Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-FIVE**  
  
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In the early morning, after a kiss which got both  
Steven and Martin very excited, and after which Steven  
rushed off because he was late for work, Martin got  
up, opened the curtains to his bedroom, sat back down  
on his bed, and pondered his erection.   
  
As Martin thought of his sons locked in their bedroom,  
and how he looked forward to seeing them in a few  
moments, he handled his erection without stroking.  It  
was strange to him that he was not more worried about  
the situation with himself and Barbara.  But as it  
was, Martin was preoccupied with two things; the new  
relationship he had formed with his brother and with  
his sons.   
  
He loved the way his sons were behaving with their  
‘yes sirs’ and ‘no sirs’, and how they submitted to  
him the way sons should ideally submit to their  
fathers.  Martin looked at the calendar and saw that  
the boys had only six more days at home.  He would  
miss them once they were picked up by the Maple Valley  
Resort and Casino handlers, and taken into service.   
Having his sons indentured thrilled him both as a  
father because he knew his sons would be, in a sense,  
protected from harm for the next six years; and it  
thrilled him in a new fashion, in a way he was only first  
discovering; he liked having servants around.  
  
Hal was due to arrive soon to tend to overseer duties  
with the boys, but Martin wished that Steven and he,  
instead of Hal, could spend the day tending the boys.  
  
When Hal did arrive, earlier than usual because he  
wanted to show Martin the way the Europeans conducted  
a formal morning servant inspection, he thought Martin  
was looking more relaxed than he had ever seen him.   
Hal asked Martin if he wanted him to take care of the  
punishments the boys had coming.  In the previous  
couple of days all three of the boys had been spotted  
by one another committing various minor infractions,  
which they all dutifully reported to their father, and  
it was reckoning time.  Hal was pleased to hear  
Martin’s response, “No, Steven is coming over this  
evening and I think it’s time I step in and take care  
of such matters on my own.  Thanks to you, I now feel  
comfortable doing my duty as a disciplinarian.”  
  
When Martin called Barbara’s sister, Karen Bledsoe, to  
find out if Barbara had spent the night there, Karen  
had a message for Martin.  “She is here, she does not  
wish to speak to you now, she will contact you when  
she is ready, and Flora will be staying with us for  
the next couple of days!  You may call back later in  
the day to see if there are any updates.”  Martin  
shuddered at the word ‘update’, as he thought of  
Barbara’s crafty lawyer sister; the same sister whose  
lawsuit against Steven’s son, Jason, was the deciding  
factor in the judge’s decision to sentence Jason to a  
term of criminal indenturement.  
  
Martin felt that the morning inspection routine (the  
European method) which Hal led him and the boys  
through didn’t add anything dramatically new in terms  
of controlling the boys, and seemed, if anything,  
rather pointless and odd.  It was the standard morning  
line up with a few extra bits added here and there;  
having the boys get into various display poses, such  
as arms straight up, muscle flex stance, and squat  
poses; and having the boys open their mouths in order  
to feel up their tongues and teeth.  It made Martin  
begin to wonder if he really needed to be spending any  
more money employing Hal as a trainer to both his boys  
in service and to himself as an overseer.  
  
Perhaps because of the servant brothers’ new sexual  
familiarity with each other, all three boys were  
certainly in good spirits during the inspection, as  
they tried to up each other in the obedience  
department.  “Yes sirs” and “No sirs” were to be heard  
loudly and firmly from each of the boys every time Hal  
or Martin made a request.  Comments of encouragement  
from the boys to each other flowed freely as well.   
Alban told Quince he was an ‘ace obeyer’, and Quince  
exhorted his brothers at one point with “Misbehaving  
ain’t cool, dudes!”, and another time said, “We’re all  
on the ‘straight and narrow’ now, so let’s make sure  
we all help one another to stay there!”  
  
