Mandy Goes back to School - Part 1

Little Joe

Sat Apr 18, 2009 05:48

86.131.111.246

Can Mandy avoid going back to live with her parents?  
Can Mandy manage to hold down a job for once?  
Can Mandy manage to keep her clothes on to the end of the story?  
  
To find out the answers to these fascinating questions read on:  
  
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Mandy had at last managed to get herself back on a teacher training course. Daddy had paid off her debts on the condition that she went back to live with them or went back to teacher training. The thought of returning to Luncarty (pronounced Luncketty) with Mummy - and Daddy was insupportable so here she was back on the course. After the debacle of the last course where the girls had tricked her into doing a striptease in a Parisian nightclub, she had not thought she would have stood a chance. Not that it was the striptease that had got her failed. She had been caught smoking in the girls toilets. You could be a useless teacher and pass. You could allow murder and mayhem in class and pass. You could do a striptease in front of your pupils in a nightclub and pass, but smokers were pariahs, the scourge of the devil, the evil beyond evil to be banished to the innermost pit of Hades to be mocked (and worse) by laughing demons armed with red hot pokers. But she had convinced them that she had reformed. She had been on a smoker’s rehabilitation course. She had attended Smokers Anonymous. She had done a thousand penances before the great God Health and safety and at last been forgiven. She had another chance. True, it was at the University of Auchtermuchty, but that couldn’t be helped, she was in!  
  
She was sent for teaching practice to St Moluag’s a girl’s boarding school in the little town of Bodmor It was somewhat remote, but it was a popular school. Popular with parents that is, because it took all those girls that had been expelled from other boarding schools so many times that no other school would take them, popular with the teachers because it paid good wages and imposed old fashioned Scottish Discipline, and popular even with the girls who despite the old fashioned discipline were able to get up to all sorts or naughtinesses without the teachers knowing. They were after all, all very naughty girls. Was it popular with the girls on teaching practice (for being a girls school it had only female teachers) nobody knew because Mandy was the first to be sent there. She wasn’t exactly keen on the idea, but she felt she was lucky to be going anywhere.  
  
Miss Whipper, the head, was a teacher of the old school. She met Mandy off the train, as a teacher of the old school should.  
  
“Welcome to St Moluag’s,” she pronounced in her Morningside accent (the accent of someone from Edinburgh who doesn't believe they have an aceent), once she had Mandy standing in front of her imposing desk, “you’ll find that we are a traditional school here. None of your fancy modern teaching methods here. Old fashioned hard work. Old fashioned Scottish discipline, that’s what we practice.”  
  
Mandy nodded.  
  
“So in order for you to properly understand the workings of our school and how the girls benefit from our teaching regime, I have agreed a novel introduction for you with the college authorities.”  
  
“Oh!” said Mandy, she wasn’t sure if she like the idea of a novel approach.  
  
“Yes, you are to spend the first week of your teaching practice here as a pupil of the school.”  
  
“You mean I’m to stay with the girls to see how they are taught?” that didn’t seem too bad.  
  
“Not at all, not at all. That would be a modern approach,” Miss Whipper almost spat the word out.  
  
“No, you will spend a week as a pupil. Taking the same lessons as the pupils. Subject to the same discipline as the pupils. That way you will learn the benefits of an old fashioned educations at first hand.”  
  
“But I know what it’s like to be a pupil. I only left school six years ago!”  
  
“Ah! But what school did you go to? I suggest it will not have been a school of the old school.”  
  
“I went to St Calum’s High School.”  
  
“St Calum’s!” Miss Whipper visibly recoiled at the thought that a girl from St Calum’s should have crossed her hallowed doors, “I know the headmistress of that school well. It is not a school that employs Old Fashioned Values,” said Miss Whipper, “Not Old Fashioned Discipline. I suspect you never enjoyed Old Fashioned Discipline?”  
  
Mandy remembered the words of her old headmaster, ‘You know you enjoy it really.'  
  
