**Boys Like You**

Part Nine

By Randall Austin

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Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

By the time Randall had arrived home from his  
counseling session on Monday evening, Dean had been  
able to contact an after-hours Social Services  
officer, who was able to provide a little more  
information as to why Randall had been scheduled to be  
processed surgically for the Total Reform program.    
  
And he and Earl were also able to do a little more  
research on the Internet about Iowa State’s Total  
Reform program.  
  
Randall knew something serious was up the moment he  
walked in the door.  Dean called out to him to join  
him and Earl in the study.  When Randall entered the  
study he saw a worried look on Dean’s face such as he  
had never seen before.    
  
As Randall seated himself, Dean handed him the letter  
from Social Services.  Dean and Earl waited in silence  
as Randall read the letter:  
  
‘June 16, 2012  
  
Mr. Dean Anthony Inslee,  
  
Iowa’s State Total Reform Program consists of a  
preliminary 7 month long, comprehensive servant  
training program at the Social Services State Training  
Center in Des Moines.  Upon successful completion of  
the training program, the Total Reform indentee spends  
5 years and 4 months of hard and durable labor with  
Social Services Industries in Dubuque.  Upon  
completion of term of service, the indentee is then  
committed to a 2-month long hospitalized counseling  
and exit therapy program at Cedar Rapids Social Services.  
Because all indentees entering the Total Reform  
training program must be fit and fully recovered from  
the processing procedures required of the hard-labor  
Total Reform Program and because it has been projected

that the Iowa State indentee under your guardianship,

Randall Jerome Inslee, will be unable to successfully

complete the requirements of the ‘Stage One’ Rehabilitative

Indenturement program by the review deadline of

August, 14, 2012, and shall at that time be remanded

to Iowa State’s Total Reform Indenturement Program,

the following appointment has been set for Randall

Jerome Inslee’s surgical processing into the Total Reform program.   
  
June 22, 2012, 1:30 PM  
Linn County Department of Social Services  
Health Services Division  
1010 Guardian Avenue  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
  
Postoperative care generally lasts from 3 to 4 days.   
Because the general public could find the nature of  
the surgical procedures disturbing and because  
indentees in the Total Reform program are routinely  
kept bound, nude, and cathetered in their recovery  
beds, visitation is discouraged by all but the  
indentee’s chief overseer/guardian.  
  
Failure to appear at the above appointment on time  
shall result in a $400 fine.  
  
Robert Coburn  
Linn County Social Services Processing Regulator’

Randall was furious, “What in the hell is going on?”  
  
Dean responded, “Do you not understand the letter?”  
  
Randall almost spat his answer out, “This is a joke!   
A fucking joke!”  
  
Dean shook his head, “I’m afraid it’s not, bro.”  
  
Randall looked directly into Dean’s face, “How did  
this happen?  You said you were going to make sure I  
pass the ‘Stage One’ program.  How did this happen?”  
  
“Maybe you’d like to tell me how it happened, Randy.”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
Dean looked back at Randall just as intently, “I  
wasn’t with you during your work days for the Parks  
Department.  I didn’t know you were racking up  
demerits left and right!”  
  
Randall was confused, “Yeah, demerits.  So what?”  
  
Dean was just as confused by Randall’s seeming  
unawareness of the importance of demerits, “How come  
you never reported to me that you were getting  
demerits?”  
  
“What do you mean?  I didn’t report on a lot of things  
those asshole overseers did to us.  You never cared.   
You just told me over and over to not let it bother me  
and to be respectful at all times.”  Randy shook his  
head in anger.  
  
Dean responded, “Did I not ask you to report every  
infraction?”  
  
Randall didn’t answer.  
  
Dean was getting annoyed with Randall’s feigned  
ignorance, “Listen Randy!  How many times did I tell  
you that you were to report every infraction marked  
against you and every punishment you received while on  
the job?”  
  
Randall had a worried look on his face, “You told me I  
was to report every punishment, so that you could  
repeat the punishment at home as reinforcement.  So  
whenever the overseers cited me and ordered me to  
unflap my butt for a paddling, I asked for demerits  
instead of a paddling.  That way there was no  
punishment given to me on the job and so there was no  
punishment to report.”   
  