In training, social servants are taught that being a  
servant is in many ways like being a soldier.   
Soldiers all have to do certain things at certain  
times, and they are not ashamed of it; soldiers are on  
very strict schedules of bed time, wakeup, exercise,  
drills, and work, and they are not ashamed of it.   
Indeed, men doing things together as soldiers makes  
them feel, if anything, more macho, manly, and studly.  
And Bradley, too, was feeling a new exhilaration, and  
with it was gone his tendency to balk when ordered to  
do something.  When he lined up with his brothers  
after their showers for their European inspection he  
felt for the first time like a real useful man; a man  
whose entire body could be put to good service for  
the benefit of others.  He was no longer just some  
college kid, like millions of others.  Bradley knew he  
was special now.  He knew he had to fight to keep old  
thoughts at bay, but if he kept them away he saw that  
being a servant could be kind of fun, like being some  
kind of soldier, being part of some special services  
team.  It would actually feel good to Bradley when he  
would just let go and act like his brothers were  
acting.  
  
And when he finally decided to get into the spirit of  
social service by joining his brothers in encouraging  
each other, he was doubly rewarded; not only did  
encouraging each other feel strangely good, but when  
he saw the smiles on the faces of his father and Hal  
when he participated, he felt motivated and inspired  
to outdo his brothers.  When he said, “Come on Alban,  
stand up nice and tall now, and stick out your chest,  
so dad can be really proud of all of us!”, not only  
were his father and Hal pleased, but his younger  
brothers seemed to take nourishment from their oldest  
brother’s encouragement.  
  
Steven commented, “That is the way it should be; the  
older servant encouraging the younger servants.   
Beautiful job, Bradley!”      
  
The morning naked inspection proved to Hal that all  
three of Martin Forestman’s sons had finally lost  
their free boy inhibitions, and had come to the point  
where they could let their dicks waggle free in social  
servant abandonment.  
  
Because Barbara and Flora were absent, Hal suggested  
that it would be a good time for the boys to remain  
nude for the rest of the morning as part of what is  
called servant’s ‘familial’ training.  Martin readily  
agreed, and, to Martin’s delight, his naked sons  
seemed like babies again, in a good way.  Innocent and  
trusting.  And as the boys prepared breakfast, Martin  
couldn’t take his eyes off of the boys as they fairly  
cavorted about the kitchen.  Hal, too, enjoyed  
watching the three boys as they served breakfast and  
got comfortable in full service display mode.  
  
All three boys were genuinely grateful to Hal when he  
offered behavior tips, and such was their eagerness to  
please, that when, at the breakfast table, Hal said he  
needed more coffee, all three of the boys leapt up to  
get it.  
  
If the boys would fall into patterns of horseplay, and  
their dad would chide them with, “Okay boys, let’s not  
have any horseplay, you’re social servants now.”, the  
boys were pleased to be reminded of their special  
status.    
    
As the boys cleaned up after breakfast, Martin noted  
how the boys would freely and affectionately pat or  
touch each other as they made their way about the work  
area.  He almost envied their servant boy ‘freedom’.   
Their new lack of inhibition about such things as  
being nude or touching each other was a sign to Martin  
that a period of servitude could only be a good thing  
for a young man.  Martin shook his head in  
astonishment, “You boys are just so wonderful.  I  
can’t tell you how uniquely happy I am.  I am going to  
miss you so much when they take you away.”  
  
Hal offered a suggestion, “Martin, maybe you should  
consider getting a servant of your own.  That way you  
wouldn’t miss the boys so much once they’re taken  
away.  Nothing expensive like these boys, but an older  
gentleman servant might be nice for you to have  
around.  Now that you have developed your skills as an  
overseer, it would be a shame not to be able to use  
them.”  Martin nodded his interest to Hal’s  
suggestion.   
  
After breakfast Martin handed out copies of the daily  
chore list to his sons.  As the boys studied the list  
the doorbell rang.  Martin answered the door, and was  
pleased and surprised to see that it was Jeremy  
Rickers accompanied by a young man.  Martin invited  
everyone into the living room, and started the  
introductions, “Boys, you all will remember Jeremy  
Rickers.”  Jeremy did his introduction, “This is Chip  
Cousins, our newest overseer out at Maple Valley  
Resort and Casino.  Chip used to work for us as a  
hospitality worker.  But he quit that, took the  
county’s Social Services Trainer Course, and graduated  
with a top record.  Since he did such a good job for  
us as a hospitality worker, had such a good rapport  
with the servants, my dad decided to hire him as an  
overseer.  I was just showing him around a bit.  We  
were in the area and I wanted him to see our three  
newest obeyers.”  Jeremy pointed the three boys out by  
name but didn’t give any time for the boys and Chip to  
exchange pleasantries.  “They’re going to be delivered  
to us in just six days.”  
  