“Oh yes!” said Mandy, “I really enjoyed old fashioned discipline.”  
  
Miss Whipper introduced her to the girls of the Upper Sixth that afternoon, “This is Miss Brown who will be with us for the next four weeks on teaching practice. For the next week she will be sitting in in class as a student to learn the ways of our school. She will be treated exactly as a student – expected to do the same homework, and behave in the same exemplary fashion as you all do”  
  
“Yes Miss Whipper,” chorused the girls. Gosh, this was going to be fun.  
  
Mandy hadn’t realised that she’d have to sleep with the girls in their dorm. But it wasn’t so bad; the girls were ever so friendly.   
  
“Come on Miss Brown,” said a girl, in a voice she recognised. She looked round. She had been right. It was Monica, the girl who had helped her so much on the trip to Paris. She must have moved school. Monica was the most mature of the girls and seemed to be a sort of leader, “we’re going outside for a fag, are you coming.”  
  
“Call me Mandy," said Mandy, after all she was one of the girls, but she thought she’d better not have a fag (cigarette for those who don't have the lingo – not after last time. In fact she thought she ought to admonish the girls for this sort of behaviour, on the other hand she was one of the girls, so she couldn’t admonish them. She joined them outside. Now there’s a funny thing about being a smoker (scourge of the devil) – even though you’ve given up, the old craving is still there and as soon as Monica lit up Mandy felt it coming back. The smoke drifted across, it went up her nose; she couldn’t resist it.  
  
“Here, give me a puff,” she said, grabbing the cigarette, “and she put it between her lips and drew in the smoke lovingly.”  
  
A whole packet of fags later Mandy was content. They returned to the dorm and Mandy slept peacefully till the morning.  
  
The school bell rang at six-thirty to rouse the girls to shower dress and get ready for breakfast. Mandy was a bit shy of undressing at first in front of the girls but, well, she was one of the girls. It was only when she came out of the shower naked and found all the girls, Monica at the head, waiting for her that she sensed something was wrong.  
  
“What’s the matter,” she asked her hands covering her naughty bits nervously her mouth open wide.  
  
“Oh nothing,” said Monica, “it’s just time for your initiation.”  
  
“Initiation,” said Mandy   
  
“Yes,” said Monica, “all the girls have to go through the initiation.”  
  
“But I’m not really one of the girls,” said Mandy getting alarmed.  
  
“Miss Whipper said you were to live exactly as one of the girls. And all the girls have to go through the initiation.”  
  
“Well, I don’t think she quite meant that,” said Mandy, “I think I’d better decline the offer.”  
  
“Oh, I don’t think that’s quite possible,” said Monica, “if you’re really a teacher then perhaps you shouldn’t have been smoking with the girls, and we should show Miss Whipper this,” and she took out her mobile phone and showed Mandy a video of her smoking outside the previous night.  
  
Mandy looked at it in horror. She’d trusted Monica, and now she’d betrayed her. She knew that smoking would get her chucked out of school, chucked out of the course, chucked out on the streets, back living with Mummy - and Daddy in Luncarty (pronounced Luncketty). It was unthinkable. Her resistance collapsed.  
  
“All right," she said, “what do I have to do?”  
  
“It’s called ‘Running the Gauntlet’,” said Monica, and she took Mandy, still naked, out into the dorm. The girls lined up in two rows between the beds.  
  
“All you have to do,” said Monica, “is to go down on your hands and knees and crawl along between the girls until you reach the far end of the dorm.”  
  
That didn’t seem too bad, thought, Mandy, a bit degrading, but she could cope with that. After all, her old headmaster had always said that the only place for a girl was naked on her hands and knees. She went down on all fours and started to crawl. Suddenly there was a loud THWACK and she felt the left cheek of her bottom stinging. She looked up at Monica in alarm.  
  
“Oh!”, and I forgot to tell you, “the girls get to spank your bottom as you crawl past.”  
  
