**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Two

By Randall Austin

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When we got Tony home, Gabriel and I had a talk with  
mom and dad and we told them of the judge’s concerns  
for Tony’s well being.  They agreed that if Tony were  
to mess up before he was delivered to auction there  
could be some dire consequences for him.  Mom and Dad  
made the decision to keep Tony leashed and secured at  
all times.  
  
Dad contacted Uncle Vinny about this decision because  
Uncle Vinny had been warning dad for a long time about  
Tony’s behavior and always felt that dad should have  
taken a firmer hand with Tony.  Dad wanted Uncle Vinny  
present when we confronted Tony, because he knew that  
if any force was required he wouldn’t be able to use  
it, but uncle Vinny would have no problem getting firm  
with Tony.  Uncle Vinny was the only one of our relatives  
who had regular contact with slaves, as they made up  
part of the labor force at his work place.  Gabriel,   
who is two years older than Tony, was also stronger  
than Tony, so he could help Uncle Vinny if Tony was any  
trouble.  
  
Later that day Uncle Vinny arrived, and he brought  
with him a bunch of weird looking slave control items.  
When dad suddenly looked like he was having  
reservations, Uncle Vinny told him that he probably wouldn’t  
have to use any of the items if Tony behaved himself.   
  
So dad, Uncle Vinny, Gabriel, Richard, and I went  
upstairs and confronted Tony in his bedroom.  Dad  
calmly told Tony what we were going to do, and why.   
Tony got kind of angry, since he said he felt like his  
own family had ganged up on him.  Dad started to say  
that this wasn’t the case, and that we loved him dearly.   
Uncle Vinny slowly walked up to Tony saying, “Take it  
easy son; we just want to get you leashed and  
chained.”    
  
Tony was defiant, “I’m not your… son.”  Dad told Tony  
to be respectful, but Uncle Vinny said, “That’s ok, Lorenzo,   
I’ve got the situation in control.”  Then looking  
determined at Tony he said, “You’re getting leashed  
and chained boy.  I’m not going to allow you to go on  
causing your dad, mom, and brothers any more  
heartbreak with your reckless behavior.  So let’s get  
your shirt off and your pants down so we can get you  
leashed and chained just the way slaves should be.”  
Uncle Vinny took a plasti-chain, and in a rush grabbed  
Tony’s arm, rolled up his sleeve, and attached it to  
Tony’s arm band before Tony even knew what was  
happening.  Uncle Vinny then took the other end of the chain  
and padlocked it to the heavy steel bed frame in  
Tony’s room.  Tony was now chained like a dog.  
  
When Tony moaned, “Dad”, Richard said, “Come on Tony,   
don’t give Uncle Vinny any trouble now.  Uncle Vinny  
said this would be best for you.”  
  
Tony started to shout, “What are you guys listening to  
Uncle Vinny for?  You know he has always hated me.”  
  
Dad said, “Tony, let’s not have any trouble.  There’s  
no reason to shout.  Uncle Vinny cares about you as  
much as we do.”  
  
Uncle Vinny urged Tony to cooperate, “Don’t give your dad  
any trouble now son.  Your troublemaking days are  
over.”  Tony sneered at Uncle Vinny.  “See this  
defiance?  This is what I have been warning you about  
all along.  I could see this day coming and I tried to  
warn you.”  Dad nodded in agreement with his brother.  
  
Uncle Vinny then went up to Tony and started unbuckling his  
trousers, and unzipping his trousers.  I guess Tony  
was just too dazed to know what to do next.  Uncle Vinny  
pulled down Tony’s undies a bit, saying, “Now let me  
snap this leash lead onto your root cinch.”  
Uncle Vinny attached an 18 inch long leash lead to the ring  
at the base of Tony’s root cinch which encircled his  
cock and balls.  The leather lead is what comes up out  
of a slave’s undies and is secured by a clip to one of  
the belt loops in the trousers.  It is to this end  
that one attaches a leash if one is going to take the  
slave outdoors.  When I used to see slaves on leashes  
I always thought that the leash was attached to a belt  
loop, and often thought how easy it would be for a  
slave to break away.  What I didn’t know was that the  
leash was in fact attached to the root cinch, and that  
the root cinch squeezes like hell if a slave tries to  
bolt.   
  