Chip, tall and comfortable looking in his khakis,  
dress shirt, loafers, and expensive haircut, smiled,  
“Great looking servants!”    
  
Hal explained that the boys were naked as part of  
their training.  Jeremy said, “Bradley, I’m glad to  
see that you’re looking more comfortable with your  
nudity now than you were when I was out here last  
week!”   
  
Bradley thanked Jeremy, but Jeremy sort of ignored  
Bradley’s response as he started to apologize to  
Martin, “I’m sorry to drop in unannounced like this,  
but since we were in the area…”  
  
Martin cut him off, “No need to apologize.  After all,  
you own the boys now.  Please do whatever you have to  
do.”  Martin then ordered Bradley to get them some  
coffee, but Jeremy stopped him, “We can’t stay.  We  
have to get back to the Resort because today is  
‘clipping’ day.  We clip, shave, wash, hose, and spank  
all of the rollerboys every week on this day.”  
  
Martin wondered, “Which boys get spanked.  The ones  
with demerits?”  
  
Jeremy answered, “No.  On grooming day all of the  
rollerboys get spanked.  We use old-fashioned  
hairbrushes on them.  They really sting.  The servants  
don’t have to take a spanking, but accepting a weekly  
spanking is part of the requirement for being a member  
of certain rollerboy clubs.  Boys who don’t  
accept the weekly pro-forma spanking are denied  
membership in the masturbation club, the gourmet club,  
and the recreation club.”  
  
“It’s a standard thing for organizations to have a  
mandatory weekly spanking policy for servants.  It’s  
actually been shown that mandatory punishment policies  
increase camaraderie among servants and overseers.   
What makes Maple Valley unique is that we reward our  
servants for their participation by letting them join  
some of the elite rollerboy clubs.”  
  
Hal asked about the logistics of spanking 80  
rollerboys.  Jeremy answered, “We have our free-person  
hospitality workers do the hair-brushings.  All of our  
free person employees have a state handler’s  
certificate, and that allows them to deliver certain  
types of physical discipline if they are in the  
presence of licensed overseers.  It’s quite a sight!   
In the maintenance classes we have for our servants we  
teach them that it is good for them to holler, scream,  
and cry during punishment, because it makes punishment  
easier to bear, and it has a good psychological effect  
on them.  About 14 of our rollerboys have opted out of  
the weekly mandatory punishment program, so that  
leaves about 65 boys in need of spankings.  We bring  
in about 65 free employees into the grooming room,  
give them hairbrushes, and they get to work.  It’s  
quite a sight and sound; almost 70 naked rollerboys  
bawling their heads off like little babies.  And we  
let the free boys go at those servant behinds with the  
hairbrushes for quite a while.  The free boys really  
enjoy it and it has a really nice feeling about it,  
for everyone involved.  And I mean that.  It bonds all  
of us out at Maple Valley: servants, employees, and  
overseers.”  
  
Jeremy noticed the servants looking somewhat  
concerned, so he tried to cheer them up, “You know  
what.  I really don’t like to talk about this  
technical stuff because it makes it sound like Maple  
Valley is some horrible place, when in fact it is a  
great place to serve.  All work places have rules and  
regulations, but talking about them can make a work  
environment sound harsher than it really is.  Once you  
boys get settled in and meet the other rollerboys  
you’ll see how happy they all are.”  
  
Jeremy’s words seemed to comfort the boys, and they  
began to relax.  
  
For Bradley the presence of Jeremy and his indifferent  
behavior towards him was not nearly as traumatic to  
him as it was during his last visit, but it was  
sobering.  Bradley, as part of his required reading,  
had been reading the chapter in the State Manual for  
Social Servants on familial bonding and conditioning.   
It was an enlightening chapter for Bradley.  It stated  
that one thing that the institution of social  
servitude did was legalize the caste system.  The  
chapter explained to servants that they should not  
take it personally if some people tended to treat  
servants as if they were in a caste different from  
their own as free persons.  What servants needed to do  
was to be faithful to and support, respect, and bond,  
with members of their own caste; that is, with social  
servants.  In fact for Bradley, being seen naked by  
Jeremy along with his bare servant brothers, made it,  
ironically, easier for him to face Jeremy.  Being bare  
and standing in a row with his brothers meant he had  
no hope whatsoever of hiding his condition of  
servitude from his former lover, so there was no  
reason to even begin to pretend he was anything else  
or to deny it.  He couldn’t be any more exposed than  
he already was, so there was no longer anything to be  
embarrassed about.  
  
