**One Step Behind You**

Part Three

By Randall Austin

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The Depository official was dialing his mobile before  
Eric had finished his outburst, saying to Mr.   
Falkenberg, "I'll have him removed."  
  
Mr. Falkenberg held out a hand to the official,   
indicating for him not to make the call, and the other  
hand he held out and pointed at Eric.  "Young man, I  
would like to answer your question.  Will you listen  
to me without interrupting?"  Eric nodded 'yes'.   
"What, may I ask, is your name?"   
  
"My name is Eric Valiotis."  
  
"Mr. Valiotis, thank you."  Mr. Falkenberg paused,   
quickly assessed the situation to make sure Eric  
wasn't some sort of ‘crazy’, and then began; "Billy is  
the eighth slave I have owned in my lifetime.  I have  
typically owned them for anywhere from 2 to 5 years.   
They eventually move on because of such things as old  
age, a lease running out, someone made me an offer I  
couldn't refuse, I needed a change, or the slave  
needed a change.  Many households find the one slave  
who is the perfect fit, and stays in the family for a  
lifetime.  I have not found such a slave.  I am not  
necessarily looking for such a slave.  But who knows,   
maybe Billy will be that slave."  
  
"There are all kinds of slaves out on the market.  But  
I always buy the same kind of slave; boys like Billy,   
who would be considered good students and well-behaved  
boys, just as I'm certain you are and your friends are  
who stand next to you.  Such slaves are very  
expensive.  With my purchase here today of Billy, a  
lot of money is going into the state coffers.  I could  
easily have purchased a boy like someone you  
mentioned, who comes from the other side of the  
tracks.  A piece of ‘white trash’, as you put it, the  
sort who never holds on to jobs, drops out of school,  
and is always in trouble with the law."  
  
"Not only would such a ‘white trash’ slave be a lot  
cheaper than Billy, but you know what?  They are some  
of the easiest slaves to control.  They are very low  
maintenance slaves.  It's a fact.  Boys who are good  
students, like Billy, are the ones who as slaves end  
up getting punished the most.  Its boys who are the  
poor students, lazy, and never hold a job, who end up  
having the easiest time of it as slaves.  The reason  
is that good students like Billy have a natural  
inquisitiveness which works against them as slaves.   
Someone like Billy is likely to be asking questions of  
the tasks he's given; why do it this way, my way is  
better, this is inefficient. Such boys are likely to  
take the initiative and do things their way, thinking  
it'll be all right.  And it is that attitude that  
keeps them walking around with very warm fannies for  
their first couple of years as slaves.  To put it  
simply, they think too much."  
  
"If Billy is typical of enslaved well-behaved boys  
from good homes who end up getting enslaved either  
because of felonies or costly judgments against them  
in lawsuits, and I suspect he is, then he can expect  
to be getting paddled or spanked about two times a  
week.  He can expect to be getting strapped or tawsed,   
for more serious offences, about once a month.  And in  
all likelihood he will be guilty of the most serious  
type of offence and get whipped at least once a year.   
These are not only the statistics found in all of the  
sociological data, and backed up by the state's annual  
reports, but these averages have been borne out in my  
personal experience, as well."  
  
"And, Eric, what is most interesting is that the  
typical boy you would refer to as ‘white trash’ has an  
average punishment record, as slave, of almost one  
quarter of what Billy's is likely to be.  That's  
right.  A young man the same age as Billy, from the  
other side of the tracks, is likely to need only about  
14 spankings, 4 strappings, and probably no whippings  
in a single year.  And so now you are starting to  
wonder if this is fair, what we're doing to Billy.   
But you need to know that I have no choice but to  
treat all slaves equally.  I have to follow the rules.  
If they disobey, they have to be punished.  The law  
mandates it.  And all that I'm saying is that  
statistics show that Billy is likely to be a very  
disobedient slave for as many as the first five years  
of his enslavement.  After that they typically mellow  
out, and need less punishment."  
  
"Remember, Billy has just entered a change of status.   
He is going to be treated differently now, according  
to the law.  The fact that he has been a good boy and  
a top student for his entire life no longer matters.   
It counts for nothing.  His status has changed, and  
the system demands he now be treated as a slave."  
  