Poor Mandy looked up at Monica, and then at the girls. They had all armed themselves with a bedroom slipper. Her jaw dropped open and her face flushed. Monica looked down in satisfaction.  
  
“Better get going,” she said, “the faster you go the less you’ll get spanked. Giddy up!” and she landed a smart spank on Mandy’s right cheek. Mandy set off as fast as she could, each girl landing a smart thwack as she past, and Monica impeding her progress as best she could. By the time Mandy had got past her bottom felt on fire. At last she was approaching the big door at the end of the dorm which led into the corridor and marked the end of her crawl, but just as she was about to touch it. It opened and she looked up to see Miss Whipper standing there.  
  
Mandy looked up at her; then looked round. The girls had melted away, back to their normal morning chores of bed making and tidying up. She looked back up to Miss Whipper her bottom glowing bright red, fortunately facing away from Miss Whipper, who would have been most surprised if she could have seen it.  
  
Miss Whipper looked down at Mandy whose mouth was wide open and her face beetroot. The girls looked across at Mandy’s bright red bottom and Miss Whipper’s astonished face.  
  
“Mandy Brown!” she said, “My office. Nine o’clock!”  
  
Mandy looked up and nodded. The door closed and, after a due interval to allow the departure of the redoubtable Whipper, the girls erupted into howls of mirth.  
  
“That was a great start,” said Monica.  
  
“Start?” Mandy looked at Monica, a look of horror dawning on her face.  
  
“Oh yes,” said Monica, watching a replay of the incident on her mobile phone, “didn’t I say. We have a different initiation every day for a week!”

Mandy Goes back to School - Part 2

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Next morning after assemble Mandy went into Miss Whipper’s office.  
  
“Stand over here girl, in front of me,” said that impressive lady.  
  
“Er…, I’m not one of the girls, Miss Whipper,” said Mandy, “it’s Mandy Brown. I’m the student teacher.”  
  
“I thought I’d explained,” said Miss Whipper, “that for this week you are to be treated exactly as I would treat one of the girls. And so you shall be.”  
  
“Yes, Miss Whipper,” said Mandy.  
  
“Good, then that’s settled. Now girl, stand in front of me!”  
  
“Yes Miss Whipper.”  
  
“And what explanation do you have for your behaviour yesterday.”  
  
“I was er… looking for something on the floor.”  
  
“Naked!”  
  
“I’d er... dropped them.”  
  
“Dropped what?”  
  
“My knickers.”  
  
“Well, let me tell you this girl! Pupils at this school do not crawl about on the floor naked! Even if they are looking for their knickers!”  
  
“I’m er... not actually a pupil Miss Whipper.”  
  
“Nonsense girl, why else would you be here. You should know by now that we do not tolerate that sort of behaviour at St Moluag’s. You will write out for me two hundred times ‘I must not crawl about on the floor looking for my knickers’. And don’t stand there with your mouth open. Now get back to your class!”  
  
Mandy went back to her class. Two hundred lines! Still it could have been worse. The day at school wasn’t much better. For some reason she seemed to be the stupidest pupil in the class. They were studying a thing called the Canterbury Tales, but it all seemed totally incomprehensible to her.  
  
After school she was sitting in the dorm doing her lines when Monica came in with the girls.  
  
“Time for today’s initiation,” she said.  
  
“What!” said Mandy, she’d forgotten all about that, “but I’ve got all my lines to do.”  
  
“Lines! What a laugh,” said Monica, “a teacher being given lines. How many?”  
  
“Two hundred,” said Mandy  
  
“And how many have you done?”  
  
“About a hundred and ninety, and it’s taken me about an hour!”  
  
Monica picked up the sheet of paper with ‘I must not crawl about on the floor looking for my knickers’ written out in a neat school girl hand two hundred times.  
  
“Oops,” she said, tearing the sheet of paper up, “initiation first, then we’ll let you do your lines.”  
  
(I can hear you all saying – Aaaah! The Rotter, how mean etc, but Monica is the school bully so what did you expect.)  
  