Gabriel attempted a joke, “It looks like we got you by  
the balls now, Tony.”  Tony started crying.  Gabriel  
went up to him and threw his arms around Tony’s neck,   
“Hey bro, I’m sorry.  I was just trying a little joke.  
I love you man.”  As he stood there with his arms  
around Tony, Tony started to cry like a baby, and then  
quietly said, “I gotta pee.”  Uncle Vinny looked at my dad  
and said, “You see, there he goes again.  Trying any  
kind of tactic to get out of things, just like a  
little kid.  But I have a solution for that.”  Uncle Vinny  
rushed into the bathroom across the hall, saying he’d  
be right back.  He came back in a moment carrying a  
urinal.  “Here, you will be using this from now on.   
Then when they leash you and take you on your walk you  
can empty and clean your urinal.”  
  
Once Uncle Vinny left, Tony got into better spirits.   
In the days that followed it seemed that as long Tony  
was free to dress up in his fancy clothes, free to  
bathe, groom, and comb his hair as he always had, and  
had a full-length mirror available, he was happy.  
  
Tony’s good nature returned and he soon settled down  
to his new routine.  He mainly stayed in his room  
watching TV.  Dad wanted Tony to have private time at  
his computer in his bedroom each day, while he was at  
work.  So at some point every day we had to unchain  
Tony and lead him into dad’s room and chain him down  
in there.  Though it was never spoken, we all knew it  
was because dad wanted Tony to have access to some  
porn.  One of the first days he was in there I was in  
my room, which is right next to dad’s room, and I heard a  
strange clunk, clunk, clunk sound.  So I went into  
dad’s room and there caught Tony jacking off to some video  
clip of a woman fingering her pussy.  The plasti-chain  
secured from Tony’s armband to dad’s bed frame was  
hitting Tony’s chair every time he pumped his fist.  I  
turned as red in the face as poor Tony.  I backed out  
embarrassed, mouthing an ineffectual ‘sorry’.  I never  
heard that sound again when Tony was in there, so I  
figured Tony must have mastered the art of left handed  
jacking.  
  
One time when Richard took Tony to dad’s room and was  
locking him down, he said to his friend Chad, “its  
recreation time for the slave.”  When Chad laughed  
Tony was deeply humiliated, and sulked for hours until  
Richard apologized to him.    
  
Even though Tony’s indigent service did not begin for  
another week, he did receive a list of things he had  
to do by next week’s auction.  One of them was to  
spend a good part of Monday at the local community  
college for use in their courses on slave psychology,   
slave ethics, and slave economics. He was also to be  
used as a practice slave for those students enrolled  
in the short course the college offered for those  
trying to obtain their slave handler’s certificate.   
He was to arrive at Gladstone College Monday at 9 AM  
and check in with Mr. Tureen.  He was to be  
accompanied by a designated overseer, so dad appointed  
me.  But dad wanted Richard to accompany me as well.   
  
Because Tony had spent the weekend at home and  
followed pretty much his typical routine, he was back  
in his normal good spirits when Monday rolled around.   
So the three of us all were in a good mood as we  
drove out to Gladstone College.   
  
We met Mr. Tureen, a very nice man, who taught several  
courses relating to slaves and slavery.  He shook all  
of our hands in an agreeable fashion and smiled and  
chatted with all of us.  He was as friendly to Tony as  
he was to Richard and me.  The three of us  
accompanied Mr. Tureen into his first class, the 9:30  
Slave Commodities class.   
  
When the class of about 45 students was assembled, he  
addressed them.  “Students, we have with us today the  
DeStasio brothers.  This is Victor, he is 24 years  
old, has a degree in English from Oklahoma State, and  
is currently working in his uncle’s bottling plant  
until he earns enough money to continue his graduate  
studies.  His brother Richard is the youngest, 21, of  
the four DeStasio brothers, and is a sophomore at  
Oklahoma State majoring in biology.  And our county  
loaned subject for today is Anthony DeStasio, known as  
Tony.  Tony is 26 years old, has been employed as a  
dishwasher, traffic road repair flagman, and most  
recently, a janitor.  Tony was enslaved only 7 days ago  
as a ‘penury’.”  A few titters erupted about the  
class.  “Tony goes to auction the day after tomorrow,   
and is totally raw, except for whatever his brothers  
here have managed to teach him.”  The class laughed  
and Mr. Tureen looked at Richard and me, and with a  
smile asked, “So boys, how have the last few days  
been?  Did you manage to teach him anything?”   
  
I answered, “Well, no need to, really.  My dad was  
concerned that Tony might do something to jeopardize  
what my uncle considered to be a too lenient sentence  
of three years servitude, so we have just been keeping  
him locked indoors, but that’s all really.”  
  