"Consider the reality, the scope, of his changed  
status; If Billy's dad were ever to paddle Billy when  
he was a free boy the way Lang is about to paddle  
Billy, Billy could have gone to the police and cried  
‘abuse’. And he would have had the full force of the  
law on his side; he would have won every lawsuit, for  
it would have been, indeed, legally, ‘abuse’.  What  
Lang is about to do to Billy now, now that he's a  
slave, however, is legally called ‘chasten’.  Not only  
is it fully legal to chasten slaves, it is a legal  
requirement of slaveholders to do so.  In fact it's  
their primary responsibility, to keep slaves fully  
chastened.  And we, my son and I, as law-abiding  
citizens, certainly intend to follow the law and keep  
Bill well chastened.  The fact that as of this moment  
Billy as a new slave hasn't really yet done anything  
deserving of a spanking, is beside the point.  The  
State Slave Authority recommends that all slaves  
maintain at least one deposit in their punishment  
account for safety reasons."  
  
"I have something very important I want to say now to  
Billy, in front of all of you.  Billy, look at me."  I  
raised my head slightly from off my chest to look at  
Mr. Falkenberg.  "Billy, I want you to know something  
very important.  When Lang and I order you up for  
punishment, when we order you to strip naked and get  
over our knee for a spanking, or grab on to the edge  
of the table and bend over for a paddling, or lay down  
on the bed so we can strap you down for a whipping,   
we're not doing it because we hate you, or are mad at  
you, or think you're worthless.  We will be doing it  
because we want to give you all of the backup support  
we can possibly offer to help correct you.  We don't  
expect perfection from you; you're a slave after all.   
We want you to know that for every infraction, every  
misstep you take, Lang and I will be right in back of  
you, one step behind you, with our paddles in hand.   
And that should be a source of comfort to you, to know  
that we care enough to help you be all that you can  
be.  We will be there for you every step of the way."   
  
  
The room was silent.  Eric had his mouth shut in a  
sneer.    
  
After a short pause, Mr. Falkenberg continued, "I see  
you have nothing to say Mr. Valiotis.  I suspect you  
are beginning to see the other side of the issue, that  
things aren't quite as simple as they seem, that  
slavery isn't quite as awful as it seems, and that  
just maybe my son and I aren't bad guys after all."   
He looked around at everyone with a big smile, and  
then said, "Ok, I think the issue is resolved.  Let's  
get on with it!"   
  
Lang reached down with his left hand and grabbed my  
balls.  The clerk, seeing I had not yet grabbed on to  
the desk, but was still covering my private parts,  
took the erection cone from the desk and came over and  
quickly slipped it over my semi-flaccid dick at the  
same moment he moved my hands away from my groin.  I  
sensed he was trying to help me.  He was aware I was  
having a hard time of being nude in front of my  
family, and managed to keep anyone from getting  
another look at my cock.  He very deftly wrapped the  
cone's rubber band around the base of my cock to  
secure the cone.  And while my privates were in fact  
now hidden from view, I didn't know what was more  
embarrassing, being naked or being naked and wearing a  
large erection cone that covered my cock and stuck  
straight out from my groin.  He nodded to me,  
indicating I should bend over and grab on to the  
table.  I managed to do it, though my senses were numb  
from humiliation.   
  
Lang, still holding on to my balls with his left hand,  
opened the top button of his cream colored dress  
shirt, then picked up the paddle from the desk, "One  
naked and coned slave is about to make a punishment  
deposit.”  With that announcement he immediately  
swung the paddle out as far as it could go, and swung  
it back into my ass with determination.  When I  
yelped, he smiled.  The room was silent.  He swung it  
again.  I screamed, and I erected almost to the hilt,  
sending my coned dick slapping up against my belly.   
He beat me a third time, and as I tried to move away  
his left hand squeezed my balls.  I immediately got  
back into place.  He swung wider and harder with the  
next two in rapid succession and I blurted out "Fuck  
you!"  He gave my balls a quick tight squeeze, and I  
broke into loud crying.  He swung again, the pain was  
immense, and I bolted backwards trying to get away,  
but he squeezed my balls very hard, and led me back to  
the table by my balls.  After the next swat I yelped  
so hard that Lang momentarily let go of my balls, and  
at that moment I bolted off the dais and ran to take  
cover in back of the workbench off to the side of the  
dais.  
  