Mandy looked on, mouth wide open, horrified. She’d be in real trouble if she didn’t do her lines. Then she shook her head. She was getting as bad as Miss Whipper: she was a teacher; she didn’t have to do lines. But then she thought about the smoking video, and Daddy, and Luncarty (pronounced Luncketty), and realised she was going to have to do the initiation.  
  
“What do I have to do?” she asked nervously.  
  
“First you have to be bare,” said Monica.  
  
Mandy had somehow thought as much and resignedly started taking her clothes off.  
  
“And not just naked, I mean bare – down there,” and she pointed down to Mandy’s little triangle of nicely curly hairs as she pulled her knickers down.  
  
Mandy groaned. That could only mean that she was being prepared for a new humiliation. She took the rest of her clothes off and stood there naked covering her private parts.  
  
“On the bed, on your back.” Pronounced Monica taking a little razor out of her pocket, “legs apart now. All my little slaves have to have bare little girly parts.”  
  
“But none of the other girls do,” protested Mandy.  
  
“Exactly,” said Monica, “because you’re going to be my only little slave with bare little girly parts.”  
  
What could poor Mandy do? It was either that or back to Luncarty (pronounced Lunketty) with Mummy - and Daddy. She bit her lip and opened her legs. She felt the shaving foam sprayed on (very considerate of Monica, she wasn’t all bad). She felt the little razor get to work, and when she looked down. She was a smooth as a peach, her girly parts bared for inspection, marked out as Monica’s slave.  
  
“Right,” said Monica, “you should get on with your lines now, and no mistakes mind.”  
  
Sighing deeply Mandy picked up her pen and, mouth open, started writing again. An hour later she had completed all her lines. Monica came over and picked up the sheets of paper. For a horrible moment Mandy thought she was going to tear them all up again, but she just folded them up and tucked them down the front of her blouse.  
  
“Right, I’ve one more little task for you, then you can have these back.”  
  
A nervous look came over Mandy’s face.  
  
“You remember we were studying Chaucer today.”  
  
Mandy looked blank.  
  
“My God! You’re supposed to be the teacher,” said Monica, “Chaucer – the Canterbury Tales. We were doing to Miller’s Tale. You know – the rude one.”  
  
Mandy still looked blank, so Monica had to explain. In the Miller’s Tale (by Chaucer – yes the medieval English poet) the horrible parish clerk comes to the window and asks the little cutie Alison for a kiss. It’s dark and Alison sticks her bottom out the window for the clerk to kiss. Much hilarity follows as the clerk kisses Alison ‘hole’ as Chaucer so succinctly puts it (and you thought rude stories started with the internet), at which ‘ "Tee hee!" quoth she, and clapped the window to’. The window shut, the clerk has to go off and plot his revenge (which unfortunately involves a red hot poker).  
  
“So?” said Mandy puzzled.  
  
“We’re going to play the same trick on the horrible Colin.”  
  
“Who’s the horrible Colin,” asked Mandy.  
  
“The gardener’s boy. He’s always hanging around trying to peek in through the windows and things. Well, I’ve sent him a note that if he comes to the dorm window at ten o’clock tonight he’ll get a kiss through the window. We’ll blindfold him first, and then get him to…”  
  
“Kiss your bottom!” shouted Mandy. She understood at last.  
  
“Er… not quite,” said Monica, “no way am I sticking my bottom out the window. No – he’ll be kissing your bottom. Well, there’s no point in keeping a little girly slave and sticking your own bottom out the window – or would you rather I tore these up,” and she took Mandy’s lines out of her pocket.  
  
Mandy was beaten. She was going to have to do it. After all, as her old headmaster always said – all girls should have there bottom kissed regularly. And she couldn’t face doing those lines again, and it was that or back to Luncarty (pronounced Luncketty). Mandy started to pick up her clothes.  
  
“Excuse me! No,” said Monica, “Slaves are naked. Bare little girly parts on display.”  
  
Mandy sat down resigned. Just a few more days and it would be over.  
  