Mr. Tureen instructed the class on my response, “That  
is actually the very best thing they could be doing,   
given Tony’s status as a beloved family member.”  
  
“For starters, class, let me test your first hand  
appraisal skill.  If you saw Tony up at auction, what  
would be your reaction?”  Hands went up about the  
class.  “Mr. Terry, what’s your assessment?”  Mr.   
Terry, a rather bookish looking sophomore, answered,   
“Well, on first impression he seems to be a ‘keeper’.   
He’s is the sort of thing my aunt would snap up on the  
spot.  But having different interests from my aunt”,  
Mr. Terry waited until the class finished their  
laughter, “I can say only three things; he appears  
healthy, the family seems to really like him, which  
indicates he probably isn’t a jerk, and given that he  
seems to have good grooming habits, he is probably  
educable”  
  
“Very good assessment”, praised Mr. Tureen.   
“Remember class; in a sight only judgment of a clothed  
slave always state only what are observable facts.  I  
personally wouldn’t even go with an appearance of good  
family relations.  And while I have no doubt in this  
case, I have seen situations where family members were  
so desperate to sell off a detested and very  
unpleasant family member, that they put on a Brady  
Bunch act you would not believe.”  
  
When the laughter died, Mr. Tureen continued, “Ok  
class.  I want to continue, with Tony’s help, to show  
you some more very real basic skills you will need to  
know in your daily life, no matter what slave related  
field you end up in.  Slave brokers need to know these  
things as much as trainers and handlers.”  
  
Mr. Tureen had Tony step up to the front of the class  
and get on a raised podium in front of a white screen.  
He spoke as he continued to set up lights and camera  
equipment.  “All slaves in the United States must be  
registered with both the state and federal bureaus of  
slaves.  The registration in almost all cases requires  
a set of photos, usually mug shots, and often both mug  
and full body shots.  Slaves are always shot shirtless  
for mug shots, and nude for body shots.  So therefore,  
Tony, I would like you to remove your shirt so we can  
do your mug shot.”  As Tony took off his shirt Mr.  
Tureen talked to the class about distances to place  
the camera for mug shots.  Seeing that Tony had a  
t-shirt on Mr. Tureen asked him to remove it as well.   
Tony did so awkwardly, not looking at any of the class  
members.  As Mr. Tureen shot Tony’s face, he explained  
that mug shots were commonly done from the forward and  
left and right profile views.  
  
“Class the photos I am taking are going to be the  
actual Tillman County file photos for this slave that  
will be sent on to the State and the Feds.  Ok, Tony,  
if you would be so kind as to remove the rest of your  
clothing.”  Poor Tony just kept his head down on the  
podium, as if he didn’t hear.  We waited and watched  
for a short bit in total silence, as Tony’s face got  
red.  
  
“Class, it looks like we have a balker.  Who feels  
they are able to handle this situation?”  No hands  
went up.  “Ok class, who would at least like to make  
an attempt at handling this situation?”  About five  
hands went up.  Mr. Tureen selected Casey McCallister.  
  
  
Casey was a blond kid of about 20, who seemed very  
sure of himself.  He went up and stood by Mr. Tureen’s  
desk, about 10 feet away from Tony.  “So Tony, Mr.  
Tureen gave you an order.  I will repeat it in case  
you didn’t hear it.  Take off all of your clothes  
now.”  Tony stood frozen in shame.  He looked like he  
was about to cry.  Raising his voice, Mr. McCallister  
continued, “Yo!  Slave, I gave you an order.”  Still  
no movement.  “Hey wap boy, the ladies in this class  
want to see some bouncing Italian schlong, so give em  
a show!”  
  
The class laughed but there was no response from Tony  
except that he bowed his head lower and closed his  
eyes.  Mr. Tureen spoke up.  “Class, you have had it  
hammered into you that ordering a slave around in a  
demeaning fashion can be very effective in eliciting  
desired behavior.  However, it is never proper to use  
such forms of address in the presence of a slave’s  
family members.”  Mr. McCallister immediately  
apologized to Richard and me.  We thanked him.  Mr.  
Tureen asked Mr. McCallister if he wanted to try some  
other tactic, and he declined.  He then addressed the  
class again, “Anyone else want to give this situation  
a try?”  Two hands shot up and Mr. Tureen selected  
Mark Jensen.  
  