Chip asked Jeremy why Bradley wasn’t ear, nipple,  
snout, and cock ringed like his brothers.  “His dad  
wanted to go easy on him at first because of his home  
training.  But once we get him out to the resort,  
we’ll get him ringed and prettied up, and looking like  
all the other rollerboys.”  
  
Hal asked if the rings were just for looks.  Jeremy  
answered, “Not only for looks.  They’re practical too.  
We use a lot of soft discipline over at Maple Valley;  
things like locking misbehavers to the wall by their  
nose, nipple and cock rings if they should use  
inappropriate language.  Or, if we catch them touching  
their genitals outside of the masturbation club  
meeting, we attach a one-foot light caliper chain from  
their nose ring to their cock ring, so they can  
meditate for several hours on the thing they seem to  
be so in love with.”    
  
Chip interjected, “You know how servants are trying  
to jack all of the time.  They just can’t keep their  
hands away from their cocks.”  Chip gave a look to  
Jeremy and they smiled at each other.    
  
Jeremy continued, “Just keeping misbehavers chained so  
that they have to remain totally immobile for a couple  
of hours gets them back on track and ready to please.   
It’s just as effective as the harder discipline  
methods, and is the preferred route.  Of course, if an  
infraction occurs of the type that needs immediate  
correction while a boy is on roller duty, and we need  
him working on the floor, then we have no choice but  
to take him aside, administer hard discipline, and  
send him back to service.  Soft discipline is time  
consuming, so we only use it on the boys when they are  
on their off-duty periods.”  
  
When Chip commented that Martin’s sons were all good  
looking, Jeremy agreed and commanded, “Why don’t you  
boys turn around so Chip can get a look at the rest of  
you!”  The boys turned, and Chip said, “Wow, some  
pretty nice behinds!”  
  
Jeremy nodded in agreement, and added, “They have to  
have great behinds to get chosen as rollerboys.  It’s  
what the ladies want!”  
  
Jeremy thanked the boys for showing them their  
behinds, and then said that he and Chip had to get  
back to Maple Valley for ‘clipping’ day.  Jeremy was  
glad he and Chip stopped in to visit, and smiled  
broadly, “Just think, next week at this time you three  
obeyers will also be heading for the grooming room to  
get clipped, shaved, hosed, washed, and spanked!”  
When Steven arrived a little after 5 PM, Martin took  
him into his office, locked the door, and the brothers  
playfully kissed.  Steven asked if Hal had left for  
the day and Martin told him he had, and that Hal would  
no longer be working with the boys.  “He did a good  
job.  Taught me and the boys a lot.  But I feel I can  
handle every situation that comes up now.  Hal’s final  
task will be babysitting the boys when I leave for  
Miami tomorrow, but I’ll be back within 48 hours.”  
  
Martin poured two glasses of sherry, and gave one to  
Steven.  As they sat on the couch, Martin explained  
his marital situation; “I just got off the phone for  
the second time today with Barbara’s sister, Karen.   
Barbara won’t speak to me.  Karen told me that Barbara  
does not want the boys to know that we are having  
difficulties.  She and I both feel that there is no  
reason to let the boys know anything right now, since  
things could be stressful enough for them once they  
start their terms of service at Maple Valley.  But we  
are going to keep up appearances.  Barbara and Flora  
are coming tomorrow morning and we are all going to  
the portrait studio for family portraits.  Then later  
in the day, when I leave for Miami, she and Flora will  
stay here with Hal and the boys until I return the  
following day.  Then on Saturday she wants the boys  
and me to attend the “Obeyers’ Ball” with her, Flora,  
and Timothy Witherspoon.  And she wants us to be here  
and together as a family when the Maple Valley  
contract handlers come on Monday to pick up the boys.”  
  
Steven shook his head in sympathy.  “It’s tough on  
Claire and me too.  Ever since Jason was indentured  
she has been sort of backing away from me.”  Martin  
put an arm around Steven, “Hang in there, buddy.”   
Steven replied, “You too, big guy!”  They set down  
their glasses, embraced, and kissed for a long time.   
After a while, when they were quite worked up, Martin  
pulled away and quietly asked, “Are you going to help  
me deal with the boys’ punishments?”  
  