Dean shook his head, “I don’t know if you thought you  
were being clever or what you were thinking.  But do  
you know the significance of demerit points?  I called  
Social Services and spoke to an afterhour’s officer  
and he was able to inform me that you have 180 demerit  
points on your record.  So for these past 10 months  
you’ve been getting cited for misbehavior on probably  
a weekly basis and you never once reported it to me!”

“The officer I spoke with didn’t have access to your  
overseers’ personal file on you, so he wasn’t able to  
tell me what the demerits were for, but Randy, 180  
demerit points is the reason they’re sending you to  
surgery the day after tomorrow.  The officer said that  
demerit points have to be worked off, either through  
extra work or punishment, that it was unlikely that  
that many demerit points could be worked off by August  
14th and that was why they need to have you ready and  
healed from your processing surgery so you can be sent  
immediately to the Total Reform training program on  
August 14.”  
  
Randall shook his head with an angry look, stood up  
and walked briskly towards the door.  Dean asked,   
“Where are you going?”  
  
Randall kept walking, “Fuck this!  This is my life  
you’ve messed up, Dean!  Thanks a lot!”  
  
When Randall had exited, both Earl and Dean were just  
as exhausted from the exchange as was Randall.  Dean  
put his forehead in his hand and asked, “Jeeze, what  
in the hell are we going to do?”  
  
Earl didn’t have an answer, “This is some pretty tough  
shit to deal with dude.  Unfortunately, I don’t have  
anything to suggest.  When Social Services states, “do  
this”, you pretty much have to answer their call.  I  
suppose you know that if Randall really does fail  
‘Stage One’, which is what Social Services is  
projecting, you will be dealt a $5000 fine as his  
appointed guardian.”  
  
Dean shrugged, “I know that.  But that’s the least of  
my worries right now.”  
  
Earl had sober advice, “You’re right about that Dean.  
There’s a lot to be concerned about.  For one thing,  
I think you’d better keep an eye on Randall, because  
if he’s planning on doing any crazy thing right now,  
like going into hiding, or leaving the state, there  
are serious, serious, consequences for such behavior.   
He’d almost certainly be caught and when he is the  
best that could happen to him is that his term of  
service would be doubled.  But getting a life sentence  
for bolting isn’t all that uncommon either.  It depends  
on the judge and circumstances.  Anyway, I’m advising  
you; Randall is stressed right now and he could do  
something stupid.  It’s kind of your duty as his  
overseer to protect him from getting into any deeper  
shit than he already is.”  
  
Dean agreed with Earl and the two of them went  
looking for Randall, whom they found in the basement  
storage area gathering clothes from his belongings in  
storage.  When Randall noticed the two of them and  
then saw that they immediately left the area, Randall  
took it as their tacit approval of his plan to run  
away.  
  
Randall did not know that what happened was that upon  
seeing Randall gathering clothing, Earl took Dean  
aside and stressed to Dean the importance of keeping  
Randall bound and secured until Randall was taken to  
his surgery appointment.  Dean and Earl returned to  
the basement and approached Randall, each carrying  
social servant bindings.  
  
Earl grabbed the unsuspecting Randall and held him by  
his shoulders.  In the scuffle that ensued Dean and  
Earl managed attach a leash to his genital choke  
cinch, a tether to his collar, tighten his leg braces  
to their highest setting and bind his hands together  
in front of him. Both Dean and Earl ignored everything  
Randall was swearing and threatening as they led the  
bound social servant up to Dean’s bedroom and  
strapped him down to the bed.  
  
Randall cried, “Why are you doing this to me, Dean?”  
  
Dean touched Randall on the head, “Because you’ll  
never get away with running and if you were caught  
the consequences are severe.  You are in no condition  
to make decisions for yourself right now, bro.”  
  
There was silence from all three men, with Dean  
feeling like he should be able to bring calm to the  
situation with soothing words, but unable to think of  
anything to say.  
  
Dean and Earl simply looked down at Randall, bound to  
the bed, depressed at the sight.  Then suddenly  
Randall started crying.  Out loud.  Dean and Earl were  
heartbroken and Randall cried out, “Help me Dean.”  
  
Dean nodded and spoke quietly, “I will, Randy.”  
  