The time crept on towards ten.. Two girls were sent out to meet Colin and blindfold him.  
  
Monica turned to Mandy, “out the window with you,” she said lifting the sash, “legs on the ground outside, bend in through the window and separate the cheeks of your bottom. We want him to have some fun for his money.”  
  
Sighing Mandy did as she was told. She stepped out of the window (the dorm was on the ground flopor) and bent over, putting her head back into the room under the sash. She flushed with embarrassment at what she was about to do – well at least he was blindfolded! After a few minutes of waiting the sound of the girls bringing Colin could be heard. She exposed the part for him to kiss and she felt his lips and then his tongue come out.  
  
“Uuuugh!” he shouted, and then it all seemed to happen at once.  
  
“Tee hee quoth she,” said Monica, quoting the story, “and clapped the window to,” and with that she brought the sash of window down on Mandy’s back trapping her in position, bent over, held immobile with her head inside the room, her legs outside and her bottom sticking out.  
  
Colin tore off his blindfold and immediately saw how he’d been tricked. Monica and the girls collapsed in howls of mirth. Mandy struggle to free herself but she was held fast.  
  
Now Colin was in truth a nice lad, who never normally would have taken advantage of a damsel in distress, as Mandy clearly was, but he had just been tricked, and there he was presented with an inviting bare bottom bending over in front of him. The temptation would have been too much for any man, and it was too much for Colin (who succumbed to temptation all too easily). The bottom just had to be spanked. It was begging for it. He raised his hand and brought it down hard on the left cheek.  
  
“Eek!” yelled Mandy. He had a hard hand.  
  
Then “Eek!” again as her right cheek was spanked. Then left and right until Colin got into a good rhythm. Mandy had had ten on each cheek and her bottom was glowing red again when the door opened and Miss Whipper walked in.  
  
Miss Whipper looked down at Mandy and Mandy looked up at Miss Whipper. Mandy’s face, beetroot red, was even redder than her bottom and her mouth and eyes were wide open.  
  
“Mandy Brown,” said Miss Whipper, “My office. Nine o’clock tomorrow. Bring those thousand lines with you and expect an exemplary punishment!”  
  
“It could have been worse,” said Monica releasing Mandy, “It could have been the red hot poker.”  
  
Mandy picked up her pen. She groaned – another eight hundred lines to write. She wriggled her stinging bottom on the seat – it was going to be a long night.

Mandy Goes back to School - Part 3

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Mandy turned up at Miss Whipper’s study with more apprehension than ever the following day.  
  
“Mandy Brown,” said that lady, “this is the second time in two days that I have had to speak to you very seriously indeed. This school is used to handling difficult pupils, but I am beg…”  
  
“Excuse me,” said Mandy, plucking up courage, “I’m not actually a pupil here…”  
  
“Don’t interrupt girl. Of course you’re a pupil here. There’s no other school around here is there?”  
  
“No,” said Mandy.  
  
“Well there you are then. And if you don’t want further punishment I suggest you don’t interrupt any more... Explanation please.”  
  
“I er... went outside to look for them.”  
  
“Look for what exactly?”  
  
“Er…my knickers.”  
  
“Knickers! Knickers! Are you obsessed with knickers or something? Do you throw them about the place and then run after them? I’m beginning to think you’re a very strange girl indeed. I’m tempted to contact your parents about this.”  
  
“No! No!” shouted Mandy, horrified.  
  
“In that case please explain exactly how you came to be looking for your knickers in that curious fashion.”  
  
“Well Monica said…”  
  
“You mean you’re blaming Monica for this…”  
  
“Well Monica told me to…”  
  
“I hope you realise how serious this is - making an accusation against our head girl. Monica has always behaved in a most exemplary fashion.”  
  
Miss Whipper picked up the phone and contacted her secretary, “Send Monica along to my office,” she ordered, “we’ll see what Monica has to say herself.”  
  