Mr. Jensen, a black haired skinny kid dressed totally  
in black, with ear rings and a nose piercing, went  
right up to Tony and spoke quietly.  “Hey Tony, I want  
to make this easy for you, ok?  Will you let me?”   
Tony nodded his head.  Then Mr. Jensen got on the  
podium with Tony, stood behind him, put his hands  
around his waist and unbuckled his belt, followed by  
his top button.  He then unzipped Tony’s trousers, and  
unrolled them all the way down his legs, slowly. Tony  
remained frozen the whole time.  “Ok dude, why don’t  
you help me and step out of them.”  Tony did so, like  
a little lamb with curly hair.  Mr. Jensen spoke even  
more quietly as he put his hands on the waistband of  
Tony’s boxer shorts, and said, let’s do this together,  
dude.”  He slowly rolled Tony’s boxers down his legs,  
exposing my sweet brother to the entire class.  Tony  
kept his eyes down the whole time.  In the enclosed  
classroom Tony’s armband glinted in the suns  
reflection, his collar looked severe, his clipped  
pubes gave him an extremely naked look, and emphasized  
the length of my handsome brother’s thick penis.  Mr.  
Jensen then bent down and removed the slacks and  
boxers from the podium.  
  
He went again to the rear of Tony and positioned him  
for the camera.  Mr. Tureen said quietly, “Excellent  
work, Mr. Jensen. Excellent!”  There was my sweet  
brother, one of the best looking boys in the class,  
totally exposed.  He seemed numb.  He kept his eyes  
closed.  
  
Mr. Tureen talked to the class about the technical  
requirements of full body shots, distance of camera,  
and what angles were desired.  As he indicated he was  
about to shoot the front on shot, Mr. Jensen gently  
put his arms about Tony to place him into position,  
told him to raise his head.  Then he said, “Now Tony,  
for the photo you have to open your eyes.  Come on,  
you can do it.”  Tony opened his eyes, Mr. Jensen  
stepped out of the photo frame, Mr. Tureen shot him,  
and then Tony bent his head down again.  Mr. Jensen,  
in the same manner, got back on the podium and  
maneuvered Tony for the left and right profile body  
shots, and Mr. Tureen took the needed shots.  When he  
was finished Tony kept standing in the position he was  
in for the last shot, with his back to the class, only  
he put his hands in front of his privates.  
  
As Tony stood there, with his muscled buttocks and  
thighs on view for the class, Mr. Tureen again  
congratulated Mr. Jensen on his excellent slave  
handling skills, and called him a pro.  Mr. Tureen  
explained to the class a little more of the technical  
requirements of slave mug shots.  When finished, he  
explained the next lesson.  “Now that we have our  
slave naked, and he needs to stay that way for his  
next class, I am going to show you exactly how the  
slave transport chair works.  He pulled out from in  
back of the desk a metal chair on wheels with arm and  
footrests, and coiled retractable straps for the arms,  
waist, and legs.  He asked Tony to sit down in the  
chair.  Tony, keeping his head down and privates  
covered, scurried over and into the chair.  Mr. Tureen  
ordered Tony to put his feet on the footrests,  
demonstrated how the straps retracted, and strapped  
both Tony’s legs to the struts of each footrest.  
  
There seated naked in the chair facing the entire  
class was Tony with his legs strapped down and his  
hands covering his groin.  He was looking down with  
his eyes half closed.  Mr. Tureen told Tony to put his  
hands on the armrests so he could strap them down.   
Tony didn’t move, so Mr. Tureen took his right arm  
away from his groin, placed it on the armrest, and  
quickly strapped it down.  Mr. Tureen then clasped  
Tony’s left arm and quickly forced it away from his  
groin and onto the left armrest.  In no time his left  
arm was strapped down, and there was Tony, with his  
legs spread wide and strapped down, sitting in a slave  
chair totally exposed to the class.  
  
Mr. Tureen then completed the strapping in by securing  
the chest and waist straps.  “There we have it class,  
the usual method for strapping a slave.  This is the  
mode commonly used when transporting slaves to public  
service utilities, such as hospitals and airports.  A  
lot of them require further control devices, such as  
gags, neck braces, blinders, butt plugs, penis clamps,  
ball spreaders, nipple hogs, and ankle hobbles.  But  
for our purposes the warning sign is sufficient, and  
with that he stuck into the back holder of the chair a  
two foot by one foot rectangular sign on a three foot  
plastic pole that stuck high up over the slave chair,  
and which said in large black letters, ‘PENURY SLAVE’.  
  
