.

6 New boy at St. CIGS

RICHARD RAE WAS petrified by his new school, everything about it scared him senseless. It was a living nightmare. Sometimes he thought he must have died and gone to hell.

Richard was eighteen and in the sixth form. His family had just moved to town after dad was promoted to bank manager. Richard knew nobody in town and had no friends at St. Cecelia Independent Grammar School.

He couldn't understand St. CIGS. Nothing about it made sense. It started with the short trousers. Eighteen year olds forced to wear grey short trousers. In England. In February. In winter. Madness. The short trousers fell an inch or so above his knees. The knee socks that went with them were no use either. It was freezing and his legs threatened to turn the same colours as the blue-and-white striped blazer he wore.

His mother had roared with laughter when she read the school regulations. "Short trousers must be purchased from the designated school supplier," she read. Well of course they would, Richard fumed. Where else could you buy short trousers to fit eighteen-year-old boys? St. CIGS must be the only



Eighteen years old and still in short trousers

school in the country to force eighteen-year-olds into short trousers. Eighteen-year-olds! Richard couldn't get over it. His friends back home would shriek with laughter if they ever found out.

“Oh darling,” his mother had said, “A blue hooped school cap, how delightful.” She was enjoying herself immensely. “And white Y-front underpants,” she giggled.

“Oh, and look,” her eyes widened with mirth. “Corporal punishment. Ha! Ha! Ha! It's six-of-the-best for you, young man,” she whooped with joy, safe in the knowledge that her little darling was a good boy and could never behave in a way that warranted a thrashing with the cane.

“Never mind, dear,” she consoled her distraught son. “It says the school has a fine academic tradition. You'll only be there a few months. Pass your A-levels and then you can go up to the university.”

St. CIGS was indeed a “traditional” school. Traditional curriculum, traditional (if eccentric) uniform, traditional discipline and traditional games. Just about the first thing Richard learned was games were compulsory. Even for sixth-formers. St. CIGS was a “rugby school.” Richard had never played rugby in his life; he didn't even know the rules. They didn't play “association football” at St. CIGS. “Association” football?

Richard was aghast. It was “football.” Who on earth still called it “association football”? It was bad enough that modernists insisted on calling it “soccer.” He blamed the Americans for that.

What St. CIGS called “traditional,” Richard called, “old fashioned.” His previous school Taylor’s had been very liberal. There was no school uniform and everyone was called by their first names – in the sixth form the “students” even called teachers by first names. It was also co-ed; girls and boys learnt together. Sixth formers were allowed to smoke and there was a designated area for them to do so. They were treated like adults.

Not so at St. CIGS. Forced to wear short trousers at eighteen. Richard just couldn’t get over it. Short trousers. Everything about St. CIGS was alien to him. The teachers, or “masters” as he had better get used to calling them, wore black flowing academic gowns. Richard rocked on his heels the first time he saw the masters parading at school assembly. They all looked like Bat Man. And the weird flat mortar-board caps with tassels that they wore on their heads ... words simply failed Richard.

All the boys were called by their surnames – there were no girls. Nor, were there female “masters,” which in a rare light moment Richard thought was just as well since they would have to be called “mistresses.”

Smoking was banned, which would cause a problem. With the liberal regime at Taylor's the eighteen-year-old had quite a nicotine habit.

Richard knew nobody in town and couldn't make friends at school. He arrived in February, five months after the start of the school year. His fellow classmates had been at St. CIGS for six years; they had their cliques and weren't about to let a stranger into their groups. Richard was alone. In a totally strange world that he did not understand. Without the help of friends, he would never learn the rules.

One of the rules, Richard failed to learn was to keep his mouth shut. At Taylor's students were encouraged to voice opinions; it helped them to grow into confident adults. Not so at St. CIGS. Here pupils, like children, were seen and not heard. They only spoke when they were spoken to. And then only to confirm the prejudices of their masters. To express an opinion was to express "insolence."

On his third day at the wretched school, Richard learned the penalty for insolence. A master, whom Richard had never met approached him at the beginning of the lunch break. "You boy. Are you Rae; Upper Sixth?" the capped and gowned elderly man peered through round eye glasses. Richard gaped, unsure what question he was being asked.

"Rae!" the master barked. "Speak up boy!" he glowered. "Rae. R. C. Rae," he spat out the words.

Oh, Richard, understood. His name. He was asking him his name. Why didn't the old duffer say so in the first place.

"Yes," Richard replied. Then frozen by the master's icy stare, he hastily added the obligatory (for St. CIGS), "Sir."

The master's long thin, ugly, face was puce. "You are to attend Dr. Thumpington's study!" he snarled. "Without delay."