Steven nodded, “I got your phone message.  I’ve been  
looking forward to it all day.  It really feels good  
helping to guide my own nephews.  I’ve been thinking  
about it.  Punishing a servant, if it’s done in love,  
is almost a sacred event.  I guess I feel that way is  
because it is a hard thing to do.  But someone has got  
to do it.  I have always known it was a special event  
because, as difficult as it can be, if it is done with  
a real desire to correct, it feels good.  You have  
this feeling inside of you that runs through you, it  
gets you warm inside, and it is telling you, ‘You are  
doing good.  You are helping this person’.”  
  
Martin and Steven both reached for their sherry, and  
Martin responded, “I know.  Once I finally accepted  
that that strangely satisfying feeling I was having  
when I’d see my boys get punished was actually born  
out of my love for them, I could accept it as a sign  
that it was indeed a good thing for servants to be  
punished when they needed it.”  
  
Both men, holding their glasses, resumed kissing each  
other.    
  
At 7 PM, after Martin and Steven had gone through  
almost two bottles of sherry, and were feeling very  
much in love with each other, they gathered the boys  
and themselves in Martin’s office.  Steven indicated  
for the boys to sit on the couch that faced the desk,  
and Steven pulled up a chair for himself next to  
Martin behind the desk.  The boys were ordered to be  
fully dressed for the somewhat formal occasion, so  
that included uniforms along with their sailor caps.   
The three servant neck collars were very noticeable on  
the boys as they sat side by side on the couch in  
their collarless shirts.  
  
Whether because of his love for his nephews, or  
because of his sherry intake, Steven gushed, “gawdamn,  
you boys are good looking!  You all look simply  
awesome in those uniforms!”  
  
The boys sat up, aware that their uncle’s speech was  
slightly slurred, but proud, nonetheless, of his  
compliments.  
  
Martin, wanting to keep the tone more formal, spoke,  
“Well, you boys know why you’re here.  You are special  
people now, and as special people you are held to some  
very high standards.  And when those standards aren’t  
met, you have to face the music.  This is all a part  
of being a social servant; admitting your  
shortcomings, and accepting the consequences.”  
  
The boys looked at each other sheepishly.  Steven and  
Martin, deliciously inebriated, drank in the servants’  
gentle submissiveness as their balls danced in their  
sacks.  Martin spoke, “Alban you broke a dinner plate.  
Accidents happen.  But why are you going to be  
punished now?”  
  
“Sir, because I just cleaned it up, but didn’t report  
it to you.”  
  
“That’s right son.  So why don’t you stand up now and  
take off your sandals and pants.”  Alban stood and  
removed the items, leaving him clad in only his sailor  
boy collarless shirt and cap.    
  
Martin addressed Quince, “You’re here for two reasons  
young man.  Would you please tell Uncle Steven what  
they are!”  
  
“Sir, I got a snack from the refrigerator without  
asking permission, and I fell asleep on the hammock  
during my duty period.”  
  
Martin instructed him to stand next to Alban and  
remove his sandals and pants as well.  
  
Martin asked Bradley why he was due for punishment,  
“Sir, I bad mouthed Mr. Patton.”  
  
Martin asked Bradley to tell everyone what he said  
about Mr. Patton.  “Sir, I called him an ‘asshole’.”  
Martin asked if he still felt that way.  “Sir, I do  
not like the way he treats his servant, but I do not  
think he is an asshole, and I am very sorry for saying  
that.”  
  
Martin spoke, “Bradley, as you know you also have a  
five minute spanking due as part of your ongoing  
punishment for accusing two free persons in an  
inappropriate manner, so what I am going to do is  
deliver that spanking to you while you are fitted with  
a punishment bra and a scrotal ‘hog’.  So I want you  
to stand next to your brothers and remove all of your  
clothing except for your cap.”  
  
Martin addressed Quince and Alban, “Uncle Steven is  
going to give each of you a two minute over-the-knee  
reformatory strapping, while I take care of Bradley.   
I could, of course, let all of this go.  But I believe  
it is best that you face here at home exactly the same  
kind of punishments you can expect to receive for such  
infractions when you are in service.  I want to get  
you boys on the right path, and help you stay on it.”  
  
