## Janice's Story

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*After hearing about some of the great humiliations suffered at the world famous Cronenberg Academy, Judith with her week long punishments, and of course Catherine the Great with her incredible misfortune, I thought it might be worth looking at some of the lesser players who nevertheless suffered humiliation as the result, not of nefarious actions by fellow members of the Academy, but as the result of misfortune or misadventure. This is of course a work of fiction.*

As we know, the Cronenberg Academy administers punishments by way of humiliation through enforced partial or total disrobing of its students for various periods of time. Their periods of exposure occur regardless of the occupation of the student during the period of the penalty and take no account of whether they are to be served within the confines of the school estate or in public. What is less well known is that all Cronenberg students undergo a period of nudity on a regular basis without having caused any offence. I refer of course to the regular weekly swim which occurs not in the school's swimming pool, but in the natural spring waters of the pool situated towards the easterly boundary of the schools grounds. Here the spring rises and originally formed a small pool before it was dammed and enlarged to form the school's first swimming facility many years ago. It is considered that the mineral content of the water has particularly beneficial properties for the skin and therefore, even before humiliation was deemed an appropriate form of punishment, all students and indeed teachers were required to partake of these waters on a weekly basis by immersing themselves in the pool for at least ten minutes even in the depths of winter. The benefit was only fully effective through direct contact with the skin so all bathers were required by the school to swim naked.

This swimming session was the only time when a girl under punishment could feel even vaguely normal, although the path to the pool lead perilously close to the boundary fence in two places, and since both the punishment system and the timing of the pool sessions were well known to the local boys, there was likely to be a small but significant audience to watch the girls pass. In the olden times the various sections of the school would all troop down to the pool with only the benefit of inadequate towels to protect their modesty, but this ruling had been revised long ago after an incident in which the Headmistress had been completely exposed at one of these places due to an unexpected gust of wind. In modern times the girls walked down to the pool in full uniform or at least as full as it might be at any given time, only disrobing when the sanctuary of the pool had been reached. Likewise the inclusion of the staff in these bathings was no longer mandatory, given the effect that the recently appointed male teachers might have on the girls. Separate times were arranged for staff and some, especially those who had attended the school as students, continue the practice today.

Janice had joined the school as a boarding student just two days earlier. She was an average girl in almost every way and it was largely the position of her parents in the Foreign Diplomatic Service that had lead the school to accept her application. The choice was not made on the basis of the disciplinary code of the school, but rather its excellent academic reputation, for Janice had never been in any sort of trouble in her previous schools, but equally she had never achieved her full learning potential (at least in the eyes of her parents).

On her arrival on Monday morning, she had been greeted by Miss Copoletta, the Headmistress being away from the school, who had shown her her place in one of the dormitories, told her where to put her things, and given her a booklet entitled *Cronenberg Academy - An Induction for New Students*. The booklet ran to some 40 pages and offered much useful information to the new student, such as a map of the school with every classroom clearly marked so that there could be no excuse for tardiness, details of eating arrangements, first aid, student welfare, timetable and, of course, the disciplinary policy. However, this vital information, although listed in the index at the back and in the chapter summary inside the front cover, was not particularly highlighted and being of potentially dramatic importance. Miss Copoletta had been in a hurry to see the new student settled and while she mentioned the value of reading the volume with great care, she omitted her usual invocation to read the discipline chapter as a matter of urgency.

That omission was to cause Janice considerable embarrassment on the Wednesday because, not having read the aforementioned chapter and not having seen any under clothed students (as was the case for the majority of the time at the Academy) she was not aware of the risk she was taking nor the eventual downfall her actions would cause.

Wednesday was the day her section swam in the spring water and promptly at 9:15 all the girls assembled in the school hall ready to walk the half mile to the pool. The weather was unseasonably cool that late Autumn morning and many of the girls would have wished that the Governors of the school would pay less attention to the perfection of their skin and more to the avoidance of goose flesh. However, no matter what the climate decided to do, none would have dreamed of offering their opinion as the policy was very firm as to the value of the waters and dissent was likely to be severely punished. Janice followed the group, keeping her place in the paired off column as they all marched off down the path. The period had been described in her timetable as free exercise and there was a nagging doubt in her mind when she had noted each girl carrying a towel, but time would not have allowed her to return to the dormitory to collect the missing item and she had been impressed by several girls' advice that lateness for any class or activity was to be avoided at all costs. She had not thought to ask the reason behind these well meant statements and had simply taken them on trust.