Mandy stood open mouthed. She hadn’t meant this to happen. What on earth would Monica say? Monica arrived a couple of minutes later. She was on her best behaviour.  
  
“Can I help you Miss Whipper?” she asked.  
  
“You certainly can. This wretched girl claims that you were responsible for her peculiar situation yesterday.”  
  
“Does she indeed,” said Monica, “I’m afraid I’ve had my eye on this girl for a while. I think she’s going to need a little correction.”  
  
Mandy smiled to herself. Miss Whipper was so absent minded she had clearly forgotten who Mandy was, and Mandy was so gullible she’d fall for anything. Monica had a plan worked out, a plan by which Mandy would provide endless amusement for herself and the girls.  
  
“I think you must be right,” said Miss Whipper, “hand out girl!”  
  
“What!” said Mandy   
  
“Hand out Girl!” said Miss Whipper, taking out a twelve inch ruler, “and think yourself lucky it’s just your hand this time. Next time it’ll be somewhere a lot more painful”  
  
“But,” said Mandy,” I’m not…” but she got no further.  
  
“Take your punishment Mandy,” said Monica, “like a good girl, or you know what’ll happen”  
  
Mandy knew only too well. She held out her hand. Miss Whipper brought the ruler down sharp on her hand.  
  
“Ouch!” said Mandy pulling her hand away.  
  
“Keep your hand out and take your punishment Girl,” said Miss Whipper.  
  
Poor Mandy had no choice. She held out her hand and received four sharp smacks with the ruler until her hand was stinging with the pain. Monica looked on smiling.  
  
“I’m taking detention tonight,” said Monica, “I think it would be appropriate for her to attend that.”  
  
“Absolutely,” said Miss Whipper, “quite appropriate. You will report for detention at six o’clock sharp. It will be taken by the Monica. We believe in giving the responsible mature girls at St Moluags”, a category to which she obviously believed Mandy did not belong,”a position of trust.”  
  
Monica smiled again…  
  
“What have you to say for yourself Girl!” said Monica, echoing the words of Miss Whipper, when Mandy was standing in front of her in detention.  
  
“I’m not actually a girl – I’m the student teacher,” Mandy reminded her.  
  
“Teacher?” said Mandy pretending to look puzzled, “I don’t think a teacher would be smoking with the girls and crawling around on the floor in the nude in some sort of naughty game,” she looked at the videos on the mobile phone again. Mandy understood that she was still to be the pupil.  
  
“Never mind,” said Monica, “I think this is going to be an entertaining detention, “a suitable opportunity for today’s initiation.”  
  
Mandy flushed again. Not another initiation.  
  
“Take your clothes off,” said Monica bluntly.  
  
“What!” cried Mandy  
  
“You heard me,” said Monica, tapping the phone. Visions of the smoking debacle again and return in disgrace to Luncarty (pronounced Luncketty) filled Mandy’s brain. She started to undress. Just as she was completely naked there was a knock at the door. Mandy looked round in horror, but Monica just called, “Come in!”  
  
A group of girls from the form came in carrying a large bucket.  
  
Mandy turned bright red and tried to cover herself with her hands. They might already have seen her naked, but she felt strangely vulnerable standing there in the classroom with nothing on.  
  
“What’s in the bucket,” she asked nervously.  
  
“Porridge,” replied Monica succinctly.  
  
“Porridge?”  
  
“Yes, porridge made in Scotland. Cold, sloppy and very, very sticky.”  
  
“But I don’t want to eat any porridge.”  
  
“What makes you think it’s for eating. Go on girls.”  
  
And poor Mandy could only stand there as the bucketful of cold porridge was poured over her head: in her hair, down her front, smeared into her arms, into her legs, into places where porridge shouldn’t really go. And everywhere it was smeared it dried on and stuck, until poor Mandy was covered in cold sticky goo.  
  
“Well,” said Monica, “I think detention’s over, “you’ll not be wanting to put these on,” picking up Mandy’s clothes.  
  
“No,” said Mandy dolefully.  
  
“Bend over,” said Monica.  
  