The Depository official reached under the desk and  
pulled out a three and a half foot long steel rod that  
had movable tongs on one end, and a lever control on  
the other.  He came at me aiming the pole at my head.   
I didn't know what it was, and was terrified.  But  
with the tongs he got an easy grip on my collar,  
squeezed his end of the handle to tighten the hold,  
then with the leverage the long pole provided he gave  
it a sharp twist, and was thus easily able to bring me  
down to the floor in a bent over kneeling position.   
He then pulled me along in a crouched over position,  
making me scramble back towards the dais like a dog  
caught by a dogcatcher.   
  
Lang substituted his paddle for the flip whip and  
stepped off the dais and came over to me being held in  
a crawling position on the floor by the official's  
slave catcher pole.  The official released the tongs  
from my collar, and Lang grabbed my collar with his  
left hand.  With his right hand he gave one fierce  
swipe of the whip across my back.  The most awful  
stinging sensation imaginable made me howl and dizzy  
with pain.  Lang shouted; "Now get back up on the  
dais, grab on to that desk, and stick your ass out!   
DO IT NOW!"  
  
I scrambled to the desk.  My penis cone was sticking  
straight up.  I couldn't see anyone through my  
tear-blurred eyes, but I really didn't want to see  
anyone. Being shouted at like I was the scum of the  
earth was devastating.  Lang came back to the desk and  
stood beside me, laid the flip whip on the desk,  
picked up the paddle, regrabbed my balls, and shouted,  
"Stick that slave ass out nice and high for everyone  
to see!"  He whacked me.  He paused.  He whacked  
again, and then said, "Compared to the flip whip the  
paddle doesn't seem so bad, right?   Maybe now you'll  
stand still and take your paddling like a good little  
slave!"  Every time I bucked or swore, Lang squeezed  
my balls.    
  
Mr. Falkenberg got friendly with Brother Michael, "See  
the amazing control Lang has over Billy with the ‘tug  
and paddle’ method.  It keeps bucking down to a  
minimum.  That's why I don't understand these slavers  
who have their slaves castrated for the slightest  
offense.  One can really send some forceful messages  
to slaves through their balls.  They are one of the  
slave's most valuable pieces of equipment in terms of  
control as far as I am concerned."  
  
When the next paddle blow landed I screamed out,  
desperate, "Brother Michael, help me!"  Brother  
Michael, dressed in black slacks and a black shirt,  
holding a prayer book, stepped up on the dais, and  
stood on my right side.  He asked Lang if it would be  
all right if he held me for the paddling.  Lang shook  
his head approvingly.  Brother Michael put his left  
hand on my back, and its warmth felt healing.  I  
cried quietly and with teary eyes begged, "Brother  
Michael, take me away from here."  He leaned down and  
whispered in my ear, "Billy, everything will be all  
right."  The paddle hit my ass.  I cried, "No, it  
won't be!"  I could smell Brother Michael's sweet warm  
breath in my face as he said, "I'm here with you  
Billy.  You can take it.  It will soon be over."  The  
paddle hit my ass, I bucked, Brother Michael's hand on  
my back held me down, and I cried, "I don't want to  
take it."  Brother Michael leaned even closer, and  
with his lips almost touching my ear, he comforted me  
with, "You have to take it Billy.  You're a slave  
now."  
  
The next blow hit the same spot, I screamed and rammed  
my groin into the desk, and my penis cone bent, the  
rubber band holding it around my balls snapped, and  
the cone fell off of my dick.  Brother Michael bending  
over me could see my pulsing erection, wet-knobbed  
with precum.  Staring at my cock, he said, "Billy, the  
bible in Ephesians, chapter 6, says,  "Slaves, be  
obedient to your masters.  Serve them with fear and  
trembling, and single minded devotion."   The paddle  
hit me, I bucked and my cock bobbed, sloshing precum.   
Brother Michael continued, his breath was almost hot  
in my ear, his breathing stern and steady, and his  
eyes glued on my erection; "Billy, the bible exhorts  
you to be a good slave.  That is what you have been  
called to do.  You must go peacefully down that path.   
Seek always to be the best slave you can be."    
Brother Michael's words numbed me so much that I  
didn't feel the last blows of the paddling.  So when  
the paddling stopped and there was dead silence in the  
room, it was unexpected.   
  
Brother Michael was still leaning over me, with his  
hand on my back.  Only when he realized the paddling  
was over did he close his eyes, collect himself, put  
his prayer book in front of his groin, and stand up.   
When he got back to his place I heard my father  
thanking him for whatever words of comfort he had  
whispered in my ear during my paddling.  
  