“Okay, class, that’s all for today.”  As the class  
filed out of the room Mr. Tureen asked Richard and me  
to follow him as he took Tony to his next class.  I  
got in back of Tony’s chair, grabbed the handles, and  
pushed Tony out of the room behind Mr. Tureen.  We  
entered the very busy hallway, filled with students  
changing classes.  And there was Tony, totally  
exposed, strapped down in a slave chair that announced  
his status to all.    
  
Every student we passed seemed to pay special  
attention to Tony, who kept his head down, and his  
eyes tightly shut, to hold back the tears.    
  
Although I knew Tony was ashamed, I too was feeling  
sort of embarrassed by the world seeing me with my  
enslaved brother.  Tony and I resembled each other,  
and I was hoping people wouldn’t be thinking I was a  
loser like my brother.  Not that my brother Tony is a  
loser.  But I know the way folks think.    
We rolled Tony into Mr. Henry’s slave handling  
certification class.  Mr. Henry told Mr. Tureen he  
would bring Tony back to him after class.  Mr. Tureen  
thanked him, said he would see us later, and left.   
Mr. Henry pushed Tony into a front corner of the  
classroom, with his back to the class.  We chatted  
with him as the class arrived, and when class was  
ready he asked us to take a seat in the classroom.    
  
The class of about 50 people was a mix of both sexes  
of every age range.  Mr. Henry began, “Good afternoon  
class.  Nice to see you all.  I am Mr. Jacob Henry.   
This 20-hour course in slave handling will allow you  
to obtain a slave-handling certificate if you meet the  
course requirements, which are mainly to attend all  
sessions, and to pass a hands on test at the end of  
the course, on Friday.  Most of you are here because  
your work environment requires you to deal with  
slaves, some of you are planning on doing some  
substitute overseeing, and I know two of you are  
planning on purchasing a slave for the very first  
time.”   
  
Mr. Henry went to the corner where Tony was parked,  
grabbed the chair’s handles at the back, and wheeled  
Tony out in front of the class.  “Class, this is a  
slave.  His name is Tony DeStasio.  He was enslaved  
last week as a ‘penury’.”  As he spoke Mr. Henry  
started unfastening the straps securing Tony in the  
chair.  Tony kept his head down.  When he was  
unfastened, Mr. Henry grabbed Tony by the arm and  
stood him up to face the class.  Tony’s hands  
instinctively covered his groin.  He kept his head  
down, and a few tears could be seen falling down his  
cheeks.  
  
“Tony is currently the property of Tillman County.   
Last week Tony was just like the rest of you, a free  
man.  And this week Tony is suddenly a slave.  That  
would probably explain the tears.  And this brings us  
to the obvious point of this class, which is how to  
handle him.  You are trying to get slave-handling  
certification, and Tony is slave, so how do you handle  
him?  He looks like a decent kid.  Good looking, he  
was probably quite a popular fellow.  
But as you can see, he is quite upset right now, so  
how could you possibly have the heart to tell him to  
get his slave ass outside and start cleaning your  
yard?  And point number two, adding to his distress,  
and maybe to some of yours, is the fact that he is  
totally nude, except for his collar, band, cinch, and  
tag.  How would you like to be standing naked up  
here?”  
  
“Let me answer these two points because they are the  
central issues of what being an effective slave  
handler is all about.  In Milstein’s classic text on  
slave handling he puts a very clear spin on the  
difference between slaves and freemen, thereby  
clarifying status, and making it quite easy for one to  
take a firm hand with a slave.  His famous example is  
that of ‘schedules’. Freemen follow Schedule A, which  
is a list of everything freemen do in their lives,  
some difficult, some less so, some pleasurable.  The  
difference with slaves is that they follow Schedule B  
instead of Schedule A.  Schedule B is just like  
Schedule A, it has some difficult tasks, some less  
difficult, and some pleasurable.  The only difference  
is that freemen make up their own schedules, and  
slaves have their schedules made up for them by  
someone else, usually their owner.”  
  