Janice had never been what you could call a warm-blooded girl and, even with the exercise provided by the walk, she felt the cold keenly, especially since neither blazers nor coats had been specified for the walk. However, she enjoyed the well kept grounds with the evenly cut grass and well tended borders, largely pruned back now for the coming winter, but well shaped and with the promise of beauty in the Spring. She was less sure of things a few moments later when the party turned a corner and the pool appeared in its surrounding grove of trees with benches beneath. As the column arrived in the glade, the girls immediately broke up into small groups and headed for their preferred bench and hook. Without further instruction they all began removing their uniforms, hanging or folding the garments carefully as they took them off, as abuse of the uniform was another offence to be avoided. Very shortly there were 56 naked girls standing shivering in the cold, waiting for the order to begin their swim. Only Janice stood still clothed, shocked to see her class mates naked in the open, and shocked to see that none of them made any attempt to cover their private places at all. Janice had never seen so many naked people, even in her previous schools when showering after games, there had been a maximum of about 20 girls and only five at a time in the showers. She had always hated communal bathing and was always one of the quickest in the shower, bending forward to shield her breasts and keeping her other hand firmly over her public region at all times, yet here no one seemed to have any desire to cover up at all.

"Come on now, Janice," said Miss Copoletta. "I know you're new here, but all students must swim in the spring waters at least once a week. Get undressed quickly now, dear, so that the others don't catch their deaths of cold".

Everyone was looking at her, staring at her; some were scowling at her as the cold began to seep into their naked bodies; she must act and act quickly. Letting out a loud exclamation of "**No Way**", Janice bolted back up the path towards the school away from the crowd of naked girls and that freezing pool. She ran without looking where she was going; she ran for dear life; what kind of a mad house had she come into here? Suddenly she felt a strong grip on her arm which spun her around slap bang into Mr Ed Moravoss’ ample stomach.

"What's going on here young lady?" asked Mr Moravoss, the owner of the theatre where Catherine had received such critical acclaim and mortifying humiliation. "I'm looking for Miss Copoletta and was told she was down this way with a group of students."

"Yes, she is," said Janice, "but you can't go down there, all the girls are naked and - well - you shouldn't!"

As Janice spoke, a breathless Miss Copoletta came running round the corner and found her still held by her arm by Mr Moravoss.

"Janice, just what do you think you are doing?" asked Miss Copoletta. "This is very serious indeed. Not only have you refused to comply with school policy, you have disputed my authority in front of the entire section. I'm afraid there can be only one punishment appropriate to this situation," she said. "You will give me your clothes this instant and return to the pool immediately. When I have seen what Mr Moravoss wants, I will return and decide on the duration of your punishment." With that she held out her hand for the uniform.

"But you can't do that," wailed the distressed girl. "It's not fair. It's not in the rules!"

"But it is," said Miss Copoletta slowly. "Haven't you read chapter 13 of the Induction booklet yet?" Then remembering her earlier omission, she said more kindly, "Perhaps not, but in the rules it is and I suggest you read them as soon as you get back to your room this afternoon. Now get undressed quickly and hand me your clothes, I'll return them as soon as we get back to the school after this period."

Awareness dawned on Janice slowly, the whispered conversations between her parents, the looks on the faces of her more widely travelled friends when she had told them to which school she was moving, the repeated advice from other students here at Cronenberg, and hesitantly she began to undo the buttons on her blouse. As it slipped from her shoulders, a tear ran down her cheek and as she passed the garment to Miss Copoletta she became aware of the direct and detailed attention Mr Moravoss was paying her. How could she go through with this, she thought, yet her hands unbidden reached behind her back and undid the button at the top of her skirt; very shortly that too was passed to Miss Copoletta and the moment of truth had come. Her bra was off before she had time to think, and with one arm carefully covering the firmness of her breasts she began to slip off her briefs. At that point Miss Copoletta carefully explained the rules about covering up when on punishment, and taking the bra and briefs which had miraculously arrived at Janice's ankles, she gently pushed the girl in the direction of the pool, thus minimizing her exposure to the theatre owner.

After Catherine's stint as the narrator in *Our Town*, Mr Moravoss had taken to visiting the Academy on a regular basis on a number of pretexts and Miss Copoletta, wise to his ways, had developed a quick and ruthless style in her replies to his answers. She regretted the necessity of humiliating Janice in front of him, but some rules could not be broken and the Cronenberg discipline code was an excellent example. However, her students would by now be extremely cold so she disposed of the enquiry quickly and effectively, and Mr Moravoss left with a smile on his face.

Back at the pool, Janice was not flavour of the month, but since all the girls felt for her, their anger was not as powerful as might have been the case. Moments later Miss Copoletta returned and ordered them all into the pool for the requisite time. If anything the cold they felt was less painful than would have been the case had they been warm before they entered the water and soon the time was up. Each girl towelled themselves vigorously except where sensitive areas required more gentle application, and soon all bar Janice were again fully dressed in the school uniform. Janice was experiencing very strange sensations, the cold of the pool coupled with the light breeze had done things to her nipples which caused both pleasure and pain and it was with very mixed feelings that she joined the column for the walk back to the school.

On this occasion there were no onlookers from the vantage points on the route, something the other girls pointed out in graphic detail later when they discussed the incident, and as promised her uniform was returned on their return to the school. You can rest assured that Janice studied her Induction booklet in great detail that night with special attention to Chapter 13.

### End