I remained leaning over the desk.  Lang touched my  
buttocks and I instinctively screamed and howled,  
"NO!"  Lang smiled, "Easy there, big fella!  Just  
checking out the temperature of your butt!"  
  
Some of the folks in the room jumped when I screamed.   
Mr. Falkenberg smiled, "When you have slaves around  
you get used to all of their noise.  After a while you  
pay no mind to their constant hollering and  
complaining."  
  
Lang took a comb out of his back pocket.  He touched  
me on the shoulder and said, "Okay buddy, that wasn't  
so bad was it?  Let's get you up and get your hair  
combed.  It's a mess from your paddling."  He pulled  
me up and turned me around and walked me to the back  
of the dais by the workbench, where a mirror hung on  
one of the cupboard doors.  I was still erect and  
feeling confused feelings in my groin.  I was beyond  
being embarrassed, beyond being shamed.  I had no idea  
what I was feeling.  Lang gave me the comb and ordered  
me to comb my hair.  Everyone got to see my naked  
backside, as I combed my hair looking in the mirror.   
Everyone got to see me doing what I was ordered to do  
by my new owner's son.  Everyone could see that it was  
likely that from now on I would be doing whatever Lang  
told me to do.  Everyone could see that, indeed, the  
Falkenberg’s really did have power over me.  Everyone  
could see that it looked like I was starting to be an  
obedient slave.    
  
When I was finished I gave the comb back to Lang, and  
he had no qualms about using his comb, which a slave  
had just used, on his own hair.  He briefly recombed  
his own blond hair, rebuttoned the top button of his  
dress shirt, and gave his upper lip a lick with his  
tongue.  When finished, he put the comb back in his  
back pocket and told me in a rather loud voice,  
doubtless just to humiliate me,  "Now scoot back to  
the desk!"  
  
I did so with my hands fully spread out in front of me  
trying to cover my big erection.  When I got back to  
the desk, Lang saw that I was still trying to be  
modest.  He told me to stand up straight.  He seemed  
intent on humiliating me.  I did stand up straight,  
but I still kept my hands in front of me.  In a voice  
one would use on hardened convicts, and not the kind  
of voice one used on Grade A honor students, he  
shouted; "Stand straight and tall, get your legs  
spread out!"  I spread them.  "Spread 'em further  
apart!"  I did.  "Hands in back of your head!"  I  
didn't.  He grabbed the flip whip off the table,  
walked towards me, and I immediately put my hands in  
back of my head.  He addressed the room, "Did you see  
that.  He didn't want to put his hands in back of his  
head, but he did it anyway.  He's starting to learn to  
obey, and that's a good thing."  He held up the flip  
whip for all to see, and said, "Maybe this had  
something to do with it."  He flashed a wink and a  
smile at Brother Michael, who was looking somewhat  
flushed from taking in the sight of his fully exposed  
former favorite student.  
  
Lang addressed the room; "Everyone.  What you see up  
here on the dais is a fully exposed, bald-pussied,  
freshly paddled and whipped, newly enslaved work boy,  
about to undertake his lifetime enslavement order."   
He took a digital camera from his case and snapped  
three quick photos of me.  He explained to everyone,  
"For the family album!  If you are new to the culture  
of slave owning, it's common practice for slavers to  
show pictures of their slaves to each other.  And like  
baby pictures, slaves are always photographed nude."   
  
"Nudity is no big thing among slaves.  One of the  
goals of this little ceremony is to instill into Billy  
that he no longer has any of the rights that free boys  
have.  He doesn't even have that right which is  
considered most basic to free boys, the right to  
privacy.  While this may be a painful or embarrassing  
moment for Billy, and maybe even for some of you, I  
want you to know that after this episode, Billy will  
have a much easier time of doing the things he is  
asked to do.  As you may not know, nudity is  
considered a very benign form of inculcation for the  
freshly enslaved, and therefore we use it. For that  
reason I want you all to get a good look at Billy.   
Billy has to be fully exposed because he is a slave  
now, and as a slave Billy can't have any more secrets  
from anyone.  So, everyone, please get a good look at  
Billy."    
  
And a good look they did get.  My eyes were closed,  
but I could feel their eyes on me.  My dick was not  
only erect, but being cinched made it look like I was  
a super horny pervert.  My dick knob was just about  
the darkest purple I had ever seen it.  
  