Mandy did as she was told, wondering exactly what was going to happen. What happened was, that Monica started to write something on her bum.  
  
“What are you writing,” asked Mandy.  
  
“ ‘Tell-tale tit’. We’ll give you one minute’s start.” Monica announced.  
  
“What?” said Mandy  
  
“One minute’s start. If you can make it back to the dorm then you can get cleaned up. But if we catch you, you’ll find out what we do to tell-tales in this school.”  
  
“But I didn’t,” protested Mandy, “I wasn’t going to…”  
  
But she was interrupted.  
  
“Fifty-five seconds,” announced Monica, holding the door open. Mandy saw she was going to have to run – all the way back to the dorm, stark naked, covered in cold porridge. She set off running. News of Mandy’s humiliation had spread round the school like wildfire, all the girls had turned out to watch the naked run. Of course Mandy didn’t stand a chance. They got in the way, the blocked the stairs, and finally they tripped her up. Mandy down on her hands and knees in the quad looked up to see Monica and the girls staring down at her. Monica bent down and put a dog collar round Mandy’s neck, attached a lead to it and tugged.  
  
“Come on,” she said, “this is what we do to tell-tales in this school, we parade them round the quad like a naughty dog.”  
  
She pulled on the lead, “Come on she said, off we go.”  
  
And poor Mandy had to crawl round after her while what seemed like all the girls in the school turned out to watch.   
  
“Bark,” instructed Monica.  
  
Mandy looked up at her, “Woof woof,” she said. What else could she do?  
  
After the tour of the quad Monica tied the lead to a railing.  
  
“Come on, Girls,” she said, “back to the dorm,” and suddenly the quad was empty and Mandy was left there tied to the railing, stark naked and covered in congealed porridge, all on her own. That she had been left there to be found by Miss Whipper, she had no doubt. What was worse the porridge had worked its up, well up where it shouldn’t have gone. It felt uncomfortable. Mandy felt an uncontrollable urge to rub where it had gone. It was unfortunate, that that was precisely where her fingers were when Miss Whipper arrived on the scene doing her evening rounds. Exactly as Monica had known would happen. Mandy looked up at her. Her mouth open and her face bright red.  
  
“Mandy Brown!” announced Miss Whipper, no even noticing the writing on her bottom, “my office. Nine o’clock sharp. And don’t expect to get off so lightly this time!”  
  
Mandy was somewhat apprehensive as to what the ‘not so light’ punishment might be and her worst fears were realised when on entering Miss Whipper’s office the following morning she found Monica standing beside Miss Whipper and a strong leather strap of the type known as a ‘tawse’ which was used for inflicting corporal punishment in that school lying on the desk.  
  
Miss Whipper was purple with rage, or quite possibly shock, as she opened her mouth to speak.  
  
“Never!” she said, “Never, in all my time as a school mistress have I encountered a pupil so wantonly wicked as you.”  
  
“But Miss Whipper,” blurted out Mandy, “I’m not actually a pupil here…”  
  
“Silence girl!” Miss Whipper shouted her down, “of course you’re a pupil at this school. Why else did I find it necessary to punish you yesterday?”  
  
Poor Mandy tried another tack, “But it was Monica who…”  
  
“Silence girl!” expostulated Miss Whipper again, “I will not listen to any further calumnies against our blameless head girl whom I trust implicitly.”  
  
Mandy gave up. It was hopeless.  
  
“There is only one punishment suitable for such behaviour,” said Miss Whipper,” you must be made an example of. You know what this is?” pointing at the tawse.  
  
“Yes Miss Whipper,” Mandy did indeed know what it was. Her old headmaster had often said her bottom made the perfect target for it.  
  
“Good,” said Miss Whipper, “I feel, given the gravity of the offence, that ten strokes would be appropriate, and in view of her exemplary behaviour in this matter I am delegating the punishment to Monica. You will have a very sore hand at the end of this I’m afraid, but you should have thought of that before”  
  
Mandy gasped – Not Monica. Monica would really enjoy it.  
  