Richard's bemused face betrayed his ignorance.

"Pah!" the master was beside himself with irritation. "The headmaster boy! The headmaster. At once. Go." With that he swirled his gown around his body and flew off down the passageway.

The headmaster's study? Why? What had he done? Nothing. That's what, Richard thought. There was nothing to worry about. He was the new boy in the Sixth Form, the headmaster probably just wanted to say "hello, welcome to the school." Yes, Richard told himself, unconvincingly, that was all. He would soon find out. But first he needed to find the head's study. He didn't have the slightest idea where it was.

At last, after being deliberately misdirected twice by mean schoolboys, Richard finally stood outside the heavy oak-panelled door of Dr. Thumpington's study. The teenager's heart thumped so hard he could feel it trying to exit his

body through his chest. Why was he so scared? He wasn't in trouble. He hadn't done anything wrong. Not that he knew of, anyway.

He balled his trembling hand into a fist and tapped lightly on the door. He hoped the headmaster might not hear. That would give Richard a legitimate reason to flee. When, later questioned about his non-appearance he would say in all honesty that he had knocked, but nobody replied.

“Come!” It was an imperious command, clearly given. Damn! Richard grimaced, there was to be no escape. His hand still refused to obey his brain and with some difficulty he turned the brass handle and inched open the door. He stood at the threshold of the room and halted. Petrified.

It was a huge dark room, in the middle of the room was the head's huge mahogany desk, clean and tidy, and gleaming with shine. To the side was a stuffed leather armchair with a large bookshelf full of books to the left of a table. But, Richard's eyes immediately landed on a prominent display behind the desk. Attached to the wall was a large wooden gun case with a glass door. Through the glass he could see three crook-handled canes. They were light brown, slender, and slightly warped from years of use. His mouth went dry as he stared at them.

The shortest one was at the bottom. It was perhaps two-and-a-half feet long and very thin. The other two were the same length, more than three feet, but the top one was much thicker and knobbed in places.

“Come in boy, don’t dawdle,” The headmaster sat behind the desk. When standing he was a tall man and imperious. He was in his late fifties and his lined face showed his age. His greying hair was thin and he combed it across his balding dome in a vain attempt to disguise the fact.

Richard stood rooted to the spot; he couldn’t take his eyes off the canes. “Stand there, boy,” the headmaster snapped his fingers and pointed to a spot in front of his desk. Any hope that this was to be a pleasant “welcoming” meeting was dispelled with those words. In a daze, Richard shuffled forward towards the desk.

“Close the door boy. Were you born in a barn!” Dr. Thumpington appeared incapable of communicating in a normal speaking voice. Richard turned on his heels and faced the door. For a moment he contemplated running. He could be home within minutes. The frightful headmaster and the dreadful school wouldn’t be able to touch him there. But, instead, on some kind of auto-pilot, he closed the door, and once more faced the headmaster.

“Where is your cap boy! Why aren’t you wearing your cap?” Dr. Thumpington thundered.

Richard’s whole body shook. It was as if he had been hit by a bullet. “B ... b.. b ..” he blubbered, digging his hand into his blazer pocket and retrieving the cap. With quaking hands, he placed it on his head.

“There!” Once more the headmaster clicked his fingers. Richard stood as indicated in front of the desk. From this position he had a perfect view of the three canes in the glass case behind Dr. Thumpington’s shoulder. Richard had never seen a school cane before; the closest he had come was on television, where comical headmasters were sometimes seen swishing crook-handled rattan rods through the air, threatening naughty schoolboys with six-of-the-best.

There was nothing to laugh at here. Richard still had no idea why he had been summoned before the headmaster, but as he stood in the gloomy oak-panelled study, he was certain of one thing: this visit would not be pleasant.

Unable to stomach looking at the canes, Richard turned his attention to the headmaster. The old man glared at him. It was a terrifying stare; one that had made the blood of generations of schoolboys freeze. Swiftly, Richard averted his

eyes and took an excessive interest in the pattern of the red rug beneath his feet.

The silence that followed was deafening. Richard was convinced the vile headmaster could hear the teenager's heart thumping. Richard heard a rustle coming from behind the headmaster's desk, but he dared not look up.

From the corner of his eye, he saw Dr. Thumpington, rise from his chair and begin to pace his study. He clasped his hands behind his back, rather like members of the Royal Family habitually did. The headmaster reached the far end of his study, paused and then like a soldier on parade, he swivelled and retraced his steps until he stood beside the trembling sixth-former.

“Look at me boy!” he roared. Richard smelt the headmaster's sour breath as reluctantly he raised his head. Dr. Thumpington towered above the boy. Whereas Richard was hardly five-feet-seven; the headmaster was close to six-four. The boy was dwarfed and intimidated by the master.