"And to Billy's friends who are gathered around and  
know Billy as a top student and popular guy on campus,  
I want to say to you that my dad and I are aware of  
Billy's accomplishments.  In fact, we purchased Billy  
because of his past record, even though that record  
will count for nothing in his new life.  That may be  
confusing to you, but let me explain.  Billy has a  
record of excelling at whatever he undertakes.  My dad  
and I want a quick-learning, fast-stepping, eager to  
please, whip-smart, paddle-wise, hard working,  
pain-fearing, hop-to-it, pantry-sharp, neat-as-pin,  
scrambling, and curtsying houseboy.  Who better to get to  
quickly learn our routines and protocols than someone  
who is a top learner?  Voila!  Billy is our boy!   
He'll be a perfect slave!"  
  
"Hopefully this ceremony will help Billy realize that  
although he once was a 4.0 honor student, he is not  
that anymore.  His accomplishments as a good student  
count for nothing now.  Absolutely nothing.  You may  
think of him as the ‘best behaved, politest, good  
little hard working boy’ you ever knew, but none of  
your opinions matter anymore.  As far as the state is  
concerned Billy is just another collared and cinched,  
shaved-pussied, work boy.  He has the same status as  
every other work boy slave in Pennsylvania State.  And  
that is how dad and I think of him.  He is now a  
common work boy garden-variety slave, and he will be  
judged by dad and I solely on how well he obeys our  
orders.  He will not be judged on his high grade point  
average that just won him a scholarship which he will  
never be able to use."  
  
"And I know what you free boys are thinking right now,  
both Billy's friends and his brothers.  While you  
might be genuinely feeling for Billy right now, what  
you are most strongly feeling is how glad you are that  
you aren't the one standing up here freshly collared,  
cinched, paddled, and crying your eyes out.  You're  
all eager to get out of here and go back to your  
parents' houses, go to your doubtless well furnished,  
gadget stocked rooms, and hang out.  Do whatever you  
want, maybe be alone, or maybe hang out with friends.   
And you know Billy will not be doing that.  He'll be  
coming home with us, and begin his service as a  
lifetime workboy who has to do whatever he's told to  
do for the rest of his life.  Tonight you boys may go  
and have a drink, maybe go out and dance, or party.  Billy  
cannot go out do such things ever again.  And while  
you boys will be doing all those fun things, Billy  
will probably be doing chores around the house.  And  
all of his ‘off work’ time will be spent at our house,  
and he will only be able to engage in recreational  
pastimes which dad and I approve of."  
  
"I know that's what you're all thinking.  Don't deny  
it.  But the reason I mention it is because I want you  
to know that, even though you and Billy won't believe  
this, Billy's life is not going to be anything like  
you imagine it will be.  Once Billy gets over his  
adjustment period to his new life, he is not only  
going to be leading a happy life, but he will probably  
be the happiest he has ever been in his entire life.   
I know you think this is just the talk of a kid who's  
always had a slave around to clean up his room for  
him, but it's not.  And to prove to you that what I  
say is true, I want you all to come out and visit  
Billy in about six months.  I think you will all be  
very relieved to see a very happy Billy."     
  
Lang looked at his dad, and smiled.  "Dad, by the  
looks on everyone's faces it seems they are all  
skeptical."  Mr. Falkenberg addressed the room, "My  
son is right.  And to prove it to you I encourage all  
of you to keep tabs on Billy."  Mr. Falkenberg threw  
his arm around Lang's back.  "Well son, I think we  
better get our new boy home so we can start to get our  
money's worth out of him.   Let's get him dressed."  
  
Lang took a pile of folded and brightly colored  
clothes out of his case.  "Ok Billy, you can put your  
hands down now and come over here so I can dress you."  
Lang unfurled a large white pair of plain undyed  
Indian cotton boxer shorts.  He held them open for me,  
and indicated for me to step into them.  He was  
dressing me like I was a little kid in front of my  
family and friends.  Everyone recognized the undies.   
They were the type of cotton used in slave clothes  
that were sold at slave supply stores.    
  
Lang then unfolded a pair of strange light brown  
cotton slacks.  He held them open for me and  
instructed me to step into them.  When both legs were  
in he pulled them up.   They fit like normal slacks  
except that they had flaps that buttoned up in the  
front and in the back.  As he buttoned up the front he  
said, "We got you a brand new pair of spankers."  He  
smiled.  As he buttoned up the rear he said to  
everyone, "I guess you can see why they're called  
‘spankers’?”  People were starting to relax, so that  
comment was met with some light laughter.  Chad was  
starting to relax and said, "Those slacks are kind of  
neat, bro."  I didn't answer him.  
  