After observing Randall for a bit longer, Dean spoke,   
“The officer I spoke with suggested that I not send  
Randy to work tomorrow.  I will do that.  I’ll call  
our Social Service’s contact person and tell them I  
don’t want to risk sending Randall out alone.”  
  
Dean thought a bit, and then touched Earl on the shoulder.   
“Dude.  I just remembered I have a lot going on  
tomorrow.  Do you think you could babysit for Randy  
tomorrow?  I’m seeing my dad and I have an  
appointment with an agent from Social Services on some  
legal issues.  So I’m wondering if you could help  
out.”  
  
Earl nodded, “I’d be happy to help you two out at this  
difficult time.”  
  
Their conversation was broken by Randall suddenly  
crying out, “Dean, what kind of surgery?  What are  
they going to do to me?”  
  
Dean and Earl looked at each other.  When both were  
driven to silence, Randall took it as a sign that they  
did not want him to know what was going to happen  
because it was not good and he asked again, in a louder  
voice, what was going to happen to me in surgery.  
  
Dean stuttered, “Randall, don’t worry about that now.   
Maybe….”  Dean stopped talking, not knowing what to  
say.    
  
Earl shook his head and said quietly to Dean, “I  
think it’s crueler not tell him than to tell him.”  
  
When Randall called out again, Dean replied to Earl,   
“I guess you’re right.”    
  
But Dean found himself unable to say anything and  
asked Earl, “Could you please tell him?”  
  
Earl nodded silently.  He sat on the bed, next to the  
bound servant and spoke in a calm voice, “They are  
simply going to get you ready for hard labor service.   
All of the boys in the Total Reform program get the  
same procedures done to them.  
Most of the things they’ll be doing to you are  
temporary body modifications.”  
  
Earl was surprised that he was finding it difficult,   
as well; to explain what was going to be done to  
Randall in surgery.  
  
“They’ll be doing several things to you once they put  
you to sleep.  First, they’re going to be ringing you,   
Randy, for hard labor service.  The rings they use on  
boys in the Total Reform program are very thick gauge  
hard-labor service rings.  And they are large.  I’ll  
be frank.  The rings they’ll be putting on you aren’t  
jewelry type rings.  They’re huge and thick, so they  
need to make large holes in both of your ears.   
They’re three inches in diameter, bro.  And they not  
only go in both ears, but the same kind of rings go in  
both of your nipples and your nose.”  
  
“They use a different kind of ring for your cock.    
They make a hole through your cock head that’s a good  
bit larger than the kind of hole they make for a  
standard Prince Albert piercing.  The part of the ring  
that goes through your dick head is big enough, but  
the rest of the ring is like a giant steel donut.   
I’ve seen it on the Total Reform boys working at  
Social Services Industries in Dubuque.  It’s huge and  
thick and weighs down their cocks.”  
  
As Randall sobbed, listening, tears continued to roll  
down his face.  
  
Randall asked, “What are all of those rings for?”  
  
Earl maintained a calm tone, trying to not  
sensationalize things, “Boys in the Total Reform  
program are kept under constant supervision and  
control every hour of every day.  For your entire time  
there you will be either tied, tethered, or trollied,   
both during your 12-hour workday and your non-work  
hours.  They use your body rings to attach leashes and  
trolley lines.  For whatever kind of job they put you  
to, they have you secured.  For quarry work there is a  
tether from your nose ring to an overhead trolley  
line, so you can only be on the track you’re supposed  
to be on.  If you’re doing work at a desk, they tether  
you to it by tethers to your nipple rings.  If you’re  
scrubbing floors they leash you by your cock ring.   
When you’re on break they tether you to your chair by  
your earrings.  Let me tell you, they really use all  
those rings they put on the Total Reform boys.”  
  
“Boys in the hard labor program are so heavily ringed  
that they look almost like they’re part human and part  
mechanical, especially when you see them naked and  
toiling away.  They look like bio-mechanical robots,   
the way they have all that metal on their bodies,   
aren’t allowed to talk or anything and have to keep  
their attention focused on the work they’re doing or  
else get snapped.”  
  
Randall sobbed. “What do you mean, ‘get snapped’?”  
  