“Insolence!” The headmaster let the word hang in the air. It was sufficient. That was all that needed to be said. “Insolence!” The new boy was guilty of “insolence.” He had not yet learnt his place in the scheme of things. He was a pupil at St. CIGS. His duty was to obey his masters. Unquestionably.

“I have had reports,” the headmaster intoned, “Of your insolence.” There it was again. That word. “Insolence.” The greatest crime a boy at St. CIGS could commit.

Richard blushed. He felt sweat soaking his shirt, even though it was a cold day and the open fire in the study was not lit.

“Your history master. Your geography master. Your games master.” The headmaster paused, as if those words alone were sufficient explanation. Richard’s mind whirled as he recalled events over the past days. He had disagreed with Mr. Struthers, the history master, about an incident in World War One. It was a discussion, not “insolence.” Mr. Jones, of geography was entirely wrong about the formation of glaciers, and of course, Richard had commented to Mr. Alladyce, the sports master about “association” football.

“You are new to this school and you have a lot to learn about discipline,” the headmaster moaned. “I don’t know what was acceptable at your previous school, but be aware, we will not tolerate such behaviour at St Cecilia’s. Is that understood.”

Richard stood speechless. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. His silence was interpreted as further insolence.

“Pah! Answer me boy!” the headmaster’s face was scarlet. Never before, in his decades as a schoolmaster, had he encountered such impudence.

“Eh, eh,” Richard was an intelligent and articulate boy. Taylor’s School had taught him well, but now, standing in the headmaster’s study, overlooked by a glass case containing three awesome whippy school canes, he was dumbfounded. What was he expected to say? Any word of protest, explanation or mitigation, would be construed as “insolence.” Richard knew he could not win.

He knew he was obliged to say something. “Sorry, Sir,” he mumbled. It was all he could think of. He hated himself. “Sorry,” was an admission that he had done something wrong. He hadn’t. He was certain of that, but he was equally certain that to argue the point would be disastrous. Hadn’t the Prime Minister Harold Wilson recently said. “When you’re in a hole, stop digging.” Yes, Richard thought, “Sorry” was the only word.

“Bah!” The headmaster paced the study once more. “He leaves me no choice,” he spoke as if the teenager was not in the room. Richard’s moist eyes watched as the headmaster reached for a heavy straight-backed wooden chair, picked it up and placed it in the centre of the room. Richard’s heartbeat rose, blood raced through his arteries.

“There can be only one remedy,” the headmaster still seemed to be talking to himself. Richard watched the headmaster walk behind his desk. He expected him to reach up to the glass cabinet to select a cane. “Jesus!” Richard thought. “He really is going to do this. He’s going to cane my arse.”

He watched puzzled, as Dr. Thumpington leaned forward to his desk, opened the bottom drawer, reached inside and extracted a large plimsoll. Even from a distance, Richard saw the gym shoe was huge. It had once been white, but had greyed with age. The rubber sole was worn with use and he could see daylight through a hole in the instep. This slipper had seen a lot of action in its time; and not all of it in the gymnasium.

The headmaster gripped the plimsoll in his right hand and smacked it thoughtfully in the palm of his left. Suddenly, he seemed to realise that he was not alone in the study. He peered across the room at Richard as if seeing him for the first time.

“Yes,” he growled. “The punishment should be exemplary.” He moved to the wooden chair, sat down, adjusted his buttocks so that he was firmly on the seat, spread his legs, and gathered the end of his gown around his legs.

“There!” he snapped his fingers to indicate Richard should take up position to the headmaster’s

right. The teenager was a virgin to corporal punishment, but instinctively he read the situation. He would have to bend over the headmaster's knee for a spanking with the slipper. This could not be happening. It was a nightmare.

But it was about to get worse. Much worse. "Lower your trousers."

Richard thought he might faint. The room swam. The red rug spun under his feet. His headmaster's voice was coming from far away. "Quickly boy. I haven't got all day. Take down your trousers."

Richard's chin quivered. He swayed.

"Do you want me to take them down for you?" Richard hardly heard the words spoken, before he felt the headmaster take hold of the waistband of his short trousers and force him to step a pace forward. The short trousers had a half-elasticated waist and so needed no belt. It was easy for the headmaster to unfasten the metal clip at the top and pull the zip fly down. The grey school short trousers slipped down Richard's pale legs and bundled at his feet. Richard didn't protest; he was shocked speechless.

The headmaster gripped the eighteen-year-old sixth-former by the wrist and propelled him forward so that he fell face-down across his knees. Richard's cap fell from his head and landed so that he had a

perfect view of the label: Rawcliffes, the official school outfitter.