Lang instructed me to lift my arms up in the air.  He  
took a bottle of slave cologne and sprayed my armpits.  
"Dad and I like our slave nicely scented."  Jill said  
it smelled good, like grass and clover.  
  
Lang unfolded a cotton loose fitting slip over shirt  
that was the same kind of Indian cotton as the undies,  
and had me slip my arms into it.  He pulled it on me  
and the hem went down to about four inches below the  
top of my trousers.  He tucked the shirt into my  
trousers all around, "We want everyone to see the  
buttons on your brand new pair of spankers!"  
  
Next Lang held open a vest with of brown and red  
design, which was open in the front, and went down  
only to my belly button.  It made me look like a  
servant.  He took some plain cotton socks and a pair  
of tan, rubber, but thick soled shoes and had me  
stoop down and put them on.  Everyone was watching me.  
I heard Perry say, "Hey, that's cute!"  I looked up  
to see what he was talking about and Lang was removing  
a pillbox hat from his case.  When I stood up Lang  
came over to me with the red and brown bellboy hat,  
with a thin chin strap and placed it on my head.  It  
was trimmed with braid and buttons, and matched my  
vest.  Lang was pleased with the overall effect.   
"There Dad.  We got ourselves a brand new, fresh  
smelling, and super-spankable, little slave boy.  Let's  
take him home and put him to work where he'll do some  
good!"    
  
I couldn't believe it, but everyone was smiling.  Like  
they were happy.  Like everything was somehow back to  
normal.  Mr. Falkenberg and Lang went over to dad and  
were chatting with him.  I stood there in my goofy  
uniform, and no one came up to me because no one knew  
what to say or how to act with a slave boy all  
costumed up and ready to serve and obey.  I felt  
hopeless.  My world was gone.  Standing alone on the  
dais with everyone watching me I just started to cry.   
I didn't wipe my tears; I kept my hands at my side and  
let the tears fall.  And still no one said anything or  
tried to comfort me.  Lang shouted over, "Hey, don't  
be a crybaby.  Maybe I should have put you into  
diapers instead of your brand new spankers!"  
  
The clerk came over to me, and quietly, so no one else  
could hear, said, "I want you to know you were totally  
cool.  You had dignity, man."  I thanked him, in just  
as quiet a voice through my tears, for not being an  
asshole.  He continued, "And I want to tell you  
something else.  Old man Falkenberg was right about  
one thing; there always will be assholes like he and  
his son one step behind you, watching everything you  
do, ready to beat your ass for everything you do that  
they don't like.  But know too, there will also be  
guys like your pal Eric and me, people who care and  
will try to do what we can to help you.   And we too,  
always, will be one step behind you."  He patted me on  
the shoulder, blinked ‘good luck’ at me, and exited as  
Lang approached me with a leash.    
  
Lang snapped the leash on my collar and led me off the  
dais and over to my friends.  "Time to say 'goodbye'  
for now."  Eric eagerly hugged me; he hugged me hard  
and long and said nothing.  And everyone else did  
the same.  Standing there hugging my friends, while on  
a leash held by my new owner was painful.  Brother  
Michael tried to hug me but I backed away.  He put out  
his hand, I took it and we shook.  All of my family  
and friends noticed that.  My friends left, and then it  
was my brothers' turn to hug me.  Chad said he loved  
me.  Timothy said he loved me, but was crying heavily.  
Ellen hugged me tight like a kid sister, but at first  
she was scared of me.  Dad hugged me, and was crying  
more than I was.  Dad, my sister and my brothers then  
all walked out together.    
  
Lang led me back to the dais, packed his things back  
into his case, and as he was about to close it, he  
took out the flip whip.  "I might need this."  He  
closed the case, and ordered me to carry it.  It was  
heavy.  Mr. Falkenberg walked out, followed by Lang  
leading me on a leash carrying his case.  
  
As we got into the parking lot my friends and family  
were all just pulling out and they all got to see me  
being led by Lang on a leash, dressed in my spankers  
and bellboy hat, struggling to carry his heavy case  
with both my hands on the handle.  They waved but I  
couldn't wave back. All I could do was nod my  
bellboy-hatted head back at them.