Earl answered, “They have a short leash that is  
attached to your genital choke cinch at all times.  It  
rises up from your cinch and the end of the leash  
hangs from off your back by means of a strap about  
your chest.  When an overseer needs to motivate you,   
they come behind you and give a strong tug to the end  
of your leash and thus your cock root gets a really  
tight punishment squeeze.  When they tug on your  
genital cinch they call it ‘snapping’.  It’s not as  
harsh as tasers and whips; and it still provides slacker  
boys with the motivation they need to perform up to  
speed.  Whips and tasers are still used in the Total  
Reform program, but not as frequently.”  
  
Randall could hardly stand to hear anymore, as he  
writhed in distress.  
  
Earl continued, “And they’re going bell you, Randy.   
They pierce the base of your chin with a small ring,   
to which they attach your hard labor bell.  All the  
boys in the Total Reform program are belled.  The bell  
is three inches long with a rather narrow cylinder,   
but it makes a lot of noise.  You’ll be hearing that  
bell every day for five years, every time you move  
your head.  The overseers who herd the Total Reform  
boys call them ‘jingle boys’.”  
  
Randall sobbed with each of Earl’s sentences.  When  
Earl began talking about tattoos, Dean was indignant  
and interrupted Earl with a question. “How in the hell  
can they do that?  Total Reform is just a temporary  
program.  It’s not a life sentence of servitude!”  
  
Earl explained, “The Total Reform program is, as the  
name implies, serious about getting rid of all bad  
habits in a boy.  It is a multi-pronged program that  
is intended to have a long-range curative effect.  As  
such it is educational; it is rehabilitative; it is  
punitive; and it is preventative.  The tattoos are  
there to remind the boys, once they leave the program,  
for the rest of their lives, what the consequences of  
bad behavior are; to remind them that they could be  
sent back into punitive servitude at any time,  
especially if they ever have any serious run-ins with  
the law.”  
  
“Therefore, in order to help boys like Randy be ever  
aware of the consequences of bad behavior, they will  
be tatting Randy in several places on his body.  All  
of it is intended to help you, Randy, to be on your  
best behavior at all times.”  
  
Dean asked, “What kind of tattoos?  How many?”  
  
Earl wasn’t absolutely certain, “I believe there are  
six.  There could be eight.”  
  
Dean, incredulous, spurted, “Six or eight tattoos?”  
  
Earl affirmed, “Oh yes.  They tat the boys with the  
words, ‘Iowa State Total Reform’.  The letters aren’t  
real big, Randy, only half an inch tall.  They will  
tattoo you with ‘Iowa State Total Reform on your  
upper left back, above your right nipple, on your  
front upper left leg, on your right buttock, on your  
left wrist, and on the back of your neck.”  
  
As Randall broke down and started crying out loud.  
Dean shouted out “Fuck man!  That is disgusting!”  
  
Earl spoke quietly in an attempt to keep the Inslee  
brothers from getting hysterical, “Well, that’s not  
the only permanent body modification that they’ll be  
doing to Randy under surgery.  They will also be  
branding him and removing his back molars.”  
  
Dean was angry and stood up, “Branding!  Teeth  
removal!  What the fuck are you talking about? They  
can’t do that!”  
Earl remained calm, “They sure can.  And it’s done to  
boys every day who are remanded to the Total Reform  
program.”    
  
Dean shook his head in disbelief as Earl explained,   
“Randy will be getting branded with the letters IAISS  
on his left buttock and on his front upper right leg.   
It stands for Iowa State Involuntary Social Servant.   
Again, it’s part of the preventative aspect of the  
program, and…”  
  
Dean cut Earl off, “Jeeezaz man!  That can’t be!”  
  
Earl only nodded his head in the affirmative and  
continued, “And they will also be removing Randall’s  
two back, left and right, upper and lower, molars.   
Eight back teeth in all will be removed.”  
  
Dean, dazed, sat back down, as Randall’s crying grew  
in volume.  Dean asked why they removed the molars.  
  
“For certain jobs Randy will be doing they will be  
fitting him with a mouthpiece, a bit actually, the  
kind they place in horses’ mouths when they are  
pulling heavy loads.”  
  
Dean could only mutter, “That can’t be!”  
  