He was relatively small compared to the six-foot-four-inches headmaster and his face rested a little above the rug, while behind him his legs dangled in mid-air. His bottom, clad in tight white Y-front underpants rested across the headmaster's knees. Dr. Thumpington had spread his thighs wide, making a perfect platform to receive the teenager's body. He studied the bottom in front of him with a professional discipline.

Instinctively, Richard's body protested. He struggled to wriggle off the headmaster's lap, but he had been placed so far forward there was little he could do. He tried to reach back with his right arm, but the headmaster was wise to his manoeuvring and gripped his wrist and shoved the boy's arm up his back so that the hand was close to his shoulder. Richard was going nowhere. He was pinned face-down across the headmaster's knees. There was nothing he could do except allow his master to spank his backside with the huge worn plimsoll. If he attempted to wiggle off the devil's lap, he would simply drag him back into place. If he tried to rear upwards, the headmaster's elbow would press down and prevent it.

Dr. Thumpington wasn't quite ready. He rested his slipper on Richard's shoulder while he took the

end of the boy's smart school blazer and the tail of his shirt and pushed them up his back so that they were away from the target area. Then, he gripped the waistband of the underpants. Richard gasped in terror. "Oh my God, he's going to pull down my pants!" Once more he wriggled and writhed, twisting his body as if he were trying to swim off the master's lap. But, the grip on his body was too tight.

The headmaster pulled the pants upwards. He was not about to bear the boy's bum; instead he smoothed the white cotton so that all creases in the cloth were removed and the Y-fronts now fitted Richard's buttocks like a second skin. The eighteen-year-old's bum was firm, but there was a little "give" in the under-curves where the globes met the thighs. The pants were pulled so tightly that Richard's cheeks were lifted and separated and the cotton dug a canyon into the crack in between.

Richard waited in an agony of tension for the inevitable onslaught to begin. Was it taking a long time or was he just imagining it? He was too distraught to be able to tell. The boy felt many emotions as the springy slipper connected again and again and again across his buttocks: humiliation, mortification, indignation, resentment, bitterness; but most of all pain. Dr. Thumpington was an expert spanker; he laid the worn plimsoll across every

available square inch of Richard's buttocks until within a minute they were toasted. Then, the headmaster increased the tempo and roasted them some more.

The teenager "ouched" and "aggghed"; he hammered his head up and down. By looking under the chair, he had a great view of his own legs thrashing about. Soon he had kicked the hated short trousers clear of his feet. He wriggled and squirmed.

"Keep still Rae, or I'll not be afraid to put you across this chair and cane you on your bare buttocks boy!" the headmaster growled. Richard had just met the man, but he knew he meant it too.

But, his twisting and turning were entirely involuntary. They were instinctive, reflex actions, it was his brain's way of trying to protect his body from the relentless onslaught the rubber-soled slipper made across his bum. He fidgeted so much he failed to notice the packet of Players Weights cigarettes slip from his blazer pocket and plop to the ground, right at the headmaster's feet.

Richard's eyes blazed almost as much as his backside. They were wet with tears, but he was not crying openly. Satisfied, there was no more buttock area un-torched by his worn plimsoll, the headmaster crashed it down across Richard's naked thighs.

Then, at last the plimsoll rested still on his swollen, searing buttocks. His chastised posterior humbly presented to this mighty master and tormentor. His bum was numb but his thighs were burning. His body collapsed with utter fatigue. He lay there for some time half dazed, sobbing quietly.

“You may rise,” the headmaster’s command was pompous. The punishment was at an end. It was time to dismiss the wretched boy from the study. The headmaster had work to do and Richard had afternoon lessons to attend.

Richard hauled himself from the headmaster’s lap. Horror-struck, he saw the cigarette pack at his feet, he snatched it and stuffed it into the pocket of his blazer. “Too late,” Dr. Thumpington growled as he walked around to the other side of his desk. Richard went to retrieve his short trousers, which he had kicked across the room.

“Leave your trousers where they are Rae,” the headmaster reached into his glass cabinet and gripped the thickest of the three canes. With his back still to the boy he intoned, “Smoking is strictly forbidden at St Cecelia’s. Bend over my desk.” He turned to face Richard, flexing the wickedly whippy cane in his hands.

“Right over.”

Illustrations and photographs

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Tales from the study

1 St. Francis Independent Grammar School



St. FIGS IS a traditional school – traditional curriculum; traditional sports; traditional uniform and traditional discipline. Meet John Allison, eighteen years old and a new boy at school, as he discovers just what that means. The thwack of the cane against stretched buttocks echoes through the passageways. No naughty sixth-former is spared a throbbing backside. As John himself will soon find out.

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