All three boys thanked their father, and Quince, as  
usual, was the first to exhort his brothers, “I want  
to take whatever punishment I have coming so that I  
can be a better servant.”  Alban added, “I do too, and  
I want to please you, Dad.”  Martin told his sons that  
they couldn’t begin to comprehend how much they  
pleased him.  
  
When Bradley was naked except for his cap, and his  
brothers bare from the waist down, Martin told them to  
stand still and tall.  “Okay boys, it’s reckoning  
time.  I want you to think about the things you did  
that have earned you this punishment, and to ask  
yourselves what steps you can take in the future to  
make sure you don’t repeat such offenses.  
  
Martin took the punishment bra, a foot wide band of  
canvas-like material embedded with plasti-nettles on  
one side, and fitted it around Bradley’s chest.  He  
buckled it on as Bradley winced and squirmed.  Martin  
then grasped Bradley’s hairless balls and put them  
into a pouch made of thick plastic film.  At the  
opening of the pouch, which fitted about the uppermost  
part of the scrotum just below the penis, was a small  
dial that Martin turned to tighten and secure the  
pouch.  As the dial turned it also bunched up the sack  
and caused it to tighten around the balls.  When it  
was tight enough and pinching the balls so that  
Bradley screamed “OWWW, Dad!” Martin stopped turning  
the dial.  
  
Martin then pulled Bradley over his lap and began  
spanking him, just as Steven was taking Alban over his  
lap to begin his two minute strapping.  
  
As Quince watched his older and younger brother  
wiggle, holler, and rut, as they got their spanking  
and strapping, he could sense that his dad and uncle  
really loved them.  It was comforting being cared for  
in such a way.  He thought his brothers looked like  
babies as they kicked and screamed, but he knew that,  
in a way, they really were babies now; but in a  
good way.  Being new to social service, they were  
newborn, so to speak, to servitude.  He was taught in  
training to be like a baby, innocent and trusting, and  
to let go of self-consciousness.  When he did let go,  
he felt good. And he also didn’t care that he was  
erecting as he watched his brothers get it.  When it  
was his turn to go over his uncle’s knee, Quince was  
almost eager for the strapping to begin, so that he  
could show his dad, uncle, and brothers, that he was a  
prime, dutiful, servant, willing to submit to the  
punishment he deserved.  
  
Once Alban’s strapping was over he began to appreciate  
it for the special moment that it was.  Everyone knew  
that servants, like Binky, get spanked all the time.   
But no one except government workers and rich people,  
who own servants, ever actually gets to see a real  
servant punishment session, and everyone wants to see  
one.  Alban felt like he was center stage at a  
momentous event.  Almost like he was a star.  He knew  
that the punishments being delivered at his house to  
him and his brothers were just like the punishments  
being given to servants and slaves all over the  
country.  Punishments were a part of social  
servant/slavery culture.  And Alban was, now, an  
insider in that culture.  He was present, and would be  
present, to such cultural events on a regular basis  
from now on.  
  
When Bradley’s punishment was over, and his punishment  
bra and scrotal hog were removed, and all three  
brothers were standing around sniffling and rubbing  
their behinds with their erections bobbing in social  
servant abandon, Martin and Steven patted each other  
on the back.  They knew for certain the boys were  
controlled servants now, and they loved the boys for  
it and told them so.  And the boys loved hearing it.   
When Quince said with conviction, “I never want to be  
naughty again”, and Alban followed him with “Same  
here.  I want dad to be so proud of me!”, Martin  
encouraged the boys to not be so hard on themselves.  
“You boys are human and there will be more mistakes  
made, and they will be followed by the proper  
punishments.  But that’s okay.  Punishments are not  
meant to tell you that you are bad people; you are  
not; but to encourage you to be true to the good  
person you really are so that you can be proud of  
yourselves.”   
  
Such words of love and encouragement from their dad  
made the penises of all three servants firm up in  
pride.  Martin told the three little naked obeyer  
babies that they could put their uniforms back on and  
that they were on their free time until bedtime.  
When the boys were out of the room the men first  
stood, and their erections were now apparent to each  
other.  Steven and Martin patted each other on the  
back and complimented the other on being a good  
disciplinarian.  Martin commented, “What’s so  
beautiful about punishment is that it’s a good thing,  
and now my boys know it’s a good thing!”