“And of course,” said Miss Whipper, “this old fashioned punishment only has the required deterrent effect if witnessed by the other girls. It will therefore be carried out in front of the whole school while we hold our staff meeting.”  
  
Oh No! Mandy cringed. She was to be strapped in front of the school. How would she ever live that down when she came to do her proper teaching practice?  
  
“Come on,” said Monica grabbing Mandy by the ear and pulling her out, “we’ll soon see what happens to Tell-Tales.”  
  
Mandy was led by the ear into the school hall where the children were gathered waiting. It was one of the old-fashioned traditions of the school that the head prefects could punish the wayward pupils and all were waiting expectantly.  
  
Monica had arranged for a vaulting horse to be placed at the front of the school hall. She pointed at it.  
  
“Bend over that,” she said.  
  
“But Miss Whipper said my hand.”  
  
“Miss Whipper is a silly old fart,” said Monica, “and I’m in charge here. Bend over.”  
  
Mandy did as she was told. She still had no choice. Her bottom was facing the assembled girls.  
  
“This is what happens to girls who tell tales,” she announced, lifting Mandy’s skirt right up and pulling her knickers down. There was a gasp as the words ‘Tell Tale’ came into view still clearly visible on Mandy’s bum. No amount of scrubbing by Mandy had managed to remove them. Monica picked up the tawse and held it so that it gently touched Mandy’s bottom. Everyone knew what was coming, including Mandy. She heard the tawse swish and the loud thwack as it landed on her bare cheeks.  
  
“Nine!” she shouted, counting down the strokes as she had always been taught, “thank you Monica.”  
  
“Miss Monica,” Monica instructed.  
  
Thwack!  
  
“Ouch! Eight! Thank you Miss Monica.”  
  
Over in Luncarty (pronounced Lunketty) Mr Brown wondered how his wife was getting on. She had insisted on motoring over to the west coast to check on how Mandy was doing. He had thought it a waste of time, but then women would be women.  
  
Back in St Moluag’s Monica had got into a good rhythm.  
  
Thwack.  
  
“Oooow! Seven! Thank you Miss Monica!”  
  
The word’s ‘Tell Tale’ stood out even more prominently on Mandy’s glowing bottom as Monica knew they would.  
  
Mandy looked up. The door in front of her was opening slowly. Who could it be? All the staff were at the staff meeting. The door opened wide and a figure came through.  
  
She gasped, bent over the vaulting horse, awaiting the next thwack on her bare bottom, she saw standing in front of her the figure of her mother, complete with the pink hat with the bunch of cherries that her mother loved so much.  
  
Her mother looked down at her. She saw Mandy’s face looking back up at her, glowing as bright as her bottom, with her mouth wide open as usual and her eyes wide open in surprise.  
  
“Oh! Don’t let me stop you,” said her mother, “I’m sure she must deserve it.”  
  
“She certainly does,” said Monica, totally unabashed. The tawse swung again. Thwack!  
  
“Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow! Six! Thank you Miss Monica. Hello Mother”  
  
Mandy’s mother looked down at her with satisfaction. She was glad they had brought up little Mandy to be so polite.  
  
  
Hi Feline, do you think I’ve gone over the top in this one. I rather wanted Mandy to be spanked in front of the whole school as a sort of ultimate humiliation, but maybe it’s a bit much. Not that such things didn’t happen in the old days (so much loved by Miss Whipper). The public caning over the vaulting horse is taken directly from my own experience at school – not that such things would happen nowadays (and not me getting caned I may say – I was a well behaved little boy). I also wondered if the ‘doggy’ scene was a bit too humiliating, perhaps it would work better if she just ran into Miss Whipper. Maybe the mother was a bit much as well, but the point of the Mandy stories is that they are spanking humiliation stories and I try to put in a novel humiliation each time. Anyway your comments will be most welcome – and any more suggestions for tribulations for Mandy.  
  
Joe