“So Tony is standing here, obviously not very happy  
today.  Does that mean you are not to be compassionate  
or understanding towards him?  By no means.  In fact,  
if any of you demonstrate a lack of compassion in  
dealing with slaves, you will not be receiving your  
certificates, I assure you.  But you need to  
understand, he is on Schedule B now.  And he has got  
to go to ‘work’, so to speak, the same way you and I  
do.  I mean, yes, his new status may be difficult for  
him to grasp right now, but he, like the rest of us,  
has to deal with life’s ups and downs.  It isn’t going  
to kill him to work in the yard, and it will probably  
do him a lot of good, get his mind off thoughts of  
self-pity.  So, by looking at a slave’s status  
objectively, that should help you to treat slaves a  
bit more objectively, and therefore more fairly.”  
  
“Now as to the condition of his nudity, that is simply  
something you and he both are going to have to get  
used to.  Slaves are commodities, and since they do  
not control their schedules, you have to.  You need to  
have access to all of him, all of his working parts,  
for a variety of reasons, to be effective handlers.   
It’s as simple as that.  It is a difficult adjustment  
for new slaves and new slave handlers to get used to.   
But realize, and this is important, the fact that Tony  
is nude right now is not hurting him physically in any  
way.  And as far as emotionally, well he is on  
Schedule B right now, and he has to realize that he  
will need to filter emotions just a little bit  
differently, to please the person who makes his  
schedule, whether it be his owner or an overseer.”  
  
“Ok folks, those are the fundamentals.  And the rest  
of this course will basically be a reinforcement of  
those fundamentals, so that you come to a clear  
understanding of a slave’s status.  When you realize  
it is, so to speak, no big deal being a slave, you  
will then be a much more effective slave handler.”  
  
“Now, for starters.  I want everyone to look up here  
and tell me what is wrong with this picture?  That’s  
right, here in the front of this class is a slave and  
a teacher.  Alarm bells should be going off in your  
head.  What is wrong here?  Does anyone see it?”  
A guy raised his hand, and Mr. Henry acknowledged him.  
“Is it that he is covering his privates and doesn’t  
have his hands at his sides?”  
  
“Good guess, but no.  Tony is totally raw, and the  
county will not train him unless he is not sold at  
Wednesday’s auction.  So Tony is acting perfectly  
normal, and his behavior is acceptable.  Anyone else  
want to try and answer what’s wrong with this  
picture?”  
  
A girl raised her hand, and asked, “Is that he has  
fancy hair just like a freeman, and isn’t shaved bald  
all over?”  
  
“No.  Even if Tony had an official owner right now  
other than the county, owners are free to decorate  
slaves in any way they want to.  Some owners want  
their slaves looking like family members.  Anyone else  
want to try?”  
  
A housewife type asked, “Is it that his head is bowed  
down and he isn’t standing straight and tall and  
showing us some respect?”  
  
“No.  One sees lazy slovenly slaves all the time.   
There is no law that says that owners have to make  
sure their slaves are in tip top appearance.”  
  
“Isn’t he supposed to be kneeling, or something?”  
Asked a lad of about 18.  
  
“No.  I’m afraid that image of bowing, scraping,  
kneeling slaves is from the movies.  No class, what is  
wrong with this picture, or rather what you need to  
ask yourself every time you see a slave who is not  
leashed or secured in some fashion is ‘why isn’t that  
slave secured?’  And you need to ask yourself this  
question every time you see a slave, whether or not a  
slave is with an overseer.  In other words, you need  
to be suspicious all the time.”  
  
“Now you’re probably wondering, what exactly is Mr.  
Henry saying, since we know slaves are everywhere  
going about their masters’ business, often as not  
unaccompanied.  What am I supposed to do, ask the  
slave for his ID?  No class.  What I am saying is  
simply that it will now be your duty as a state  
certified slave handler to keep your eyes and ears  
open, note anything pertaining to a slave that seems  
odd or out of line, and report it to the nearest  
authority.  It is just part of the responsibility that  
goes with being certified.  We all must be the eyes  
and ears of the community, to help insure the success  
of the slave system.”  
  
“Our time is almost up class.  One of the nice things  
about our certification program here is that each day  
we will have a different slave.  Tony here is the only  
freshly enslaved example we will have, so I would like  
to do something one should rarely do, and that is ask  
a slave for an opinion.  Tony, I’d like you to tell  
the class here whether or not you have made a  
commitment towards being a good slave.”  
  
Tony kept his head down, didn’t look at Mr. Henry, and  
mumbled, “I haven’t thought about it.”  
  
A girl asked out loud, “Isn’t he supposed to say, “Yes  
sir” and “No sir”?  Mr. Henry answered, “I assure you  
that after Wednesday’s auction he will be.”  The class  
erupted into loud laughter as the class bell rang.

To Be Continued…

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