Earl assured him, “All you need do is go the Social  
Services website and you can see photos of a fully  
processed Total Reform boy.  They’ve got them  
pictured and you can see all of their rings, their  
bell, the tattoos, the brands, and there is picture of  
a Total Reform boy with his mouth open so you can see  
his teeth.  There is also a picture of a Total Reform  
boy with a bit in his mouth pulling a tumbrel.  You  
can see in those pictures why they have to keep the  
Total Reform boys completely naked for their work  
because they keep them tethered, leashed, and trollied  
by all of their body rings.”  
  
Randall cried out both “No!” and “Why?”  
  
Earl answered him, “They’ve got to do that stuff to  
boys like you in order to help you.  That kind of  
stuff they do to your bodies talks directly to boys  
like you in ways that words cannot and will help you  
learn to obey the way you’re supposed to.”  
“They have found that the best way to help boys like  
you achieve total reform in your lives is to turn you  
into total work beasts.  You will be turned into  
basically a ringed, tatted, belled and branded draft  
animal.  It’s been proven to really help boys like  
you.”   
  
Dean attempted to change the hopeless tone of the  
conversation, “In the morning I’ll be looking into  
this.  There’s got to be a way out of this.  I’ll talk  
to my buddies at the courthouse.”  
  
Earl attempted to bring reality back into the picture,   
“You have to remember, Dean, the Social Service system  
is impervious to all of that wheeling and dealing that  
takes place in the criminal justice system, where cops  
make deals with attorneys and attorneys make deals  
with judges.  The Social Service system operates in  
its own world and Social Servants, whether indentured  
voluntarily, criminally, or punitively, are subjected  
to a hard set of federal regulations that are pretty  
much untouchable.”  
  
“And that is why social servants, even those  
indentured punitively and criminally, have a certain  
respect in the eyes of society that common criminal  
jailbirds do not.”  
  
“And that is why you, Randy, need not be depressed  
over any of this, because you will, in the end, be  
working for the good of society.  You will be serving  
society.  So when you wake up from surgery and see  
your body weighted down with all those rings, your  
chin bell dangling and jingling, your tattoos and  
brands permanently marking your body and all of your  
back teeth removed, you need to stand tall.  Be proud  
of your hard labor rings, bell, tats, brands, and  
your mouth readied for the bit, because you really  
will be serving society.  You won’t be like some  
selfish con sitting in a cell reading library books.   
You will actually be doing good for the benefit of  
everyone and that ought to be a source of real pride  
for you.”  
  
As Randall cried, Earl advised Dean, “You should  
really be encouraging Randy to accept his new status  
and not offering him false hope just a few hours  
before he’ll be on the surgeon’s table getting  
branded, tattooed, and detoothed for life.”  
  
When Randall called out to Dean, Dean had a tear in  
his eye and didn’t know what to say.  
  
Earl filled the void, “You hang in there, Randy!  Once  
you’re back home from surgery and see how different  
you look, you will begin to see yourself as someone  
really special.  Not only will you look really  
different from free boys your age, but you will really  
‘BE’ a different kind of boy.  When you see yourself all  
ringed, belled, tatted, branded, and detoothed, you’ll  
know that you really are different from free boys.”  
  
“And then when you finally do join all of the other  
Total Reform boys out at the hard labor farms in  
Dubuque and actually get to toil away 12 hours a day  
with hundreds of other naked, ringed, collared,   
cinched, branded, and tattooed, boys; all leashed,   
trollied, tethered, and bitted; you’ll begin to see  
how fulfilling a life of hard labor can be.  Total  
Reform boys share a silent and glorious camaraderie as  
they do the work they are supposed to be doing.  Total  
Reform boys have no choice but to obey and that’s the  
kind of direction you need in your life at this time  
Randall.  You should just accept it.  It’s not a bad  
thing.  It’s a pure and admirable life.”  
  
“Boys like you need the extra control that the Total  
Reform program gives.  And out in Dubuque you will be  
with hundreds of other boys just like yourself; boys  
who need a program of hard labor, constant  
supervision and strict discipline.  Such a program  
turns you into strong and service oriented citizens.   
You have no choice but to get with the program, but in  
the end the lessons you learn in the hard labor  
program will reward you for a lifetime.”

To Be Continued…

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please join his Archive group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>